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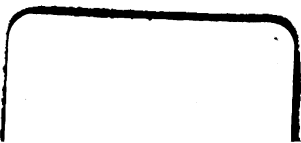
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THE
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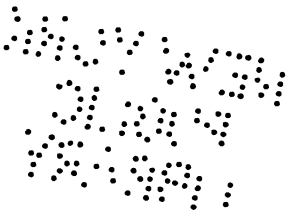
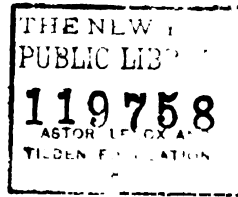
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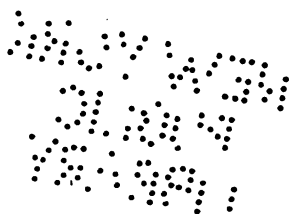


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THE
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. CXXXVII.

FOR DECEMBER, 1841.

ART. I.—*The Sonnets of William Wordsworth. Collected in One Volume.* London. 12mo. 1838.

IN our 104th Number we ventured upon the task of considering Mr. Wordsworth's poetry at large : but such a subject cannot be treated as it ought to be within such limits, and we are glad of the opportunity afforded by the publication of the 'Sonnets' in a separate volume to endeavour to do more justice to a part than we found it possible to do to the whole. Not that justice can be done to a part of Mr. Wordsworth's or of any great writer's works without having reference to the whole. Every portion of such a writer's works has a value beyond its intrinsic worth, as being part and lot of a great mind, and having correlations with every other part ; and whether it be from the unity of spirit which is commonly found to pervade the works of a great writer, whatever may be his variety of manner, or whether it be that there is nothing he has written but must tell us something of his mind (for even his commonplace remarks will tell us that upon occasion he was willing to be commonplace), it is certainly the attribute of such writers to give the coherency of one interest to everything that proceeds from them : and far be it from us to treat Mr. Wordsworth's Sonnets otherwise than as parcel of that great body of doctrine and moral sentiment which constitutes Mr. Wordsworth's mind extant in his works. But, by considering the Sonnets principally, and the other poems only in relation to them, we shall be enabled to keep our remarks within compass, and yet to allow ourselves in some instances to enter upon

minute and verbal criticism, which is, more often than it is generally supposed to be, the only criticism that is of much value.

Of the many styles in which this poet has written, those of the Sonnets and of the Excursion may be regarded as the farthest apart ; the Excursion being the most remarkable of his writings for breadth of style, the Sonnets for compactness. In a long philosophical poem which must necessarily tax the powers of attention, a current and almost colloquial manner was best fitted to keep the reader at ease, and a continued terseness of diction and condensation of thought, though apparently abridging his labours, in reality would have cost him more than it saved him. That the whole should be flowingly connected, so as to be borne in upon the mind with the weight of one stream, was more for the interests of the subject than that pointed and striking passages should often occur. It was also perhaps expedient that the substance of what was to be said in the Excursion should be supported by its own solidity and truth, and that it should be recommended by the natural eloquence of a fervid mind delivering itself of what is strongly felt, rather than by any frequency of fanciful embellishment, or, as regards the rhythm, by any marked and salient melodies. These things were not to be excluded, but they were to come as they might happen to present themselves to a mind somewhat pre-occupied—they were to be merely occasional and incidental. The Sonnets, on the contrary, address the reader, each claiming to be considered for itself and by itself ; and though, as we have said, not altogether irrespectively of its kindred with other works the issue of the

same mind, yet mainly as a substantive poem. And for this kind of poem the style required was the very opposite of that employed in the *Excursion*, and perhaps also a good deal removed from what fell in with the natural fluency of the poet. Mr. Wordsworth's genius we imagine to have inclined naturally to an easy abundance both of thoughts and words; but art was to predominate over this inclination wheresoever it was not fit to be indulged, and the poetic mind which had been diffused widely with an easy fluctuation through the *Excursion*, though not changing its nature and spirit, was to take a different structure—was to be inspissated, as it were, and form itself into crystals in the *Sonnets*.

The critic of these *Sonnets* meets on the threshold of his task two which, being on the subject of this form of poetry, he is naturally called upon to notice first. The former of them is that picture-gallery in fourteen lines, which, though probably familiar to our readers, cannot but be quoted here:—

'Scorn not the Sonnet: Critic! you have frowned,
ed,

Mindless of its just honours: with this key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's
wound;

A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Cambrus soothed an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle-leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways; and when a
damp

Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!"—p. 54.

How much of literary history is called up in the mind by these few vivid touches, and how much of biography and criticism is contained in them! Yet in this sonnet condensation occasions no obscurity—historical allusion, sentiment, imagery, exquisite music, distinctive portraiture—all find a place and yet nothing is crowded. And as a fit introduction to the other sonnet upon sonnets, which deals with some abstruser thoughts, we may beg those who complain of obscurity in Mr. Wordsworth's writings to bear in mind the clearness of his language when the subject is merely narrative or picturesque, and to ask themselves whether, when any difficulty occurs, it may not be owing to the subject-matter rather than to the treatment.

'Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room;
And hermits are contented with their cells;
And students with their pensive citadels:

Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom.
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom,
High as the highest peak of Furness-fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:
In truth, the prison, unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is: and hence to me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground:
Pleased if some souls (for such there needs
must be)

Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.'
—p. 5.

This is one of those doctrinal poems, abounding in Mr. Wordsworth's works, which we have heard some persons complain that they cannot understand, having read them probably as rapidly as they would read any erotic effusion of any glowing gentleman who writes verses. Let us take more time than such readers have to spare and more space than is permitted to a sonnet, and it will not be difficult to evolve the doctrine. We should say, then, that the leading doctrine suggested by this sonnet is, that no enlargement of a man's liberty of action can take place without a corresponding aggravation of his moral responsibility, and that there must needs be some souls which 'feel the weight of too much liberty,'—such, that is, whose liberty of action is disproportionate to their strength of judgment or of self-control, and must therefore either oppress their conscience, or vex them with the perplexities of an undetermined choice or the consequences of an ungoverned will. Many, indeed, are they who feel in one way or another this 'weight of too much liberty.' The youth who is free to choose a profession has a liberty disproportionate to his knowledge and experience, which is a burthen. The heiress who is free to choose amongst many suitors, finds the difficulty of selection insuperable, and though perhaps any one of them might have been better than no husband, she lives and dies unmarried. The child who knows that obedience will not be enforced upon him, finds no peace for his soul; and the man who is too absolutely his own master, will find that he has got a troublesome servant. 'Heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee!' was a deep imprecation, though put into the mouth of the common railer *Thersites*.* For Shakspeare would often speak his deepest truths in his lightest moods. And by another and a graver poetical moralist, Obedience has been personified in the groom of the chambers who puts the Red-Cross Knight to bed when he is tired:—

* *Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii. Scene 3.

'Then called she a groom that forth him led
 Into a goodly lodge, and 'gan despoil
 Of puissant arms, and laid in easy bed :
 His name was meek OBEDIENCE rightfully
 ared.'

Fairy Queen, i. x. 17.

Assuming then that only so much liberty as can be steadily guided and readily subjected to the law of conscience will conduce to our ease—no other liberty in truth than the 'service which is perfect freedom'—the second conclusion which we draw from the sonnet is, that in parting with any excess of liberty beyond this quantum, our contentment is best secured when this is done spontaneously, and we are ourselves the choosers of the yoke to which we will submit:—

'In truth, the prison, unto which we doom
 Ourselves, no prison is'—

For to have felt the weight of too much liberty is one assurance that we shall be contented with restraint, and when the choice of the species and quantum of restraint has been our own, we should be accusing ourselves if we should quarrel with it. This is the case of the nun, the hermit, and the student. But thirdly, there is noticed the case of those who have never felt the weight of too much liberty, and who have been spared the perplexities of choice by a necessity of circumstances born with them and rendering the restraint which it imposes easy because habitual—

'Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom.'

And this restraint by habit and necessity comes nearest in contentment to—fourthly, restraint by instinct,—that of the bees which

'Murmur by the hour in foxglove bells.'

Such, then, are the views of moral restraint indicated in this poem; and the drift of it is to bring this species of restraint into a comparison mutually illustrative with the restraint imposed by the laws of the sonnet upon an exuberant and discursive imagination. As of the moral will, so of the intellect: as in life, so in art. The law to which the sonneteer submits himself, substitutes the restraint of a mechanical limitation for restraint by effort of the judgment; and the 'steed of the pen,' to borrow from a Prussian metaphor, is enclosed, and cannot 'get loose upon the plain of prolixity.' The fence is, to a certain extent, a substitute for the bridle.

We must not quit the subject of this sonnet without adverting to some passages in Mr.

Wordsworth's other works, which have a bearing upon the same doctrine.

In the ode entitled 'The Pass of Kirkstone' (which we wish it were our business to quote at length), the poet having by a toilsome ascent and somewhat against his inclination reached that Pass, describes the scene which presents itself, and addresses the road by which he had gained the summit of the mountain:—

'Aspiring road ! that lov'st to hide
 Thy daring in a vapoury bourn,
 Not seldom may the hour return
 When thou shalt be my guide ;
 And I (as often we find cause,
 When life is at a weary pause,
 And we have panted up the hill
 Of duty with reluctant will)
 Be thankful, even tho' tired and faint,
 For the rich bounties of constraint ;
 Whence oft invigorating transports flow,
 That choice lack'd courage to bestow !'

In other poems Mr. Wordsworth seems to have had in view the difficult question, whether there may not be some individuals, to whom, by a rare purity of moral constitution, Nature herself may afford a restraint adequate for the government of a life led under the influence of natural objects and a natural piety:—

'Three years she grew in sun and shower ;
 Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown ;
 This child I to myself will take ;
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A lady of my own.'

Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse : and with me
 The girl, in rock and plain,
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
 Shall feel an overseeing power,
 To kindle or restrain."

In the ode to Duty again, he speaks in the same sense as in the sonnet—

'Me this unchartered freedom tires,
 I feel the weight of chance desires.'

But the spirit of a moral liberty as growing out of the spirit of duty or tempered by it, is in truth, the subject of the whole of this ode, and we request the reader to refresh his remembrance of it in connection with the Sonnet last quoted.

There are other passages in Mr. Wordsworth's works more or less bearing upon the subject; but we have quoted enough to exemplify the manner in which we would recommend that the doctrinal class of Mr. Wordsworth's sonnets should be studied—by the light, that is, of his works at large and of the moral views which pervade them.

'Is Mr. Wordsworth, then,' it may be asked, 'so prone to repeat himself?' We answer, undoubtedly he is; and we will venture to add that self-repetition is almost invariably incident to men of genius, and constitutes a great element of their power. The difference between such men and others is not only in the importance of the truths which occur to them, but in the impression which a truth makes. A great truth coming into the mind of a great man lives with him from that time forth, mixes itself with his thoughts in all moods of his mind, reproduces itself in many combinations, passes from him in sundry shapes, and, according as his own mind is multifarious and cognizant of many varieties of mind and mood in others, this truth proceeding from it thus repeatedly and variously, finds access to one reader in the shape of a passage in an ethical poem, to another in that of a sonnet—to one in a form in which he can comprehend it in its entire scope and extent, to another, or to the same in another mood, in a form in which he can remember and quote it. The same truth may have entered a thousand minds before, but the ordinary mind grew tired of it and dismissed it, whilst to the other its value as a truth is more than its novelty as a thought, and gives it an eternal freshness. It has been our good fortune to have listened to the conversation of most of the great writers of the present age, and we have observed that they all repeated themselves more than other men, and that this did in no respect detract from the interest of their discourse, but rather enhanced it, as what recurred often was what we most wished to dwell upon.

The sonnet at page 48 is an exhortation to temperance in grief, on the ground that the gifts of genius are impaired by excess in it:—

'From the dark chambers of dejection freed,
Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,
Rise, GILLIES, rise: the gales of youth shall bear
Thy genius forward like a winged steed.
Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove decreed
In wrath) fell headlong from the fields of air,
Yet a rich guerdon waits on minds that dare,
If aught be in them of immortal seed,
And reason govern that audacious flight
Which heavenward they direct.—Then droop
not thou,
Erroneously renewing a sad vow
In the low dell 'mid Roslin's faded grove:
A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
A soaring spirit is their prime delight.'—p. 48.

To a mind of high intellectual aspirations, there is perhaps no earthly motive for conquering a sorrow so likely to be effective as that which is here suggested; for though earthly, it is not worldly; on the contrary, it harmonizes with a state of the feelings in

which worldly pursuits are set aside. But we advert to it chiefly for the sake of placing the view expressed in the last two lines, in opposition to a belief almost universal in the zenith of Lord Byron's reputation, and still somewhat prevalent, that a melancholy temperament is favourable to poetic genius; a belief from which the practical consequence followed that in our time, as in the days of Prince Arthur—

'Young gentlemen would be as sad as night
Only for wantonness.'

We do not deny that a poetical mind will have its melancholy moods and seasons, and we would even admit that a pensive melancholy, as an occasional mood, may be more frequent with such a mind than with others. In these very sonnets of Mr. Wordsworth's, there is a strain of melancholy feeling to be met with in many a page: but Mr. Wordsworth's melancholy is not that of a languid self-occupied recluse; it is a melancholy which alternates with the spirit of enjoyment and carries with it the spirit of consolation, and is penetrating and rational,—'a melancholy compounded of many simples and the sundry contemplation of his travels.' We speak of Mr. Wordsworth therefore, as well as with him, when we say that a mind which is strong and elastic in its general texture, is as propitious to the highest order of poetic genius as to any other agency which is to be powerful over mankind. The reveries of a fantastic sadness or of a gloomy seclusion can yield but a meagre product in poetry, as compared with the meditations of a mind which is not only contemplative but vigorous and buoyant, and above all, active in its social sympathies. For the highest poetry must be founded in knowledge and wisdom, and informed by a spirit which, though clear and pure, is conversant with the ways of men, observant of their passions and transactions, and interested in all that concerns them. It is true that nothing can be more unpoetical than a strong and vivacious spirit which is also hard and selfish; and true also that this may be the more common combination: but it is the *un*-common combination of great susceptibility and tenderness with not less of strength and vivacity, which makes the truly poetical temperament. And with regard to sympathy for suffering, though it is often supposed to belong more peculiarly to those who suffer in themselves, yet we are to distinguish between the occasional sufferings of a strong spirit bending, but not broken, and the absolute subjection of the mind to suffering as a permanent state. In the former case the recollection of past sufferings is keen

enough to quicken the sympathies, whilst there is nothing to abate the courage or the genial freshness of the heart. In the latter, after the suffering has been for a long time unmixed and unintermitting, there will be hardly anything left alive in the heart except the desire to escape from pain; and if the sympathy with pain be not deadened (which it probably will be in the general prostration and self-involvement of the feelings,) then there will be the desire to escape from that also. And here we must again bring the 'Excursion' to our assistance:—

'Unoccupied by sorrow of its own,
His heart lay open; and by Nature tuned
And constant disposition of his thoughts
To sympathy with man, he was alive
To all that was enjoyed where'er he went,
And all that was endured; for in himself
Happy, and quiet in his cheerfulness,
He had no painful pressure from without
That made him turn aside from wretchedness
With coward fears. He could afford to sulk
With those whom he saw suffer. Hence it came
That in our best experience he was rich
And in the wisdom of our daily life.'

Thus, to resume the sonnet, it is not from grief that the poet's friend is exhorted to free himself, not from grief the natural tribute to calamity, but from dejection and darkness, and as their necessary consequent, 'the unprofitable yoke of care.' For let no man suppose that he can surrender himself to an undue and interminable sorrow without becoming the slave of petty, fretful, miserable cares. To put on perpetual mourning is to put on the livery of a very abject servitude. And again the exhortation is addressed, not to one who was subjugated by some constitutional weakness or malady conspiring with circumstances to make sorrow immedicable—for to such a man exhortation would be addressed in vain—but to one whose despondency was in some measure wilful, a mistaken man who was voluntarily devoting himself to sorrow, and whom to enlighten might be to reanimate; for that such was the case in question is clearly intimated in those two lines (so exquisitely musical) which precede the close of the sonnet—

'Droop not thou,
Erroneously renewing a sad vow
In the low dell 'mid Roslin's faded grove.'

The principal aim of the sonnet having been this exhortation to the exercise of intellectual powers, the rewards and conditions of true genius are noticed incidentally. The rewards are promised to 'minds that dare:' but the courage is not to be that of temperament—for such courage is rash and presumptuous,

and can expect only the rebuke of Bellarophon who fell headlong. It is to be a courage founded in faith and fortified by the judgment—intellectual, spiritual, reasonable—such as shall be attendant upon endeavours directed towards the highest objects: for when is it that a rich guerdon waits on minds that dare?—Only

'If aught be in them of immortal seed,
And reason govern that audacious flight
Which heavenward they direct.'

It is to the intrepidity of high and sacred thoughts and a genuine inspiration, that rewards are promised, and amongst them that restoration for an afflicted spirit which is not to be found in permanent seclusion, but only in the consecrating of active life to nobler purposes. And how much more is to be expected from an appeal like this, than from the exhortations to patience and fortitude which are so often employed with so little effect!—

'Consolatories writ
With studied argument,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude,*

do not produce the patience they extol, precisely because they extol it to this false extent. For excellent and commendable though it be, there are few cases of affliction in which, so soon as the earliest stage is past, something better than patience may not be looked to with better hope, and patience be met with by the way. Active energies, high aspirations must be awakened; the resiliency of the heart must be called upon rather than its passive strength,—and oftentimes when the admonition to be patient would do little else than impose silence upon grief, such exhortations as are contained in this sonnet (and at greater length in the Fourth Book of the 'Excursion') may—not in poetry merely, but in practice and in very deed, be found full of consolation—animating, exalting, invigorating, and

'able to drive
All sadness but despair.'

This sonnet was addressed to a man of poetical talents† who had the world before him, and the 'gales of youth' to bear him forward. Let us turn now to a tribute rendered in the same form to a great man whose career was

* *Sampson Agonistes*.

† The tribute has been recently repaid by one who is (we believe) a relative, in another walk of art, Miss Gillies, the painter. Her portrait of Mr. Wordsworth is the only representation of him we have seen which presents us with the real man as he lives and breathes. It is engraved by M^r Innis and published by Moon.

rapidly drawing to a close:—In the autumn of 1831 Mr. Wordsworth paid a visit to Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford, a few days before Sir Walter's departure for Naples; and that departure became the subject of a sonnet, which we are desirous to quote—not for the purposes of criticism, for indeed it needs no comment—but because the grace, and melody, and tenderness by which it is characterized, will say more to some readers than Mr. Wordsworth's abstruser inspirations:—

'A trouble, not of clouds or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light,
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain
For kindred Power departing from their sight;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,

Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with Him goes;

Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope!—p.213.

Let it be written in the literary annals of this age at least, if not of others, that the men who were greatest in intellect amongst us were also great in heart and spirit, and lived together delighting in each other's society and rejoicing in each other's fame. Nor was it the fellowship of a 'school' which united them. This has been supposed of Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Coleridge, and Mr. Southey, though never of Sir Walter Scott; and yet it could scarcely have been more absurd to class him with them as forming a school, than to class them with each other. The truth is that these four men came together merely because they were the men of the greatest literary genius in their generation, and because, being also men of large natures, any spirit of rivalry or jealousy was utterly foreign to their dispositions. Such men could not but be congenial associates, not owing to any peculiarity of genius common to them or any of them, but in spite of very great diversity. Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Coleridge are the two in whom most points of resemblance might be discerned, the genius of both being essentially philosophic; and yet how wide is the difference!—the one living, amongst books and amongst the wonderful creations of his own mind, a life of thinking for thinking's sake, led by the infirmities of his constitution to turn away from realities,

'And haply by abstruse research to steal
From his own nature all the natural man'—

* Coleridge's 'Ode to Dejection.' One of the few profound writers of the present day has described

dealing therefore with thoughts untried in action, unverified by application, perpetual evolutions of the thinking faculty which revolved into themselves, and which, though governed by the curb of a severe logic, were not encountered by the checks and responsibilities of life—the other seeking rather the wisdom of philosophy than philosophy in itself, drawing from the well-spring of life and fact, to which books afforded merely tributary streams, acting as occasions arose, or giving or seeking advice as to what was to be done when this or that happened, living apart from that world which sees its own reflection in the newspapers, but for that very reason penetrating further into individual natures and transactions—

'Sheltered, but not to social duties lost;
Secluded, but not buried.*

and exercising his judgment in the only way which tends to its rectification—with the consciousness, namely, that according as it concludes there will follow joy or sorrow, loss or gain, injury, anger and resentment, or love and gratitude, on the part of some friend, neighbour, or well-known individual who is frequently met with face to face. From the judgment so exercised and the knowledge accruing with the exercise, comes practical wisdom, and by duly generalising from practical wisdom we advance to philosophic wisdom. But the principle which lies at the root of all is, that thoughts should either tend towards acts or issue out of them, in order to be justly determined.

with singular force and truth the intellectual characteristics of which this extraordinary man afforded (as we conceive) an example—an example illustrious, no doubt, and wonderful, but to our minds not less melancholy:—'But the imagination is not the only interceptor of affections divinely destined to the purposes of action. The understanding may be excited simultaneously, and when set to work in reasoning upon the relations of any given phenomena, or upon reducing them into a system, it may thus, with speculative truth for its end, be so delighted with its own energies as to lead us into forgetfulness of action. Thus it absorbs in intellectual exercise the strength that ought to have been spent in practical exertion; and, while it seems to be doing the work of the affections, it diverts them from their own end, employing all the mental powers in the verification of terms instead of the execution of acts, and then applying them to its own work of classifying, comparing, concluding, or otherwise, as the case may be. Thus again, when a religious creed is presented, say to a disputations and subtle mind, in which the action of the critical faculty overbears and absorbs all other energies, that faculty regards the creed proposed polemically, considers it with reference to logical and technical precision, and not in respect to its moral characteristics and tendencies, and wastes upon this theoretic handling of sacred themes all the sedulity which ought to be employed in seeking to give effect to the proffered means of spiritual amelioration.'—*Gladstone's Church Principles*, 1840, p. 67.

* Excursion, book v.

'Give to no unproportioned thought his act,'*

is a negative injunction, to which may be appended an affirmative and a converse of equal truth. 'Give to each well-proportioned thought his act' is the affirmative: the converse (if it can be so called) is, 'Give your thoughts their acts, and they will have thereby the better chance to be well-proportioned.' For when a thought is to have an act and a consequence, its justness will be the quality principally regarded by the thinker: whereas, if it is to be merely a meditative effort, to end in itself or in another thought, or in being written down in prose or rhyme, its novelty or brilliancy will have a principal instead of a secondary place in the estimation of the thinker; and by the habit of thus thinking without acting, and therefore without fear of consequences, the justness of the judgment will be impaired, and neither practical nor philosophic wisdom will be attained in their highest degrees. Of course we do not mean to say that, for the purposes of a writer, there must not be much thinking which neither begins nor ends in acting, nor perhaps has any *direct* reference to it; but what we do contend for is, that the *habits* of the mind must be formed by the thinking which has this reference, if there is to be any such 'gift of genuine insight' as may constitute a great ethical writer, whether in prose or poetry.

It is thus to the cultivation of Mr. Wordsworth's mind in real life that we attribute his pre-eminence as a philosophic poet; for with him the justness of the thought is always the first consideration: what is commonplace, so it be but true, has its due place and proportion in his mind; and the degree to which plain and acknowledged truth enters into his writings gives them their breadth, and perhaps, when they are regarded as a whole, even adds to their originality; for there is no mind so rare, nor consequently so original, as one which is intellectually capable of the most brilliant aberrations, and is yet so tempered by the love of truth as to give old truths their place along with new, and so warmed by the same love as to make all truths impressive. And Mr. Wordsworth's example, if not his precepts, may suggest to the poetical aspirants who abound in our times, that poetry, in its highest kinds, is the result not merely of a talent or an art, nor even only of these combined with a capacious mind and an ardent imagination, but also of a life led in the love of truth—and if not in action, as the word is

ordinarily used, yet certainly in giving practical effect to right feelings and just judgments, and in communicating, by conscientiousness in conduct, an habitually conscientious justness to the operations of the reason and the understanding. 'Endeavour thus to live,'—we should say to such aspirants in Mr. Wordsworth's own words,—

'Endeavour thus to live; these rules regard;
These helps solicit; and a stedfast seat
Shall then be yours among the happy few
Who dwell on earth, yet breathe the empyreal air—
Sons of the morning.'*

The Sonnets (with the exception of the Ecclesiastical series) bear witness, more directly perhaps than any of Mr. Wordsworth's other writings, to a principle which he has asserted of poetical, as strongly as Lord Bacon of physical philosophy—the principle that the Muse is to be the servant and interpreter of Nature. Some fact, transaction, or natural object, gives birth to almost every one of them. He does not search his mind for subjects; he goes forth into the world, and they present themselves. His mind lies open to nature with an ever wakeful susceptibility, and an impulse from without will send it far into the regions of thought; but it seldom goes to work upon itself. It is not celibate, but

'Wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion.'

Of which union poetry is the legitimate offspring; and it is owing to this love and passion that the most ordinary incidents and objects have inspired an interest in the poet, and that so soon as the impassioned character of his mind had made itself felt and understood, he was enabled to convey the same interest with wonderful success to his readers.

It is true that it was many years before this success was brought about to the extent of a popular acceptance, and also that to this day there are readers to whom his poems convey nothing; and we have to acknowledge that amongst this number, rapidly diminishing as it is, there are still some men of distinguished abilities. It is not difficult to account for the general neglect of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry during the first quarter of the present century. That was a period when the poetry of reflection was so much out of fashion that verse had almost ceased to be regarded as a vehicle for thought, and even thoughtful men had recourse to it as if the very intention were to divert themselves from thinking—hung over a stitched pam-

* Shakspeare, in *Hamlet*.

* Excursion, book iv.

phlet of rhyme with the sort of charmed ear with which they would have listened to a first-rate performer at the Opera—waited impatiently for another stitched pamphlet to come upon the stage three months afterwards—and being hurried away by their enthusiasm as one stitched pamphlet came out after another, almost mistook the 'primi cantatori' in this line for the lights of the age, and their 'lean and flashy songs' for divine illuminations. Such was the bewilderment of those times; nor is it difficult to conceive that some intelligent men, whose intellectual constitution was not strong, may have had their taste so vitiated during the prevalence of this fashion as never to have recovered a natural appetite. But there are men of a very different order from these, who are still unconverted, and whose case it is not so easy to understand—men too robust in their frame of mind to have been debilitated by the errors of youth, too free and generous in their temper to feel bound by past commitments, and who nevertheless do in all sincerity fail to make anything out from Mr. Wordsworth's poetry.

Had the value of the poetry consisted in some peculiar vein of fancy, had it been a matter of versification, or had it resolved itself into a particular strain of sentiment or opinion, we should have said—'This is not for the universal ear; it will naturally hit some minds and miss others;' and of many of Mr. Wordsworth's poems this may be said fairly; and we know very well that some of those which make the strongest impression on one reader will make none whatever upon another. But when we look to the main body of Mr. Wordsworth's works, and perceive that they are addressed to the mind of man at large, and that with a great variety of manner and verse they deal for the most part with matters of universal interest, we do feel at a loss to explain the existence of that remnant of intellectual men who are still inaccessible.

We should have thought that, verse and all embellishment apart, when one considerable understanding was brought to bear upon another, in subject matter to which all understandings apply themselves, nothing but the curse of Cassandra could have prevented some result from being obtained. So it is, however; and it is chiefly for the sake of meeting this remnant on what appears to us to be the best ground, that we have undertaken to review the 'Sonnets;'—meeting them,—not in the spirit of 'compelling them to come in,' but for a fair trial whether it be not possible to get rid of such an intellectual anomaly as their standing out seems to us to be, and to bring together minds which are worthy of each other. And we imagine

that the Sonnets may answer this purpose best: they have not, like many of the other poems, peculiarities of manner which whilst they charm one reader will baulk another; they are highly-finished compositions, distinguished, as regards the diction, only by an aptitude which can hardly fail to be approved whatever may be the particular taste of the reader; and they are at the same time so varied in subject and sentiment, that specimens might be adduced from them of almost every kind of serious poetry to which the sonnet can lend itself.

We have quoted hitherto one sonnet in art, two that are doctrinal, and one which may be called occasional. The majority of the four hundred and forty-four which have been published are of a mixed character, in which the doctrinal predominates; it is on these principally that we should wish to dwell, and we shall revert to them presently, but, in the mean time, we will make room for some lighter kinds; and first for two which are linked together in the series on the River Duddon—the former of them descriptive, the latter pastoral—both (as usual) suggested by a natural object—the stepping-stones in a stream—and both connecting it with the circumstances of human life which are incident to it:—

'The struggling rill insensibly is grown
Into a brook of loud and stately march,
Crossed ever and anon by plank or arch;
And, for like use, lo! what might seem a
zone
Chosen for ornament—stone matched with
stone
In studied symmetry, with interspace
For the clear waters to pursue their race
Without restraint. How swiftly have they
flown,
Succeeding—still succeeding! Here the child
Puts, when the high-swollen flood runs fierce
and wild,
His budding courage to the proof; and here
Declining manhood learns to note the sly
And sure encroachments of infirmity,
Thinking how fast time runs, life's end how
near!
'Not so that pair whose youthful spirits dance
With prompt emotion urging them to pass;
A sweet confusion checks the shepherd-lass;
Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood askance;
To stop ashamed—too timid to advance!
She ventures once again—another pause;
His outstretched hand he tauntingly with-
draws—
She sues for help with piteous utterance!
Chidden, she chides again; the thrilling touch
Both feel, when he renews the wished-for aid:
Ah! if their fluttering hearts should stir too
much,
Should beat too strongly, both may be betrayed.
The frolic Loves, who from yon high rock see
The struggle, clap their wings for victo-
ry!'—pp. 293, 294.

This series on the River Duddon is a register of the thoughts which may be suggested to a poet in tracking this stream from its source in the mountains to its junction with the sea. We have seen what may occur when it flows in human society, and Childhood, Youth, and Age step across it. But there is a previous stage of its course in which it flows through a remote and untrudged solitude, and then everything that is to be seen being what it had been from time immemorial, the poet's fancy is carried far back into the past:—

‘What aspect bore the Man who roved or fled,
First of his tribe, to this dark dell—who first
In this pellucid Current slaked his thirst?
What hopes came with him? what designs
were spread
Along his path? His unprotected bed
What dreams encompassed? Was the intruder
nursed
In hideous usages, and rites accursed,
That thinned the living and disturbed
the dead?
No voice replies; both air and earth are mute;
And thou, blue Streamlet, murmuring yield'st
no more
Than a soft record, that, whatever fruit
Of ignorance thou might'st witness heretofore,
Thy function was to heal and to restore,
To soothe and cleanse, not madden and pollute!’—p. 292.

How simple and yet how full is the diction of this sonnet! How much of the wildness and insecurity of savage life is in those words ‘roved or fled,’ and in the presentation to the fancy of the one sole man wandering or fugitive! Then the darkness and cruelty of Druidical superstition and barbarian warfare are alluded to in a tone of almost fearful inquiry; and after the pause of silence in the ninth line, how beautifully and with what an expressive change of the music is the mind turned to the perennial influences of Nature as healing, soothing, and restorative in all times, whatever be the condition of Man! This sonnet is a study in versification throughout, and observe especially the use of duplicate, triplicate, and even quadruplicate consonants in our language,—how admirably they may be made to serve the purposes of rhythmical melody which they are often supposed to thwart—

‘And Thou, blue Streamlet, murmuring
yield'st no more,’ &c.

How the slight check, delay, and resistance of the fourfold consonant makes the flow of the verse to be still more musically felt! The Northern languages have often been reproached for their excess in consonants, guttural, sibillant, or mute, and it has been

concluded, as a matter of course, that languages in which vowels and liquids predominate must be better adapted to poetry, and that the most mellifluous language must be also the most melodious. We must be allowed to think, however, that this is but a rash and ill-considered condemnation of our native tongue. Poetry has been often compared to embroidery, and when a language is all of one texture, and that texture nothing but silk and satin, the skilful hand will have but little advantage, and the workmanship of finer art will not stand out so distinctly from ordinary fabrics. Nor indeed will such a language supply adequate materials to the hand of art. In dramatic verse more particularly, our English combinations of consonants are invaluable, not only for the purpose of reflecting grace and softness by contrast, or accelerating the verse by a momentary detention, but also in giving expression to the harsher passions, and in imparting keenness and significancy to the language of discrimination, and especially to that of scorn. In Shakspeare, for instance, what a blast of sarcasm whistles through that word, ‘*Thrift*, *Thrift*, Horatio!’ with its one vowel and five consonants, and then how the verse runs on with a low, confidential smoothness, as if to give effect to the outbreak by the subsequent suppression—

—‘the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.’

We are not, be it observed, insisting, as some philologists have done of late years, on a preference for the Saxon element of our language as affording a purer and better English than any other; on the contrary, we hold that English is essentially a highly composite language; that it derives its force, as well as its richness, from the great variety and diversity of its constituents, and that it will be best written by him who avails himself of all its elements in their natural proportion, tempering one with another. And when we say their *natural* proportion, we mean that which comes naturally to the individual writer; for, after all, art and instruction can do little more in this matter than to remove theories of style out of the way, and leave a writer to his own intuitive ear and perceptions to find him the better or worse style which is suitable to him. Mr. Wordsworth's diction appears to us to be neither Saxon nor Latin particularly, but abounding in all the treasures of our vocabulary, and making the music which no man can make who has but one string to his fiddle.

To return to the Sonnets.—What is a spinning-wheel? is a question which may

now be asked by a full-grown person who cannot recollect to have seen one; and it might be answered by a person twenty years older, that in his youth such an implement was seen in every cottage and in many houses of somewhat higher pretensions—that it was a wheel mounted two or three feet above the ground, to which the spinner's foot, by means of a sort of pedal, communicated a uniform rotatory motion, whilst her fingers were busy in manipulating the line of flax drawn from it,—that the motion was just not so rapid but that it could be distinctly discerned by the eye, and that the sound which accompanied it was something between the humming of a top and the purring of a cat. But if, having explained the mechanism of the spinning-wheel and its direct use and purpose, he were asked to give some account of its moral influences, he might require the aid of the poet:—

'Grief, thou hast lost an ever-ready friend
Now that the cottage Spinning-wheel is mute;
And care—a comforter that best could suit
Her froward mood, and softliest reprehend;
And Love—a charmer's voice, that used to
 lend.

More efficaciously than aught that flows
From harp or lute, kind influence to compose
The throbbing pulse—else troubled without
 end;

Even Joy could tell, Joy craving truce and rest
From her own overflow, what power sedate
On those revolving motions did await
Assiduously—to soothe her aching breast,
And, to a point of just relief, abate
The mantling triumphs of a day too blest.'—

p. 23.

Mechanical employment, even without these peculiar charms of the spinning-wheel, has no doubt a tendency to alleviate suffering and subdue excitability, and this truth has a political as well as a moral bearing; for in seasons of commercial or agricultural difficulty, the political disturbances which arise amongst the lower orders of the people, may be attributed, not to distress and destitution only—for it has often been observed that they extend to many who are under no immediate pressure of want—but also to the concurrent deprivation of that great sedative to the human mind which is found in the employment of the body. Neither hunger nor full feeding act alike upon all men—the one will not invariably produce irritability, still less will the other be unfailingly attended with contentment—but steady labour or manual employment will always promote composure of mind. And this may add one more to the many considerations which lead the politician, as well as the moralist, to insist that a high rate of wages is less to be

desired for a country, than work which is regular, even though ill paid.

But whilst Mr. Wordsworth appreciates the moral influence of mechanical labour in abating excitement to '*a point of just relief*,' we might refer to many passages in the '*Excursion*' to show that its benefits become more than questionable in his eyes, when it is carried so far as to suppress the activity of the understanding, and render the mind callous and insensible. We have not room for quotations; nor need we multiply references; but the subject is discussed at length in the eighth book, with no pseudo-poetical partiality—no preference of previous and ancient evils to those of the manufacturing system—but philosophically and fairly; and it is resumed in the ninth book in its natural connection with the subject of national education. If reference be made to these two books, it will be seen by those who are practically acquainted with the subject, that the experience and parliamentary inquiries of the seven-and-twenty years which have elapsed since the *Excursion* was published, have only shown more conclusively the justness of the poet's views and feelings as to the evils which are, perhaps to a certain extent unavoidably, but at all events most unhappily and fatally to many of the lower classes, mixed up with the unsteady and inordinate activities of our manufacturing system. In the course of those years other eminent writers joined in denouncing these evils with all the fervour of the poetical temperament (one great man, Mr. Southey, we need scarcely name,) and more recently public men have been found in the House of Commons, of an ardent and indefatigable benevolence, to suggest remedies; whilst there has remained for political economists the ungracious but indispensable task of determining which of these were practicable and which were not. Some progress—much, we trust—has been made in the matter; and by a kindly alliance and concurrence of all the lights and powers which are requisite for the treatment of this difficult problem—by philanthropical, philosophical, economical, and practical efforts, and by eloquence poetical and parliamentary, and by the press and by the pulpit, it may be hoped that much more progress will be made in no long time, and that the country will owe to Lord Ashley, as a legislator, the consummation of a work, of which Mr. Wordsworth, as poet and ethical philosopher, so ardently urged the commencement.

We turn to the series of Sonnets '*dedicated to Liberty*,' with peculiar interest. They were so entitled in previous editions, though in the volume before us they are in-

cluded with others under the title of 'Political Sonnets.' They are, for the most part, suggested by public occurrences which took place within the eventful and instructive period of the history of liberty extending from the French Revolution to the battle of Waterloo; with some few upon subjects belonging to remoter times. They should be read along with those passages in the third book of the *Excursion*, wherein the Solitary comments on the rise and progress of the French Revolution, and with the admirable ode beginning 'Who rises on the banks of Seine?' and not without reference to many other passages too numerous and scattered to be specifically mentioned. In these will be found Mr. Wordsworth's sentiments respecting liberty in the various senses in which the word is used, as applying to national independence, to civil liberty, and to individual freedom; and it will appear that his sentiments are everywhere pervaded by a deep sense of the truth that liberty is essentially of a moral and spiritual nature, and that however closely connected with political forms and organisations, and dictating and requiring them for her conservation, yet that these forms do not constitute, and cannot of themselves impart, the spirit of liberty—that the forms must result from the spirit, otherwise the spirit will not result from the forms—a doctrine which has a constant application to practical politics. A celebrated event in ancient history is made the occasion of delivering this doctrine in reference both to civil liberty and national independence:—

'A Roman Master stands on Grecian ground;
And to the people at the Isthmian games
Assembled, He, by a herald's voice, proclaims
THE LIBERTY OF GREECE:—the words rebound
Until all voices in one voice are drowned;
Glad acclamation by which air is rent!
And birds, high flying in the element,
Drop to the earth, astonished at the sound!
Yet were the thoughtful grieved; and still that
voice
Haunts, with sad echoes, musing Fancy's ear;
Ah! that a *Conqueror's* words should be so
dear!
Ah! that a *boon* should shed such rapturous
joys!
A gift of that which is not to be given
By all the blended powers of Earth and Hea-
ven.'—p. 146.

Again, in a sonnet written when Bonaparte was threatening the independence of this country, the poet, being at that time on the coast near Dover, contemplates the 'span of waters' which divides England from France, and admitting the mighty power of the physical barrier, yet regards it as merely

subordinate and instrumental, and still insists upon the higher agency as the vital protection:—

'Even so doth God protect us if we be
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow and waters roll,
Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity;
Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree
Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the soul
Only, the nations shall be great and free.'—p. 129.

The same strain of sentiment will be found to recur repeatedly in the sonnets which relate to the events of Bonaparte's wars, and the subjugation or resistance of the several states whose independence he invaded; and at the close of the series, which ends in 1811, a censure is pronounced upon a deplorable infirmity of man's nature which at that time came in aid of Bonaparte's power, sapping the hearts of many weak brethren in this country as well as in his own and others,—the tendency to lose all sense of right and wrong, and all sense of horror at cruelties and crimes, in an effeminate admiration of talents, achievements, and power. This admiration, thus counteracting the heart's better nature, was in truth, wheresoever it prevailed, an index of the absence or decay of the virtues which are essential to liberty. We have said an *effeminate* admiration; for it prevailed, we believe, chiefly amongst women, who are more prone than men to feel, concerning things at a distance, according to their effect in story, and not according to their reality in life. Casca, in Shakespeare's play, says of the women who forgave Cæsar, that 'if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers they would have done no less.' We would not assert so much of the admirers of Bonaparte, whether women or effeminate men. Facts, which are brought before the bodily eyes, or come home to the individual feelings of such persons, will set them right in their sentiments concerning an ambitious conqueror;—the women of Zaragoza were under no mistake; but that nothing else may have power to do so, there was many a pitiable proof in this country during Bonaparte's career, and to such cases the latter part of the following sonnet adverts, in the strongest language of reprehension which we recollect to have met with in Mr. Wordsworth's writings:—

'Here pause: the poet claims at least this praise,
That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope
Of his pure song, which did not shrink from
hope
In the worst moment of these evil days;
From hope, the paramount duty that Heaven
lays,
For its own honour, on man's suffering heart.

Never may from our souls one truth depart—
 That an accursed thing it is to gaze
 On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye;
 Nor—touched with due abhorrence of *their*
 guilt
 For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood is
 spilt,
 And justice labours in extremity—
 Forget thy weakness, upon which is built,
 O wretched man, the throne of tyranny!—p.
 178.

The corollary from this sonnet is, that when the admiration of anything opposed to virtue is stronger than virtue itself in a people, that people is unfit for liberty, and the vital spirit of liberty is not in them. Through how much of political theory and practice ought this doctrine to be carried! Is there in this country any constituency to which what are called popular talents will recommend a representative notoriously profligate and reprobate? That constituency is unfit for its franchise; and whatever specious pretences may be made of supporting a public principle, and distinguishing between public and private conduct—as if the support of virtue was *not* a public principle—such an exercise of the franchise is tainting the very sources of liberty in the land. For to suppose that liberty can be promoted whilst virtue is overlooked, is nothing else than to suppose that the consequence can be produced without having regard to the cause.

That liberty must rest upon a moral rather than a political basis, and that the attempt is vain to push it forward by merely political impulses, is a truth which has always been before the eyes of our great poets, though often lost to those of our politicians. Coleridge saw it in his youth, instructed by the events that were occurring in France, and expressed it with characteristic force:—

'The sensual and the dark rebel in vain,
 Slaves by their own compulsion.*'

Milton saw it, ardently political as he was; or perhaps he saw it only when the ardour of his political mind had been informed by experience and tempered by adversity. He asks in the 'Paradise Regained' (iv. 145) what wise man would seek to free a people 'by themselves enslaved,'

'Or could of inward slaves make outward free?'

And in the 'Paradise Lost' (xii. 79) Michael explains to Adam that perfect liberty could only exist in Paradise, being inseparable from virtue, which again is identical with right reason. These great men knew the nature

of liberty; and those who may study, along with their writings, Mr. Wordsworth's political sonnets and the large portion of his other works which bear upon the state and prospects of society, can hardly fail to increase and refresh their knowledge of these subjects, and to appreciate more justly the connection between true liberty and the mere political outworks which often take its name, without by any means comprising its substance.

For in what does the worth and gloriousness of liberty consist? Not in charters, statutes, and franchises: these are merely the documents and conveyances of liberty. Not in the political powers and functions which they authenticate: these, indeed, may constitute liberty *as a means*; but the end and sanctifying principle of liberty consists in the peace and happiness, the independence and elevation of the minds of individual men. Let us pursue the principle, therefore, into practical life, and observe how far political institutions succeed, and wherein they fail, to produce personal independence. Take, for instance, an Austrian or Prussian tradesman, and place him side by side with the London shopkeeper, obsequious behind his counter—which is the free man? The Austrian or Prussian will generally be found to wear a countenance and manner of independent courtesy, confident of meeting the same in return, but not much more bent upon conciliating his customer than he expects his customer to be on conciliating him. The relations between them are marked by no other desire to please on the part of the tradesman, than belongs to the goodwill which ought to subsist between fellow-creatures. True, he is legally liable to be watched by a spy or imprisoned without a warrant; but he lives in no fear that such a thing will happen, and there is no sign that the degradation of his political state enters into his daily feelings, his transactions in business, or his habits in social intercourse. Turn, then, to the London shopkeeper. Of the signs and tokens to be observed in *his* manners we are unwilling to speak. It is enough to say that they are tinged with a courtesy which is *not* independent. And whence comes this? It is not for want of statutes, charters, privileges, and immunities; it is for want of an independence which these gross instrumentalities can neither give nor take away; it is because his mind has been reached by a far more penetrating influence than any which is thus derived—because his *will* is enslaved; because his heart is venal, and he is ready to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage. It is true that he shouts for liberty at the hustings; but

* France, an Ode.

though the voice is Jacob's voice, the hands are the hands of Esau; what he values in what he calls liberty is chiefly protection from a tax; money is still the tyrant of his mind; and the very colours of his political liberty may very often be nothing else than the badge of his inward servitude.

Do we, then, adduce this class, this minority, this mere feature in our society, as impeaching the value of our free institutions in their general results? Far from it. We value those institutions beyond everything except the spirit which produced them, and the ends which they are to serve. But what we do aim at is to insist, with Mr. Wordsworth, that political liberty is good and glorious only so far as it conduces to moral and spiritual liberty, and to personal independence—that it is pure and righteous only in so far as it is

'Subservient still to moral purposes,
Auxiliar to divine.*'

And the practical conclusion is—not that any lover of liberty is to be in any one act or thought of his heart less ardent or strenuous in the love of liberty—but that for the very sake and in the spirit of that love, he is diligently to consider the mixed and contrarious effects to which merely political proceedings give birth; and if he supports measures which are brought forward in the name of political liberty, he is to see at least that they may be expected to promote personal independence, and so far as may be possible, not independence only and of itself, but an independence virtuous, enlightened, and founded in humility.

Having these principles in view, and taking the 8th Book of the 'Excursion' for a connecting commentary, the reader may be led by the Sonnets to trace the course of political liberty through some of its leading consequences in our own country. Its earliest and most assured result is *wealth*. From wealth is derived national power and independence, and a numerous population: but seeking for its effects within and amongst that population, we find them to be of a mixed and multifarious character, with perhaps only one characteristic common to all, whether good or bad—that of *activity*. And believing, as it would be impious to disbelieve—believing with a deep trust and assurance that the good elements in human nature are more powerful than the bad and are continually gaining upon them, it follows that an increase of

activity to all, will impart an increase of preponderance to the good. Thus wealth and activity, whilst adding largely to the ignorant and bedarkened part of the population, produce a more than proportionate addition to those parts which are in some degree instructed; and have a yet more important result in carrying the instruction of those who were already instructed to a higher point, and along with greater enlightenment, communicating to those classes greater power and efficacy in good works. Hence we have a race of clergymen and country gentlemen far superior to their predecessors.

But whilst we never forget that the results of our institutions are good in the main, and whilst we hope that there will accrue under them an incalculable accession of good in the end, it is fit that we should also look the evil results fairly in the face. Wealth and commercial activity, whilst they make the life of man in general a life of progress, make it also a life of vicissitude as regards worldly condition. By vicissitude the minds of men are exercised in worldly hopes and fears, the passions connected with gain and loss are unduly excited, and the industry of the trading classes (which are perhaps the most important classes as regards the stamp given to the national character) is no longer the industry of necessity or duty, but an inordinate and greedy industry, carrying with it often a taint of gambling speculation, and resembling that vice in its wasting effect upon the heart. This species of industry, if it intermits at all, is of too excited a nature to leave the heart to repose even in its intervals; it may possibly not be altogether absorbing and engrossing, but in that case the excitement of getting will alternate—not with rest, but with excitement of another kind—the excitement of spending:—

'The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.'—
p. 39.*

* The latter part of this sonnet has been misapprehended by some persons, who have supposed that Pagan superstitions were commended absolutely,

* Excursion, book iv.

We have borrowed this from the Miscellaneous series; but the next we shall quote is in the same strain, and it was no doubt from seeing a moral slavery in all this, that Mr. Wordsworth placed it in the Political series in the present volume, and in the former editions amongst the 'Sonnets dedicated to Liberty.'

'O thou proud City! which way shall I look
For comfort, being, as I am, oppress'd,
To think that now our life is only drest
For show; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,
Or groom?—We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.'—
p. 131.

Again in the sonnet at page 138, riches are denounced for the fears which they generate. In October, 1803, at the approach of the great conflict with Bonaparte, Mr. Wordsworth had remarked that whilst other classes were hopeful and manful, it was the rich who were fearful and desponding:—

'What do we gather hence but firmer faith
That every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath;

and not merely as being better than a total absence of devotional and natural sentiment. All that Mr. Wordsworth contends for, is a preference of Triton or Proteus to Mammon. To those who have not considered that, in our imperfect natures, the apprehension of religious truth is merely relative, and that superstition may be often by no means the worst of our imperfections, we would recommend the study of some passages in the 21st chapter of 'The Light of Nature and Gospel Lights blended.' An intellect at once more exact and more discursive than that of Abraham Tucker, was never exercised in theology; and his fancy, if not as abundant as Jeremy Taylor's, is not less aptly and happily illustrative. He warns us against the hasty rooting out of superstition (or what we take to be superstition) wherever it may be found, and at all risks: 'for it is not uncommon that the same plants deserve cultivation in one place, but require weeding out from another. We sow fields of oats with care and cost, but are very sorry to see them among our wheat; the scarlet poppy and sun-resembling marigold, which burn up our corn, are esteemed ornaments in our gardens—the carpet-woven grass that beautifies our lawns must be extirpated from our fallows by frequent and toilsome ploughings. But superstition is not always a distinct plant—it is sometimes like the green leaves of corn, which protect and assist to draw up nourishment into the spire, and will wither away of themselves as that grows towards maturity.'

That virtue and the faculties within
Are vital,—and that riches are akin
To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death?'
p. 138.

But though Mr. Wordsworth, in these and other Poems, animadverts upon riches or the love of riches as working against the freedom of the heart, he nowhere advocates equality of station as fostering either independence or any other virtue. Yet it may be asked, do not riches lie at the root of all worldly inequalities? Undoubtedly they do, and riches are as undoubtedly the basis of many social virtues. But in order to be so, they must not be thrown up suddenly by commercial vicissitudes; they must be stable and permanent, and give birth to permanent social relations. Riches which are stable and permanent are overgrown in the course of time with many associations and imaginative colourings, until they seem to be rather the adjuncts of a social pre-eminence than the substance and essence of it. This equable and settled wealth neither agitates the mind of the possessor nor provokes others to a jealous emulation; and without the differences of social rank which spring from it, it may well be questioned whether some of the best parts of our nature would not remain uncultivated. Two kinds of humility at least would cease—that which in a superior forgets superiority, that which in an inferior remembers inferiority; and if it be said that this latter humility is incompatible with freedom of spirit, we answer that on the contrary it is the greatest support to it. For no spirit is *less* free than that which is jealously unwilling to acknowledge adventitious advantages in others—none is *more* free or more generous than that which forgets itself in the respect which, through the influence of imaginative sentiments and established manners, it feels for what is by itself (as it were) placed above itself. Observe the difference between the condition of mind of a domestic servant in the times when such service was almost hereditary, and that of a footman of the present day. In the one case authority was softened, the value of kindness enhanced, attachment might take place, the better affections might be exercised, and the spirit of a servant might be as free as the spirit of a child, though like a child he was dependent. There are examples of this still, though they are rare unhappily; and it is commonly the case in the present times that the relation of master and servant resolves itself into the contract that so much servility shall be given for such and such wages, and the independence of the menial is bought and sold. And even where there are no relations of servitude, money intrudes

itself into all the intercourse between the upper and lower classes of society, and enters into the most casual and trivial transactions. Any little service rendered by an inferior, which in another country would be repaid by a smile and a cordial word, the English gentleman remunerates by the tossing of his miserable sixpence—creating the mercenary spirit that he feeds, and checking the growth of the independent good-will in which he places no trust.

The truth is, that there is nothing so uninteresting to man, nothing so ungenial and unfruitful, as social equality. Man's nature and the wants of his imagination call for the contrary, and where institutions are ostensibly calculated to remove the sense of inequality, they will in reality remove only so much of it as is connected with our better nature, and bring into strong and naked operation the inequalities of a monied scale. This is no doubt one of the tendencies of our institutions at the present time—a tendency which will be counteracted and conquered, as we trust—one tendency only amongst many; but one against which those who value the true liberty of their country, the liberty of its individual minds and hearts, should strenuously contend; and it is not a tendency as regards the lower classes only. Social distinction is an object to high and low, and is open to every one of us through money, and money will procure for every one consideration, service, and what is equally indispensable to mankind, civility; and in this state of society the liberty of the higher classes is not less in danger than that of the lower. For with the restless activity, the ambition, the importance attached to money, the pecuniary taint which infects all the relations between the upper and lower classes, the absence of the disinterested courtesies and unpaid good offices of life, which inspire confidence between those classes and seem to place them in a relation of human brotherhood with each other—with all these elements of our society, there arises naturally its chief characteristic on the evil side of the account, pride, or a pusillanimous fear of opinion—pride which,

‘Howe’er disguised

In its own majesty, is littleness—”*

and invariably undermines the strength and independence of the heart. The study of Mr. Wordsworth's writings will assist more than any other literary influence that is now abroad to abate the spirit of pride and cherish the spirit of independence; and in closing our remarks upon the Political series of his Sonnets, we will sum up the doctrine to be de-

rived from them as teaching, that in so far as the political institutions of a country place any man in such circumstances as to give avarice, ambition, or pride, the dominion over his heart, whatever may be the name given or the virtue ascribed to those institutions, they cost that man his liberty.

We now come to the series which Mr. Wordsworth has entitled ‘Itinerary,’ and which we have already alluded to as ‘the sundry contemplation of his travels.’ Scenery, cities, manners, local traditions, recorded events, incidents of the moment, remains of antiquity, products of modern taste, abodes, sites and occupants, viaducts, railways and steam-boats, names, clouds, and echoes,—nothing comes amiss to Mr. Wordsworth on his travels, and sonnets spring up in his path wherever he goes. And amidst the multitude of objects which attract his attention, it is difficult to say that any one class has more power over him than another. Natural objects have undoubtedly had the greatest influence originally, as we may learn from the celebrated lines written on visiting Tintern Abbey, and from many other passages, and amongst these ‘the family of floods’ are mentioned by the poet as standing first in his regard, and many members of that family are celebrated in the Sonnets, from ‘the stately Eden’ in his own country, to

‘—that young stream that smites the throbbing rocks
Of Viamala.’

But natural objects are so vividly recalled to his memory when others are presented to his eyes, the colours of them are so interwoven with the whole tissue of his mind, that hardly any subject is treated separately from them. And on the other hand, his sense of the beauty of external nature is seldom merely passive; the activities of his intellect are excited by it rather than merged in it, and his poetry is not often purely descriptive. We will quote the sonnet we can find which is the most so,—a description of the plain between Namur and Liege, in which the effect of nature's tranquillity is heightened by allusion to the frequent warfare of which that plain has been the theatre:—

‘What lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose?
Is this the Stream, whose cities, heights, and plains,

War's favourite playground, are with crimson stains

Familiar, as the Morn with pearly dew?

The Morn, that now, along the silver Meuse,
Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the swains
To tend their silent boats and ringing wains,
Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit bestrews

* Mr. Wordsworth's lines left under a Yew-tree seat.

'The ripening corn beneath it. As mine eyes
Turn from the fortified and threatening hill,
How sweet the prospect of yon watery glade,
With its grey rocks clustering in pensive
shade—
That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise
From the smooth meadow-ground, serene and
still!' *Sonnets*, p. 197.

This seems pure description; yet what a serious satire is expressed in one word, 'War's favourite playground!' In the following sonnet, entitled 'The Trosachs,' the moral is blended with the description throughout:—

'There's not a nook within this solemn Pass,
But were an apt confessional for One
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
That Life is but a tale of morning grass
Withered at eve. From scenes of art which
chase
That thought away, turn, and with watchful
eyes
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than
glass
Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy
quest,
If from a golden perch of aspen spray
(October's workmanship to rival May)
The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest!'
Ibid., p. 217.

How skilfully does that suggestion in the parenthesis, of the sunshiny colouring of the aspen in October, adumbrate the cheerfulness to be bestowed by natural piety upon the decline of life! preparing for the principal illustration of the same idea in the song of the red-breast, which only begins to sing when other birds have ceased. We will annex to this a sonnet, congenial in sentiment and imagery, written at Bala-sala, Isle of Man, in the person of a friend of the author. The convent spoken of is Rushen Abbey:—

'Broken in fortune, but in mind entire
And sound in principle, I seek repose
Where ancient trees this convent-pile enclose
In ruin beautiful. When vain desire
Intrudes on peace, I pray the eternal Sire
To cast a soul-subduing shade on me,
A grey-haired, pensive, thankful Refugee;
A shade—but with some sparks of heavenly fire
Once to these cells vouchsafed. And when I
note
The old Tower's brow yellowed as with the
beams
Of sunset ever there, albeit streams
Of stormy weather-stains that semblance
wrought,
I thank the silent Monitor, and say
"Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours of the
day!"' *Ibid.*, p. 256.

When Mr. Wordsworth is upon his travels,

the very modes of conveyance 'have their authentic comment,' and suggest thoughts, recollections and feelings. We find him, in 1820, in a carriage on the banks of the Rhine, travelling with a speed which cheats him of half his enjoyment, and wishing to be on foot as in the days of his youth:—

'Amid this dance of objects sadness steals
O'er the defrauded heart—while sweeping by,
As in a fit of Thespian jollity,
Beneath her vine-leaf crown the green Earth
reels:
Backward, in rapid evanescence, wheels
The venerable pageantry of Time,
Each beetling rampart, and each tower sublime,
And what the Delf unwillingly reveals
Of lurking cloistral arch, through trees espied
Near the bright River's edge. Yet why repine?
To muse, to creep, to halt at will, to gaze—
Such sweet wayfaring—of life's spring the
pride,
Her summer's faithful joy—that still is mine,
And in fit measure cheers autumnal days.'
Ibid., p. 200.

We are happy to know that the 'fit measure' of pedestrian strength which remained to Mr. Wordsworth in the year 1820 is yet with him in 1841, and that the fainting London tourist may still meet with him, robust and fresh, on the top of Helvellyn or other 'cloud-sequestered heights,' exercising his functions as one of 'Nature's Privy Council.'

If Mr. Wordsworth was not quite content to be whirled along the banks of the Rhine in a carriage, it was to be expected that he should betray more impatience in a steam-boat:—

'Who but must covet a cloud-seat, or skiff
Built for the air, or winged Hippogriff?
That he might fly, where no one could pursue,
From this dull Monster and her sooty crew.'
Ibid., p. 260.

But what some persons would consider the poetic or romantic view of things never shuts out from Mr. Wordsworth's mind the contemplation of the whole truth. For the whole truth received into a poetic mind of the highest, that is, of the philosophic order, may always take a poetical shape, and cannot but be more fruitful than half-truths. And thus we have a notice, in a sonnet on steam-boats, viaducts, and railways, that Mr. Wordsworth is not to be misled by any false lights into regarding with other feelings than those of hope and gratulation the victories of mind over matter:—

'Motions and Means, on land and sea at war
With old poetic feeling, not for this
Shall ye, by Poets even, be judged amiss!
Nor shall your presence, howsoever it mar

The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar
To the Mind's gaining that prophetic sense
Of future change, that point of vision, whence
May be discovered what in soul ye are.
In spite of all that beauty may disown
In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace
Her lawful offspring in Man's art; and Time,
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother
Space,
Accepts from your bold hands the proffer'd crown
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime.'

Ibid., p. 277.

Twenty years ago our readers may remember that there was a literary controversy of some celebrity, in which Lord Byron, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Bowles were the principal performers, on the subject of the comparative merits of nature and art in supplying subjects for poetry. A little of Mr. Wordsworth's philosophy, or a little of Shakspeare's, would have taught the disputants either not to distinguish at all between these subjects, or to distinguish more clearly. There are a few words in the 'Winter's Tale' which say more than anything which we can recollect to have been said then:—

'*Perdita*. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Nor yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the
season

Are our carnations, and streak'd gilliflowers,
Which some call Nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

'*Polixenes*. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

'*Perdita*. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating Nature.

'*Polixenes*. Say there be;
Yet Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to Nature, is an art
That Nature makes.'—(Act. iv., sc. 3.)

This is the philosophical view of the matter, and Mr. Wordsworth's taste is as universal as philosophy itself; and his philosophy and his poetry are never found in collision with each other, but always in an easy alliance.

We are aware, however, that it has sometimes been said that Mr. Wordsworth has written in disparagement of science. How incapable he is of doing so, our readers have had some means of judging. The charge has been brought, we believe, by two very different classes of persons,—by those who mistake certain scientific nomenclatures and classifications for sciences themselves, and, on the other hand, by those who have a genuine comprehension of science, but are led, from the want of other knowledge, faculties, or

feelings, to think that the material sciences are the highest walks of human contemplation. Yet in reality neither the sciolist nor the adept has any reason to complain. For the former Mr. Wordsworth has not perhaps absolute respect, but certainly a genuine indulgence,—witness the sketches, in the 'Excursion,' of 'the Wandering Herbalist' and his fellow-wanderer—

'He who with pocket-hammer smites the edge
Of luckless rock or prominent stone, disguised
In weather-stains or crusted o'er by Nature
With her first growths—detaching by the stroke
A chip or splinter to resolve his doubts;'

He finds no fault with either of these gentlemen:—

'Intrusted safely each to his pursuit,
Earnest alike, let both from hill to hill
Range; if it please them speed from clime to
clime;
The mind is full—no pain is in their sport.'

Thus gently does Mr. Wordsworth, even when speaking by the mouth of the least gentle of his *poëmatic personæ*, deal with the dabblers in science. Shakspeare also was a good-natured observer; yet these men of nomenclatures did not escape so easily in his hands:—

'These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they
are.*'

So much for the sciolist. And next for the complaint of the adept. We do not desire to maintain that Mr. Wordsworth pays knee-worship even to *his* idol, or that he reverences as the highest knowledge that which, however consummate in its kind, is limited to the purely material sciences. All that we contend for is, that, as in the sonnets heretofore quoted, so in his other writings, Mr. Wordsworth invariably treats the material sciences with the respect which is due to their place amongst the powers and instrumentalities of nature. He would not deny that they are powers of stupendous importance in their results, but neither would he admit that they are on that account entitled, when standing alone, to confer the highest rank upon the intellects through which those results are brought about. He would not deny, certainly, that stupendous moral as well as material results are the offspring of the purely material sciences; for as matter is always acting upon spirit with prodigious force throughout the portion of the universe which

* *Love's Labour's Lost*.

is known to man, so there can be no doubt that the material products of science operate incalculable changes in the moral condition of mankind. But neither would he admit that that which acts upon spirit through matter, however important the agency may be in its consequences, can be regarded as an agency of an equally high order with that which acts upon spirit through spirit.

Thus, in the eighth book of the *Excursion*, he rejoices and exults in the mastery exercised by science over the elements, but rejoices in it hoping that the time will come when man, 'strengthened yet not dazzled' by his scientific conquests,

'Shall learn, though late, that all true glory rests,
All praise, all safety, and all happiness,
Upon the moral law.'

And he proceeds to show that even the sciences themselves must have the same support, in order to ensure them against decay and oblivion :—

'Egyptian Thebes,
Tyre, by the margin of the sounding waves,
Palmyra, central in the desert, fell ;
And the arts died by which they had been raised.
Call Archimedes from his buried tomb
Upon the plain of vanished Syracuse,
And feelingly the sage shall make report
How insecure, how baseless in itself,
Is the philosophy whose sway depends
On mere material instruments ; how weak
Those arts and high inventions, if unproped
By Virtue ! He, with sighs of pensive grief
Amid his calm abstractions, would admit
That not the slender privilege is theirs
To save themselves from blank forgetfulness !'

If, therefore, we are to separate what we cannot wish to see separated—if we *must* separate knowledge and intellectual power into degrees and orders of precedency—we should concur with Mr. Wordsworth in giving the first place to the kind which lives in the hearts of men and fortifies the imaginative faith, which kindles the affections, animates the belief in things unseen, and multiplies

'The spiritual presences of absent things.'

This kind of knowledge and power, depending immediately upon the imagination, but not to be cast loose from scientific laws, may, we think, without wrong to any other, be placed in the first rank of human intelligences. In the Celestial Hierarchy, according to Dionysius Areopagita, the Angels of Love hold the first place, the Angels of Light the second, and Thrones and Dominations the third. Amongst Terrestrials, the intellects which act through the imagination upon the heart of man, may be accounted the first in order, the merely scientific intellects the second, and the merely ruling intellects—those which apply themselves to the government of

mankind without the aid of either science or imagination—will not be disparaged if they are placed last.

But Mr. Wordsworth, as we collect, would be better pleased to contemplate the conjunction, than the subordinated separation of these powers, and he anticipates the time when science, allying itself with the imaginative faculty, and through this reaching and inspiring the heart, shall be exalted into philosophy :—

'Science then
Shall be a precious visitant ; and then,
And only then, be worthy of her name.
For then her heart shall kindle ; her dull eye,
Dull and inanimate, no more shall hang
Chained to its object in brute slavery ;
But taught with patient interest to watch
The processes of things, and serve the cause
Of order and distinctness, not for this
Shall it forget that its most noble use,
Its most illustrious province, must be found
In furnishing clear guidance, a support
Not treacherous, to the mind's *excursive* power.'

Nor does Mr. Wordsworth regard the advances of science with any jealousy, as if it were possible that they could tend to limit the province of imagination. That province he knows to be boundless ;—and though many of the secrets of nature may be discovered, and the pride of man may for the moment exult inordinately, forgetting what mysteries remain which Science can never penetrate and Faith can but see darkly as in a glass, yet he is assured that man is and always will be an imaginative being ; and that, whatever he may search out and lay open, he must still come to the unseen and the inscrutable at last, and be recalled to the awe and humility which befits his condition :—

'Desire we past illusions to recall ?
To reinstate wild Fancy, would we hide
Truths whose thick veil Science has drawn
aside ?
No,—let this Age, high as she may, instal
In her esteem the thirst that wrought man's
fall,
The universe is infinitely wide ;
And conquering Reason, if self-glorified,
Can nowhere move uncrossed by some new wall
Or gulf of mystery, which thou alone,
Imaginative Faith ! canst overleap,
In progress toward the fount of Love,—the
throne
Of Power, whose ministers the records keep
Of periods fixed, and laws established, less
Flesh to exalt than prove its nothingness.'—
Sonnets, p. 250.

It was in no other spirit—it was in the profound humility of his own nature, and with a deep insight into man's nature, that the great

founder of modern material philosophy offered up his 'Students' Prayer':—

'This also we humbly and earnestly beg, that human things may not prejudice such as are divine, neither that from the unlocking of the gates of sense, and the kindling of a greater natural light, anything of incredulity or intellectual night may arise in our minds towards divine mysteries. But rather that, by our mind thoroughly cleansed and purged from fancy and vanities, and yet subject and perfectly given up to the divine oracles, there may be given up to Faith the things which are Faith's.

Devoutly is it to be wished that, along with the principles of material philosophy which have been as the light of day to the natural world in the generations succeeding Lord Bacon, there could have been communicated to all of his disciples, as it has been in degree to some, the greatness of that man's religious heart.

But we are to proceed with the Itinerant. Manners are regarded by him, no less than arts and sciences, with an inquisitive eye, and pondered in a spirit of comprehensive appreciation. He observes the decay of ancient manners and the progress of innovation, reaching even to the Scotch Highlands,—but he observes them with no predisposition to prefer what is old to what is modern on any other than just and reasonable grounds: his desire is only to examine into the different effects of changes, to weigh losses against gains, and to 'have a right judgment in all things.' When indeed, he sees

'the umbrella spread
To weather-fend the Celtic herdsman's head'—
there arise in his mind some doubts and misgivings, and he pauses before he can regard the superior comforts of the Celtic herdsman with unmixed satisfaction. Still it is but a doubt and an inquiry, not a decision; and he does not fail to intimate that there is another side to the question:—

'The pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute;
The Roman kilt, degraded to a toy
Of quaint apparel for a half-spoilt boy;
The target, mouldering like ungathered fruit;
The smoking steam-boat eager in pursuit,
As eagerly pursued; the umbrella spread
To weather-fend the Celtic herdsman's head—
All speak of manners withering to the root,
And some old honours, too, and passions high:
Then may we ask, though pleased that thought
should range

Among the conquests of civility,
Survives Imagination—to the change
Superior? Help to Virtue does it give?
If not, O Mortals, better cease to live!"
Ibid., p. 218.

The last we shall quote from this itinerary series shall be an historical recollection—the son-

net entitled 'Mary Queen of Scots (landing at the mouth of the Derwent, Workington).'

'Dear to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed,
The Queen drew back the wimple that she wore;
While to the throng that on the Cambrian shore
Her landing hailed, how touchingly she bowed!
And like a star (that, from a sombre cloud
Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts,
When a soft summer gale at evening parts
The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)
She smiled: but Time, the old Saturnian Seer,
Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the strand,
With a step prelusive to a long array
Of woes and degradations hand in hand;
Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear—
Stilled by the ensanguined block of Fothering-
gay?'—*Ibid.*, p. 247.

In the series of ecclesiastical sonnets we find Mr. Wordsworth, for the first time, planning a work in which his inspiration and his themes were to be drawn more immediately from books than from Nature or his own experience and observation. The first which we shall quote represents the recovery of the Church after the persecution under Diocletian:—

'As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain
Their cheerfulness and busily re-trim
Their nests, or chant a gratulating hymn
To the blue ether and bespangled plain;
Even so, in many a reconstructed fane,
Have the survivors of this storm renewed
Their holy rites with vocal gratitude:
And solemn ceremonials they ordain
To celebrate their great deliverance;
Most feelingly instructed 'mid their fear—
That persecution, blind with rage extreme,
May not the less, through Heaven's mild coun-
tenance,
Even in her own despite, both feed and cheer;
For all things are less dreadful than they seem.'
Ibid., p. 329.

The last line expresses one of those truths which present themselves with peculiar force to an imaginative mind, owing to its individual experience. For to such a mind the absent and the distant appear with a vividness of colouring which realities when present will generally be found to fall short of; and when fear is the passion by which such a mind is seized, it will be apt to lose sight, in the liveliness of its prospective emotions, of the resources with which its imaginative and susceptible nature abounds, and which might enable it to deal victoriously with the actual presence of the thing feared, or even with the nearer approach of danger. For fear itself is not more the characteristic of a highly imaginative mind than faith; and the love which casteth out fear will grow in power, and all the antagonistic emotions will be awakened, as the thing

apprehended becomes less matter of imagination and more matter of distinct perception and knowledge. Poets, therefore, have perpetual occasion to remind themselves that

'... all things are less dreadful than they seem,' and thereby to apply the consolations of the imaginative reason as a corrective to the excesses of imaginative passion. 'Present fears,' says Shakspeare,

'... are less than horrible imaginings.*

And Milton may have been thinking less of the Devil than of what he had himself experienced when he gave expression, in the person of Satan, to a similar sentiment:—

'If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me than the feeling can;
I would be at the worst; worst is my port,
My harbour, and my ultimate repose,
The end I would attain, my final good.†

To our minds the most interesting portion of this series is that which relates to the offices of the Church. We select the two Sonnets upon Confirmation:—

'The young ones gathered in from hill and dale,
With holiday delight on every brow,
'Tis passed away: far other thoughts prevail;
For they are taking the baptismal vow
Upon their conscious selves; their own lips speak
The solemn promise. Strongest sinews fail,
And many a blooming, many a lovely cheek,
Under the holy fear of God, turns pale;
While on each head His lawn-robed servant lays
An apostolic hand, and with prayer seals
The covenant. The Omnipotent will raise
Their feeble souls; and bear with his regrets,
Who, looking round the fair assemblage, feels
That ere the sun goes down their childhood sets.

'I saw a mother's eye intensely bent
Upon a maiden trembling as she knelt;
In and for whom the pious mother felt
Things that we judge of by a light too faint.
Tell, if ye may, some star-crowned muse or
saint!
Tell what rushed in, from what she was re-
lieved—
Then, when her child the hallowing touch re-
ceived,
And such vibration through the mother went
That tears burst forth amain. Did gleams ap-
pear?
Opened a vision of that blissful place
Where dwells a sister-child? And was power
given
Part of her lost one's glory back to trace
Even to this rite? For thus *she* knelt, and, ere
The summer leaf had faded, passed to
heaven.'—pp. 422, 423.

We had purposed to quote the three Sonnets on Monastic Life at pp. 343, 4, and 5, and those

* *Macbeth*, Act i. Sc. iii.

† *Paradise Regained*, book iii. l. 209.

on the Dissolution of the Monasteries at p. 379, and on the execution of Laud and Charles I. at p. 403; but our limits are closing in upon us, and not the least important part of our task is yet to be performed. There is a short series written two years ago, which we have been favoured with a permission to present to the public for the first time. It was suggested by the recent discussions in parliament and elsewhere on the subject of Punishment by Death.

It will be proper to remind our readers of the state to which this question has been brought by the proceedings of the last few years.

In the session of 1836 an able and elaborate report by the Commissioners on Criminal Law, of which the second part was on this subject, was laid before Parliament.* In the ensuing session this was followed by papers presented to Parliament by her Majesty's command, and consisting of a correspondence between the Commissioners, Lord John Russell, and Lord Denman. Upon the foundation afforded by these documents, the bills (7th Gul. IV. and 1st Vict. cap. 84 to 89 and 91) of the 17th July, 1837, were brought in and passed. These Acts removed the punishment of death from about 200 offences, and left it applicable to high treason—murder and attempts at murder—rape—arson with danger to life—and to piracies, burglaries, and robberies, when aggravated by cruelty and violence.

The great majority of the offences which were exempted from capital punishment by these Acts had not been visited with it in practice for many years, and there could be no doubt that the dead letter of the law which remained could do nothing but harm. There were some others which had been visited with capital punishment occasionally, though rarely, and with regard to these the great and prevailing argument was, that the feeling of the public was against capital punishment in such cases, and that the law by awarding it did in effect promote the total impunity of the offences by deterring prosecutions, and by inducing witnesses, juries, and sometimes judges, to violate their duty and conspire in producing a false verdict of acquittal,—inasmuch that in these cases practised offenders would prefer to be tried on a capital charge as a sure means of getting off.

These arguments were founded upon a large body of statistical and other evidence taken by the Commissioners, and we are of opinion that the bills of 1837 were proper to be enacted as an experiment. The experience of their operation in 1839 and 1840 has been supposed to be in their favour, though we cannot make out by what treatment of the criminal statistics of those years that result is obtained. The valua-

* Papers of 1836, 343.

ble tables constructed by Mr. Redgrave of the Home Office, and annually presented to Parliament, show a considerable increase of the offences from which death has been removed,—an increase of no less than 38 per cent. Mr. Redgrave, indeed, states that offences generally have increased 25 per cent., and seems to infer that 25 of the 38 per cent. is therefore chargeable to general causes. So far as direct causation is concerned the inference is just. But it may be a question whether the general sense of restraint be not affected by important relaxations of the law as regards particular crimes, and whether some portion of the 25 per cent., as well as the greater part of the 38 per cent., be not chargeable on the Acts of 1837. The whole question of the operation of these Acts is a matter for watchful attention during the next two or three years, though, we will admit, not a matter for immediate conclusions. The experience and evidence which preceded the enactment of the bills of 1837 were so strong against the law as it then stood, that it would require a longer experience and still stronger evidence than any which can be now adduced, to bring us to the conviction that the operation of these Acts is not beneficial, even though removing the punishment of death from some great crimes.

But there were some gentlemen in the House of Commons who thought that the punishment should be removed from greater crimes still, and they appealed to the bills of 1837, the motives which had dictated them, and the supposed benefits which had flowed from them, in favour of going further,—as if the whole question in such matters were not—where to stop? This was indeed no question with Mr. Fitzroy Kelly, who, in common with Mr. Ewart and some others, openly avowed that he had conscientious objections to the infliction of death at all. The truth, as it appears to us, is, that the more the success up to a certain point in a career of this kind, the greater is the danger of a popular assembly being hurried into errors and extremes. But, as we have said, we find no proof of any particular success hitherto. There is a remarkable return moved for by Mr. Ewart (No. 48, dated 28th Sept., 1841), which shows that a considerable reduction in the number of executions for murder may take place, and be attended with a decrease in the number of commitments for murder. We have sought in vain for any link in reason to connect these two concomitant phenomena as cause and effect; but, even if they were to be so connected, they would be an argument, not for altering the law, but for relaxing its execution.

However, Mr. Kelly, though aiming at the abolition of punishment by death, brought in a bill upon the instalment principle, taking it

away from all offences except treason and murder; which bill obtained no inconsiderable support in the House, and at one time even a majority, but was ultimately defeated by Sir Robert Peel. The only measure which took effect was a bill (brought in by the government with a view to avert the enactment of Mr. Kelly's) by which, besides the correction of some oversights in the Acts of 1837, the crime of rape was taken out of the list of those which had continued to be punishable with death.

Thus the broad question which is left for the country to look at, in respect to the punishment by death, is in effect its *abolition*. It is to this question that Mr. Wordsworth's Sonnets refer; and the general drift of the sentiments which they express is that there is a deeper charity and a more enlarged view of religious obligations than that which would dictate such a measure in this country in the present state of society. Our belief is that the great body of opinion in the country on this subject is sound, and that the argument of inefficacy from unpopularity, which was justly employed to effect the mitigation of the penal code in 1837, would be altogether unfounded as an argument for the removal of capital punishments from the crimes of violence and blood, to which alone it is awarded by the law as it now stands. But even if this plea of unpopularity were to be regarded as still extant, it is beside the purpose of one who, like Mr. Wordsworth, addresses himself to the public mind, and aims at the amendment of that very state of public sentiment which is the ground of the argument, and who regards legislative concessions to such a state of sentiment as affording an apparent sanction and an actual accession of strength to these errors, whether generally or (as we believe) only partially prevalent, which he desires to correct.

This part of the controversy it was not within the scope of Mr. Wordsworth's purposes to deal with, and there are of course other parts which are insusceptible of poetical treatment. But the main subject, being a subject for deep feelings, large views, and high argumentation, is essentially a subject for poetry, and especially so in the hands of one who has been accustomed, during a life which has now reached to threescore years and ten, to consider the sentiments and judgments which he utters in poetry with as deep a solicitude as to their justness as if they were delivered from the bench or the pulpit.

The first of the series is suggested by a view of Lancaster Castle, seen from an eminence called 'Weeping Hill,' being the spot from which criminals on their way to the Castle first have it in sight:—

'This spot—at once unfolding sight so fair
Of sea and land, with yon grey towers that still

Rise up as if to lord it over air—
Might soothe in human breasts the sense of ill,
Or charm it out of memory ; yea, might fill
The heart with joy and gratitude to God
For all his bounties upon man bestowed ;
Why bears it then the name of "Weeping
Hill ?"

Thousands, as toward yon old Lancastrian
towers,
A prison's crown, along this way they pass'd
For lingering durance or quick death with
shame,
From this bare eminence thereon have cast
Their first look—blinded, as tears fell in showers
Shed on their chains ; and hence that doleful
name.'

This sonnet prepares the reader to sympathise
with the sufferings of the culprits : the next
cautions him as to the limits within which his
sympathies are to be restrained :—

'Tenderly do we feel by Nature's law
For worst offenders : tho' the heart will heave
With indignation, deeply moved we grieve
In after-thought for him who stood in awe
Neither of God nor Man, and only saw,
Lost wretch ! a horrible device enthroned
On proud temptations, till the victim groaned
Under the steel his hand had dared to draw.
But oh ! restrain compassion, if its course,
As oft befalls, prevent or turn aside
Judgments and aims and acts whose higher
source
Is sympathy with the unforewarned that died
Blameless—with them who shuddered o'er his
grave—
And all who from the Law firm safety crave.'

In the third and fourth sonnets the reader is
prepared to regard as low and effeminate the
views which would estimate life and death as
the most important of all sublunary considera-
tions.

'The Roman Consul doomed his sons to die
Who had betrayed their country. The stern
Word
Afforded (may it thro' all time afford !)
A theme for praise and admiration high.
Upon the surface of humanity
He rested not, its depths his mind explored ;
He felt ; but his parental bosom's Lord
Was duty,—Duty calmed his agony.
And some, we know, when they by wilful act
A single human life have wrongly taken,
Pass sentence on themselves, confess the fact,
And, to atone for it, with soul unshaken
Kneel at the feet of Justice, and for faith
Broken with all mankind solicit Death.'

'Is Death, when evil against good has fought
With such fell mastery that a Man could dare
By deeds the blackest purpose to lay bare,—
Is Death, for One to that condition brought,
For him or any One, the thing that ought
To be most dreaded ? Lawgivers ! beware
Lest capital pains remitting till ye spare
The Murderer, ye, by sanction to that thought

Seemingly given, debase the general mind ;
Tempt the vague will tried standards to disown ;
Nor only palpable restraints unbind,
But upon Honour's head disturb the crown,
Whose absolute rule permits not to withstand
In the weak love of life his least command.'

In the fifth, the poet rejects the notion
that the State has no *right* to exact the for-
feiture of life, and repudiates a repeal of capi-
tal punishment on any such ground, as being
not only of evil consequence in its effect upon
crime, but as striking at all the public bene-
fits which flow from a reverence on the part
of the People for the authority of the State.
This view is adduced, of course, not as in
itself an argument in favour of punishment
by death, but as bearing against that particu-
lar argument for its abolition which alleges a
defect of authority on the part of the
State :—

'Not to the object specially designed
Howe'er momentous in itself it be,
Good to promote or curb depravity,
Is the wise Legislator's view confined.
His Spirit, when most severe, is oft most kind :
As all authority in earth depends
On Love and Fear, their several powers he
blends,
Copying with awe the one Paternal Mind.
Uncaught by processes in show humane,
He feels how far the act would derogate
From even the humblest functions of the State,
If she, self-shorn of Majesty, ordain
That never more shall hang upon her breath
The last alternative of Life or Death.'

The sixth sonnet adverts to the effects of
the law in preventing the crime of murder,
not merely by fear, but by horror ; not only
by exciting a practical apprehension of the
doom of death, but by investing the crime
itself with the colouring of dark and terrible
imaginings :—

'Ye brood of conscience, Spectres ! that fre-
quent
The bad Man's restless walk and haunt his bed,
Fiends in your aspect, yet beneficent
In act as hovering Angels when they spread
Their wings to guard the unconscious innocent,
Slow be the statutes of the land to share
A laxity that could not but impair
Your power to punish crime, and so prevent.
And ye, Beliefs ! coiled serpent-like about
The adage on all tongues, *Murder will out*,
How shall your ancient warnings work for good
In the full might they hitherto have shown,
If for deliberate Shedder of Man's blood
Survive not Judgment that requires his own ?'

With the seventh sonnet Mr. Wordsworth
commences the consideration of the subject
in reference to religious views. That has
always appeared to us to be far from a reli-

gious view, though commonly advanced under the name of religion, which objects to what is called 'cutting a man off in his sins,' on the ground that it is taking into the hands of man issues which ought to be left in the hands of God, and which it belongs to God alone to dispose; as if man and man's hands, and all the issues that come out of man's hands, were not equally in the disposal of God's providence, and as if man were not ordained by that providence to be the minister of God's justice upon earth. The only really religious view of the subject in our minds, is that which recognizes the responsibilities of man in respect of all the agencies and issues which human judgment can reach, and teaches that man must, as he would answer before God, do all that in him lies to prevent crime, and exercise the best of his human judgment to discover wherein that all consists, being assured that, in doing his best to prevent crime upon earth, he is doing the part which belongs to him in regard to issues beyond the grave. It is manifest that the sudden death of sinners enters into the dispensations of Providence; and whenever it appears to be good for mankind, according to the arrangements of Providence, that such death should be inflicted by human ministration, it is as false a humility, as it is a false humanity and a false piety, for man to refuse to be the instrument.

But when this argument is extended to the abolition of the punishment by death even for Murder, it appears to us to be still more imperfect. Those by whom it is used consider it as overriding all other questions, and the inquiry whether the punishment is or is not efficacious for the prevention of the crime, is one which they will not entertain, because that, they say, is a question of mere human expediency, whereas the other is a point of religious obligation. Yet they admit that the religious obligation turns upon a sinner being cut off in his sins. Now, assuming that we are all sinners, and assuming also the efficiency of the punishment for prevention—say to the extent of preventing one half of the murders which would be committed without it—it follows that the State, by sparing to cut off A who murdered B, would be the occasion of C murdering D, and E murdering F;—that is, of two persons being cut off in their sins by the hand of the murderer, instead of one by the hand of the executioner. This is an issue which human judgment can distinctly reach and take account of, and in respect of which, therefore, God has devolved upon man a responsible agency.

The religious view of the subject is thus introduced:—

'Before the world had pass'd her time of youth,
While polity and discipline were weak,
The precept, *Eye for eye and tooth for tooth*,
Came forth—a light, tho' but as of day-break,
Strong as could then be borne. A Master meek
Proscribed the spirit fostered by that rule,
Patience his law, long-suffering his school,
And Love the end, which all thro' peace must
seek.

But lamentably do they err who strain
His mandates, given rash impulse to control,
And keep vindictive thirstings from the soul,
So far that, if consistent in their scheme,
They must forbid the State to inflict a pain,
Making of social order a mere dream.'

In the eighth sonnet Mr. Wordsworth disavows the doctrine—sometimes fallaciously employed on his own side of the question—which would strive to measure out the punishments awarded by the law in proportion to the degrees of moral turpitude. Legislative enactments can be but rough and general, either in their admeasurements or in their definitions, and the jurisdiction which they create must be limited to subject-matter for which it is in their power to provide means of adequate inquiry and adjudication—that is, for crime, as distinguished both from guilt and from sin. This limitation is admitted by Mr. Wordsworth; but at the same time he does not allow that prevention of crime is the sole end of punishment. On the contrary, he considers the State as representing, guiding, and supporting the moral sense of the community, and only abstaining from giving effect to that sense by penal law, in so far as it may labour under an incapacity for doing so:—

'Fit retribution by the moral code
Determined, lies beyond the State's embrace:
Yet, as she may for each peculiar case,
She plants well-measured terrors in the road
Of wrongful acts. Downward it is and broad,
And the main fear once doomed to banishment,
Far oftener then, bad ushering worse event,
Blood would be spilt, that in his dark abode
Crime might lie better hid. And should the
change

Take from the horror due to a foul deed,
Pursuit and evidence so far must fail,
And Guilt escaping, Passion then might plead
In angry spirits for her old free range,
And the "wild justice of Revenge" prevail.'

'Though to give timely warning and deter
Is one great aim of penalty, extend
Thy mental vision farther, and ascend
Far higher, else full surely shalt thou err.
What is a State? The wise behold in her

A creature born of Time, that keeps one eye
Fixed on the statutes of Eternity,
To which her judgments reverently defer:
Speaking through Law's dispassionate voice,
the State
Induces her conscience with external life
And being—to preclude or quell the strife
Of individual will, to elevate
The grovelling mind, the erring to recall,
And fortify the moral sense of all.'

In the tenth, the religious view is resumed:—

'Our bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine
Of an immortal spirit, is a gift
So sacred, so informed with light divine,
That no tribunal, though most wise to sift
Deed and intent, should turn the being adrift
Into that world where penitential tear
May not avail, nor prayer have for God's ear
A voice—that world whose veil no hand can lift
For earthly sight. "Eternity and time,"
They urge, "have interwoven claims and rights,
Not to be jeopardized through foulest crime:
The sentence rule by mercy's heaven-born
lights."

Even so; but measuring not by finite sense
Infinite Power, perfect Intelligence."

In the eleventh and twelfth the alternatives of secondary punishment are adverted to—solitary imprisonment and transportation. One-half of the question respecting punishment by death turns, no doubt, upon a comparison of it with other punishments; but these must be punishments of which we have experience in this country, or in some country in a similar social state. For as to American experience, which was often referred to a few years ago, we believe it is now acknowledged to be inapplicable; and as to mere visions of a preventive and reformatory efficacy in untried methods of punishing crime, they may lead to inventions or experiments, and the result may *possibly* be the discovery of a preferable substitute for punishment by death: but, until the discovery shall have been made, and shall have been tried and proved by an adequate experience, to say that methods *ought* to be discovered which no man has yet succeeded in discovering, is no argument for the precedent abolition of the method which exists: yet this was the whole drift of the argumentation of Mr. Kelly and his friends on this part of the subject.

With regard to imprisonment, the "Silent System" may be considered as justly renounced by all competent authorities on the subject.* Nature is too strong for it, and

the attempt to permit society, yet forbid communication, results in perpetual endeavours at evasion on the part of the prisoners, by which their minds are kept in a fraudulent state, and which can be met only by such incessant severities on the part of the prison officers as must keep *their* minds in a state almost equally to be avoided. The "Separation System" will be tried more fully than it has yet been, by the model prison now in course of construction. It will produce, we conceive, as many different results as there are differences in men. Our impression is, that in the majority of cases violent passions will be tamed by it, some vicious propensities subdued, and the mind reduced to a weak, blank, and negative condition. But this, though good as far as it goes, is in truth merely a work of destruction; the work of reformation is yet to be begun; and towards this, though books, tracts, and chaplains may do much for the moment (and we are far from undervaluing even a transitory moral impression,) yet the dispositions of the mind which are thus nurtured must not be accounted for virtues. It is only by the *exercise* of virtue that virtue can be cultivated; and virtue can have no exercise in solitude—in the absence of all social relations, of all transactions, of all temptations, and even of the power and opportunity of doing evil. 'That which purifies us is trial,' says Milton,* 'and trial is by what is contrary.' This is yet to come when the solitary imprisonment ends; and when that term arrives, the prisoner is sent forth into a world of which the wicked portion only will receive him, in the infancy of his virtue—a moral weakling.

With regard to the alternative of transportation, the Archbishop of Dublin's pamphlet, in 1832, seems to have been fatal to the system as it was then conducted, and at the same time to have raised the most serious doubts whether it could ever be conducted in a manner to give it preventive efficacy. Lord John Russell appears by his instructions to the Commissioners on Criminal Law to have been persuaded that these doubts might be set aside; but even admitting that it may be or has been made a formidable punishment, there remain objections of great force derived from the consequences brought upon the countries to which convicts are transported.

Independently, however, of these considerations, and on the ground of a moral preference in respect of the criminal, Mr. Wordsworth would inflict death rather than transportation or imprisonment for life:—

* See the Reports of the Home Inspectors of Prisons for 1837-8.

* Arcopagitica.

'Ah, think how one compelled for life to abide
 Locked in a dungeon, needs must eat the heart
 Out of his own humanity, and part
 With every hope that mutual cares provide;
 And should a less unnatural doom confide
 In life-long exile on a savage coast,
 Soon the relapsing penitent may boast
 Of yet more heinous guilt, with fiercer pride.
 Hence thoughtful merey, mercy sage and pure,
 Sanctions the forfeiture that law demands,
 Leaving the final issue in His hands,
 Whose goodness knows no change, whose love
 is sure,
 Who sees, foresees; who cannot judge amiss;
 And wafts at will the contrite soul to bliss.'

'See the Condemned alone within his cell,
 And prostrate at some moment when remorse
 Stings to the quick, and with resistless force
 Assaults the pride she strove in vain to quell.
 Then mark him, him who could so long rebel,
 The crime confessed, a kneeling penitent
 Before the altar, where the sacrament
 Softens his heart, till from his eyes outwell
 Tears of salvation. Welcome death! while
 Heaven
 Does in this change exceedingly rejoice;
 While yet the solemn heed the State hath
 given
 Helps him to meet the last tribunal's voice
 In faith, which fresh offences, were he cast
 On old temptations, might for ever blast.'

In the thirteenth sonnet Mr. Wordsworth anticipates that a time may come when the punishment of death will be needed no longer: but he wishes that the disuse of it should grow out of the absence of the need, not be imposed by legislation. We have stated already what is our own belief, and the tenour of the evidence taken in 1836, as to the state of feeling in the country. But if we are in error, or if a change shall take place, and public sentiment shall bear strongly against punishment by death, there will be an amply sufficient, if not an undue, leaning on the part of Judges and Secretaries of State towards a conformity with it, and Juries will in general have a sufficient reliance upon that leaning to encourage them to convict where they ought. And, on the other hand, if the consequence of a premature legislative abolition should be to multiply crimes to a fearful extent and place life in unusual jeopardy, public opinion might be thrown violently to the other side—the legislation of a weak and short-sighted benevolence might be reversed in the natural course of things by the legislation of passion, or at least by a severe legislation passionately administered—and then our last state would be worse than the first.

'Yes, though he well may tremble at the
 sound
 Of his own voice, who from the judgment-seat
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Sends the pale convict to his last retreat
 In death; though listeners shudder all around,
 They know the dread requital's source pro-
 found;
 Nor is, they feel, its wisdom obsolete—
 Would that it were!—the sacrifice unmeet
 For Christian faith. But hopeful signs abound:
 The social rights of man breathe purer air;
 Religion deepens her preventive care:
 Then moved by needless fear of past abuse,
 Strike not from law's firm hand that awful rod,
 But leave it thence to drop for lack of use.
 O speed the blessed hour, Almighty God!'

This sonnet is entitled 'Conclusion,' though it is followed by another, entitled 'Apology,' with the transcription of which we terminate the grave and responsible but welcome task, of bringing before the public opinions of such high authority upon such a momentous theme:—

'The formal world relaxes her cold chain
 For one who speaks in numbers; ampler scope
 His utterance finds; and conscious of the gain,
 Imagination works with bolder hope,
 The cause of grateful Reason to sustain;
 And, serving Truth, his heart most strongly
 beats
 Against all barriers which his labour meets
 In lofty place, or humble life's domain,
 Enough;—before us lay a painful road,
 And guidance have I sought in duteous love
 From Wisdom's heavenly Father; hence hath
 flowed
 Patience, with trust that, whatsoe'er the way
 Each takes in this high matter, all may move
 Cheered with the prospect of a brighter day.'

We are now about to conclude our remarks on Mr. Wordsworth's Sonnets. It has been our chief object and endeavour, as we have already said, to justify the now nearly universal fame of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, in the eyes of a few dissentients, whose intellectual rank and position make it both natural and important that they should go along with the world when the world happens to go right. To such men the opinion of the world on poetical matters is not of high authority; nor is it so, as we imagine, to Mr. Wordsworth himself. But there is a distinction to be taken between the world's opinion when it is obtained by captivation, and the same opinion when it has formed itself by slow and difficult growth, and the gradual conquest of prejudice. Lord Bacon says the maxim of Phocion as to moral matters may be well transferred to intellectual—that, if the multitude shall assent and applaud, a man should forthwith examine himself to find wherein he has erred:* but this

* 'Optimè traducitur illud Phocionis à moribus ad intellectualia; ut statim se examinare debeant homines, quid erraverint aut peccaverint, si multitudine consentiat et complaudat.'—*Novum Organum*, i. 77.

is to be understood of assent and applause by acclamation, not of the diligent and cultivated approval which grows upon the popular mind, in the first instance from deference to the authority to competent judges, and afterwards from the genuine and heartfelt adoption of that judgment when the better part of the popular mind has been brought to the serious study of what is good. Upon that approval, coming sooner or later, but seldom very soon, the fame of Lord Bacon himself, and of Phocion, and of every other great man rests. In the case of some of the greatest English poets of former times, fame, in the loftiest sense at least of that word, was postponed till it was posthumous. In the case of Mr. Wordsworth it would have been so, had his life not been a longer one than theirs; for it is only within the last few years that the latent love of his poetry, which was cherished here and there in secret places amongst the wise and good, has caught and spread into a general admiration. Had Mr. Wordsworth died, like Shakspeare, at fifty-three years of age, he would have died in confident anticipation, no doubt, of a lasting fame, but without any witness of it in this world. Had he died, like Milton, at sixty-six years of age, he would have seen more than the beginnings of it certainly, but he would not have seen it in all the fulness to which it has now attained. But if he were to live to the age of Methuselah, he would not see the time come when there were no able and learned men indisposed or disqualified, by some unlucky peculiarity, for the appreciation of his poetry: for the human intellect, even when eminently gifted, seems in peculiar cases to be subject to some strange sort of cramp, or stricture, and whilst in the full vigour of its general powers, to be stricken with particular incapacities, which, to those who are not affected by them, are as incomprehensible as the incapacity (which sometimes occurs) of the visual sense to distinguish between red and green. We have known men of acknowledged abilities to whom Milton was a dead letter, or, rather, let us say, in the case of whom the living letter of Milton fell upon a dead mind; and one like instance we have known in which Dryden was preferred to Shakspeare. It is often, we are aware, in vain to minister to a mind in this state; but all such are not incurable, and we have been desirous to do what might be in our power to reduce the number of cases.

And there is one caution which we should wish more especially to convey to those who have yet to learn, and who are sincerely desirous to learn, to appreciate Mr. Words-

worth's poetry, and which throughout our remarks it has been our purpose to impress; namely, that it is to be read *studiously*. Mr. Wordsworth never intended so to write that those who ran might read. To detain for a brief moment these runaway readers is the proper aim of those who are snatching at a transient popularity; and this writing for a cursory perusal has been the bane of literature in our times and the ruin of art. But neither to this aim nor to this way of writing has Mr. Wordsworth ever lent himself. In his earlier efforts we find him wishing to write that which

'The high and tender Muses shall accept
With gracious smile, *deliberately* pleased;'

and in his valedictory effusion at the end of this volume, in which he speaks of having drawn together and classified the Sonnets, like flowerets—

'Each kind in several beds of one parterre,'

he says he has thus disposed them in order that

—'so placed his nurselings may requite
Studious regard with opportune delight.'

Those who read the Sonnets in this studious spirit will not often find that they are detained by the style longer than they would themselves wish to be for the sake of dwelling upon the thoughts. Occasional obscurity there may be; the sonnet is a form of poetry in which style is put under high pressure, and it is no part of our purpose to represent Mr. Wordsworth as an impeccable poet: but a poet who writes for posterity, though he will bestow infinite labour upon perspicuity, will not sacrifice to it the depth and comprehensiveness which, whilst it is indispensable to the truthfulness of his conceptions, may be often irreconcilable with absolute distinctness of expression. Those writers who never go further into a subject than is compatible with making what they say indisputably clear to man, woman, and child, may be the lights of this age, but they will not be the lights of another.

ART. II.—*Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan.* By John L. Stephens. 2 vols. 8vo., pp. 898. London. 1841.

In his former publication, 'Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia, &c.,' Mr. Stephens

described himself as a young American; and there were throughout the book many indications that he was new to the world: there was, also, that want of taste and steadiness of purpose which accompanies youth; trivial matters were sometimes made too important; there was much uncalled-for expenditure of pathos, and many gay and humorous passages broke down, not from defect of intrinsic merit, but for want of a practised hand to do them justice. Four added years have done great things for the author. The present volumes have all the lively spirit and gay healthy-minded tone of the former ones, with hardly a shade of their faults. There is more steadiness and reality in the tone of the narrative, and the style is more chastened.*

He tells us in his preface that he is indebted to President Van Buren for the opportunity of presenting these volumes to the public;† and that the appointment which he received procured him the protection without which he could not have accomplished the objects of his journey. What was the specific purpose of his 'special confidential mission' to the government of Central America, he leaves in diplomatic obscurity; but he tells us that it 'did not require a residence at the capital, and that the object of his mission being fulfilled or failing, he was at liberty to travel.'

Accompanied by Mr. Catherwood, an able draftsman and an experienced antiquarian traveller, he embarked at New-York for Balize, on the 3d of October, 1839; and he contrives before he has fairly left that town to put us in good humour with himself and his volumes. This kindly feeling grows stronger as we proceed; and long before we close the book we look upon its author not only as a very agreeable traveller, but as a familiar friend.

The description of Balize is vividly given; and the quiet easy humour with which he expatiates on his own official dignity shows a light and skilful hand:—

'While longing for the comfort of a good ho-

tel, we received, through Mr. Goff, the consul of the United States, an invitation from his excellency Colonel M'Donald to the government-house, and information that he would send to the brig for our luggage. As this was the first appointment I had ever held from government, and I was not sure of ever holding another, I determined to make the most of it, and accepted at once his excellency's invitation. There was a steam-boat for Yzabal, the port of Guatemala, lying at Balize, and on my way to the government-house I called upon the agent, who told me that she was to go up the next day; but added, with great courtesy, that, if I wished it, he would detain her a few days for my convenience. Used to submitting to the despotic regulations of steam-boat agents at home, this seemed a higher honour than the invitation of his excellency; but not wishing to push my fortune too far, I asked a delay of one day only.

'The government-house stands at the extreme end of the town, with a lawn extending to the water, and ornamented with cocoa-nut trees. Colonel M'Donald, a veteran six feet high, and one of the most military-looking men I ever saw, received me at the gate. In an hour the dory arrived with our luggage, and at five o'clock we sat down to dinner. The next morning we made an excursion in the government pit-pan. This is the same fashion of boat in which the Indians navigated the rivers of America before the Spaniards discovered it. European ingenuity has not contrived a better, though it has, perhaps, beautified the Indian model. Ours was about forty feet long, and six wide in the centre, running to a point at both ends, and made of the trunk of a mahogany tree. Ten feet from the stern, and running forward, was a light wooden top, supported by fanciful stanchions, with curtains for protection against sun and rain: it had large cushioned seats, and was fitted up almost as neatly as the gondolas of Venice. It was manned by eight negro soldiers, who sat two on a seat, with paddles six feet long, and two stood up behind with paddles as steersmen. A few touches of the paddles gave brisk way to the pit-pan, and we passed rapidly the whole length of the town. It was an unusual thing for his excellency's pit-pan to be upon the water: citizens stopped to gaze at us, and all the idle negroes hurried to the bridge to cheer us. This excited our Africans, who with a wild chant that reminded us of the songs of the Nubian boatmen on the Nile, swept under the bridge, and hurried us into the still expanse of a majestic river. Before the cheering of the negroes died away we were in as perfect a solitude as if removed thousands of miles from human habitations. The Balize river, coming from sources even yet but little known to civilized man, was then in its fulness. On each side was a dense, unbroken forest; the banks were overflowed; the trees seemed to grow out of the water, their branches spreading across so as almost to shut out the light of the sun, and reflected in the water as in a mirror. The sources of the river were occupied by the aboriginal owners, wild and free as Cortez found them. We had an eager desire to penetrate by it to the famous lake of Peten, where the skeleton of the

* Mr. Stephens's language is correct, clear, and concise, and singularly free from American peculiarities; but we regret to find that the hideous vulgarity of 'left,' used as a neuter verb, has floated over from Wapping to New York—and that he very often uses the verb to realize, where Addison or Goldsmith would say think, conceive, or understand; a neologism, probably, of puritanical origin, for which Webster's Dictionary produces no authority but that of the American divine, Dr. Dwight.

† The public have received this present very graciously. The American sale of the book reached the number of 12,000 copies within four months from the publication.

conquering Spaniard's horse was erected into a god by the astonished Indians; but the toil of our boatmen reminded us that they were paddling against a rapid current. We turned the pit-pan, and with the full power of the stream, a pull stronger, and a chant louder than before, amid the increased cheering of the negroes, swept under the bridge, and in a few minutes were landed at the government-house.

'In order that we might embark at the hour appointed, Colonel M'Donald had ordered dinner at two o'clock. Perhaps I am wrong, but I should do violence to my feelings did I fail to express here my sense of the Colonel's kindness. Before rising, he, like a loyal subject, proposed the health of the queen; after which he ordered the glasses to be filled to the brim, and, standing up, he gave "The health of Mr. Van Buren, President of the United States," accompanying it with a warm and generous sentiment, and the earnest hope of strong and perpetual friendship between England and America. I felt at the moment, "Cursed be the hand that attempts to break it;" and albeit unused to taking the President and the people upon my shoulders, I answered as well as I could. The government dory lay at the foot of the lawn. Colonel M'Donald put his arm through mine, and told me that I was going into a distracted country; that Mr. Savage, the American consul at Guatemala, had, on a previous occasion, protected the property and lives of British subjects; and, if danger threatened me, I must assemble the Europeans, hang out my flag, and send word to him. I knew that these were not mere words of courtesy, and in the state of the country to which I was going felt the value of such a friend at hand. With the warmest feelings of gratitude I bade him farewell, and stepped into the dory. At the moment flags were run up at the government staff, the fort, the court-house, and the government schooner, and a gun was fired from the fort. As I crossed the bay, a salute of thirteen guns was fired; passing the fort the soldiers presented arms, the government schooner lowered and raised her ensign, and when I mounted the deck of the steam-boat, the captain, with hat in hand, told me that he had instructions to place her under my orders, and to stop wherever I pleased. The reader will perhaps ask how I bore all these honours. I had visited many cities, but it was the first time that flags and cannon announced to the world that I was going away. I was a novice, but I endeavoured to behave as if I had been brought up to it; and to tell the truth, my heart beat, and I felt proud: for these were honours paid to my country, and not to me. To crown the glory of the parting scene, my good friend Captain Hampton had charged his two four-pounders, and when the steam-boat got under way he fired one, but the other would not go off. The captain of the steam-boat, a small, weather-beaten, dried-up old Spaniard, with courtesy enough for a don of old, had on board one puny gun, with which he would have returned all their civilities; but alas! he had no powder. At ten o'clock the captain came to me for orders. I have had my aspirations, but never expected to be able to dictate to the captain of a steam-boat.

Nevertheless, again, as coolly as if I had been brought up to it, I designated the places I wished to visit, and retired. Verily, thought I, if these are the fruits of official appointments, it is not strange that men are found willing to accept them.'—vol. i., pp. 20-24.

On the second day the travellers reach the Rio Dolce, which is thus sweetly described:—

'A narrow opening in a rampart of mountains wooed us on, and in a few moments we entered the Rio Dolce. On each side, rising perpendicularly from 300 to 400 feet, was a wall of living green. Trees grew from the water's edge, with dense, unbroken foliage to the top; not a spot of barrenness was to be seen; and on both sides, from the tops of the highest trees, long tendrils descended to the water, as if to drink and carry life to the trunks that bore them. It was, as its name imports, a Rio Dolce, a fairy scene of Titan land, combining exquisite beauty with colossal grandeur. As we advanced the passage turned, and in a few minutes we lost sight of the sea, and were enclosed on all sides by a forest wall; but the river, although showing us no passage, still invited us onward. Could this be the portal to a land of volcanoes and earthquakes, torn and distracted by civil war? For some time we looked in vain for a single barren spot; at length we saw a naked wall of perpendicular rock, but out of the crevices, and apparently out of the rock itself, grew shrubs and trees. Sometimes we were so enclosed that it seemed as if the boat must drive in among the trees. Occasionally, in an angle of the turns, the wall sank, and the sun struck in with scorching force, but in a moment we were again in the deepest shade. All was as quiet as if man had never been there before. The pelican, the stillest of birds, was the only living thing we saw, and the only sound was the panting of our steam-engine. The wild defile that leads to the excavated city of Petra is not more noiseless or more extraordinary, but strangely contrasted in its sterile desolation, while here all is luxuriant, romantic, and beautiful. For nine miles the passage continued thus one scene of unvarying beauty, when suddenly the narrow river expanded into a large lake, encompassed by mountains and studded with islands, which the setting sun illuminated with gorgeous splendour. We remained on deck till a late hour, and awoke the next morning in the harbour of Yzabal!'—vol. i., pp. 33, 34.

The journey from Yzabal to Zacapa, on the route to Guatemala across the Mico Mountains, was laborious. After passing a few straggling huts, and crossing a marshy plain sprinkled with small trees, they entered a dense, unbroken forest, the track full of deep puddles and mud-holes, the roots of the trees rising two or three feet above the ground and crossing the path in every direction, those of the mahogany-trees in particular, high at the trunk, and with sharp edges traversing

rocks and the roots of other trees. The ascent began precipitously by a narrow gully, worn by the feet of mules and the washing of torrents. It was so deep and narrow that the sides were above the heads of the travellers, and they could barely pass in single file. If any one of the mules stopped, all behind were blocked up, and unable even to turn. It was the end of the rainy season, and the mountain in the worst state in which it was possible to cross it, for at times it is impossible altogether. When near the top they met a solitary traveller. He was a tall, dark-complexioned man, with a broad-brimmed Panama hat rolled up at the sides, a striped woollen jacket with fringe at the bottom, plaid pantaloons, leather spatterdashes, spurs, and sword, and was encrusted in mud from head to foot. He was mounted on a noble mule with a high-peaked saddle, and the butts of a pair of horseman's pistols peeped out of the holsters. To their surprise he accosted them in English: he had set out with muleteers and Indians, but had lost them in some of the windings of the woods, and was seeking his way alone. His mule had thrown him twice, and she was now so frightened that he could scarcely urge her along: he himself was dreadfully exhausted, and asked them for brandy, wine, or anything to revive him. Great was their astonishment when he told them that he had been two years in Guatemala 'negotiating' for a bank-charter, that he had got it, and was then on his way to England to sell the stock!

At Encuentros, on the banks of the Motagua river, which Mr. Stephens speaks of as 'one of the noblest in Central America, surrounded by giant mountains,' and rolling through them, broad and deep, with the force of a mighty torrent, they take up their abode for the night in the house of the great man of the place:—

'The don received us with great dignity in a single garment, loose, white, and very laconic, not quite reaching his knees. The dress of his wife was no less easy; somewhat in the style of the old-fashioned short gown and petticoat; only the short gown and whatever else is usually worn under it were wanting, and their place supplied by a string of beads, with a large cross at the end. A dozen men and half-grown boys, naked, except the small covering formed by rolling the trousers up and down, were lounging about the house; and women and girls in such extremes of undress, that a string of beads seemed quite a covering for modesty. The general reception-room contained three beds, made of strips of cowhide interlaced. The don occupied one: he had not much undressing to do, but what little he had he did by pulling off his shirt. Another bed was at the foot of my hammock.

I was dozing, when I opened my eyes, and saw a girl about seventeen sitting sideways upon it, smoking a cigar. She had a piece of striped cotton cloth tied about her waist, and falling below her knees; the rest of her dress was the same which nature bestows alike upon the belle of fashionable life and the poorest girl: in other words, it was the same as that of the don's wife, with the exception of the string of beads. At first I thought it was something I had conjured up in a dream; and as I waked up perhaps I raised my head, for she gave a few quick puffs of her cigar, drew a cotton sheet over her head and shoulders, and lay down to sleep. . . . Several times during the night we were waked by the clicking of flint and steel, and saw one of our neighbours lighting a cigar. At daylight the wife of the don was enjoying her morning slumber. While I was dressing she bade me good morning, removed the cotton covering from her shoulders, and arose dressed for the day.'—vol. i., pp. 56, 57.

Arrived at Zacapa, Mr. Stephens, in consequence of the reports which reached him of the disturbed state of Guatemala, determined to postpone his visit to that place, and in the mean time to direct his steps to the ruined city of Copan, one of the principal objects of interest with him. In this as in some other parts of the book we cannot forbear smiling at the easy way in which our young diplomatist rounds off the corners of his political functions to suit his antiquarian propensities. We have not the slightest doubt that Mr. Stephens was an able and zealous public servant, but we doubt whether Burleigh, or his royal mistress either, would have selected a professed antiquary for an embassy through a land of ruined cities; and certainly were we to send a youthful Monkbarns on a message across Salisbury Plain, we should not be surprised to find that he had given his horse a very comfortable bait at Stonehenge. We have so many proofs of Mr. Stephens's courage, that his dread of the disturbances at Guatemala at this particular moment, and his flying for security in the direction of his darling ruins, is amusing; and we cannot but suspect that had the danger been at Copan, and the safety at Guatemala, the zealous explorer would have found out some excellent reasons for braving it. Certain it is that the path which he selected was not without its dangers. At the close of their second day's journey from Zacapa, during which they had seen seven gigantic churches in ruins, "the colossal grandeur and costliness of which were startling in a region of desolation," they entered Comotan, which was the very picture of a deserted village: not a human being was to be seen: and the door of the cabildo was barricaded to prevent the entrance of straggling cattle. Having torn it open and taken

possession, they sent their servant on a foraging expedition. In half an hour he returned with one egg : but he had roused the village ; and the alcalde, an Indian with a silver-headed cane, and seven alguazils with long thin wands of office, came down to interrogate them. Mr. Stephens showed them his passport : they could not read it, but examined the seal, and left them, after having returned the answer—which afterwards became but too familiar—‘no hay’ (there is none)—to the demand for eggs, fowls, and milk.

The alcalde, however, sent them a jar of water ; and they had concluded their supper of bread and chocolate, and were getting into their hammocks, when the door was suddenly burst open, and twenty-five or thirty men rushed in, the alcalde, alguazils, soldiers, Indians, and mestizoes, ragged and ferocious-looking fellows, armed with staves of office, swords, clubs, muskets, and machetes, and carrying blazing pine-sticks. At their head was an insolent young man, one of Carrera’s captains, who denied the validity of the passport, which neither he nor the alcalde could read ; threatened their lives, and peremptorily insisted upon detaining them prisoners until orders could be received from Chiquimula. The high tone assumed by Mr. Stephens, and the cool courage with which he supported it, carried them through this danger, the full extent of which they were not aware of at the time, having no idea of the lawless state of the country, and the sanguinary character of the people. The officer required him to give up the passport : this he refused to do, but said he would go with it himself, under a guard of soldiers, to Chiquimula. The offer was refused, and in spite of a learned exposition of the law of nations, the rights of ambassadors, and the terrors of the government ‘del Norte,’ from Mr. Catherwood, things were on the point of coming to a bloody termination, for Mr. Stephens and his party were well armed and resolute, when fortunately a person of a better class entered the hut, and asked to see the passport. Mr. Stephens would not trust it out of his hands but held it up before a blazing pine-stick, while the man read it aloud. This somewhat stilled the storm ; but they were told that they must remain in custody. Mr. Stephens demanded a courier to carry a letter to General Cascara. After some hesitation this was granted. A note was written and signed by Mr. Catherwood, as secretary to the embassy ; and having no official signet, he sealed it, unobserved by any one, with a new American half-dollar, and with diplomatic dignity handed it to the alcalde. ‘The eagle spread its

wings, and the stars glittered in the torch-light, and all gathered around to examine it.’ At length they departed, leaving a dozen ill-looking ruffians as a guard over them.

The “big seal” appears to have settled the business : for in the middle of the night the whole of the ruffianly band again broke in upon them with the drunken alcalde at their head. The first impression of the travellers was that they had come to take the passport by force ; but, to their surprise, the alcalde handed the letter back to Mr. Stephens, saying that there was no need to send it, and that they were at liberty to proceed on their journey. ‘Our indignation,’ says Mr. Stephens, ‘was now not the less strong because we considered ourselves safe in pouring it out. We insisted that the matter should not end here, and that the letter should go to the general. The alcalde objected : we threatened him with the consequences ; and at length he thrust it into the hands of an Indian, and beat him out of doors with his staff, and in a few minutes the guard was withdrawn.’

Exaggerated accounts of the fracas soon spread through the country ; and wherever Mr. Stephens went, this arrest and the indignity offered to the government of the United States were the theme of conversation.

The whole of the journey to Copan is full of interest and adventure, and so vividly told, that it is not without an effort that we forbear to extract it. We will resist, also, giving the lively details of the feud between the travellers and a certain Don Gregorio, the great man of the village, very rich, very tyrannical, and very churlish ; and will at once introduce our readers to the ruins. There was only one man in the place who knew anything about the ‘idols,’ but he was absent in attendance on a grand cock-fight ; and it was not until a late hour the next morning that they were enabled to visit them :—

‘We dismounted, and tying our mules to trees near by, entered the woods, José, the guide, clearing a path before us with a machete. Soon we came to the bank of a river, and saw directly opposite a stone wall, perhaps a hundred feet high, with furze growing out of the top, running north and south along the river, in some places fallen, but in others entire. It had more the character of a structure than any we had ever seen ascribed to the aborigines of America, and formed part of the wall of Copan, an ancient city, on whose history books throw but little light.

‘Dr. Robertson, in his History of America, lays it down as “a certain principle, that America was not peopled by any nation of the ancient continent which had made considerable progress in civilisation.” . . . At that time, distrust was perhaps the safer side for the historian ; but since Dr. Robertson wrote, a new flood of light has poured upon the world, and the field

of American antiquities has been opened. . . . The first new light thrown upon this subject as regards Mexico was by the great Humboldt, who visited that country at a time when, by the jealous policy of the government, it was almost as much closed against strangers as China is now. No man could have better deserved such fortune. At that time the monuments of the country were not a leading object of research; but Humboldt collected from various sources information and drawings, particularly of Mytla, or the Vale of the Dead; Xoxichalco, a mountain hewed down and terraced, and called "the Hill of Flowers;" and the great pyramid or temple of Cholula he visited himself. Unfortunately, of the great cities beyond the vale of Mexico, buried in forests, ruined, desolate, and without a name, Humboldt never heard, or, at least, he never visited them. It is but lately that accounts of their existence reached Europe and our own country. These accounts, however vague and unsatisfactory, had roused our curiosity; though I ought perhaps to say that both Mr. Catherwood and I were somewhat sceptical, and when we arrived at Copan, it was with the hope, rather than the expectation, of finding wonders. Since the discovery of these ruined cities the prevailing theory has been, that they belonged to a race long anterior to that which inhabited the country at the time of the Spanish conquest. Opposite the wall the river was not fordable: we returned to our mules, mounted, and rode to another part of the bank, a short distance above. The stream was wide, and in some places deep, rapid, and with a broken and stony bottom. Forging it, we rode along the bank by a footpath encumbered with undergrowth, which José opened by cutting away the branches, until we came to the foot of the wall, where we again dismounted and tied our mules.

The wall was of cut stone, well laid, and in a good state of preservation. We ascended by large stone steps, in some places perfect, and in others thrown down by trees which had grown up between the crevices, and reached a terrace, the form of which it was impossible to make out, from the density of the forest in which it was enveloped. Our guide cleared a way with his machete (chopping-knife), and we passed, as it lay half buried in the earth, a large fragment of stone elaborately sculptured, and came to the angle of a structure with steps on the sides, in form and appearance, so far as the trees would enable us to make it out, like the sides of a pyramid. Diverging from the base, and working our way through the thick woods, we came upon a square stone column, about fourteen feet high and three feet on each side, sculptured in very bold relief, and on all four of the sides from the base to the top. The front was the figure of a man curiously and richly dressed, and the face, evidently a portrait, solemn, stern, and well fitted to excite terror. The back was of a different design, unlike anything we had ever seen before, and the sides were covered with hieroglyphics. This our guide called an "Idol;" and before it, at a distance of three feet, was a large block of stone, also sculptured with figures and emblematical devices, which he called an altar. The sight of this

monument put at rest at once and for ever, in our minds, all uncertainty in regard to the character of American antiquities, and gave us the assurance that the objects we were in search of were interesting, not only as the remains of an unknown people, but as works of art, proving, like newly-discovered historical records, that the people who once occupied the Continent of America were not savages.

With an interest perhaps stronger than we had ever felt in wandering among the ruins of Egypt, we followed our guide, who, sometimes missing his way, with a constant use of his machete conducted us through the thick forest, among half-buried fragments, to fourteen monuments of the same character and appearance, some with more elegant designs, and some in workmanship equal to the finest monuments of the Egyptians: one displaced from its pedestal by enormous roots; another locked in the close embrace of branches of trees, and almost lifted out of the earth; another hurled to the ground, and bound down by huge vines and creepers; and one standing, with its altar before it, in a grove of trees which grew around it, seemingly to shade and shroud it as a sacred thing: in the solemn stillness of the woods, it seemed a divinity mourning over a fallen people. The only sounds that disturbed the quiet of this buried city were the noise of monkeys moving among the tops of the trees, and the cracking of dry branches broken by their weight. They moved over our heads in long and swift processions, forty or fifty at a time, some with little ones wound in their long arms, walking out to the end of boughs, and holding on with their hind feet or a curl of the tail, sprang to a branch of the next tree, and, with a noise like a current of wind, passed on into the depths of the forest. It was the first time we had seen these mockeries of humanity; and, with the strange monuments around us, they seemed like wandering spirits of the departed race guarding the ruins of their former habitations.

We returned to the base of the pyramidal structure, and ascended by regular stone steps, in some places forced apart by bushes and saplings, and in others thrown down by the growth of large trees, while some remained entire. In parts they were ornamented with sculptured figures and rows of death's-heads. Climbing over the ruined top, we reached a terrace overgrown with trees, and, crossing it, descended by stone steps into an area so covered with trees, that at first we could not make out its form, but which, on clearing the way with the machete, we ascertained to be a square, and with steps on all sides, almost as perfect as those of the Roman amphitheatre. The steps were ornamented with sculpture, and on the south side, about half way up, forced out of its place by roots, was a colossal head, evidently a portrait. We ascended these steps, and reached a broad terrace a hundred feet high, overlooking the river, and supported by the wall which we had seen from the opposite bank. The whole terrace was covered with trees, and even at this height from the ground were two gigantic Ceibas, or wild cotton-trees of India, above twenty feet in circumference, extending their half-naked roots fifty

or a hundred feet around, binding down the ruins, and shading them with their wide-spreading branches. We sat down on the very edge of the wall, and strove in vain to penetrate the mystery by which we were surrounded.

'The next morning, before we started, a new party, who had been conversing some time with Don Gregorio, stepped forward and said that he was the owner of the "Idols," that no one could go on the land without his permission, and handed me his title-papers. This was a new difficulty. I was not disposed to dispute his title, but read his papers as attentively as if I meditated an action in ejectment; and he seemed relieved when I told him his title was good, and that, if not disturbed, I would make him a compliment at parting. . . . Our new acquaintance, Don José Maria Asabedo, was about fifty, tall, and well dressed; that is, his cotton shirt and pantaloons were clean; he was inoffensive, though ignorant; and one of the most respectable inhabitants of Copan. . . . Don José Maria accompanied me to the ruins, where I found Mr. Catherwood with the Indian workman. Again we wandered over the whole ground in search of some ruined building in which we could take up our abode, but there was none. To hang up our hammock under the trees was madness; the branches were still wet, the ground muddy, and again there was a prospect of early rain; but we were determined not to go back to Don Gregorio's. Don Maria conducted me to a hut at a little distance—the family-mansion of another Don, who was a white man, about forty, dressed in a pair of dirty cotton drawers, with a nether garment hanging outside, a handkerchief tied around his head, and barefooted; and by name *Don Miguel*. I told him that we wished to pass a few days among the ruins, and obtained his permission to stop at his hut. . . . All day I had been brooding over the title-deeds of Don José Maria, and at night drawing my blanket around me, I suggested to Mr. Catherwood "an operation." (Hide your heads, ye speculators in up-town lots!) To buy Copan! remove the monuments of a by-gone people from the desolate region in which they were buried, set them up in the "great commercial emporium," and found an institution to be the nucleus of a great national museum of American antiquities! But query, Could the "idols" be removed? They were on the banks of a river that emptied into the same ocean by which the docks of New York are washed, but there were rapids below; and, in answer to my inquiry, Don Miguel said these were impassable. Nevertheless, I should have been unworthy of having passed through the times "that tried men's souls," if I had not had an alternative; and this was to exhibit my sample: to cut one up and remove it in pieces, and make casts of the others. The casts of the Parthenon are regarded as precious memorials in the British Museum, and casts of Copan would be the same in New York.

'Trudging once more, next morning, over the district which contained the principal monuments, we were startled by the immensity of the work before us, and very soon we concluded that to explore the whole extent would be impossible.

Our guides knew only of this district; but having seen columns beyond the village, a league distant, we had reason to believe that others were strewn in different directions, completely buried in the woods, and entirely unknown. The woods were so dense that it was almost hopeless to think of penetrating them. The only way to make a thorough exploration would be to cut down the whole forest and burn the trees. This was incompatible with our immediate purposes, might be considered taking liberties, and could only be done in the dry season. After deliberation, we resolved first to obtain drawings of the sculptured columns. Even in this there was great difficulty. The designs were very complicated, and so different from anything Mr. Catherwood had ever seen before as to be perfectly unintelligible. The cutting was in very high relief, and required a strong body of light to bring up the figures; and the foliage was so thick, and the shade so deep, that drawing was impossible.

'After much consultation, we selected one of the "idols," and determined to cut down the trees around it, and thus lay it open to the rays of the sun. Here again was difficulty. There was no axe; and the only instrument which the Indians possessed was the machete, which varies in form in different sections of the country; wielded with one hand, it was useful in clearing away shrubs and branches, but almost harmless upon large trees; and the Indians, as in the days when the Spaniards discovered them, applied to work without ardour, carried it on with little activity, and, like children, were easily diverted from it. One hacked into a tree, and, when tired, which happened very soon, sat down to rest, and another relieved him. While one worked there were always several looking on. I remembered the ring of the woodman's axe in the forests at home, and wished for a few long-sided Green Mountain Boys. But we had been buffeted into patience, and watched the Indians while they hacked with their machetes, and even wondered that they succeeded so well. At length the trees were felled and dragged aside, a space cleared around the base, Mr. Catherwood's frame set up, and he set to work. . . . It is impossible to describe the interest with which I explored these ruins. The ground was entirely new; there was no guide-books or guides; the whole was a virgin soil. We could not see ten yards before us, and never knew what we should stumble upon next. At one time we stopped to cut away branches and vines which concealed the face of a monument, and then to dig around and bring to light a fragment, a sculptured corner of which protruded from the earth. I leaned over with breathless anxiety while the Indians worked, and an eye, an ear, a foot, or a hand was disentoombed; and when the machete rang against the chiselled stone, I pushed the Indians away, and cleared out the loose earth with my hands. The beauty of the sculpture, the solemn stillness of the woods, disturbed only by the scrambling of monkeys and the chattering of parrots, the desolation of the city, and the mystery that hung over it, all created an interest higher, if possible, than I had ever felt among the ruins of the Old World. After several hours'

absence I returned to Mr. Catherwood, and reported upwards of fifty objects to be copied. I found him not so well pleased as I expected with my report. He was standing with his feet in the mud, and was drawing with his gloves on, to protect his hands from the moschitoes. As we feared, the designs were so intricate and complicated, the subjects so entirely new and unintelligible, that he had great difficulty in drawing. He had made several attempts, both with the camera lucida and without, but failed to satisfy himself or even me, who was less severe in criticism. The "idol" seemed to defy his art; two monkeys on a tree on one side appeared to be laughing at him, and I felt discouraged and despondent.—vol. i., pp. 95-120.

Despite the difficulties which obstructed their labours, the two antiquaries continued their operations. Mr. Catherwood, thanks to a piece of oiled canvass and a pair of waterproof boots, 'worth their weight in gold,' established himself in a somewhat less perilous studio than at first; and Mr. Stephens's time was fully occupied in selecting ornaments for him to copy and clearing away the trees around them, in carrying on a defensive war against the churlish Don Gregorio and a drunken alcalde, and in negotiations with Don José Maria for the purchase of the city. When first Mr. Stephens propounded the question to him, 'What will you take for your ruins?' the Don's astonishment was unbounded; and strong doubts evidently came upon him both as to the sanity and solvency of the buyer. However, he said he would consult his wife, and give his answer on the morrow:—

'The next morning he came, and his condition was truly pitiable. He was anxious to convert unproductive property into money, but was afraid to do so, and said that I was a stranger, and it might bring him into difficulty with the government. I again went into proof of character, and engaged to save him harmless. . . . Shades of suspicion still lingered; and, as a last resource, I opened my trunk, and put on a diplomatic coat, with a profusion of large eagle buttons. I had on a Panama hat, soaked with rain and spotted with mud, a check shirt, white pantaloons, yellow up to the knees with mud, and was about as outré as the negro king who received a company of British officers, on the coast of Africa, in a cocked hat and military coat without any inexpressibles; but Don José Maria could not withstand the buttons on my coat; the cloth was the finest he had ever seen; and Don Miguel and his wife were fully convinced that they had in their hut an illustrious incognito. The only question was who should find paper on which to draw the contract. I did not stand upon trifles, and gave Don Miguel some paper, who took our mutual instructions, and appointed the next day for the execution of the deed. The reader is perhaps curious to know how old cities sell in Central America. . . . I paid fifty dollars for Copan.'—vol. i., pp. 127, 128.

The purchase was, however, for some time delayed in consequence of the sinister machinations of Don Gregorio; and Mr. Stephens, disappointed in his ambitious hopes of being Lord of Copan and its idols, set himself zealously to work to survey the ruined city. From the density of the foliage, the whole region being one thick mat of trees, the task was one of difficulty, and required three days of unintermitted labour; but the result was a very complete plan and a detailed account of the principal objects of architectural interest. These are massive walls, terraces, ranges of steps, pyramidal structures rising from 30 to 130 feet in height, quadrangular areas, and portals, all of the most massive construction, and many of them painted—the whole having the appearance of temples.

Scattered among these ruins, or standing at a little distance from them, are the sculptured idols with their attendant altars. Of these numerous very elaborate and beautiful engravings are given, an attentive examination of which inclines us to think that the popular appellation given to them is correct; and that they were intended as idols for worship, not as memorials of the dead—although in several instances the faces carved upon them are evidently portraits.

Viewed with reference to their rank as works of art, we should be inclined to place them high in the scale of architectural sculpture. To the elegance and sublimity of the Grecian and Roman schools they have no pretension whatever, nor have they the severe grandeur of the best specimens of the Egyptian; but they appear to us to be vastly superior to anything which India or China or Japan has ever produced. Their chief merit lies in their general effect. The figures are ill-proportioned; many of the faces are grotesque and even hideous, and the subordinate parts confused and overcharged; but—and in this it is that they differ from all the barbarous styles of sculpture with which we are acquainted—their general effect is not only rich and beautiful, but dignified and imposing to a degree which we could hardly have supposed to be producible from the assembling together so many uncouth and incongruous parts.

Mr. Stephens, towards the close of his work, states his reasons for doubting the great antiquity which has been assigned to the ruins in Central America. He refers them to a period not many centuries antecedent to the invasion of the Spaniards; and there appears great weight in the arguments which he adduces. But although this comparative modernness may somewhat detract from the

mysterious interest which surrounds it, Copan still offers an unrivalled field of study to the antiquary. In the rapid progress which hieroglyphic science is now making, we cannot but hope that the abundant collection of symbolical writings which its *idols* afford will ere long enable the zealous inquirer to remove the veil which at present hangs over the place.

Copan is on the left bank of the river of the same name, which empties itself into the Motagua; the former stream is not navigable, even for canoes, except for a short time during the rainy season; and there are falls in its course. It is, we presume, from these difficulties that Mr. Stephens, although he became lord of the manor, could not carry into effect his patriotic scheme of floating the idols down to the sea and shipping them off to New York, in emulation of the late amiable, accomplished, and most unjustly satirized Lord Elgin.

After spending a few more days among these ruins, our author's cares of office began to press upon his mind:—

'When we turned off,' he says, 'to visit these ruins we did not expect to find employment for more than two or three days, and I did not consider myself at liberty to remain longer. I apprehended a desperate chase after a government, and fearing that among these ruins I might wreck my own political fortunes, and bring reproach upon my political friends, I thought it safer to set out in pursuit.'—vol. i., p. 148.

A council was therefore called at the base of an *idol*, and it was settled that he should immediately proceed to Guatemala, and that Mr. Catherwood should remain to complete his drawings—a task which he has most admirably performed, although his labours were interrupted by a severe attack of fever.*

A journey not of actual danger, but rendered insecure by the unsettled state of the country, brings our author at length to Guatemala. Here he enters upon his diplomatic functions, or rather makes an unsuccessful attempt to do so; the confusion and division

of parties, the conflicting pretensions of the separate states, and the absence of anything approaching to a fixed authority being such that, in the end, he was constrained to quit the place and to seek elsewhere—but as it proved with equal ill success—that federal government to which alone he was accredited by his own country. He gives a vivid picture of the state of society and of the anarchy of political parties in Guatemala and around it—and what a picture it is! Tumults, seditions, conspiracies, domestic wars commenced without cause or object, and only ending in one place to be renewed in another; each year, almost each month, a new knot of ambitious fools and scoundrels presenting themselves upon the stage, each in his turn filling a large space in the public eye for a bloody moment, and then swept away into oblivion. The mind recoils with sickening disgust from the details. Were not all lighter feelings subdued by the horrors which mark every page in the annals of Central America, there would be ample scope for ridicule in contemplating the succession of ignorant, remorseless demagogues, scarcely removed from savages, exalting themselves into heroic sages and deliverers of their country; playing at freedom like a set of mischievous schoolboys, and calling on all the world to admire their philosophy and self-devotion.

Although no direct admission of the kind escapes our author, we cannot but suspect, from more than one casual expression, that his enthusiastic admiration of Republican governments was a little disturbed when he found himself surrounded by these clumsy imitators. In the preface to this work, which bears date so late as May, 1841, he adverts with much satisfaction to—

'late intelligence from Central America, which enables him to express the belief that the state of anarchy in which he has represented that beautiful country no longer exists; that the dark clouds which hung over it have passed away, that civil war has ceased, and Central America may be welcomed back among republics.'—*Preface*, pp. iii. iv.

The hope has, alas! proved fallacious. Still later accounts speak of renewed commotion and bloodshed; and we predict with sorrow, but without a grain of doubt, that this fair, this magnificent country is doomed to a long period of civil war and all its attendant miseries. We predict this from our conviction that its population is very far removed from that state of intelligence and advancement which alone can fit a people to receive free institutions with advantage to themselves, to adopt them with moderation and wisdom, and to use without abusing them. Even

* 'Our great object,' says Mr. Stephens, 'was to procure true copies, adding nothing to produce effect as pictures. Mr. Catherwood took all the outlines with the camera lucida, and divided his paper into sections, so as to preserve the utmost accuracy of proportion. The plates are, in my opinion, as true copies as can be presented; and except the stones themselves, the reader cannot have better materials for speculation and study.'—vol. i., pp. 137, 138.

The illustrations indeed are admirable; not so the map of the route. It is incorrect, incomplete, and obscure. This should be amended in a second edition.

amongst the most philosophic and enlightened people, dabbling in republicanism has always proved a dangerous amusement. When men but just removed from barbarism, and who are degraded and oppressed by popish bigotry and superstition in their worst and most revolting forms, attempt to do so, the experiment is nothing short of madness.

We will not dwell on those parts of Mr. Stephens's work which are devoted to political events; they are detailed concisely and clearly, and with his accustomed vigour of description: we will also pass over, as lightly as he himself does, all his diplomatic doubts, difficulties, and annoyances. The tone in which he jests on his fruitless search for a government before which he could represent his masters, is judiciously adopted, as it disarms the ridicule which might otherwise have attached to his official failure; and indeed, as we have before remarked, we are inclined to believe that as long as volcanic mountains and ruined cities were within his reach, his political cares sat very lightly upon him.

In preference to all such matter, we shall take our readers as rapidly as we can to the next scene of his antiquarian labours; though there are some passages of so much merit, and which stand so much in our path, that it is with difficulty we can pass them by. His descriptions of lazzoing, of the fête of La Concepcion, and of a novice taking the black veil, are masterly. The latter subject is a hackneyed one, but we have never met with it so simply and so effectively given; and we would recommend its study to all the *novel-writing public* as an example how much picturesque power is gained by an absence of exaggeration, and ambitious labouring after point.

After remaining a fortnight at Guatemala, Mr. Stephens sets out on a short excursion to the shores of the Pacific; and in his route ascends the Volcano de Agua, the height of which is 14,450 feet above the level of the sea. On his return to the capital he was alarmed by the receipt of a letter from Mr. Catherwood, dated from Esquipulas, and informing him that he had been robbed by his servant; had been so ill as to be obliged to leave the ruins and to take up his abode at the churlish Don Gregorio's, who, however, had at length softened down into some degree of hospitality, and had treated him well; and that he was then on his journey to Guatemala. Greatly distressed by this news, Mr. Stephens resolved, after a day's rest, to set off in search of his sick friend; but the next day he made his appearance, armed to the teeth, but looking pale and thin, and just in time to

partake of the Christmas gaieties of Guatemala.

On the 5th of January, 1840, our author set out with the intention of going to San Salvador, which was formerly, and still claimed to be, the capital of the confederation; or rather to Cojutepeque, to which place the seat of government had lately been transferred, on account of the earthquakes at San Salvador. The disturbed state of the country, and the jealousies of the contending factions, rendered it advisable that he should go by sea; and he therefore a second time proceeded to Istapa, to which place Mr. Catherwood accompanied him; and thence, after suffering severely from ague and fever, the effect of the almost pestilential climate, he went on to Zonzonate. There, as he facetiously expresses it, 'he stumbled upon the government he was in chase of in the person of Don Diego Vigil, the vice-president of the republic.' The information he received from this gentleman induced him to give up his intention of visiting San Salvador for the present, and he determined to proceed by sea to Costa Rica, the southernmost division of the confederacy, the state of his health rendering a sea voyage desirable; and thence to return by land and explore the line of the projected canal between the Atlantic and Pacific by the Lake of Nicaragua.

Landing at Caldera, he proceeded in the first instance to San José, which he notices as being the only city which has grown up or even improved since the independence of Central America, and which has now superseded Cartago as the capital of the new State. On his route he inspected the works of the 'Anglo-Costa-Rican Economical-Mining-Company,' and its '*New German machine for extracting gold by the Zillenthal patent-self-acting-cold-amalgamation-process.*' The mine, it appears, had been in operation for three years without losing anything, which was considered doing so well that it was about to be conducted on a larger scale. He visited the old capital of Cartago for the express purpose of ascending the volcano, at the foot of which it stands—the especial attraction being the hope of beholding from its summit, at one glance, the two mightiest waters of the globe:—

'The ascent was rough and precipitous; in one place a tornado had swept the mountain, and the trees lay across the road so thickly as to make it almost impassable: we were obliged to dismount, and climb over some and creep under others. Beyond this we came into an open region, where nothing but cedar and thorns grew; and here I saw whortleberries for the first time in Central America. In that wild region there

was a charm in seeing anything that was familiar to me at home, and I should perhaps have become sentimental, but they were hard and tasteless. As we rose we entered a region of clouds; very soon they became so thick that we could see nothing; the figures of our own party were barely distinguishable, and we lost all hope of any view from the top of the volcano. Grass still grew, and we ascended till we reached a belt of barren sand and lava; and here, to our great joy, we emerged from the region of clouds, and saw the top of the volcano, without a vapour upon it, seeming to mingle with the clear blue sky; and at that early hour the sun was not high enough to play upon its top. . . . The crater was about two miles in circumference, rent and broken by time or some great convulsion; the fragments stood high, bare, and grand as mountains, and within were three or four smaller craters. We ascended on the south side by a ridge running east and west till we reached a high point, at which there was an immense gap in the crater impossible to cross. The lofty point on which we stood was perfectly clear, the atmosphere was of transparent purity, and looking beyond the region of desolation, below us, at a distance of perhaps two thousand feet, the whole country was covered with clouds, and the city at the foot of the volcano was invisible. By degrees the more distant clouds were lifted, and we saw at the same moment the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. This was the grand spectacle we had hoped, but scarcely expected to behold. My companions had ascended the volcano several times; but on account of the clouds had only seen the two seas once before. The points at which they were visible were the Gulf of Nicoya and the harbour of San Juan, not directly opposite, but nearly at right angles to each other, so that we saw them without turning the body. In a right line over the tops of the mountains neither was more than twenty miles distant, and from the great height at which we stood they seemed almost at our feet. It is the only point in the world which commands a view of the two seas.'—vol. i., pp. 364–366.

On the 13th of February, Mr. Stephens, still in bad health, sets out from San José, on a land journey of twelve hundred miles to Guatemala. We must conquer our inclination to transfer to our pages many of his 'incidents of travel'—one earthquake scene is irresistible—and will condense as well as we can his most interesting details regarding the projected ship-canal to unite the Atlantic and Pacific. But first the earthquake. Our traveller was at the hacienda of Santa Rosa, the guest of Don Juan José Bonilla:—

'While sitting at the supper-table we heard a noise over our heads, which seemed to me like the opening of the roof. Don Juan threw his eyes to the ceiling, and suddenly started from his chair, threw his arms around the neck of a servant—a fall from his horse during a popular commotion had rendered him lame for life—and with the fearful words, "Tremblor! tremblor!"

—(an earthquake! an earthquake!)—all rushed for the doors. I sprang from my chair, made one bound across the room, and cleared the piazza. The earth rolled like the pitching of a ship in a heavy sea. My step was high, my feet barely touched the ground, and my arms were thrown up involuntarily to save myself from falling. I was the last to start, but once under way, I was the last to stop. Half way across the yard I stumbled over a man on his knees, and fell. I never felt myself so feeble a thing before. At this moment I heard Don Juan calling to me. He was leaning on the shoulder of his servant, with his face to the door, crying to me to come out of the house. It was pitch dark; within was the table at which we had sat, with a single candle, the light of which extended far enough to show a few of the kneeling figures, with their faces to the door. We looked anxiously in, and waited for the shock which should prostrate the strong walls and lay the roof on the ground. There was something awful in our position, with our faces to the door, shunning the place which at all other times offers shelter to man. The shocks were continued perhaps two minutes, during which time it required an effort to stand firm. The return of the earth to steadiness was almost as violent as the shock. We waited a few minutes after the last vibration, when Don Juan said it was over, and, assisted by his servant, entered the house. I had been the last to leave it, but I was the last to return; and my chair lying with its back on the floor, gave an intimation of the haste with which I had decamped. The houses in Costa Rica are the best in the country for resisting these shocks, being, like the others, long and low, and built of adobes, or undried bricks, two feet long and one broad, made of clay mixed with straw to give adhesion, and laid when soft, with upright posts between, so that they are dried by the sun into one mass, which moves with the surface of the earth.'—vol. i., pp. 382–384.

Mr. Stephens does not state whether his investigation of the projected line of canal was undertaken under the orders of his government, or merely from the interest which he as an individual took in the subject. We conjecture that the latter was the case; and as a specimen of *amateur surveying*, the exertions he made, and the difficulties he braved, do his energy and courage great honour. After he had been over the ground he met at Grenada the engineer who two years before had been employed by the government of Central America to make a survey of the canal route. This gentleman, a Mr. Bailey, on the half-pay of the British navy, had very nearly completed his survey when the political disturbances in the country again broke out; the States declared their independence of the general government, and disclaimed its debts. Mr. Bailey had bestowed much time and labour in the execution of his task, and had in vain sought for remuneration: he had sent his son to make

a last appeal to the general government ; but before the young man reached the capital the government itself was entirely annihilated, and Mr. Bailey had no reward for his services, except the satisfaction of having been the first pioneer in a noble work. He gave the use of the whole of his maps and drawings to our author.

A water-communication between the two oceans has long been thought of. Many years ago a survey was made under the direction of the Spanish government ; but the documents lay buried in the archives of Guatemala until the emancipation of the colonies, when they were published by Mr. Thomson, who visited the country under a commission from the British government. In 1825 the new republic of Central America sent an envoy to the United States, with a proposition that the enterprise should be undertaken conjointly, and the advantages resulting from it secured to the two nations by a treaty. The proposition was favourably received ; but no government measure resulted from it. The next year a contract was made between the government of Central America and a New York company, for the construction of a ship-canal across the isthmus ; but although many distinguished men in the United States associated themselves with the project, it fell to the ground. In 1830 the government of Central America made another contract with a company in the Netherlands ; the King of Holland specially patronized the undertaking, and subscribed largely towards it : but this also, in consequence of the political difficulties between Holland and Belgium, was in its turn abandoned.

In 1835 the senate of the United States passed a resolution, requesting the President to open negotiations with other governments, for the purpose of protecting such individuals or companies as should open a ship communication between the two oceans, and of securing to all nations free and equal use of such canal on the payment of reasonable tolls. Upon this a special agent was despatched, by General Jackson, with directions, first to examine the route by the river San Juan and the lake of Nicaragua, and afterwards the one across the isthmus of Panama. This agent only surveyed the latter route, and died on his way back to Washington. His Report, although imperfect, is important ; as it proves that a ship-canal across the isthmus of Panama is not practicable ; and therefore the attention, which was before divided between the two lines, is now directed exclusively to the one by the lake of Nicaragua. This lake is ninety-five miles in length and thirty in breadth in its widest part, and

is navigable for ships of the largest class. It discharges its waters into the Atlantic by the river San Juan, the length of which is seventy-nine miles, with an average fall of about two feet per mile : there are no cataracts upon it, but many rapids : it is, however, at all times navigable for the *piraguas*—the vessels of the country—which draw from three to four feet of water. At its mouth is the port of San Juan, which is small, but in other respects unexceptionable.

The depth of water over the rapids in most places ranges from two to four fathoms, and nowhere is it less than one fathom. Some of the obstacles could probably be removed : where that is impracticable, a canal might be constructed at the side of the river.

From the lake of Nicaragua to the harbour of San Juan on the Pacific the distance is less than sixteen miles ; and this slender line of earth is the only important obstacle which impedes what would undoubtedly be the greatest, the most important alteration ever effected by man in the physical arrangements of the globe. The proud mountains of Central America here bend themselves down—as if to permit and sanction the enterprise—to the trivial elevation of 600 feet ; and through this hill it is contemplated to cut a tunnel of one mile in length, at the height of about seventy-two feet above the water of the lake, and 200 feet above the low water level of the Pacific ; the distance from the lake to the tunnel being about ten miles, and from the tunnel to the Pacific about four miles ; whilst the difference of level could be easily overcome by lockage. The only engineering difficulty in the execution of the work would be the tunnel ; and we must confess that the idea of an excavation, lofty enough to permit ships of 600 tons to pass through with their lower masts standing, is to us, even in these days, when engineers take all manner of liberties with mountains and valleys, somewhat startling : but Mr. Stephens speaks of it with perfect coolness.

The material of the hill, as far as it has been ascertained by boring, is a soft and loose stone—a somewhat dangerous material through which to cut a hollow cylinder of 100 feet diameter ; and one which would require, we conceive, masonry of the most enormous strength throughout its whole length to render it secure, if indeed it could ever be rendered secure in a land of perpetual earthquakes. The terrific word '*tremblor*'—'*tremblor*'—terrific even when heard in the saloon of a one-storied house, built expressly to *suit* earthquakes, would be vastly more terrific when shouted out on the deck of a crowded steamer, over which was impending

some 200 or 300 feet of rock and masonry. The easiest, safest, and best way would be to cut at once a fair slice out of the hill: a few millions of extra dollars would pay for the additional excavation; and ships, with all their masts standing, might then proudly traverse the entire line.

The port of San Juan on the Pacific is represented by our author as being the finest he saw on the shores of that ocean. It is not large; but is admirably sheltered, being almost in the form of the letter U: its arms, which are high, run nearly north and south, and terminate in lofty perpendicular bluffs: the water is deep, and vessels of the largest class can ride close under either of the bluffs with perfect safety, according to the direction of the wind. There appears, however, to be one objection to this harbour. During the months from November to May the north winds, which sweep over the lake of Nicaragua and pass through the gulf of Papajayo, are frequently so violent as to render it almost impossible for a vessel to enter the port. The objection is certainly an important one; but we conceive that half-a-dozen steam-tugs would go very far to remove it.

The most 'palpable difficulty' which the measure has to contend with, in Mr. Stephens's opinion, is one to which we attach no weight whatever.

'The harbour,' he says, 'was perfectly desolate; for years not a vessel had entered it; primeval trees grew around it; for miles there was not a habitation. . . . I had been sanguine and almost enthusiastic in regard to this gigantic enterprise; but on the spot the scales fell from my eyes. . . . It seemed preposterous to consider it the focus of a great commercial enterprise—to imagine that a city was to rise out of the forest, the desolate harbour to be filled with ships, and become a great portal for the thoroughfare of nations.'—vol. i., p. 400.

We marvel that so quick and shrewd an American should have conjured up this special ground of despondency, whilst many more valid ones were at his service. His alarm is, we conceive, not one iota better founded than that of a new road projector would be, who started back, aghast and horror-stricken, because he did not find aboriginal turnpike-gates ready made. Let but the passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific be rendered practicable—and towns will start up, as by magic, not only at the two terminating ports, but along the whole line.

Mr. Bailey's calculation of the cost comes to about 25,000,000 dollars—which he divides as follows:—For the improvement of

the river San Juan from the Atlantic to the lake, including a side canal at certain points, 12,000,000; for the canal from the lake to the end of the tunnel, 10,000,000; and for the descent to the Pacific, 3,000,000.

Experience has pretty well established that even with the most careful and honest engineers it is wise to add an odd fifty per cent. to their estimates. In this instance, although we are in ignorance of all the details, and even without taking into account the enormous costliness of a *ship-tunnel*, or the probability of the still greater costliness of an open cutting of from 200 to 300, and in one point of not less than 400 feet perpendicular depth, we should deem it prudent to anticipate an actual expenditure of not less than 40,000,000 of dollars.

If this sum, or any sum at all approximating to it, must be expended, no quantity of traffic which could be expected to pass along the canal could ever render the enterprise a profitable outlay of capital; and with regard to the probable extent of traffic which will result from the saving of distance, Mr. Stephens clearly proves that the ideas entertained both in America and in England are wild.

'In the documents submitted to Congress it is stated that "the trade of the United States and of Europe with China, Japan, and the Indian Archipelago would be facilitated and increased by reason of shortening the distance above 4000 miles;" and in that usually correct work, the *Modern Traveller*, it is stated that from Europe "the distance to India and China would be shortened more than 10,000 miles!" But by measurement on the globe the distance from Europe to India and China will not be shortened at all. This is so contrary to the general impression that I have some hesitation in making the assertion; but it is a point on which the reader may satisfy himself by referring to the globe. The trade of Europe with India and Canton, then, will not necessarily pass through this channel from any saving of distance; but, from conversations with masters of vessels and other practical men, I am induced to believe that, by reason of more favourable latitudes for winds and currents, it will be considered preferable to the passage by the Cape of Good Hope. At all events, all the trade of Europe with the western coast of the Pacific and the Polynesian Islands, and all her whale-fishing—and *all* the trade of the United States with the Pacific, without the exception of a single vessel—would pass through it.'—vol. i., pp. 418, 419.

As a joint-stock company speculation, therefore, it would never '*pay*;' and we doubt whether any set of individuals will *now* risk their capital to accomplish it. But the work is not one that should be entrusted to a set of individuals with a view to their

own profit, nor even to one nation: the enterprise concerns the whole civilized world; and all nations—all maritime and commercial nations most surely—should come forward in friendly union to promote it.

The more obvious and immediate benefit would be to the mercantile adventurer: but to our view that would be one only, and not the most important, of the advantages resulting from it. The great, the paramount good would be the tide of civilisation—including in that idea religion and virtue, and immeasurably enlarged happiness—which it would spread over the waters of the Pacific and the countless islands of Polynesia. We hold that every added facility to the intercourse between distant nations, everything which brings different races nearer together, must tend to moral and social improvement. The projected canal would do more to accomplish this good end than any work of the kind which the enterprise of man ever yet attempted; and earnestly do we hope that it may be prosecuted under such auspices as shall secure its success: earnestly do we hope that England—the nursing mother of all noble enterprises—who has done, and is still doing, more for the happiness and amelioration of the human race than any other nation of the earth, will not be behind hand in lending her powerful aid.

We admire and applaud the proud and bold tone in which Mr. Stephens urges his countrymen to step forward, and even single-handed to undertake the task; but we hope to see our own country enter into a noble rivalry with the States of the New World in advancing this magnificent work.

From Nicaragua Mr. Stephens proceeded to Grenada, where he would willingly have remained a few days to recruit; but the news which reached him of the renewal of war obliged him at once to set out on his return to Guatemala, whilst the road was yet open to him. With this journey the second volume commences. It was one of extreme peril. Civil war was raging around him in all its horrors—a war in which the killed only were counted—the prisoners never, for the lives of none were spared. During the few hours that he halted at Aguachapa it was captured by Carrera's troops, and recaptured by those of Morazan; and he had the difficult task of not compromising himself with one party by too close a union with the other. His narrative of all the tragic scenes he witnessed, and of his own hair-breadth escapes, is full of animation and interest: but we conceive that ruined cities are worthier subjects with which to occupy our pages than the party feuds and patriotic

murderings of the vindictive blood-dyed Indian, Carrera, or even of his comparatively polished and temperate rival, Morazan.

At Guatemala our author is joined by the indefatigable Mr. Catherwood, who had passed a month at the Antigua, had visited Copan a second time—and also another mysterious city in its neighbourhood, the ruins of which are similar in their general character to those at Copan, but its monuments larger, sculptured in lower relief, less rich in design, more faded and worn, and probably of a much older date. They mark the site of a large city, but its history is entirely unknown, and its very name is lost—Quirigua, the appellation now given to it, being merely the name of a village in the vicinity.

Our diplomatical antiquary forthwith opened a negotiation for the purchase of the Quirigua *idols*, with all their accompaniments; and already enjoyed in anticipation the glory of transporting this city bodily, and setting it up in New York: but, unfortunately, the French Consul-General interposed his advice, and talked so eloquently of the several hundreds of thousands of dollars which his nation had expended on the Luxor obelisk, that the owners of the *city*, who a month before would have willingly accepted a trifling sum for it and the entire tract of fifty thousand acres in the midst of which it stands, became on a sudden so extravagant in their demands, that the bargain went off, and the city of Quirigua is still in Central America. Two of the most important monuments were, however, on their route to the United States when Mr. Stephens's book went to press.

The state in which he found Guatemala convinced him that none of the objects of his mission could be promoted by his residence there. The federal government was entirely broken up, and after making a formal report to the authorities at Washington that 'after diligent search no government could be found,' he and Mr. Catherwood set out for a ride of a *thousand miles* to Palenque, the grandest and the most abundant in architectural remains of all the ruined cities.

Fortified with the best security they could have—viz., a passport from the young Indian chief Carrera, who had learnt to write within the last few months, and seemed more proud of the accomplishment than of all his victories, they set out on a journey of great difficulty and many dangers. In their route they visited the ruined cities of Patinamit and Quiché: of the latter, which is evidently much less ancient than Copan, the most interesting part is the place of sacrifice, El Sacrificatorio, a quadrangular stone structure,

sixty-six feet on each side at the base, and still, although much ruined, thirty-three feet in height. This was once crowned by an altar on which human victims were unsparingly slaughtered, and, the religious ceremony concluded, their bodies carried off to be dressed and served up as a feast to the devotees.

Among many well-sketched portraits which these volumes contain, there is none hit off with more felicity than the kind-hearted, half-rustic, half-refined padre of Quiché: his unclerical dress, his gaiety of disposition—ready to enjoy and laugh at every incident—his energy in the pursuit of historical inquiry, and his transitions from playful mirth to high energy of thought, are given with admirable effect. He told the travellers of a cave near a neighbouring village, in which there were skulls much larger than the natural size, and which were regarded with superstitious reverence by the Indians. He himself had seen them, and vouched for their gigantic dimensions. Once he had placed a piece of money in the mouth of the cave, and a year afterwards it was still in the same place, so great was the veneration of the natives for the spot. He told them that in many respects the Indians still remained an unchanged people, cherishing the usages and customs of their ancestors; that although the pomp and show of the Romish ceremonial affected their imaginations, in their hearts they were still idolaters, still had their idols in the mountains and ravines, and still, in silence and secrecy, practised the rites received from their fathers; and that he was unwillingly obliged to wink at all this.

The good padre's manner was changed from its gay satire and joyous laugh whenever he talked of the Indians, of the insecure hold which he had upon them, and of the fearful results which would ensue should Carrera cease to support the church. His zeal in antiquarian research was as great as that of our travellers. He told them of other ruined cities; of one, in particular, in the province of Vera Paz as large as Santa Cruz del Quiché, deserted and desolate, but almost as perfect as when first abandoned by its inhabitants. His first cure had been in its neighbourhood, and he had been accustomed to wander through its silent streets and over its gigantic buildings.

'But the padre told us *more than this*; something that increased our excitement to the highest pitch. He told us, that at four days' distance on the road to Mexico, on the other side of the great sierra, was a living city, large and populous, occupied by Indians, precisely in

the same state as before the discovery of America. He had heard of it many years before at the village of Chajul, and was told by the villagers that from the topmost ridge of the sierra this city was distinctly visible. He was then young, and with much labour climbed to the naked summit of the sierra, from which, at a height of ten or twelve thousand feet, he looked over an immense plain extending to Yucatan and the Gulf of Mexico, and saw at a great distance a large city spread over a great space, and with turrets white and glittering in the sun. The traditional account of the Indians of Chajul is, that no white man has ever reached this city; that the inhabitants speak the Maya language, are aware that a race of strangers has conquered the whole country around, and murder any white man who attempts to enter their territory. They have no coin or other circulating medium; no horses, cattle, mules, or other domestic animals except fowls, and the cocks they keep underground to prevent their crowing being heard. . . . The old padre, in the deep stillness of the dimly-lighted convent, with his long black coat like a robe, and his flashing eye, called up an image of the bold and resolute priests who accompanied the armies of the conquerors; and as he drew a map on the table, and pointed out the sierra to the top of which he had climbed, and the position of the mysterious city, the interest awakened in us was the most thrilling I ever experienced. One look at that city was worth ten years of an every-day life. If he is right, a place is left where Indians and an Indian city exist as Cortez and Alvarado found them; there are living men who can solve the mystery that hangs over the ruined cities of America; perhaps who can go to Copan and read the inscriptions on its monuments. . . . *I believe that what the padre told us is authentic. That the region referred to does not acknowledge the government of Guatemala, has never been explored, and that no white man ever pretends to enter it, I am satisfied.* From other sources we heard that from that sierra a large ruined city was visible, and we were told of another person who had climbed to the top of the sierra, but, on account of the dense cloud resting upon it, had been unable to see anything. At all events, the belief at the village of Chajul is general, and a curiosity is roused that burns to be satisfied. We had a craving desire to reach the mysterious city. No man, even if willing to peril his life, could undertake the enterprise with any hope of success, without hovering for one or two years on the borders of the country, studying the language and character of the adjoining Indians, and making acquaintance with some of the natives. Five hundred men could probably march directly to the city, and the invasion would be more justifiable than any ever made by the Spaniards; but the government is too much occupied with its own wars, and the knowledge could not be procured except at the price of blood. Two young men of good constitution, and who could afford to spare five years, might succeed. . . . As to the dangers, these are always magnified, and, in general, peril is dis-

covered soon enough for escape. But in all probability, if any discovery is ever made it will be by the padres.'—vol. ii., pp. 195–197.

This is a very striking passage. We choose for the present to leave it without comment.

It was the Holy Week when they reached Quezaltenango, which but a few days before had been the scene of as shocking a massacre as any which even Central America can record. The municipality of the town had in an evil hour declared in favour of Morazan, believing him to have been successful at Guatemala, at the very time when he had been defeated. Carrera, indignant at this desertion, in cold blood, without the slightest form of trial, not even a drum-head court-martial, ordered eighteen members of the municipality, men of the highest station and importance in the town, to be taken out into the Plaza and shot. The town had not yet recovered from the consternation which these atrocious murders had occasioned, and every one feared the horrors of a war of castes.

After witnessing the grotesque and absurd ceremonials of Good Friday, which are admirably described, the travellers continued their journey; and every page in which their adventures are detailed tempts us to quotation. The party, to which a rambling, adventurous young American, of the name of Pawling, had attached himself as a volunteer, at length reached the Rio Lagertero, the boundary-line between Guatemala and Mexico: and Mr. S. describes the delight which they all felt at 'being fairly out of Central America, safe from the dangers of revolution, and standing on the wild borders of Mexico in good health, with good appetites, and with something to eat.' They had a tremendous journey still before them; but it seemed as nothing.

On reaching Comitán, however, they were thrown into despair by learning that all access to the ruins at Palenque had been interdicted by the government; and that fresh passports were necessary, and could only be obtained at Ciudad Real, three days' journey out of their route. The respect paid to Mr. Stephens's diplomatic functions removed the latter difficulty, but the former was not so easily disposed of; and, being convinced that if he asked for permission to visit the ruins he should be refused it, he very coolly determined to dispense with the ceremony altogether. Learning that the ruins were at a distance from any habitation, and convinced that the government had too much upon their hands to spare any soldiers to guard them, he thought that his best plan would be quietly to take possession, and run the risk of being

found out and warned off—as, in all probability, some days would elapse before he was dislodged. Accordingly, he immediately continued his journey, visiting in his route another ruined city at Ocosingo, from which it was asserted that there was a communication, by a subterranean passage, with the city of Palenque, distant about 150 miles! The road to the latter place was a continued succession of mountains, ravines, and table-lands, the sides of which were precipices of several thousand feet in height; forming, altogether, the most sublime and magnificent scenery imaginable: but the passage across it was laborious in the extreme. The travellers were told that it was customary for those who crossed the mountains to take 'hammacos' or 'sillas'—the former a cushioned chair between poles, borne by four Indians, and used only by heavy men and padres; the latter a clumsy arm-chair, to be carried on the back of an Indian. They had a repugnance to either mode of conveyance, and conceived that where an Indian could climb with one of them upon his back, they could climb alone. At length fatigue and indisposition compelled Mr. Stephens to submit to the degradation of being carried on a man's shoulders:—

'The Indian who was to carry me was small, not more than five feet seven, very thin, but symmetrically formed. A bark strap was tied to the arms of the chair, and, sitting down, he placed his back against the back of the chair, adjusted the length of the strings, and smoothed the bark across his forehead with a little cushion to relieve the pressure. An Indian on each side lifted it up, and the carrier rose on his feet, stood still a moment, threw me up once or twice to adjust me on his shoulders, and set off with one man on each side. It was a great relief, but I could feel every movement, even to the heaving of his chest. The ascent was one of the steepest on the whole road. In a few minutes he stopped and sent forth a sound, usual with Indian carriers, between a whistle and a blow,'—[Query, *blast*?]—'always painful to my ears, but which I never felt so disagreeably before. My face was turned backward; I could not see where he was going, and not to increase the labour of carrying me, I sat as still as possible; but in a few minutes, looking over my shoulder, saw that we were approaching the edge of a precipice more than a thousand feet deep. Here I became very anxious to dismount; but I could not speak intelligibly, and the Indians could or would not understand my signs. My carrier moved along carefully, with his left foot first, feeling that the stone on which he put it down was steady and secure before he brought up the other, and by degrees, after a particularly careful movement, brought both feet up within half a step of the edge of the precipice, stopped, and gave a fearful whistle and blow. I rose and fell with every breath, felt his body trembling under me, and his knees seemed giving way. The precipice

was awful, and the slightest irregular movement on my part might bring us both down together.'—vol. ii., pp. 274, 275.

This was the worst mountain the travellers ever encountered, but it was the last; and had it not been for the onslaught of mosquitoes, the rancho of Nopa at its base would have been a delightful resting-place:—

'The dark border of the clearing was lighted up by fireflies of extraordinary size and brilliancy, darting among the trees, not flashing and disappearing, but carrying a steady light; and, except that their course was serpentine, seeming like shooting stars. In different places there were two that remained stationary, emitting a pale but beautiful light, and seemed like rival belles holding levees. The tiery orbs darted from one to the other; and when one, more daring than the rest, approached too near, the coquette withdrew her light, and the flutterer went off. One, however, carried all before her, and at one time we counted seven hovering around her.'—vol. ii., p. 278.

He subsequently speaks of these flying lanterns as doing them good service at Palenque:—

'At night, in consequence of the wind, we could not light a candle, but the darkness of the palace was lighted up by fireflies, shooting through the corridors and stationary on the walls, forming a beautiful and striking spectacle. They are mentioned by the early Spaniards, among the wonders of a world where all was new, "as showing the way to those who travel at night." The historian describes them as "some-what smaller than sparrows, having two stars close by their eyes, and two more under their wings, which gave so great a light that by it they could spin, weave, write, and paint; and the Spaniards went by night to hunt the utios, or little rabbits of that country, and a-fishing, carrying these animals tied to their great toes or thumbs. They took them in the night with firebrands, because they made to the light and came when called by their name: and they are so unwieldy that when they fall they cannot rise again; and the men, stroking their faces and hands with a sort of moisture that is in those stars, seemed to be a-fire as long as it lasted." . . . We caught several of these beetles, not, however, by calling them by their names. They are more than half an inch long, and have a sharp moveable horn on the head; when laid on the back they cannot turn over except by pressing this horn against a membrane upon the front. Behind the eyes are two round transparent substances, full of luminous matter, about as large as the head of a pin, and underneath is a larger membrane containing the same luminous substance. Four of them together threw a brilliant light for several yards around; and by the light of a single one we read distinctly the finely-printed pages of an American newspaper.'—vol. ii., pp. 301, 302.

The ruins which were thus illuminated,

and at which the party at length arrived, are situated at the distance of eight miles from the village of Palenque, and are called by its name—the proper appellation of the city, and everything connected with its history, being totally lost. According to the received account, the existence of the ruins was not known until the year 1750, when a party of Spaniards, travelling in Mexico, suddenly found themselves in the midst of a vast assemblage of ancient stone buildings, extending from eighteen to twenty-four miles, and known to the Indians by the name of Casas de Piedras. This was the first discovery which awakened attention to the existence of ruined cities in America; but a period of nearly forty years elapsed before the king of Spain commissioned Captain Antonio del Rio to explore them. His report and drawings slept in the archives of Guatemala; and a second expedition was sent out by Charles IV., in 1805, at the head of which was Captain Dupaix, with a secretary and draughtsman, and a detachment of dragoons. But the MS. of Dupaix, and the designs of his draughtsman, Castenada, in like manner, were left unattended to in the Cabinet of Natural History at Mexico. In 1828 M. Baradere disinterred them, and they were at length published in Paris, in 1834-5. The unfortunate Colonel Galindo, one of the many victims to civil war,* also examined the ruins; and his communications to the Geographical Society of Paris are published in Dupaix's work; and, subsequently, Mr. Waldeck, with funds provided by an association in Mexico, passed two years among them. His work has been announced in Paris, but has not yet appeared.

Mr. Stephens complains of Dupaix, first, as unduly depreciating the work of his predecessor, Del Rio—an English translation of which was published in London in 1822—and secondly, as greatly overstating the difficulties which attended his own investigation of the antiquities, and thereby deterring other persons from the pursuit.

Our author's arrangements for the expedition to Palenque are detailed in that lively style which makes his volumes so attractive. The preparations of live turkeys and fowls, strings of eggs, beans, plantains, pork, and liquid lard were magnificent: but, alas, there was one great deficiency in their culinary arrangements! Tortillas, to be endurable, should be eaten the moment they are baked; but not one of the fair damsels of the village

* This gallant and accomplished officer was murdered by the Indians whilst attempting to escape after the battle of Taguzegalpa, in the beginning of the year 1840.

could be induced to pass a night among the ruins. The cow, also, which the travellers had bought, was obliged to be kept in her old quarters; and the daily supplies of bread and milk depended on the punctuality of the *alcalde* and the trustworthiness of his messengers: the result was that they generally arrived after breakfast.

'Fording the river, very soon we saw masses of stones, and then a round sculptured stone. We spurred up a sharp ascent of fragments, so steep that the mules could barely climb it, to a terrace so covered, like the whole road, with trees, that it was impossible to make out the form. Continuing on this terrace, we stopped at the foot of a second, when our Indians cried out "el Palacio!" and through openings in the trees we saw the front of a large building richly ornamented with stuccoed figures on the pilasters, curious and elegant; trees growing close against it, and their branches entering the doors; in style and effect unique, extraordinary, and mournfully beautiful. We tied our mules to the trees, ascended a flight of stone steps forced apart and thrown down by trees, and entered the Palace, ranged for a few moments along the corridor and into the courtyard, and after the first gaze of eager curiosity was over, went back to the entrance, and, standing in the doorway, fired a *jeu-de-joie* of four rounds each.

'We had reached the end of our long and toilsome journey, and the first glance indemnified us for our toil. For the first time we were in a building erected by the aboriginal inhabitants, standing before the Europeans knew of this continent, and we prepared to take up our abode under its roof. We selected the front corridor as our dwelling, turned turkey and fowls loose in the courtyard, which was so overgrown with trees that we could barely see across it; and as there was no pasture for the mules except the leaves of the trees, and we could not turn them loose into the woods, we brought them up the steps through the palace, and turned them into the courtyard also. At one end of the corridor Juan built a kitchen, which operation consisted in laying three stones anglewise, so as to have room for a fire between them. Our luggage was stowed away or hung on poles reaching across the corridor. Pawling mounted a stone about four feet long on stone legs for a table, and with the Indians cut a number of poles, which they fastened together with bark-strings, and laid them on stones at the head and foot for beds. We cut down the branches that entered the palace, and some of the trees on the terrace, and from the floor of the palace overlooked the top of an immense forest stretching off to the Gulf of Mexico. The Indians had superstitious fears about remaining at night among the ruins, and left us alone, the sole tenants of the palace of unknown kings.'—vol. ii., pp. 291, 292.

Mr. Stephens laughs at the accounts which assert that the ruined city is ten times as large as New York, three times as large as London, and that it covers a space of sixty

miles. What its real extent may be is, in fact, totally unknown: the whole country around is covered, he says, with a dense forest of gigantic trees, and with a growth of underwood thicker than any in the wildernesses of his own country: in the absence of guides and chopping-knives he might have gone within 100 feet of any one of the buildings without discovering it. The edifice in which they took up their residence stands on an artificial elevation 40 feet high, 310 long, and 260 deep:—this was formerly faced throughout with stone, which has been thrown down by the growth of trees.

'The Palace stands with its face to the east, and measures 228 feet front by 180 feet deep. Its height is not more than 25 feet, and all around it had a broad projecting cornice of stone. The front contained fourteen doorways, about 9 feet wide each, and the intervening piers are between 6 and 7 feet wide. On the left, eight of the piers had fallen down, as has also the corner on the right, and the terrace underneath is cumbered with the ruins. But six piers remain entire, and the rest of the front is open.

'The building was constructed of stone, with a mortar of lime and sand, and the whole front was covered with stucco and painted. The piers were ornamented with spirited figures in bas-relief. On one of them the principal personage stands in an upright position and in profile, exhibiting an extraordinary facial angle of about forty-five degrees. The upper part of the head seems to have been compressed and lengthened, perhaps by the same process employed upon the heads of the Choctaw and Flat-head Indians of our own country. The head represents a different species from any now existing in that region of country; and supposing the statues to be images of living personages, or the creations of artists according to their ideas of perfect figures, they indicate a race of people now lost and unknown. The head-dress is evidently a plume of feathers. Over the shoulders is a short covering decorated with studs, and a breastplate; part of the ornament of the girdle is broken; the tunic is probably a leopard's skin; and the whole dress no doubt exhibits the costume of this unknown people. He holds in his hand a staff or sceptre, and opposite his hands are the marks of three hieroglyphics, which have decayed or been broken off. At his feet are two naked figures seated cross-legged, and apparently suppliants. A fertile imagination might find many explanations for these strange figures, but no satisfactory interpretation presents itself to my mind. The hieroglyphics doubtless tell its history. The stucco is of admirable consistency, and hard as stone. It was painted, and in different places about it we discovered the remains of red, blue, yellow, black, and white.

'The piers which are still standing contained other figures of the same general character, but which, unfortunately, are more mutilated: those which are fallen were no doubt enriched with the same ornaments. Each one had some specific meaning, and the whole probably presented

some allegory or history; and when entire and painted, the effect in ascending the terrace must have been imposing and beautiful.

'The principal doorway is not distinguished by its size or by any superior ornament, but is only indicated by a range of broad stone steps leading up to it on the terrace. The doorways have no doors, nor are there the remains of any. Within, on each side, are three niches in the wall about 8 or 10 inches square, with a cylindrical stone about 2 inches in diameter fixed upright, by which perhaps a door was secured. Along the cornice outside, projecting about a foot beyond the front, holes were drilled at intervals through the stone; and our impression was, that an immense cotton cloth, running the whole length of the building, perhaps painted in a style corresponding with the ornaments, was attached to this cornice, and raised and lowered like a curtain, according to the exigencies of sun and rain. Such a curtain is used now in front of the piazzas of some haciendas in Yucatan.

'The tops of the doorways were all broken. They had evidently been square, and over every one were large niches in the wall on each side, in which the lintels had been laid. These lintels had all fallen, and the stones above formed broken natural arches. Underneath were heaps of rubbish, but there were no remains of lintels. If they had been single slabs of stone, some of them must have been visible and prominent: we made up our minds that these lintels were of wood; and by what we saw afterwards in Yucatan, we were confirmed, beyond all doubt, in our opinion.

'The building has two parallel corridors running lengthwise on all four of its sides. The floors are of cement, as hard as the best seen in the remains of Roman baths and cisterns. The walls are about 10 feet high, plastered, and on each side of the principal entrance ornamented with medallions, of which the borders only remain. . . . The builders were evidently ignorant of the principles of the arch, and the ceiling was made by stones lapping over as they rose, as at Ocosingo, and among the Cyclopean remains in Greece and Italy. . . . From the centre door of the front corridor a range of stone steps 30 feet long leads to a rectangular courtyard, 80 feet long by 70 broad. On each side of the steps are grim and gigantic figures, carved on stone in basso-relievo, 9 or 10 feet high, and in a position slightly inclined backward from the end of the steps to the floor of the corridor. . . They are adorned with rich head-dresses and necklaces, but their attitude is that of pain and trouble. The design and anatomical proportions of the figures are faulty, but there is a force of expression about them which shows the skill and conceptive power of the artist.

'On each side of the courtyard the palace was divided into apartments, probably for sleeping. On the right the piers have all fallen down. On the left they are still standing, and ornamented with stucco figures. In the centre apartment, in one of the holes before referred to of the arch, are the remains of a wooden pole about a foot long, which once stretched across, but the rest had decayed. It was the only piece of wood we found at Palenque, and we did not discover

this until some time after we had made up our minds in regard to the wooden lintels over the doors. It was much worm-eaten, and probably, in a few years, not a vestige of it will be left.'—vol. ii., pp. 310-315.

Numerous engravings of the principal objects of interest are given: they are admirably executed, and in a manner which leaves no doubt of their perfect accuracy. The style of sculpture approaches the Egyptian more nearly than at Copan: but at Palenque there is a greater excess of ornament, nor is there the same grandeur or dignity. The hieroglyphics are as abundant as at Copan or Quirigua, and are evidently identical in character. Mr. Stephens, although he conceives that Palenque is less ancient than Copan, adduces some reasons for supposing that it must have been in ruins before the conquest by Cortez.

Want of space precludes us from entering further into the details of the astonishing assembly of buildings by which our author was surrounded, and which he describes with great clearness and precision: nor must we be tempted to quote his humorous history of their housekeeping misadventures in the palace. We must omit also, sadly against our will, the account of a deputation of three Padres from Tumbala, who came to Palenque for the express purpose of inspecting the ruins; and who, after keeping the village in a state of suspense for three days, at length made their triumphal entry, escorted by the principal inhabitants of all the surrounding villages, and with a train of more than a hundred Indians carrying hammocks, chairs, baggage, and eatables.

They, and the cura of Palenque, their manners, their feastings, and their perpetual games of *monté*, are admirably described. These reverend explorers had screwed up their courage to pass a night in the ruins; and, under the escort of Mr. Stephens, set out with a train of fifty or sixty Indians, laden with all manner of niceties and comforts; and, more highly favoured than our travellers, five fair tortilla-makers accompanied them. A very brief examination of the ruins sufficed the reverend deputation. One particular basso-relievo had in its centre something which bore a slight resemblance to a cross: at once they jumped to the conclusion that the old inhabitants were Christians, fixed the age of the buildings in the third century, wound up the day with a comfortable game of cards, and, well satisfied with their exertions, were off the next morning to report their discoveries. All this is touched in a lively but good-humoured tone; and, indeed, throughout the whole of his

work Mr. Stephens bears willing testimony to the kindheartedness and friendly disposition of the Padres. Although debased by superstition, and with many of the worst features of popery in their full extent, still the reader perceives how important are the benefits which the local clergy, scattered through the wilds of Central America and Mexico, confer, not only on the inhabitants, but upon the stranger and the traveller. Wherever a cura's house was to be found, there welcome, protection, and kindness were to be found: from them, and from them only, were to be obtained any, even the slightest glimmerings of information regarding the antiquities and the objects of interest in the country; and low as the entire region is sunk in the scale of civilisation, it is abundantly clear that it is the diffusion of Christianity, imperfect and vitiated though it be, which prevents its descending into absolute barbarism.

After making some antiquarian purchases at the village, negotiating for more, and rejecting the project of buying the palace and repeopleing the old city, chiefly on the ground that a stranger must marry a daughter of the soil before he can purchase land, Mr. Stephens set out on a long journey by sea and land to Uxmal. At Merida he found a most influential friend in the person of Don Simon Peon, the proprietor of the ruins at Uxmal, with whom he had formed a casual acquaintance at an hotel in New York. The territorial possessions of this gentleman's family are most princely: their haciendas are scattered throughout the entire distance between Merida and Uxmal. There is not a single stream or spring throughout the region; and water is, consequently, one of the most valuable possessions in the country. As the only supply for the year is obtained during the rainy season, from April to October, stone tanks of enormous dimensions are constructed and kept up at great expense to contain it at each of these country palaces; and the Indians, in return for the privilege of using the water, become bound to the owner by a sort of feudal tie. These lordly haciendas are of stone, magnificently built, and equal in size to Blenheim or Stowe, each having a church attached to it. As the travellers were friends of the family, and escorted by a household servant, each of them in succession, with its major-domo and army of servants, was placed under their control.

'At the moment of quitting one of them, being fatigued with our ride, the escorting servant suggested to the major-domo, "*llamar un coché*"—in English "call a coach," which the latter offered to do if we wished it. We made a few

inquiries, and then said unhesitatingly, "Go call a coach, and let a coach be called!" The major-domo ascended by a flight of stone steps outside to the belfry of the church, whither we followed him; and, turning around with a movement and tone of voice that reminded us of a Mussulman in a minaret calling the faithful to prayers, he called for a coach. The roof of the church, and of the whole pile of buildings connected, was of stone cemented, firm and strong as a pavement. The sun beat intensely upon it, and for several minutes all was still. At length we saw a single Indian trotting through the woods toward the hacienda, then two together, and in a quarter of an hour there were twenty or thirty. These were the horses; the coaches were yet growing on the trees. Six Indians were selected for each coach, who, with a few minutes' use of the machete, cut a bundle of poles, which they brought up to the corridor to manufacture into coaches. This was done, first, by laying on the ground two poles about as thick as a man's wrist, ten feet long and three feet apart. These were fastened by cross-sticks tied with strings of unspun hemp, about two feet from each end; grass hammocks were secured between the poles, bows bent over them and covered with light matting, and the coaches were made. We placed our ponchas at the head for pillows, crawled inside, and lay down. The Indians took off their little cotton shirts covering the breast, and tied them around their petates as hatbands. Four of them raised up each coach, and placed the end of the poles on little cushions on their shoulders. We bade farewell to the major-domo and his wife, and, feet first, descended the steps and set off on a trot.'—vol. ii., pp. 405, 406.

Arrived at Uxmal, Mr. Catherwood resumed his labours, but his health, which had suffered greatly from his exertions at Copan and Palenque, entirely gave way on the second day; and Mr. Stephens became alarmed for his friend, and resolved at once to leave the ruins. The single day, however, had been well employed:—

'The first object that arrests the eye on emerging from the forest is the "*Casa del Enano*," or House of the Dwarf. It was the first building I entered; and from it I counted sixteen elevations, with broken walls and mounds of stones, and vast, magnificent edifices, which at that distance seemed untouched by time and defying ruin. I stood in the doorway when the sun went down, throwing from the buildings a prodigious breadth of shadow, darkening the terraces on which they stood, and presenting a scene strange enough for a work of enchantment.

'The Casa del Enano is 68 feet long. The elevation on which it stands is built up solid from the plain, entirely artificial. Its form is not pyramidal, but oblong and rounding, being 240 feet long at the base, and 120 broad, and it is protected all around, to the very top, by a wall of square stones. Perhaps the high ruined structures at Palenque, which we have called pyramidal, and which were so ruined that we could not make them out exactly, were originally of the same shape. On the east side of the struc-

ture is a broad range of stone steps between eight and nine inches high, and so steep that great care is necessary in ascending and descending: of these we counted a hundred and one in their places. Nine were wanting at the top, and perhaps twenty were covered with rubbish at the bottom. At the summit of the steps is a stone platform four feet and a half wide, running along the rear of the building. There is no door in the centre, but at each end a door opens into an apartment eighteen feet long and nine wide, and between the two is a third apartment of the same width, and thirty-four feet long. The whole building is of stone; inside, the walls are of polished smoothness; outside, up to the height of the door, the stones are plain and square; above this line there is a rich cornice or moulding, and from this to the top of the building all the sides are covered with rich and elaborate sculptured ornaments, forming a sort of arabesque. The style and character of these ornaments were entirely different from those of any we had ever seen before, either in that country or any other: they bore no resemblance whatever to those of Copan or Palenque, and were quite as unique and peculiar. The designs were strange and incomprehensible, very elaborate, sometimes grotesque, but often simple, tasteful, and beautiful. Among the intelligible subjects are squares and diamonds, with busts of human beings, heads of leopards, and compositions of leaves and flowers, and the ornaments known everywhere as *grecques*. The ornaments, which succeed each other, are all different; the whole form an extraordinary mass of richness and complexity, and the effect is both grand and curious. And the construction of these ornaments is not less peculiar and striking than the general effect. There were no tablets or single stones, each representing separately and by itself an entire subject; but every ornament or combination is made up of separate stones, on each of which part of the subject was carved, and which was then set in its place in the wall. Each stone, by itself, was an unmeaning fractional part; but, placed by the side of others, helped to make a whole, which without it would be incomplete. Perhaps it may, with propriety, be called a species of sculptured mosaic."—vol. ii., pp. 420-422.

The Casa del Gobernado is the grandest in position, the most stately in architecture and proportion, and the most perfect in preservation of all the structures remaining at Uxmal:—

'It stands on three ranges of terraces, the lowest 600 feet long, and the united height of the three 35 feet; the whole of cut stone. The palace itself measures 320 feet, and stands with all its walls erect, and almost as perfect as when deserted by its inhabitants. The whole building is of stone, plain up to the moulding that runs along the tops of the doorway, and above filled with the same rich, strange, and elaborate sculpture. There is no rudeness or barbarity in the design or proportions: on the contrary, the whole wears an air of architectural symmetry and grandeur; and as the stranger ascends the steps, and casts a bewildered eye along its open

and desolate doors, it is hard to believe that he sees before him the work of a race in whose epitaph, as written by historians, they are called ignorant of art, and said to have perished in the rudeness of savage life. If it stood at this day on its grand artificial terrace in Hyde Park or the Garden of the Tuileries, it would form a new order, I do not say equalling, but not unworthy to stand side by side with the remains of Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman art.'—vol. ii., pp. 429, 430.

One of the peculiarities of these ruins was in the lintels of the doorways; they had all been of wood, and most of them were still in their places. They were heavy beams eight or nine feet long; and on one, which had fallen from its place, was a line of characters carved or stamped, which, although almost obliterated, appeared similar to those of Copan and Palenque.

'There are,' says Mr. Stephens, 'at Uxmal no "idols" as at Copan; not a single stuccoed figure or carved tablet, as at Palenque. Except this beam of hieroglyphics, though searching earnestly, we did not discover any one absolute point of resemblance; and the wanton machete of an Indian may destroy the only link that can connect them together.'—vol. ii., p. 433.

Having concluded his account of these ruins, the last which he explored, Mr. Stephens devotes a separate chapter to the important questions, 'when and by whom were these cities built?' He treats the subject ably; and the result to which he comes is, that there are no sufficient grounds for the belief in the great antiquity which has been ascribed to them. On the contrary, he is convinced that the whole of the buildings which he examined were constructed by the people who occupied the country at the time of the Spanish conquest, and probably even in the case of the oldest of them all, Quirigua, not very many centuries prior to that event. He founds this opinion, first, on the appearance of the ruins; and secondly, on historical accounts; and numerous passages which he gives from Herrera and Bernal Diaz de Castillo appear to us completely to establish the fact, that magnificent stone buildings—palaces and temples—exactly similar to those which he has described, were spread over the whole country at the time of the conquest.

In an early part of his work (vol. i., p. 97) the author adverts, but, as our reader has seen, with no severity of censure, to Dr. Robertson's erroneous estimate of the progress which had been made in the arts of civilized life by the old inhabitants of America. 'At that time,' he says, 'distrust was perhaps the safer side for the historian.' This excuse is scarcely sufficient. That Dr. Robertson was wise to receive with extreme caution the exag-

gerated boastings of the Spanish historians as to their adventures, their conquests, and their spoils, cannot be doubted; but it does seem marvellous to us that he could have studied, as we know he did, the contemporary historians, and not have had more correct ideas on the subject forced upon him. Diaz de Castillo's 'True History of the Conquest of Mexico,' were it the only book extant on the subject, would amply suffice to prove the extent, solidity, and magnificence of the buildings.

'Now it will be recollected,' says Mr. Stephens, 'that Bernal Diaz wrote to do justice to himself and others of the "true conquerors," his companions in arms, whose fame had been obscured by other historians, not actors and eye-witnesses; all his references to buildings are incidental; he never expected to be cited as authority upon the antiquities of the country. The pettiest skirmish with the natives was nearer his heart than all the edifices of lime and stone which he saw; and it is precisely on that account that his testimony is the more valuable.'—vol. ii., p. 452.

There is great weight in this argument: the case being one of those in which the value of what are termed '*indirect evidences*' becomes so apparent.

Mr. Stephens devotes only a few pages to his homeward journey. He and Mr. Catherwood embarked on board a Spanish brig at Sisal, with the intention of proceeding, in the first instance, to the Havannah; but they were soon becalmed. The sun was unendurably hot—the sea of a glassy stillness—provisions and water ran short—and the sharks which surrounded the vessel, and which at first they looked at, and angled for, and eat with complacency, became by degrees very disagreeable companions, so much did they appear as if waiting for their prey. For sixteen days this fearful stillness continued. The captain said that the vessel was enchanted; and the sailors, half in earnest, exclaimed that it was owing to the heretics. At length a breeze sprang up; but the captain, who had no chronometer on board, being too noble-minded a Spaniard ever to use one, had lost his reckoning, and believed that he was in the middle of the Gulf stream, and two or three hundred miles past his port. In this state of things it was to the unspeakable delight of the two travellers that an American brig hove in sight, took them on board, and landed them safely at New York on the 31st July, 1840, after an absence of ten months.

We close this book with regret. From the first page to the last, the animation, the characteristic energy, and the buoyant spirit of the author remain undiminished. Our extracts might have been thrice trebled, and yet left the

volumes rich in important and original matter. The political details, for instance, from which we have systematically abstained, would in themselves be sufficient to render the work one of high interest and permanent value.

We well know the extreme *cuticular tenuity* which characterizes our Transatlantic brethren; and that the occasional freedom of our remarks upon their literature, among other subjects, has placed us somewhat low in their good graces. We are not aware of having ever under-rated their merits: but certainly we have not been disposed, nor are we now, to mistake the promise of excellence which many branches of their literature display, for the achieved perfection to which they lay claim; nor, as we conceive, will their indignant complaints of ill-treatment tend to establish that claim. It will be much better sustained by their giving to the public a few more such volumes as these. Let our good friends of the New World send out half-a-dozen such travellers as Mr. Stephens, and we predict that the records of their wanderings, discoveries, and adventures, will do more to elevate the literary character of America than the angry philippics of all the reviews and newspapers throughout the Union, backed though they may be by an entire phalanx of servile echoers in England.

ART. III.—*Biography and Poetical Remains of the late Miss Margaret Miller Davidson.*
By Washington Irving. Philadelphia, 1841.

ABOUT twelve years ago we gave our readers an account of Lucretia Davidson, an American girl, whose precocious genius and early death excited in us, and, as we afterwards found, in the public, a strong and painful interest. We have now to show another phenomenon of the same class, and that other is the sister of the former. We hardly know at first sight whether the recurrence in the same family of such a prodigy ought to increase or to diminish our wonder; but at all events it is so remarkable, and the two cases are so closely connected, both in the facts they present and the feelings they excite, that some notice of the second seems an indispensable supplement to our article on the first—to which we request our readers to refer, for there is scarcely a line of it which, with the change of *Margaret* for *Lucretia*, would not be equally applicable to our present purpose: almost the only difference is, that Margaret died at the age of *fifteen years* and *eight months*—one year and three months less than that of her sister; Lucretia having been born in September, 1808,

and dying in August, 1825—Margaret, born in March, 1823, died in November, 1838. The parents of these children and of several others, of whom nothing remarkable is told, were Dr. Oliver Davidson and Margaret (Miller) his wife, of whom little more is related than that they seem to have been in more straitened circumstances* than the *doctorial* title would have led us to expect. We, indeed, wonder and a little complain that Mr. Washington Irving, in introducing this second prodigy, did not see that some additional curiosity would naturally be excited about the parents and the other children—not mere idle gossiping curiosity, but a rational desire to trace if possible the seeds of the precocity which he considers as so extraordinary—to know whether either of the parents had shown any similar dispositions, and, above all, whether such a disposition in *them* might not have tutored the infant minds of the girls, into premature activity. We are told that though Lucretia died when Margaret was only two and a half years old, her example—inculcated by the tender recollection and admiration of the rest of the family—had a great influence on the young sister; but, as we stated in the former article, the genius of the elder seems, if there be no exaggeration in the statement, to have acted not merely spontaneously but secretly, and as if she rather dreaded repression than hoped for approbation.

Margaret was born on the 26th March, 1823, 'at the family residence on Lake Champlain, in the village of Plattsburg'—so says Mr. Irving, meaning, we presume, that she was born in her parents' residence in the village of Plattsburg, on the shores of Lake Champlain. We notice this phrase *in limine*, because we regret to find throughout his share of the volume, that the style of Mr. Washington Irving, which we always admired and have often praised for its ease and simplicity, seems to have taken, perhaps from his *entourage*,* a turn towards pom-

posity and inflation, of which we dare say he is unconscious, but of which we hope we shall be—as old and sincere friends—excused for apprising him. He proceeds in the same tone.

'Margaret evinced fragility of constitution from her very birth. Her sister Lucretia, whose brief poetical career has been so celebrated in literary history, was her early and fond attendant, and some of her most popular lays were composed with the infant *sporting in her arms*. She used to gaze upon her little sister with intense delight, and, remarking the uncommon brightness and beauty of her eyes, would exclaim, "She must—she will be a poet!"'—p. 12.

§ This to our taste is somewhat over-fine. We admit that it is quite natural that Mr. Irving should feel a warm enthusiasm about these interesting young creatures, with whose family he was early acquainted, and one of whom he had himself seen; but we think that strangers would be more effectually led to partake his sentiments if, in telling a story which in itself borders on the marvellous, the biographer had seen the advantage of employing a more simple style of narration, as well as of exercising a more chastened judgment as to the *intrinsic* value of several of these poetical effusions, of which the real value is, we fear, wholly *extrinsic*. But having ventured on this slight criticism, we willingly add a cordial acknowledgment of the kindly spirit and amiable manner in which Mr. Irving has executed the double duties of friend and editor.

In 1833, about a year after Mr. Irving's return from Europe, he was told, while at New York, that Mrs. Davidson was in that city, and desirous of consulting him about a new edition of Lucretia's works. He lost no time in waiting on her, and found that her appearance corresponded with the interesting idea given of her in her daughter's biography—she was feeble and emaciated—propped by pillows in a sick chair, but 'with lingerings of grace and beauty in her form and features, and her eyes still beamed with intelligence and sensibility.' Indeed, from these and other hints scattered through both the biographies, we are inclined to suspect that it was from their mother that these interesting girls inherited that fragility of constitution and probably that excitability of mind, which seem to have condemned the parent to a long life of suffering and the children to the happier destiny of an early grave.

While Mr. Irving was conversing with the mother on the subject of her daughter's works, he observed a little girl, apparently not more than eleven years of age, but of striking intellectual beauty, moving quietly about her; occasionally arranging a pillow, and at the same time listening earnestly to their conversation. This was Margaret: on her leaving the room

* The biographies hint that the circumstances of the family were such that Lucretia was necessarily diverted from her literary pursuits by household cares. Our republican friends on the other side of the Atlantic are very shy of such homely details, and Mr. Irving does not violate the ethereal dignity of poor Margaret by even an allusion of that kind, but it is doing injustice to her fame to omit so remarkable a clog on her intellectual progress as she herself indicates.

'Come! and behold how I improve
In dusting—cleaning—sweeping;
And I will hear with patient ear
Your lectures on housekeeping.'

To Mrs. H—, p. 121.

† Miss Sedgwick, for instance, who has recently published a biography of the elder sister, prefaces a few lines of lively doggerel which Lucretia had written at school, by saying that she 'does not insert them so much for their poetical merit as for the playful spirit which beams through them, and which seems like sunbeams smiling on a cataract!'

'the mother spoke of her as having evinced the same early poetical talent that had distinguished her sister,' and, as evidence, showed Mr. Irving several copies of verses remarkable for such a child. He found also that she had 'nearly the same moral and physical constitution, and was prone to the same feverish excitement of the mind and kindling of the imagination which had acted so powerfully on the fragile frame of her sister Lucretia.' Mr. Irving cautioned the mother against 'fostering the poetic vein,' and advised such studies and pursuits as would strengthen her judgment, calm her sensibilities, and enlarge her common sense. Mrs. Davidson was fully aware of the importance of this advice, but foresaw great difficulty in following it, having to contend not only with the child's natural disposition, but with the additional excitement produced in the mind of this sensitive little being by the example of, and an intense enthusiasm about, her departed sister.

Three years elapsed before Mr. Irving again saw her—the interval had rapidly developed the powers of her mind, and heightened the loveliness of her person—but his fears for her health were verified—'the soul,' he emphatically says, 'was wearing out the body—the fragile delicacy of her form, the hectic bloom of her cheek, the almost unearthly lustre of her eye, convinced him that she was not long for this world.' He never saw her more—but about three years after that interview a number of manuscripts were placed in his hands *as all that was left of her!* These manuscripts were accompanied by copious memoranda of this interesting creature, furnished by the mother, and which form the groundwork, and indeed much of the superstructure, of Mr. Irving's biographical notice.

The death of Lucretia, which happened, as we have stated, when Margaret was not quite two years and a half old, made yet a great impression on her, which showed itself in feelings and language of extraordinary precocity. A few months after Lucretia's decease—when, of course, Margaret was about *three*—a visitor to her mother seeing her come into the room with a light elastic step, for which she was always remarked, said, 'That child never walks,' and then turning to her, 'Margaret, where are you flying now?' 'To heaven!' she said, pointing up with her finger, 'to meet my sister Lucretia, when I get my new wings.' 'Your new wings?—when will you get them?'—'Soon—O very soon—and then I shall fly!'

'She loved, says her mother, to sit hour after hour on a cushion at my feet, her little arms resting on my lap, and her full dark eyes resting on mine, listening to anecdotes of her sister's life, and details of the events which preceded her death, often exclaiming, while her face beamed with mingled emotions, "Oh, mamma!

I will try to fill her place—*teach me to be like her.*"'

Alas! she needed no teaching—she was but too like her—in life and in death. Her mother endeavoured to repress the activity of her intellect—she was in fact kept back; but before she could write, or even read, her language was inspired with what is called poetry. She would talk of 'bright warm sunshine,' of 'cooling showers,' of 'the pale cold moon,' and would note the picturesque beauties of nature, and discriminate the passing effects of the weather on the surrounding landscape.

'A bright starlight night would seem to awaken a mysterious rapture in her infant bosom; and one of her early expressions in speaking of the stars was, "that they shone like the eyes of angels."—p. 15.

Her mother cannot tell at what age her religious impressions—which were all through her life strong and enthusiastic—were first imbibed: they seemed interwoven with her very existence, and a sentiment of gratitude and affection towards the Creator entered into her earliest emotions of delight at the wonders and beauties of creation.

At six years old she was so far advanced in literature and intelligence as to be the companion of her mother when confined to her room by protracted illness. She read not only well, but elegantly—her love of reading amounted to a passion, and her intelligence surpassed belief; strangers viewed with astonishment a child little more than six years old reading with enthusiastic delight 'Thomson's Seasons'—the 'Pleasures of Hope'—'Cowper's Task'—the writings of Milton, Byron,* and Scott—and marking with taste and discrimination the passages which struck her. But the sacred writings were her daily study—not hurried over as a task, but she would spend an hour or two in commenting with her mother on the contents of the chapter she had read.

All this at the age of '*little more than six*,' or even if it were *seven*, is certainly surprising; but when we recollect that it is vouched, as far as we see, only by maternal enthusiasm, it creates no very serious wonder, and

* These pure and pious minds were in no danger from Byron. Lucretia wrote a short copy of verses on him, discriminating with much severity between his poetical beauties and his moral blemishes. We do not recollect that Margaret alludes directly to Byron, but some lines on Cowper (p. 277,) as good perhaps as any she wrote, express her admiration of the Christian poet in a tone that sufficiently indicates what her feelings must have been towards the opposite school.

we must look further for the *proof* of those powers which Mr. Irving seems to consider as almost preternatural. This must be sought in the *literæ scriptæ* which she has left behind, and which must be admitted as incontrovertible evidence of whatever genius they may show, for there can be no suspicion that they have been touched by any hand with a view to improving them—the character of the verses themselves, and, still more, the character of all the parties, negative the possibility of any such practices.

But though we appeal to the child's poetical remains as the only tangible and entirely trustworthy evidence of her poetical genius, we do not mean to say that her genius may not have been vastly superior to the intrinsic merit of the verses. Verses very moderate in themselves may be, according to the circumstances under which they are produced, strong indications of genius, as witness the early poetry of Milton, and all we have of Chatterton and Kirk White. We, in our former article, endeavoured to establish this distinction, and while we confessed that Lucretia's productions were but 'immature buds and blossoms shaken from the tree, and green fruit,' we acknowledged them as a fair promise of future excellence; and we may say pretty nearly the same for those of Margaret—they are in themselves of little abstract merit—the curiosity is the early age at which they were written, and the tone of mind that inspired them. If a young person were to compose a piece of merely manual mechanism—a watch for instance—which, however rudely finished and worthless in itself, had got the appearance and performed in any degree the functions of the perfect instrument—we should wonder at the imitative genius without any reference to the intrinsic value of the imitation: so it is with this youthful poetry—it is worth little—perhaps we might say nothing, except as an example of the mechanical precocity of the human mind. It is rather a fact in physiology than a contribution to literature. But in this view it is peculiarly important that we should be assured of the minute exactitude of the *facts*—of the precise age—of the very words.

The first verses we have of Margaret's were made '*about this time*;' that is, we presume, when she had read all those poets. Standing by her mother at a window which looked on a lovely landscape, she exclaimed,—

'See those lofty, those grand trees,
Their high tops waving in the breeze;
They cast their shadows on the ground,
And spread their fragrance all around.'

'Her mother, who had several times been be-

fore struck by little rhyming ejaculations of the kind, now handed her writing implements, and desired her to write down what she had just uttered. She seemed surprised at the request, but complied, writing it down, however, as if it had been prose, without arranging it in a stanza, or commencing the lines with capitals; not seeming aware that she had rhymed.'—p. 17.

Now it seems to us nearly incredible—not that the child should have composed these very childish rhymes—but that she, having read the blank verse of Milton, Thomson, Cowper, and the rhyme of Scott, Campbell, Byron, should not have known that she had rhymed, nor should have been able to divide her effusions into couplets, or even into *lines*, is incomprehensible. It will be recollected that something of the same kind was told of Lucretia—that as early as *four years old*, and before she could write, she contrived to cover, with a kind of hieroglyphics, a quantity of writing paper, so large that its disappearance surprised her parents, from whom she carefully concealed the use she made of it. These stores of paper were at length *accidentally* discovered by her mother's searching for something in a dark and unfrequented closet, where she found a number of little books filled with rude drawings and apparently illegible characters, which, on closer inspection, were found to consist of the printed alphabet; some of the letters formed backwards, some sideways, and there being no spaces between the words. These writings being with difficulty deciphered, were found to consist of regular verses. She was much distressed at this discovery of her treasures; and as soon as she got them into her possession she took the first opportunity of secretly burning them. (*Quarterly Review*, vol. xli., p. 290.) We then observed that reports of this kind are to be received with some distrust; and certainly the story is in all its parts sufficiently wonderful. That the *family residence* of people in 'straitened circumstances'—(very straitened, as we shall see presently)—should be so large that paper could be abstracted in quantities to excite curiosity, and yet so *secretly* as to baffle discovery,—and then in *some secluded place* covered *secretly* with writing by a child of four or five years old,—and then again concealed in a *dark closet*, a different retreat, therefore, from that in which the child wrote them;—that they were then *accidentally* discovered by a mother who had all this while been blind to all the occurrences which must have been for months in progress in different parts of the house; and, finally, that *all* these curious papers, so precious to a parent's pride, should have been secretly burned—not one preserv-

ed—all these circumstances, we say, would have justified more distrust than we ventured to express. But the story told of Margaret, though not so complicated, appears to us still less credible; and with all our respect for Mrs. Davidson, we cannot but repeat our former opinion—that recollections of this kind are to be received with some allowance. Mr. Irving does not tell us that he had seen this remarkable autograph, which, after what had befallen Lucretia's early manuscripts, we might expect to have been—as Mr. Irving tells us all her *subsequent* scraps were—carefully '*treasured up with delight by the mother*;' and if it had been preserved, we should equally have expected that he would have published it in its original state rather than in the amended form in which he has given it. In short, the whole anecdote has thrown a painful doubt over our minds, and shaken the confidence and consequent interest with which we entered on the perusal of this biography. It is, indeed, a slight and in itself trivial circumstance; but we need not say that such slight and trivial circumstances are the best test of truth. We earnestly entreat Mr. Irving, if this scrap has been preserved, to give a *fac-simile* of it in another edition. It will be the most curious, and, we think, important passage in his work.

On another occasion, during a thunder-storm towards sunset, Margaret threw herself into her mother's arms in great agitation—not from fear, but from poetic excitement—and she extemporised with extended arm,—

'The lightning plays along the sky;
The thunder rolls and bursts on high;
Jehovah's voice amid the storm
I heard. Methinks I see his form,
As, riding on the clouds of even,
He spreads his glory o'er the heaven.'

'This likewise,' says Mr. Irving, 'her mother made her write down on the instant;' but he does not say whether it was written like the other, as prose, and whether the original was among the papers delivered to him. From the way in which he has printed it, we suppose he has copied it from Mrs. Davidson's Memoranda. Another production—of the same date, we presume, for all this part of the work refers to the period between the sixth and seventh years of her age—is more valuable, as Mr. Irving observes, not merely as a proof of early facility at numbers, but as involving a case of conscience creditable to her early powers of self-examination. She had been naughty and sullen to her mother, but after an hour or two of penance in her own bedroom, she returned, craving forgiveness in these stanzas:—

'Forgiven by my Saviour dear,
For all the wrongs I've done;
What other wish could I have here?—
Alas, there yet is one!

I know my God has pardoned me
I know he loves me still;
I wish forgiven I may be
By her I've used so ill.

Good resolutions I have made,
And thought I loved my Lord;
But ah, I trusted in myself,
And broke my foolish word.

But give me strength, O Lord, to trust
For help alone in Thee;
Thou knowest my inmost feelings best;
O teach me to obey!

This, though far from being *poetry*, is as good as the general run of Dr. Watts's songs, and certainly, under all the circumstances, a remarkable production. Her *self-examination* was, however, not a mere poetical exercise. On her death her mother found a series of memoranda of self-examination, from a very early period of her life until within a few days of its close. 'They are,' says Mr. Irving, 'some of the most interesting relics she has left; but they are of too sacred a nature to meet the public eye' (p. 151).

We are not surprised at hearing that she took little pleasure or share in the common amusements of children. Hers were all intellectual. If she chanced to play with a doll or a kitten, it was only to create them into historic or dramatic personages, and to carry on with them imaginary dialogues, 'always ingenious, and sometimes even brilliant.' The fondness which all children have for story-telling she also indulged, but her extemporaneous stories were of a very superior class,—

'and in nothing was the precocity of her mental powers more apparent than in the discrimination and individuality of her fictitious characters—the consistency with which they were sustained—the graphic force of her descriptions—the elevation of her sentiments, and the poetic beauty of her imagery.'—p. 21.

So writes, in his own character, Mr. Irving; but as it does not appear that he himself heard any of those recitations—indeed he never saw the child till four or five years after the period now referred to—we cannot but think his eulogy somewhat pleonastic, and expressed with more confidence than the circumstances seem to warrant; and we make this observation the rather because we find in a subsequent part of the volume a fragment of a story written in poor Margaret's immature maturity of *fifteen*, and which has as little literary merit as any flimsy, sentimental rhapsody.

sody of the Minerva press. One interest it does possess. The scene is laid in her native village, on the banks of the Saranac, a river which falls into Lake Champlain; and it opens with a description of a cottage and its inhabitants, clearly designed for her own 'family residence' and its inmates—the cottage very 'lowly and humble'—the 'grey-headed physician' who inhabited it very poor, and 'far in the decline of life'—with a beautiful but sickly family—'lovely plants, fading away one by one from the eyes of their idolizing parents' (p. 155). A love-story is of course superinduced on these materials; but it happily breaks off at the end of about thirty pages. The style is so over-flowery, and all the rest so commonplace, that we think it positively inferior to what might be expected from almost any girl of fifteen who could write at all, and by no means corroborating the lofty panegyric bestowed by Mr. Irving on stories composed eight years earlier.

'Between the age of six and seven she entered on a general course of education,—English grammar, geography, history, and rhetoric (1), under the direction and superintendence of her mother;' but her constitution had already begun to show symptoms of delicacy, which rendered it expedient to check her application.

In 1830, 'an English gentleman,' who had been strongly interested and affected by the accounts he had read of *Lucretia Davidson*, visited Plattsburg for the purpose of seeing the place in which she had been born and was buried. Finding her family still residing there, he waited on Mrs. Davidson, and of course was surprised and delighted to find in Margaret a living image, a duplicate as it were, of her whose celebrity had led him to Plattsburg. This gentleman would naturally be kindly received by all *Lucretia's* family; but the sensitive little Margaret formed for him an enthusiastic friendship, remarkable in such a child. His visit to Plattsburg was short; but he saw her again in her first visit to New York, where he took great pleasure in accompanying her to all the exhibitions and places of intellectual amusement of the city, and in marking their effect on her unhackneyed feelings and intelligent mind. Once he took her to the theatre, which she afterwards remembered as 'a brilliant dream,' and thenceforward her writings frequently took a dramatic turn. This gentleman intended to have visited her again at Plattsburg; but being called away to England, he was obliged to lay that design aside. This was a great disappointment to Margaret; and though he accompanied his farewell letter with a present of books and various tasteful

remembrances, the sight of them only increased the affliction of this romantic child for the departure of her friend. She locked them up as relics, and used to visit them with tears.

Our readers will recollect that something of a similar kind happened to *Lucretia*—indeed there is, all along, a very extraordinary *twinness* in the two histories. She also had excited the admiration and the active beneficence of a stranger, and we expressed our regret that the name of that gentleman was not given;* we now equally regret that we are not told that of Margaret's English friend—for, besides the pleasure of giving, as we before said, 'a local habitation and a name' to such instances of taste and benevolence, we are glad to have as many witnesses as possible to the truth of a story which, though indubitable in its main facts, is liable, from the most amiable causes, to exaggeration in its details.

In her seventh summer her health became visibly delicate, and it was thought advisable to take her to Saratoga Springs, the waters of which seemed to have a beneficial effect. Thence she, for the first time, accompanied her parents to New York, with which she was excited and delighted in a very high degree; and on her return home her strength seemed so much increased that she resumed her studies with great assiduity, and enjoyed, with intense enthusiasm, the beauties of nature along the banks of her native Saranac and the shores of 'her own beautiful Champlain.'

Her mother, in her *Memoranda*, gives a striking picture of her in one of those enthusiastic moods;—

'After an evening's stroll along the river bank we seated ourselves by a window to observe the effects of the full moon on the waters. A holy calm seemed to pervade all nature. With her head resting on my bosom, and her eyes fixed on the firmament, she pointed to a particularly bright star, and said—

* We gather from a note in this volume, and more clearly from Miss Sedgwick's recent *Life of Lucretia*, that this benefactor was *Moss Kent, Esq.*; but Mrs. Davidson seems rather offended by the statement in Morse's '*Biography of Lucretia*,' that he was a *stranger*, whose benevolence was attracted by mere admiration of her daughter, and whose favours therefore she might have had some scruples about accepting. She, on the contrary, says that he was an old acquaintance, and she diminishes somewhat the extent of the obligation conferred, though 'this excellent man continued,' she adds, 'a pure and disinterested friend to the day of his death.' Margaret used to call him 'Uncle Kent.'—p. 48.

'Behold that bright and sparkling star
Which setteth [sitteth ?] as a Queen afar ;
Over the blue and spangled heaven
It sheds its glory in the even :

Our Jesus made that sparkling star
Which shines and twinkles from afar ;
Oh ! 'twas that bright and glorious gem
That shone o'er ancient Bethlehem.'—p. 25.

If by chance any of our readers recollect the verses of Lucretia quoted in our former article,

'Thou bright glittering star of even,
Thou gem upon the brow of heaven,'

they will see that Margaret's first stanza is but a feeble reminiscence of her sister. In truth, except as the *extemporaneous* burst of a child of seven years old, the lines are nothing ; but the sudden turn and pious application of the last couplet redeem the whole, and give it, we think, a superiority to Lucretia's more matured and polished composition. And what a picture the whole anecdote is !—the glowing landscape—the mother—the child—the uplifted eye and finger—and above all, the face of the little angelic being, inspired by the *star* with the sudden recollection of *Bethlehem* !

In the autumn of 1830 the health of the child began to fail again, as did also that of the mother—who seems indeed never to have been well ; and it was thought prudent to spend the winter with a married daughter, Mrs. Townshend,* who was settled in Canada.

We are startled at hearing of invalids, already living in a more southern latitude than Turin or Venice, removing for the sake of a milder climate, to a Canadian winter. The reason given is, that the winds of Lake Champlain were too chilly for weak lungs, and that Mrs. Townshend's residence, though in the same latitude as Plattsburg, was an inland situation ! (p. 25.) The Canadian climate, however, did Mrs. Davidson no good, who continued a helpless invalid, confined to her bed, for eighteen months, during which time little Margaret was her constant companion and attendant. But Canada seemed to agree with the child, till in January, 1833,—the *ninth* year of her age not yet expired,—she had a severe attack of scarlet fever, and on her slow recovery it was thought

advisable, for the sake of both mother and child, to remove them to New York. There she met relatives and young companions, with whose amusements she mingled, but generally to give them an intellectual direction. Amongst other sports she proposed to get up a play, which she was to write—in which she was to act, and for which she was to make all the arrangements—although she had never been in a playhouse but the one evening before mentioned ; the lightest part of her task she thought, was the composition of the tragedy, which, she said, would be ready long before the dresses—and it was, in fact, written in two days.

'This little drama,' says Mr. Irving, 'lies before us [we know not why Mr. Irving thus assumes the *style* of monarchs and reviewers], a curious specimen of the prompt talents of this most ingenious child, and by no means more incongruous in its incidents than many current dramas by veteran and experienced playwrights.'—p. 32.

We however must say that, from the summary of the plot which he gives us, it seems to have been silly enough, and very little above the years of the young authoress. Her visit to New York, however, produced something better. Their sojourn there was protracted till the heat became oppressive, and she expressed her yearnings for the banks of the Saranac in the following pretty lines :—

'I would fly from the city, would fly from its care,
To my own native plants and my flow'rets so fair !
To the cool grassy shade and the rivulet bright,
Which reflects the pale moon on its bosom of light.
Again would I view the old mansion so dear,
Where I sported a babe without sorrow or fear.
I would leave this great city, so brilliant and gay,
For a peep at my home on this pure summer-day.
I have friends whom I love, and would leave with regret,
But the love of my home, Oh 'tis tenderer yet !
There a sister reposes, unconscious, in death—
'T was there she first drew, and there yielded her breath ;
A father I love is away from me now—
Oh could I but print a sweet kiss on his brow,
Or smoothe the grey locks to my fond heart so dear,
How quickly would vanish each trace of a tear !
Attentive I listen to pleasure's gay call,
But my own darling Home, it is dearer than all'—p. 32.

But the neighbourhood of Champlain being thought unfavourable for a family of such

* This lady Mr. Irving always designates as Mrs. T—. But what possible reason can there be for puzzling distant readers with initials, when the name must be as well known in New York as Broadway—and when the mention of the person is not merely inoffensive, but complimentary ?

delicate health, they found a new home in the village of Ballston, where she regretted the wilder scenery of her 'Native Lake':—

'Thy verdant banks, thy lucid stream,
Lit by the sun's resplendent beam,
Reflect each bending tree so light
Upon thy bounding bosom bright—
Could I but see thee once again,
My own, my beautiful Champlain !

The little isles that deck thy breast,
And calmly on thy bosom rest,
How often in my childish glee
I've sported round them bright and free !
Could I but see thee once again,
My own, my beautiful Champlain !

How oft I've watched the fresh'ning shower
Bending the summer tree and flower,
And felt my little heart beat high
As the bright rainbow graced the sky !
Could I but see thee once again,
My own, my beautiful Champlain !

And shall I never see thee more,
My native lake, my much-loved shore ?
And must I bid a long adieu,
My dear, my infant home, to you ?
Shall I not see thee once again,
My own, my beautiful Champlain ?

No—she was never again to see her '*beautiful Champlain*;' and the melancholy trials, with which heaven so frequently balances its highest intellectual gifts, were about to thicken upon this interesting family. The mother a constant sufferer—for ever on the verge of the grave; the child herself alternating between a state of health never better than fragile, and frequent fits of positive disease; and now her eldest and only surviving sister, Mrs. Townshend—to whom she had looked forward to supply the place of the, as it seemed, dying mother—was herself carried off, still young and beautiful, leaving one orphan 'bud of promise.' This was a severe shock to Margaret, whose own state of health had lately assumed a very alarming aspect, but she seemed to rally her energies to alleviate the grief of her mother; and two or three copies of verses, addressed to Mrs. Davidson on this sad occasion, are remarkable, not so much for their poetry as for a strain of sober piety and Christian consolation, much above what we should have expected from the writer's years.

Soon after this affliction, and perhaps in consequence of it, in December, 1834, Margaret was again seized with a liver complaint, which by sympathy affected her lungs, and confined her to her bed for two months, and to her room for two more. 'During this fit of illness her mind had remained in an unusual state of inactivity, but with the opening of

spring and the faint return of health it broke forth with a brilliancy and a restless excitability which astonished and alarmed her friends; and at this time she poured out in rapid succession many of her best pieces:—

'We,' says Mr. Irving, 'cannot help thinking that these moments of intense poetical exaltation sometimes approached to *delirium*, for we are told by her mother that the image of her departed sister Lucretia mingled in all her aspirations; the holy elevation of Lucretia's character had taken deep hold of her imagination, and in her moments of enthusiasm she felt that she held close and intimate communion with her beatified spirit.'—p. 42.

No doubt the extreme and precocious sensibility of both these young creatures was out of the ordinary course of nature, and might be almost called a mental disease, which to a common observer would seem *delirious*; but we are surprised that a man of Mr. Irving's taste and talents—if he knows no more than he has told us—should have seen anything like *insanity* in either of the girls, and particularly in the very intelligible and natural process by which the enthusiastic recollections of a sister, in all points so like herself, should have blended themselves with Margaret's very existence.

In the autumn of 1835 Dr. Davidson removed his family to a large, commodious, old-fashioned house situate at Ruremont, on the Sound, or East River as it is called, about four miles from New York:—

'The wild position and curious structure of this old-fashioned house,' says her mother, 'with a long gallery, winding staircase, dark and narrow passages, a trap-door, large rooms with massive doors and heavy iron bolts and bars, set her mind teeming with recollections of all she had heard or imagined of old castles, banditti, smugglers, &c. She roamed over the place in perfect ecstasy, peopling every part with images of her own imagination, and fancying it the scene of foregone events of dark and thrilling interest.'—p. 50.

But, strange enough, we do not find in her verses any marked traces of this new and, we should have supposed, enticing train of thought, except, perhaps, in some '*Stanzas*' given without any note or explanation in an earlier page, but which are evidently the longings of a romantic mind for a visit to the *old country*, excited probably by the old house at Ruremont. We shall extract a few of the best:—

'Oh for the pinions of a bird,
To bear me far away,
Where songs of other lands are heard,
And other waters play !

For some aerial car, to fly
On thro' the realms of light,
To regions ripe with poesy,
And teeming with delight.

O'er many a wild and classic stream
In ecstasy I'd bend;
And hail each ivy-covered tower,
As though it were a friend.

Through many a shadowy grove, and round
Full many a cloistered hall,
And corridors, where every step
With echoing peal doth fall.

Amidst the scenes of past delight
Or misery I'd roam,
Where ruthless tyrants swayed in might—
Where princes found a home—

Where heroes have enwreathed their brows
With chivalric renown,
Where beauty's hand, as valour's meed,
Hath twined the laurel crown.

I'd stand where proudest kings have stood,
Or kneel where slaves have knelt;
Till, wrapt in magic solitude,
I feel what they have felt!

Oh, for the pinions of a bird
To waft me far away,
Where songs of other lands are heard,
And other waters play!

Excepting the really beautiful one which we have printed in italics, these stanzas may seem rather vaguely conceived, and negligently versified—and those we have omitted are still more so—but as written in the child's *tenth*, or at latest *eleventh*, year, we think the whole very interesting.

Towards the close of 1835, amidst the anticipations of a joyous Christmas, a new affliction arrived. Two of her brothers were taken ill, and one—Kent—called, we suppose, after Lucretia's benefactor—a beautiful boy nine years old, sank into the grave. Margaret witnessed the last agonies with a patient calm—she stood over the 'corpse like a statue.' At last she was led away, and then tears came to her relief. She, as was her wont, sanctified this event in many pious stanzas, of which the best is, we think—

'Oh I have heard thy dying groan—
Have seen thy last of earthly pain—
And while I weep that thou art gone,
I cannot wish thee here again!'—p. 53.

But a still more painful picture now presents itself!

'The anguish of the mother was still more intense, as she saw her bright and beautiful but perishable offspring thus one by one snatched away from her.

"My own weak frame," says she, "was unable longer to sustain the effect of long watching and deep grief. I had not only lost my love-

ly boy, but I felt a strong conviction that I must soon resign my Margaret; or rather, that she would soon follow me to a premature grave. Although she still persisted in the belief that she was well, the irritating cough, the hectic flush (so often mistaken for the bloom of health), the hurried beating of the heart, and the drenching night perspirations, confirmed me in this belief, and I sank under this accumulated load of affliction. For three weeks I hovered on the borders of the grave, and when I arose from this bed of pain—so feeble that I could not sustain my own weight, it was to witness the rupture of a blood-vessel in her lungs, caused by exertions to suppress a cough. Oh! it was agony to see her thus! I was compelled to conceal every appearance of alarm, lest the agitation of her mind should produce fatal consequences. As I seated myself by her she raised her *speaking eyes* to mine with a sorrowful, *inquiring* gaze, and as she read anguish which I could not conceal, she turned away with a look of despair. She spoke not a word, but silence, still, death-like silence pervaded the apartment. The best of medical aid was called in, but the physicians gave no hope: they considered it as a deep-seated case of pulmonary consumption."—p. 55.

It would be painful and profitless to our readers or ourselves to pursue the further details of this touching case, which are but variations of the leading theme—short and transient gleams of health amidst dark, deep, and dismal prospects—until at last, after what we may call the usual vicissitudes of such a disease, borne with exemplary and elevating Christian patience and illustrated by many poetical aspirations, this amiable and gifted child slept, as she herself trusted, in the arms of the Redeemer, and rose as we hope into the bosom of the Creator, on the 25th of November, 1838, *aged fifteen years and eight months*. Her remains repose in the graveyard of the village of Saratoga.

In the selection we have made of specimens of her poetry we have been guided by Mr. Irving; and though they are all amongst her earliest productions, and, as we have said, of little intrinsic value, we do not know that we could have done much better for her fame:—her later poems, most of them being apparently uncorrected and many evidently unfinished, have, in their present state, a strong tendency to the diffuse and tedious, and there are few of them perhaps that would repay the reader for the space they must absorb; but we think it right to give one at least of her most mature pieces—and we shall select the '*Dedication, to the Spirit of her Sister Lucretia*,' of a poem, called *Leonora*—the last Margaret ever wrote:—

'Oh thou so early lost, so long deplored!
Pure spirit of my sister, be thou near!
And while I touch this hallowed harp of thine,
Bend from the skies, sweet sister, bend and hear!

For thee I pour this unaffected lay;
 To thee these simple numbers all belong:
 For though thine earthly form has passed away,
 Thy memory still inspires my childish song.

Take then this feeble tribute:—'tis *thine own*—
Thy fingers sweep my trembling heart-strings
o'er,

Arouse to harmony each buried tone,
 And bid its wakened music sleep no more!

Long has thy voice been silent, and thy lyre
 Hung o'er thy grave, in death's unbroken rest;
 But when its last sweet tones were borne away,
One answering echo lingered in my breast.

Oh! thou pure spirit! if thou hoverest near,
 Accept these lines, unworthy though they be,
 Faint echoes from thy fount of song divine,
 By thee inspired, and dedicate to thee!

p. 311.

These stanzas, though rather diffuse, and here and there deficient in rhyme, are tender and elegant; and our readers will have observed two thoughts which seem to us not only beautiful but original; and on the whole, we believe, we may assure them that this last extract is a favourable specimen of Margaret's best poetry.

Mrs. Davidson seems to reproach herself, and Miss Sedgwick—who had become acquainted with Margaret in the last years of her rapid transit—adopts in some degree the same tone—that the case was not judiciously treated. There is no doubt that, with the example of Lucretia before their eyes, and with *their* opinion of the causes of *her* premature decay, the treatment of Margaret was, logically speaking, inconsistent and injudicious: but physically and really, we are satisfied that her friends have nothing to reproach themselves with; and that the process pursued did not accelerate, and that no treatment could have averted, the catastrophe of either of the sisters. They had run their race—in a shorter time than ordinary persons—but they had run it. These girls at fifteen and seventeen had, in the premature exertion of their intellects and the unceasing activity of their pens, lived as long as Miss Landon or Mrs. Hemans—if they had lived longer they might have outlived themselves. There are numerous instances in which nature condenses, as it were, its intellectual as well as its physical bounties into a limited space—but premature bodily growth rapidly decays, and the brilliancy of many a youthful genius, if not closed in death, subsides into mediocrity or even dullness. Genius is itself almost a disease, and who can say of the three greatest geniuses lately removed from this world—Talleyrand, Scott, and Byron—whether the *mortal* ingredient had not un-

der the indulgence of Providence subsided into the *club-foot*? *

Our readers cannot fail to have observed, both of Lucretia and Margaret, that their advance in poetry was by no means proportioned to their advance in years—their first *written* and *dated* verses are nearly as good as the last, and, even when they are *positive*ly better, they appear inferior *relatively* to the circumstances in which they were produced. There is also, it will be observed, an almost undistinguishable similarity between the style of the two sisters, and in the individual pieces of each a constant recurrence of the same ideas and expressions, and a too frequent approach, as we before observed, 'to the wrong side of the very verge of meaning,' so that they assume, when read consecutively, a growing character of monotony,† repetition, vagueness, inflation—and force upon us the reluctant conclusion that they belong rather to *versification* than *poetry*, and that the writers were, by the very qualities which excite so much admiration, destined to no higher flights. At five and six they were miracles—at ten and eleven wonders—but at fifteen and seventeen

* Some ingenious moderns have found reason to suspect that Shakespeare himself, the greatest imaginative genius that ever illustrated our sphere, was *club-footed*: but however such a fact might strengthen the theory hinted at in the text, we candidly own that we can see no ground whatsoever for the suspicion.

† This appears strongest in Margaret, probably because she came last and had her mind imbued with recollections of her sister, but we do not think that she was naturally inferior to Lucretia. There is a pretty imitation of a Scotch song by her, two verses of which we are tempted to copy as a specimen of her lighter style:—

'Fair as the simmer flower,
 Sipped by the bee;
 Blithe as the merrie birds
 Singin' their glee;
 Fresh as the drappin' dew,
 Pure as the gowan's hue,
 Ever gay—ever true—
 Is Jeannie to me.

Grief may bedim the while;
 Joy's glowing flame;
 Sorrow may steal the smile
 From its sweet home;
 But the sweet flow'et—Love—
 Native of heaven above,
 In the dark storm shall prove
 Ever the same.'

Perhaps this little piece has more melody than meaning: but Lucretia also had her 'Imitation of the Scotch,' of which we need give but the last couplet:—

'But Norman still lives! his Marion is found;
 By the adamant chains of blythe Hymen they're bound!'

And this is published by Miss Sedgwick!

their productions did not remarkably surpass those of many a girl of that age. Those who begin early will end early; and if Lucretia and Margaret had lived to bodily maturity, they would probably have appeared to recede to mental mediocrity.

We cannot better describe our sensations in reading these volumes than by Margaret's own criticism on Mrs. Hemans:—

'She was a woman of deep feeling, lively fancy, and acute sensibilities—but there is one thing I have often remarked: the mind soon wearies in perusing many of her pieces at once. She expresses those *sweet sentiments so often*, and introduces the *same stream of beautiful ideas so constantly*, that they sometimes degenerate into monotony. I know no higher treat than to read a few of her best productions, and comment upon and feel their beauties; but perusing her volume is to me like listening to a strain of sweet music, repeated over and over again until it becomes so familiar to the ear that it loses the charm of variety.'—p. 77.

This is nearly our opinion of both Margaret and Lucretia; and our readers will admire not only the justness of the criticism, but the clearness and propriety of the expression. Indeed, there is nothing in either of the volumes more remarkable than the ease and purity of the idiom, both in prose and verse. We have not observed one provincialism; all—including Mrs. Davidson's memoranda—is genuine English. Most educated Americans, we know, speak and write very good *English*, but that of this family is excellent: it is evident that their contemplative and imitative intellects conversed much more with English authors (Addison and Cowper being especial favourites) than with their country neighbours; and, accordingly, these children of the Saranac write at least as well as if they had been born on the banks of Trent or Severn.

On the whole we think that a useful moral as well as physiological lesson may be derived from the history of these two interesting and amiable young creatures:—that the gifts of Providence are dispensed with a certain equitable equality—that early precocity should inspire no confidence, and early mediocrity create no discouragement—that precocity is itself rather a malady than a merit—that a premature exertion of talents is generally a fatal fallacy—and that plants which are *forced*, by natural or accidental causes, to produce fruits in *spring*, will either fade away in the summer, or, at best, be barren in the autumn.

We are surprised and vexed that in an age so prone to book-embellishments, we should not have been favoured with portraits of these

two 'lovely and intellectual' countenances. It would indicate a strange apathy if, after the fame of Lucretia, that, at least, of Margaret had not been taken.

ART. IV.—1. *An Historical Essay on Architecture*. By the late Thomas Hope. 2d edition. London, 1835.

2. *A Glossary of Terms used in Grecian, Roman, Italian, and Gothic Architecture*. 3d edition, enlarged. Oxford, 1840.

3. *Architectural Notes on German Churches*. A new edition. By the 'Rev. W. Whewell, M. A. Cambridge, 1835.

4. *Remarks on the Architecture of the Middle Ages, especially of Italy*. By R. Willis, M. A., F. R. S., late Fellow of Caius College. Cambridge, 1835.

5. *An Attempt to discriminate the Styles of Architecture in England from the Conquest to the Reformation*. By Thomas Rickman, Architect. 3d edition. London, 1825.

6. *The True Principles of Pointed or Christian Architecture, set forth in two Lectures, delivered at St Marie's, Oscott*. By A. Welby Pugin. London, 1841.

7. *Report for 1841 of the Cambridge Camden Society*. Cambridge, 1841.

8. *The Rules and Proceedings of the Oxford Society for Promoting the Study of Gothic Architecture*. Oxford, 1841.

'THE ancient Greek and Roman architecture answers all the perfections required in a faultless and accomplished building, such as for so many ages were so renowned and reputed by the universal suffrages of the civilized world, and would doubtless have still subsisted and made good their claim, and what is recorded of them, had not the Goths, Vandals, and other barbarous nations, subverted and demolished them, together with that glorious empire where those stately and pompous monuments stood; introducing, in their stead, a certain fantastical and licentious manner of building, which we have since called modern, or Gothic. Congestions of heavy, dark, melancholy, and monkish piles, without any just proportion, use, or beauty, compared with the truly ancient; so as when we meet with the greatest industry, and expensive carving, full of fret and lamentable imagery, sparing neither of pains nor cost, a judicious spectator is rather distracted, or quite confounded, than touched with that admiration which results from the true and just symmetry, regular proportions, union and disposition; and from the great and noble manner in which the august and glorious fabrics of the ancients are executed.'

Such was the opinion of the accomplished Evelyn of the merits of Gothic architecture. Let us now turn to another authority, by whom he is quoted:—

‘It was after the irruption and swarms of those truculent people from the north, the Moors and Arabs from the south and east, overrunning the civilized world, that wherever they fixed themselves, they soon began to debauch this noble and useful art; when, instead of those beautiful orders, so majestical and proper for their stations, becoming variety and other ornamental accessories, they set up those slender and misshapen pillars, or rather bundles of staves, and other incongruous props, to support incumbent weights and ponderous arched roofs without entablature; and though not without great industry, as M. D’Aviler well observes, nor altogether naked of gaudy sculpture, trite and busy carvings—’tis such as gluts the eye rather than gratifies and pleases it with any reasonable satisfaction. For proof of this, (without travelling far abroad,) I dare report myself to any man of judgment and that has the least taste of order and magnificence: if, after he has looked awhile upon King Henry VII.’s chapel at Westminster, gazed on its sharp angles, jetties, narrow lights, lame statues, lace, and other cutwork and crinkle crinkle—and shall then turn his eyes on the Banqueting-house built at Whitehall by Inigo Jones after the ancient manner; or on what his Majesty’s surveyor, Sir Christopher Wren, has advanced at St. Paul’s, and consider what a glorious object the cupola, porticoes, colonnades, and other parts present to the beholder; or compare the Schools [*i. e.* the Divinity School] and Library at Oxford with the Theatre there, or what he has built at Trinity College, in Cambridge—and since, all these at Greenwich and other places—by which time our home-traveller will begin to have a just idea of the ancient and modern architecture:—I say, let him well consider, and compare them judiciously, without partiality and prejudice, and then pronounce which of the two manners strikes the understanding as well as the eye with the more majesty and solemn greatness, and accordingly determine to whom the preference is due. Not, as we have said, that there is not something of solid and oddly artificial, too, after a sort; but then the universal and unreasonable thickness of the walls, clumsy buttresses, towers, sharp-pointed arches, doors and other apertures without proportion, nonsensical insertions of various marbles, [tombs?] impertinently placed turrets, and pinnacles thickly set with monkeys and chimeras, and abundance of busy work and other incongruities, dissipate and break the angles of the sight, and so confound that one cannot consider it with any steadiness where to begin or end; taking off from that noble air and grandeur which the ancients had so well and judiciously established. But in this sort have they and their followers ever since filled, not Europe alone, but Asia and Africa besides, with mountains of stone, vast and gigantic buildings indeed, but not worthy the name of Architecture.’—*Life of Sir C. Wren*, p. 308.

These indeed are not the words of Sir Christopher Wren himself; but they occur in the *Memoirs of his Life* by his son, and accurately enough represent the taste of the age in which he lived. And we have quoted them for the purpose of marking strongly the change which has taken place, not only in England but in France and Germany, within the last few years, on the subject of Gothic architecture.

The works before us exhibit an interest and research in this branch of art, which prove how strongly cultivated minds may be impressed with the character and power of these ‘unreasonable,’ ‘clumsy,’ ‘disproportioned,’ ‘nonsensical,’ ‘impertinent,’ and ‘incongruous’ buildings which a former age, not without its science and its taste, deemed ‘unworthy of the name of architecture.’ Two societies have been recently established at Oxford and at Cambridge, for the promotion of the same study, and the example has been followed in several other places. The numerous churches which are rising bear marks already of a similar alteration of feeling. And still more may be found in the restorations which have recently been made both in our cathedrals and in collegiate buildings. It is to be hoped that something better is indicated by these facts than a mere caprice of fancy.

To those who recognize in art a higher beginning and end than an idle, luxurious indulgence of the eyes, and in Gothic architecture indications of thought and feeling of a very peculiar nature, this return to the habits of other days is full of meaning and interest. It proves at least that we are now capable of discerning some element of good in ages, which for the last two centuries we had been accustomed to call days of darkness, but which were, to say the least, the cradle of many of our noblest institutions. And it is something to see reviving among us that filial feeling towards the years which begot us, which delights to own gratitude for the benefits received from them, and to deal reverently even with their faults, rather than to insult them by a perpetual boast of our own superiority. And if, as assuredly is the fact, there is the closest analogy between the creations of art and the movement of higher instincts within us, we may trace in this altered taste in architecture an alteration in other habits of thought, carrying men back to associations and institutions of a higher kind than those in which we have been living. Even if it were only the result of an increased demand for ecclesiastical buildings, and of an instinctive perception that the characteristics of Gothic architecture (how or why it may not be seen) are more congenial to the reli-

gious spirit of Christianity than those of the Grecian, the fact would be well worth notice.

We do not say, however, that the mode in which the subject has hitherto been studied is perfectly satisfactory. The theory of it has principally been confined to an inquiry into the origin of the pointed arch—and whatever ingenuity has been displayed here, we agree with Mr. Whewell that it does seem to have been thrown away. Undoubtedly the pointed arch is the most important if not the primary germ of Gothic architecture. It is the 'idea,' or, if we may use the Platonic word, the 'form' from which it chiefly emanated; and, undoubtedly, it may be found lying before the eyes of men in a great variety of objects—in the arching of avenues, the wattling of huts, the intersection of circular arches, and the ribbings of a groined roof. But it lay for ages like every other simple fact in nature, each of which to common men means nothing, and to the eye of genius alone contains a multitude of applications and deductions, only brought out when it comes into contact with certain others, and then becomes as it were fecundated and productive. A philosophical inquirer into the history of science would inquire not by whom or at what time an apple was first seen to drop to the ground, or steam to issue from boiling water, or sand to melt into glass, or hard bodies to produce corresponding impressions upon soft, but under what circumstances these simple facts, dropped like seeds into a suitable soil, became for the first time prolific, and brought forth the theory of gravitation, and the steam-engine, and the telescope, and the printing press. No single fact by itself can produce results. It is combination, seemingly accidental, on which all depends; and this is the proper subject for examination. And thus the question to be asked respecting the pointed arch is this:—under what circumstances and from what state of feeling its appropriateness to answer certain purposes, or to represent certain ideas, began to be felt; and having once been felt, led not only to its general adoption, but a very considerable modification of other features in architecture, so as to bring them into harmony with this established type?

What Mr. Hope has said of the introduction of the circular arch into Roman architecture may be repeated of the pointed.

'A fortuitous concurrence of circumstances has made many a man invent that which he had not the means to apply, nay, of which he saw not even the full use and application. Many a discovery has taken place for the first time at a period when, little wanted, it conferred no

distinction on its author, and no advantage on others; when, like a fire kindled without proper fuel to feed the flame, it again went out, or for many ages smouldered in unperceived obscurity, ere fresh wants and fresh means, fanning the latent spark, blew it up into a blaze, when the genius to which it first was owing had already long been forgotten in the darkness of the grave. And thus, for aught we know, it may have fared with the arch. . . . If even by some fortuitous meeting of materials in peculiar relative situations, the embryo of the arch should first have been formed in independent Greece, it there remained in a manner dormant and sterile; it received no development; it became not in her edifices a marked feature, calculated by its importance and resources to change and remodel the whole principle and face of her architecture.'—*Hope on Architecture*, chap. vii., p. 51.

But in the effort to solve what Mr. Whewell also terms 'the frivolous and insoluble question' of the origin of the pointed arch, as in searching for the philosopher's stone, many valuable discoveries have been made. Buildings have been minutely examined and described, the relations of their details drawn out; and although perhaps too much of the arbitrary and licentious has been shown in fixing chronological dates, an historical outline of the changes which have taken place in Gothic architecture has been traced with sufficient accuracy to form the groundwork of a still deeper investigation. For this we are deeply indebted, among others, to Mr. Rickman.

One fact seems likely to meet soon with general acquiescence. From the earliest Egyptian to the corrupt Tudor Gothic a chain of successive transitions may be easily established. Each style was a modification of the one which preceded it, and was not a new and foreign importation from a totally different soil. The Egyptian passed into the Grecian, the Grecian into the Roman, the Roman, as Mr. Hope ingeniously traces it, into the Byzantine, the Lombard, and what is improperly termed the Norman and the Saxon: these again slid gradually into what is still more improperly called Gothic; and the Gothic, through the various stages which Mr. Rickman and others have pointed out, into the mixed and barbarous farrago of the Elizabethan age. Once establish this point—and attention will be turned from a vague, unprofitable speculation as to what singular coincidence first suggested a new creation to the builder's eyes, into a practical study of facts; and those facts will soon lead to the principles which they contain, and without a knowledge of which the facts are by themselves useless.

A second point, not less important, is that

all the infinite variety of the Gothic style, its innumerable parts, its apparently unconnected but characteristic features, are linked together by some secret analogy or law—just as in the animal creation a particular claw will lead the anatomist to a prophetic anticipation of the whole skeleton. What Dr. Roget has so elegantly described in speaking of the arrangements of nature, and what is perhaps the general law of intellect in all its operations, may be applied to the highest creations of art:—

‘We have seen that in constructing each of the divisions so established Nature appears to have kept in view a certain definite type, or ideal standard, to which, amidst innumerable modifications, rendered necessary by the varying circumstances and different destinations of each species, she always shows a decided tendency to conform. It would almost seem as if, in laying the foundations of each organised fabric, she had commenced by taking an exact copy of this primitive model, and in building the superstructure had allowed herself to depart from the original plan only for the purpose of accommodation to certain specific and ulterior objects, conformably with the destination of that particular race of created beings. Such, indeed, is the hypothetical principle which under the title of unity of composition has been adopted, and zealously pursued in all its consequences, by many naturalists of the highest eminence on the continent. The hypothesis in question is countenanced, in the first place, by the supposed constancy with which, in all the animals belonging to the same natural group, we meet with the same constituent elements of structure in each respective system of organs, notwithstanding the utmost diversity which may exist in the forms of their organs, and in the uses to which they are applied. Thus Nature has provided for the locomotion of the serpent, not by the creation of new structures foreign to the type of the vertebrata, but by employing the ribs in this new office; and in giving wings to the lizard, she has extended these same bones to serve as supports to the superadded parts. In arming the elephant with tusks, she has merely caused two of the teeth in the upper jaw to be developed into these formidable weapons; and in providing it with an instrument of prehension has only resorted to a greater elongation of the snout.’—*Bridgewater Treatise*.

To believe that, even in the complicated phenomena of Gothic architecture, all of them are developed from one germ is the first step to discover that germ, and, by the possession of it, to enable ourselves to reproduce and create works upon fixed principles of beauty, without risking the blunders into which those must fall who imitate, however accurately, a model which they do not understand.

‘In the pointed style,’ says Mr. Hope, ‘all the

later essential characteristic ornaments flow so insensibly and gradually out of its first elementary principles, as to prove, by internal evidence, their origin from the same indigenous source. The pillars, at first distinct, but close to each other, employed to support at different heights different arches, ribs, and cross-springers, shooting forth from them towards different points, suggested the idea, when for strength they were conglomerated into one single cohering mass, of still giving to that body the appearance of a bundle of separate staves and stalks, even more numerous and slim than before, each branching out, or continued into some one of those arches, or ribs, or springers, also more multiplied and sub-divided, whereby the real addition of strength obtained might yet be combined with greater apparent lightness. The arches, and ribs, and cross-springers themselves shooting forth from the pillars to different points for the support of the roof, and the ridge plates that again branched from these to connect and to steady them, gave the appearance of a multiplication of these members more minute, more variously diverging, converging, and intersecting each other, for the sake of mere ornament, till they grew into all the richest and most complicated combinations of tracery and of arching that covers the walls, fills the windows, and the Catherine wheels, twines into screens, balustrades, and the buttresses; forms corbels and canopies; under the name of tabernacle work adorns the surface; and under that of fan work, is woven round the groins of the richest Gothic edifices.

‘The apertures of former architectural styles, widened and multiplied; the supports lengthened and compressed; the vast masses, made to hover in air with but slight stays on earth, by the very principle of the pointed style, even where it appeared in its soberest and most subdued shape, suggested the idea of still increasing the surprise produced by these circumstances, by doing away with every remains of solid wall that could be dispensed with; trusting for support to the pillars alone; so situating those pillars that their angles only should face each other and the spectators, and their sides should fly away from the eye in a diagonal line; subdividing every surface that could not be entirely suppressed into such a number of parts, or perforating it so variously and so ingeniously as to make it light as a film, or transparent as a gauze; and increasing to the utmost the width of every window, and the height of every vault. The number of arches, all pointed, and the curious intersections of their curves (produced by the groins), and the complicated plan of Gothic edifices, suggested the idea of creating forms and combinations still more varied and complex, by subdividing their sweep into trefoils and quatrefoils, and other curious scollings; by making their bend, where feasible, in imitation of the ogive moulding, after showing a convex, exhibit a concave line, and after turning down, incline upwards, or finally, as we see them in some of the latest buildings in France, Germany, and Belgium, from their very base, curl up, Cross springers were even sent down from their highest apex ere they reached their point of in-

tersection ; and made to re-approach the ground in drops, without any direct support whatever, suspended and hovering over the heads of the living community, as canopies were made to surmount statues of saints in stone and marble. Lastly, the arches, and pediments, and gables, and gablets, and roofs, and spires, and pinnacles, and broaches, everywhere multiplied, and everywhere sharpened to the utmost, fomenting the taste for the meagre, the angular, and the broken, gave the idea of repeating these dispositions in every ornamental modification in which they were less useful, until every piece of architecture, stationary or moveable, from the cathedral to the stall and the footstool, looked like a bundle of faggots, or a mass of conductors.'—p. 431.

This is a long extract ; and we do not propose to subscribe to all the criticism which it contains ; but it is animated and picturesque, and asserts strongly the axiom which architects must study and bear in mind, that in any perfect work or pure style, however various and dissimilar the parts may be, they must be held together and harmonised all of them by some one predominating principle, and that such a principle does exist in the Gothic as much as in the Grecian.

What this germ or fundamental principle of these two styles respectively was, has been suggested by Mr. Hope, and many other writers. But no one has placed it forward so prominently as Mr. Whewell. Horizontalism, if the expression may be used, is the characteristic of Grecian ; verticalism of the Gothic. Although the full application of these principles has not yet been traced out, we may consider them to be now satisfactorily ascertained, and generally recognized. This is the third great step which has been made towards a just appreciation and revival of true architecture :—

'A leading circumstance,' says Dr. Whewell, 'in the formation of the Gothic style, is the introduction of vertical arrangements and lines of references in the place of the horizontal members, which predominate in Grecian and Roman architecture. This appears to be the most general and most exact view which we can take of the change ; and this view will be found to include several subordinate principles, which have been noticed by various writers.'—p. 215.

And after suggesting some of the corruptions and disorders introduced into the Greek by the intrusion of the circular arch in the Roman style, he proceeds in a very interesting and philosophical manner :—

'Persons were wanted in order to give a new principle of unity to that which had lost the old one. The ornaments, openings, windows, pillars, which had formerly been governed by the most imperative rules of horizontal arrangement, had been disbanded, or at least their discipline

had become good for nothing. The Gothic architect restored the reign of order, and rallied these vague elements in a vertical line. A new thought, a new idea, was infused into the conception of such members, which at once gave them connection and fixity. The previous change from classical architecture had been a breaking up of the connection of parts, multiplicity without fertility, violation of rules without gaining of object, degradation, barbarism. The change now became one of the formation of connection ; the establishment of arrangements which were fertile in beautiful and convenient combinations, reformation, selection of the good, rejection of the mere customary. . . . Some master-spirit seized the principle which reduced all the broken and discordant elements to harmony. It was perceived that, by treating the pier and the arch as a collection of members of the same kind, by substituting fine bundles of moulding for the edges of a perforation in a wall, by carrying leading lines from the floor to the vault, and by arranging all the smaller portions with reference to the symmetry of the compartment thus produced—by rejecting or subordinating all horizontal entablature, square abacuses, flat tops of arches, rectangular surfaces—there was produced a consistent whole. It was seen that the system thus formed presented a harmony in its lines and divisions to the internal spectator ; was capable of being formed into the boldest and loftiest towers ; was susceptible of almost inexhaustible modification, without any violence to its constituent members, and of almost unbounded decoration, without obscuring its characteristic features ; and thus possessed a principle of vitality and unity which made it a style of architecture, as its utility and convenience made it a mode of building.'—*Whewell*, p. 222.

In this passage, we believe, lies the clue to the whole mystery of Gothic architecture. For a mystery it is and has been ; and the lovers of true and elevated art may be congratulated on the restoration of that union between a deep philosophy and creations of taste, without which the former must be unintelligible to the great bulk of mankind, and the latter must degenerate into barbarism and falsity.

With the establishment of the three principles which we have adverted to, there seems now, for the first time, to be a chance of our restoring architecture to the position which it once occupied, and recovering—not from tradition, which has perished, but by the same means of philosophical analysis which first developed scientifically the Gothic style, that knowledge of its capacities, applications, and resources, which was possessed by the craft of freemasons, but has so long been lost. Of this remarkable institution Mr. Hope has given a most interesting account, which we wish we had space to extract (chap. xxi.). But it deserves to be studied and illustrated ; and however difficult it is to

ascertain such points of history, the view which he has given is not only consistent with acknowledged facts, but explains some of the most perplexing phenomena in the development of Gothic architecture; such as the regularity of its transitions; the rapidity with which each new modification spread into distant countries; the permanent analogies visible in it, which enable the architect to construct from it almost a science of comparative anatomy; the depth of mechanical skill and purity of taste displayed in its arrangement; its connection with religion; and the sudden corruption which penetrated into all its parts as soon as the masonic institution was practically destroyed.

Our present object, however, is to suggest to those who can devote time and labour to the work, a still further prosecution of the question which Mr. Hope and Mr. Whewell have here proposed, and to trace not only the gradual introduction of the vertical principle into the architecture of the middle ages, but its subsequent expansion, through all its details, into a pure and perfect style.

It is not enough for us to take one prominent feature, such as the pointed arch, and to denominate any building where it occurs Gothic, or by what other name we choose to distinguish that style. A style is a system of parts, which, however varied and multiplied, yet repeat and continue in all some one primary type and impression, and of which the beauty and harmony consist in their reconciling unity with diversity. And if the following suggestions tend to encourage this inquiry, they will not have been made in vain.

One primary rule, then, for all architecture Mr. Pugin in his lectures has treated at some length in its application to Gothic, but without exhausting the subject. For instance, it should be remembered that the object of architecture as an art is primarily utility—it is to procure shelter. If no shelter were required, there would be no houses and no temples. Ornament, indeed, and beauty it both admits and may require; but the ornament must be subservient to utility, or a law of reason is violated, and with a sacrifice of truth there must also be a sacrifice of real beauty. We should thus have none of those amazing exhibitions which Mr. Pugin's amusing sketches, scarcely caricatures, have offered us; no castles with French windows down to the ground; no battlemented walls without space for soldiers to stand behind them; no towers without objects to defend, or stairs to mount to the top; no pinnacles where they load and break down a wall instead of strengthening a buttress; no great abbey-window, where light is not required; and no church turret

where there are no bells to ring. Mere ornament can never please permanently, because pleasure by itself cannot be a primary object with a sensible man either to give or to receive. A wrong intention in this point mars the character of the whole. The moment an artist can give no other account of any part of his work than that it is planned to please, he departs from his high function, as associated with philosophers and the church, in the education and improvement of man, and becomes a mere pander to their enjoyment. On the other hand, in subordination to and furtherance of a higher object, the artist rightly endeavours to please; even as in the necessity of sustaining life, nature has annexed a pleasure to the partaking of food, though to eat for the purpose of pleasure is sensual and degrading. In architecture, therefore, whatever is necessary or useful may also be embellished; but the embellishment must not be such as to detract from the use, nor even from the appearance of use. And yet it must be remembered that usefulness has a wide signification. In building it is not confined merely to the parts which hold together the structure; but that which impresses the feelings properly, which excites right and fit emotions, which assists in conveying true ideas, which exhibits good dispositions in the artist,—all this is useful,—and a necessary part of the utility of a building; because the fancy and the feeling are necessary parts of man's nature, and must be acted upon in connection with his intellect and his body. Four bare walls and a thatched roof fill up the utility of a church, if it be a place of meeting solely for beings composed of bodies: but men have also minds; and these walls and this roof should therefore be shaped and coloured into forms, which may symbolise great truths, which may awe, soothe, quiet, or strengthen the feelings of religion; which may exhibit their fellow men by whom such buildings were raised, as themselves, in the attitude of devotion, and as devoting their means and their labours, even lavishly, to the service of Him from whom they derived their all. Everything of this kind comes within the compass of strict utility, because it is useful thus to affect the mind. And yet this utility will be destroyed the moment the production of feeling or the stimulation of the fancy is made an ultimate end; because neither feeling nor fancy are good in themselves, nor to be encouraged, except in reference to a higher end of truth. Thus vastness is an element of the sublime, and the sublime is an element of religion; and in our cathedrals, which were built not only as the type and expression of the whole

body of Christians in the diocese, but as the place where, on great festivals, they might all resort, vastness is appropriate, and produces its effect on the feeling without the sense of incongruity. But to build a cathedral for a small-populated parish would be idle. It would be an attempt to excite feeling without a groundwork of truth. So also a profusion of real tracery is useful, as expressing the elaborateness and care with which every work of religion was by our ancestors of old, and should be by us now, finished in all its minutiae and details; but the moment the ornamental parts are either not intrinsically subservient to some high purpose, or are unreal, tawdry, mock, or cheap, they become positive blemishes. Composition tracery, plaster ceilings, imitation stone-work, all those inventions in which modern days so much delight, and the object of which is to disguise real poverty, and to affect a false wealth, are unworthy of any artist building for a great and true purpose, but most unworthy of one who is engaged in a work of religion. In religion it becomes hypocrisy, and shames the builder by the confession that he knows what should be done, but will not make the sacrifice to do it.

There is also a peculiar feature in architecture which distinguishes it from the art of dress, and indeed from most other imitative arts. It is essentially a social art. Dress regards the man as an individual; but a house, *oikos*, represents him at least as a member of a family. In the very lowest form it is domestic. The moment it is confined to the individual, as in the cell of a hermit, it ceases to be more than an enlarged suit of clothes—a cloak or coat—often in rags, and shapeless, and dirty, differing only from man's ordinary dress in being fixed to one spot. Thus a private house represents a family; a church represents a Christian assembly; and a guildhall a municipal corporation; and a castle a little army; and a palace a monarchical state. Society, in all its forms, is typified and represented by building;—and it is because we have lost sight of this fact that men now propose to build palaces in the shape of cathedrals; lodges to private-houses in the form of Grecian temples; churches like the halls of justice; merchants' villas like feudal castles; family mansions in the form of colleges; and colleges on the plan of family mansions. Each builder thinks only of his own whim or fancy, or character, and builds as an individual; whereas, if he were an individual only, he would scarcely think of building at all.

Again, society is not merely the association of one generation, but of many—nay, of all

successive generations. And, therefore, the buildings which represent it should represent it in a permanent form. When the booths in which plays were acted were first exchanged for wooden theatres, and wooden theatres afterwards were abandoned for solid masonry, at the public expense, a great moral revolution was indicated. It told that a whole nation, instead of being content with throwing itself into the form of recreation for a few hours at certain intervals, had taken that shape permanently, and intended to transmit it to their posterity. And when the solid fabrics which our ancestors raised for their families were abandoned for brick and lath, and plaster of Paris, it told us that men no longer thought of handing down their family name and house as a permanent heritage. And when the rich ornaments of our churches ceased to be carved out of stone, and were imitated in wood, and paint, and composition, there may be traced at the same time a falling off in that sense of security, and solidity, and eternity, with which the church and the truths belonging to it were invested in the eyes of men who knew no higher duty than to transmit them unimpaired to posterity, and to this sacrificed their all, with the certainty that, through whatever changes of outward things, the church itself would never be allowed to perish.

These principles are not mere abstractions, but the neglect of them practically destroys the effect of our best works in architecture. They are the cause of the dissatisfaction and uneasiness, with which not only thoughtful men but even ignorant spectators regard many buildings which to the mere eye may be almost faultless. For there is an instinctive sense of propriety and reality in every mind. And it is not true, as a great authority has said, that in art we are satisfied with contemplating the work without thinking of the artist. On the contrary, the artist himself is one great object in the work. It is as embodying the energies and excellences of the human mind, as exhibiting the efforts of genius, as symbolizing high feeling, that we most value the creations of art. Without design, the representations of art are merely fantastical; and without the thought of a designer acting upon fixed principles, in accordance with a high standard of goodness and truth, half the charm of design is lost.

But we must not be led farther from the immediate object before us, which is to follow out the line opened by Mr. Hope and Mr. Whewell, and suggest some extension of their observations. It is evident, at the first glance, that there is a peculiar character in the Gothic, which distinguishes it from the

Egyptian, Moorish, Greek, and Chinese styles of architecture; that this character is not confined to the pointed arch, for the foliage of a Greek capital, or the fluting of a Doric pillar, would be as inappropriate to a Gothic building as a circular arch. No style is so remarkable as the Gothic for the multiplicity of its details and parts, and for the variety of its characteristic features. Vastness, infinity, mystery, richness, lightness, solidity, gloom, intricacy, irregularity, elevation—are all characteristics of the Gothic; and these effects are produced by a number of details, mouldings, columns, arches, windows, tracery, groining of roofs, corbels, canopies, and niches, grotesque carvings, painted glass, pinnacles, turrets, and spires, with accessories of various kinds. Now both these characteristic expressions, and these forms by which the expression is produced, differ much one with the other. There is, for instance, no obvious analogy between a pointed arch and a clustered column—between a Gothic capital and a groined roof—nor between a battlemented tower and painted glass; and yet every one will acknowledge that each of these are appropriate to a Gothic building, and inappropriate to a Grecian. A great architect, it is said, did indeed once propose to put a Grecian portico before the front of old St. Paul's, and to erect the dome of St. Paul's in the centre of Westminster Abbey—both projects, happily for the incredulous, being still, we believe, upon record. But, under the auspices of our new architectural societies, it is to be hoped that not even a village churchwarden could now be found to perpetrate such enormities. And when it is asked why are they enormities? this is the very question which we propose to ask ourselves. What is there in common between all these various portions of certain buildings, which renders their construction productive of unity, harmony, and beauty? If this is discovered, we shall have ascertained the true principle of Gothic architecture; and, having ascertained this, we shall possess a true touchstone, by which to try and criticise it in all its various periods and combinations.

Now it is evident, in the first place, that the effects of architecture must depend on the combination of figures. Colouring, indeed, is important; but it is so chiefly as bringing out figures. Perhaps in itself it should never be made an object of direct consciousness, either in building or any art. It should be felt without being perceived. Nothing can be more gorgeous in reality than the colouring of nature: the deep blue of the sky and the sea, the rich dyes of foliage, and even of soil, particularly when lighted up at

sunset. And yet these are so harmonized and arranged that they rarely strike, though they always please. Colouring, in fact, is a mere sensual quality; it involves, comparatively, little or no perception of relation, and therefore little exercise of thought, and addresses itself exclusively to produce feeling. It should therefore be always made subordinate to figures, as figures should be subordinate to expression.

But, secondly, configuration being the principal business of architecture, it is evident that figures themselves, however various, must be resolvable into lines; and these elementary lines will perhaps supply us with a key to the different styles of architecture. They may then be reduced into five; two curves, one of them convex \cup , and the other concave \cap ; and three straight; one of them horizontal —, the other perpendicular $|$, and the third oblique $/$. No other simple elementary line can be found beyond these; and the theory which we wish to suggest is, that in each of these is to be found the germ of a peculiar style. Five styles may be enumerated as remarkably distinguished from each other in their characteristic forms—the Saracenic, the Chinese, the Egyptian, the Greek, and the so-called Gothic. There is none perhaps which is not a corruption or a combination of some one or more of these; and if it could be shown that peculiar circumstances in the history and association of each people and period, in which these styles were introduced, had directed attention severally to particular lines, as symbolical of certain ideas, or as the natural expression of certain feelings, or incidentally from mere utility; and again, that other peculiar circumstances had led to the connection with them of certain figures, so that it should be natural for each of them severally to spring out, and develop themselves in certain forms rather than in others, just as the same simple fact in natural science will, according to accidental association, run out in one mind into one train of thought, and in another mind into another—we may then have gained some step towards the formation of a true philosophical theory—true, because profound, and profound because true—in the science and the taste of architecture.

To enter into the whole field of this inquiry is beyond our limits at present: but if any one will turn to drawings of Chinese buildings, he will recognize at once, and in the roof as the most prominent part, which, as involving the utility of the edifice, is the most important, and therefore gives the character to the rest, the constant recurrence

of one of these lines, which is found rarely in any other style, namely, the concave \sim . It is to be feared that the slightness of our acquaintance with Chinese habits of thought and history, and still more our ignorance of those secret mysterious analogies, which make lines, and figures, and movements, and colour, and material objects generally, real and designed representatives of moral and intellectual impressions, would render it difficult to account for their adoption of this elementary line. But the fact is unquestioned. Mr. Hope, indeed, with much probability, traces it to a rigid imitation of the Tartar tent:—


‘From this universal propensity to retrace, in the latter method of construction, the forms of the earlier materials, we shall see that of the Chinese still resemble, in all its parts, those of the tent, its original type. In the wooden pillars, destitute of marked bases and capitals, which support the ceilings in such numbers, we see the poles: in the roofs, which from these pillars project so far, convex (which externally gives the concave) alike in their spine, their sides, and ribs, the awning of hides, or pliant stuffs, spread over ropes and bamboos; in the curling spikes that fringe their eaves, the hooks and fastenings; in the lowness and spread, and clustering of the different parts, the whole form, and appearance, and character belonging to the residences of the herdsmen, their ancestors. Chinese houses seem to cling to posts which, when planted in the ground, have struck out and become fixed. The palaces only look like a number of collected awnings, and the very pagodas or towers in their loftiness are nothing more than a number of tents, piled on the top instead of standing by the side of each other. The aggregate dwellings, from the smallest village to imperial Pekin itself, in their distribution, resemble nothing but a camp; and when Lord Macartney, after crossing the whole of the Chinese empire, from south to north—from Canton to the great wall, its farthest length—was, on the borders of Tartary, received by the emperor in a real tent, he scarcely perceived any difference to exist between it and the millions of tributary buildings he had viewed.’—p. 24.

And there is something not a little interesting in the theory which would thus trace in Chinese architecture the same rigid undeviating adherence to ancient notions, on which the stability of their empire is evidently made to rest.

If the reader will now turn to the Moorish style, he will find (and for the same reason, in the same part of the building) that the convex \cap is here equally predominant. A Turkish mosque is a little forest of domes—the minarets swell out into bulbs, the arches bend into horseshoes; and though, among the Arabs, as among the Christians, the introduction of the angle into the curve of the arch


was suggested, and almost forced on them, it never seems to have taken root, as it were, or to have developed itself in those remarkable results, which ended in the production of a pure Gothic architecture. Something was wanting in the habits of thought and feeling to render it equally productive. Whether the taste for the concave line among the Saracens flowed from a barbarous imitation of a corrupted Romanesque, or was associated with any astronomical notions—which is not improbable—we will not stop to inquire. Moorish architecture, like Chinese, though sufficiently characteristic, has never become systematised. Its primary line is one which is evidently incapable of producing variety, or throwing itself out into general combinations. And we may turn therefore to the three other styles in which the theory here suggested is more strikingly illustrated.

Of the three straight lines—the horizontal, the perpendicular, and the oblique—the last is the one, which was evidently the germ of the Egyptian; and we know enough of their institutions and associations to account not only for the selection of it, but for its running out into the peculiar figure of Egyptian architecture. This figure, if our reader will turn to any work which represents Egyptian buildings, he will see to be that of

a truncated cone or triangle . He will trace it in the shape of the façades of the temple, in the doorways, in the form of the columns, and the intercolumniations themselves, in the pyramids, the obelisks, the sphinxes—everything, in fact, which is peculiarly Egyptian. It will meet him at every turn. Here again is the fact which will not be disputed, however we may differ as to its explanation; and the question before us is, what is the connection between this confessedly Egyptian figure and the oblique line, which is assumed to be the element of all Egyptian architecture?

To prove this connection, it must be shown that there was something in the predominant circumstances of Egyptian art, employed as it chiefly was upon religious buildings, which led first to the employment in them of the oblique line chiefly; and then from it to the natural suggestion of the figure of a truncated cone; and this is not difficult. The whole history of Egypt in its art, as well as in its politics and religion, exhibits one primary idea impressed on every part, the idea of unlimited but unvarying progression. It exhibits society under the presence of an enormous hierarchical power, which was not allowed to run into abuse, and destroy itself by its own excesses, but maintained a firm mas-

tery and direction over the minds of the whole nation; knowing no other object than to preserve its power unincreased or undiminished; content to hand down its treasures of hereditary knowledge without thinking of additions to it; employing art to overawe the imagination; leading on generation after generation in a monotonous, undeviating procession of castes and families; guarding them on each side by gigantic institutions, consolidated by time and by religion; and bringing them up with an oppressive vigilance over thought, word, and action, in a slow approach to the awful portals of a mysterious eternity, beyond which little was unveiled, except to the priesthood themselves. Even art—sculpture, and painting, and music, and medicine, were, we know, among the Egyptians subject to a most rigid superintendence, which prohibited all variation. And this peculiar cast of thought, derived as it was from their political and religious system, and emblematical of it, exhibited itself in their religious worship, as we know to be the fact, chiefly in the form of processions. Processions are the natural expression of a dominant power.

But processions move on in a line; and the line constantly presented to the eye of Egyptian art, when employed in architecture, and to that of the Egyptian people when engaged in devotion, was the oblique, or foreshortened and projected line, such as is presented to every one who is advancing from one point to another straight before him. And this line suggested an avenue, and accordingly the approach to Egyptian temples was made through avenues of obelisks and sphinxes, forming in fact the real temple for the people, as the mysterious halls within the portals of the building, to which they led, were reserved for the priests and the initiated. But this avenue gives us the figure. As the oblique is the Egyptian line, what would be the Egyptian figure suggested by it, but the truncated triangle formed according to the laws of perspective, by the two lateral lines of an avenue, converging not to a point but to the front of a portico , and harmoniz-

ing completely with ideas of grandeur, solidity, and immutability. And such being the primary figure, it was repeated on every part, in order to preserve unity and harmony—unity and harmony being rendered perfectly compatible with great variety and multiplicity of detail, provided each variation be only a repetition, however modified, of the one primary type or figure.

We cannot dwell more on this point; but it may be sufficient to give a general notice

of the hypothesis, that the peculiarities in a consistent style of architecture depend on its adoption of some peculiar figure, on which it works as a base; that this figure was generated or suggested by some peculiar elementary line; and that the adoption of this line depended on peculiar circumstances, and habits of thought in the age in which the style originated.

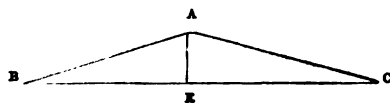
In turning to the Grecian architecture, the type of it is evidently to be found in a different line, the horizontal——: and it must be traced in a similar way. Let the reader turn to prints of the Grecian temples, even as late as the Parthenon, and he will find, as he might naturally expect among a people whose art, and wisdom, and theology came originally from Egypt, vestiges of the Egyptian type still distinguishable in the shape of the Doric columns, the figure of the door-ways, and even in the form of the façades. Even the Parthenon does not present a parallelogram, but the frustum of a pyramid or truncated triangle, though the transition from it is evidently approaching. But the avenues are abandoned. The Grecian temples stand by themselves, not as termini for lengthened processions, but as insulated objects for the eye. And as, under a more popular form of religion, the people were no longer to be marshalled in solemn processions under the command of an overruling, perhaps a tyrannical, hierarchy, but to be gathered familiarly under the porticos of their temples, the porticos became the chief and most prominent feature in the Grecian architecture. But a portico was for use. Art in those days was not yet become meretricious to serve any primary purpose but use: and its use was shelter; and the shelter was found in the roof; and in the roof, as before observed, is therefore to be found the characteristic feature of the new style, just as the characteristic line of the Egyptian was found in its most important part, the avenue. But the roof of a portico presents a horizontal line: and—although an eye accustomed, by the peculiarities of Gothic architecture, to search for the picturesque instead of the beautiful, might delight to fix itself at the angle of a Grecian colonnade, and so throw it into the Egyptian form, pillar dwindling behind pillar, and the lines of the base and the cornice converging into the truncated cone—such was not the temper of Grecian taste. It delighted in symmetry, and proportion, and regularity; in measuring relations, in adjusting parts, in taking centres, and forming systems, placing itself as a critic and spectator, and referring every object to its own eye. Remember the high rationalistic power of the Greek intellect, and its self-conceit; and how the power,

stimulated by the conceit, acted on every subject brought within the range of the Greek mind, so as to convert its old traditional theology into philosophy, and its old traditional philosophy into schools and sects of scepticism, and its government into democracy, and its morals into self-will and licentiousness, and its life into self-indulgence, and its religious worship into a luxury of the imagination and the senses, and its science into an amusement for capacious wrangling intellects, and its art into an imitation of mere humanity, and an arrangement of symmetrical parts and flowing lines: and then we may trace the altered form and character of the Greek architecture to the altered form and character of the human mind after its transition from the hierarchal monasteries and oppressive monotonous region of Egypt, to the stimulating atmosphere, and free soil, and unfettered habits of the Grecian colonies.

Imagine then a Greek portico first contrived for shelter, and then to be ornamented for the gratification of an intellectual criticising eye, fond of symmetry and regularity; and the line which will present itself as the basis of the whole will be a horizontal line, the eye of the spectator being fixed from a distance on the centre. Accordingly in a pure Grecian building it is this line—the line of the architrave, frieze, and cornice, which, as occupying the most prominent place, receives the greatest amount of ornament; and from it are developed all the other parts of the building. This is an important fact, and ought to be carefully studied in order to appreciate the real deterioration of Greek architecture introduced by later styles, especially by the Romans.

What then are the figures which such a line as contemplated under these circumstances, and by a mind with these habits of thought, would naturally suggest? If there are any such, they will be the figures peculiarly appropriated to Grecian architecture. And the Grecian figures are few and well known: they are the parallelogram more than the square, the depressed triangle exhibited in the pediment, never an elevated pyramid; the circle, and such elliptical curves as express the greatest degree of ease and freedom in the flow, with the least restraint and fewest interruptions. And we ought to be able to show how these and no others were generated from the horizontal line, just as the figure of the truncated triangle was generated from the oblique projected line of the Egyptians. Place then an eye in the bisection of a line, having for its object to measure and symmetrize the two portions of it, and according to the laws of common optics, by which every human being works

unconsciously in its daily operations of vision as well as in following out the theorems of Euclid, its first operation must be to draw a



triangle. It will take a point A, somewhere above the line B C (for the eye naturally mounts upward), and from this it will drop unconsciously two lines, A B, A C, and by these lines, and the angles they include, it will measure the comparative length of E B and E C, which is the object in view. We ask even a child to observe the process, by which unconsciously he bisects a line before him, and he will recognise it to be this. He does not go much above the basement line, for then he would not be able to bring the two portions of it into close contact and comparison, but just high enough to make angles at B and C large enough to be measured by the eye: and hence it is that a low pediment—not too low, but still low—is a distinctive feature in Grecian architecture; that a high pediment is faulty; that a pediment applied to a line of columns so long as not to be capable of being measured at one view, is out of place; that the centre of the pediment is always the centre of the building; that being one of the first parts followed out by the eye, it is susceptible with propriety of much ornament; and that it is applied with propriety only to the façade of the building, fronting the point where the eye of the spectator is supposed to be fixed. The figure is beautiful in fact, and peculiarly appropriate to Grecian architecture, because it falls in with the natural action of the eye. For the same reason, the parallelogram, the square, and the circle, all which figures are formed by measuring equal distances, and observing a symmetrical arrangement of parts, are in harmony with the Grecian style; and the oblong parallelogram still more than the square, because it is laterally developed from the apex of the depressed triangle and the basement line. They are each produced by one and the same kind of mental operation. And the elliptical curves, easy, flowing, and unbroken, which are employed in the ornamental parts, are for the same reason appropriate, because they coincide with the natural tendency of a Grecian fancy and feeling.

If we follow up this principle still further we shall observe that, as the horizontal line of the cornice is the basis, from which all the other parts originally flow, in the most pure and primitive Grecian style, as the pediment is made to drop upon it, so the pillars themselves and all the minutest subordinate orna-

ments flow downwards from it. Compare the best specimens of Doric and the later corruptions of Greek architecture which succeeded it, and a remarkable difference will be observed on this point. In the former, the fluting of the pillars, the triglyphs, the guttæ, the minutest details in fact, are managed to carry the eye downwards from the cornice, until it reaches the base; and then it was made to rest upon a solid substructure, binding the whole together by one horizontal line, as the corresponding line of the cornice locked it together from above. And in all this there was no interruption to the natural action of the eye; every part was in unity and harmony with the primary idea, and the whole was beautiful. But in the later Greek style this perfect harmony soon begins to disappear. The fundamental principle of utility is lost sight of, and the columns, which are mere accessories, are made the chief and most ornamental part, instead of the architrave or roof. The point on which the eye is to rest, and which is therefore most elaborately worked, is lowered to the capital of the pillar, and from that to the fluted shaft. Instead of preserving the uniform descending lines from the frieze, ascending lines are introduced; that is, by giving bases to the pillars, and altering their proportions, the eye is carried up from the ground to the architrave, and thus two counteracting movements are brought into collision, and simplicity is destroyed.

When the Grecian architecture was transferred to a Roman soil, a still further corruption took place. If Rome suffered herself to be led captive by Grecian art, she still retained much of her original wildness and uncouthness—she never possessed that quick intuition and instinctive sensibility to harmony which characterized the Greeks—and was not only incapable of appreciating the delicacy, which shaped upon one consistent principle even the minutest details of the genuine Greek architecture, but in her attempt to grasp the grand and gigantic she was obliged to combine a number of parts without being able to give them unity. The introduction of the circular arch was the last and most fatal blow to the simplicity of Grecian architecture.

'The seeds of destruction,' says Dr. Whewell most justly, 'were sown in the system of classical architecture as soon as the arch was introduced. For, what was the arch to do, and where was it to be put? It was placed for a long while between two columns, having its own impost, and leaving the columns to do their work in supporting the great entablature. But why were the arch and the entablature to be both there? The entablature was to consist of large blocks, strong enough to support themselves as lintels; the arch was to supersede the necessity of such blocks. Here, therefore, was

no consistency. Again, the arch was in fact the principal line of the opening, notwithstanding that the Romans did not allow it to be attended by anything more than the architraves; and the columns were the principal supports. Why then should not the columns support the arch? This was accordingly soon done, as in Dioclesian's palace at Spalatro: but when this occurs, there is an end of the supremacy of the horizontal entablature lines. Why should not the arch take all the cornice mouldings, and the entablature disappear altogether? There is no stability in the Roman system, nothing satisfactory, nothing final. This architecture therefore went on, as on these principles it should have done, breaking up more and more—arches, columns supporting arches, one order over another, one story over another, tall towers with many windows, coupled pillars, grouped openings, innumerable attempts at variety, repetitions, multiplications and modifications were introduced. All the forms and rules of classical architecture were cast loose, and there was no longer any fixed model or limit to the caprice or adaptations of the builder."—p. 219.

Dr. Whewell has not expressed precisely the mode in which this scene of confusion was generated by the intrusion of the arch. But the account of it is that every fresh curve or circle requires a new centre to be taken by the eye, from which diverging radii may be drawn to the circumference; since, however unconsciously, we must perform this operation in order to obtain an idea of a curve. And every fresh point thus taken introduces a new movement, and thus distracts and disturbs the eye. At first, indeed, these arches, as in the Coliseum, were sunk within the columns, so that the lines did not appear prominently. But even in the Coliseum an observant eye will perceive the distraction caused by the successive horizontal lines of the cornice as confused with the perpendicular lines of the columns; and in order to retain the simple impression of vastness and sublimity, it must in reality sink all these details, and content itself with embracing the one grand outline of the building as a whole.

We have no intention of tracing at present the still further corruption which ensued, when the circular arch was made to rest upon the column, and the barbarisms crept in which are known under the name of Norman and Saxon styles, as well as the early and later Italian. Mr. Hope's work has thrown great light on this point. All alike are corruptions of the Roman; when men, without science or acute sensibility to harmony, were left without Grecian models, and could do little more than combine and multiply the two leading ideas of the Roman, namely, the column and the arch, but without understanding the laws of proportion, or regulating their ornaments upon

any other principle than a capricious fancy. And the fault in all was the same, that, in multiplying parts they introduced a diversity of lines radiating from different centres, and carrying the eye in contrary directions—and a variety of figures, not repetitions or modifications of some one primary type, but each of them unconnected with the other.

The nature of the religious worship was changed. The portico and colonnade, therefore, were no longer the principal object in building; the horizontal line was therefore lost sight of as the fundamental idea, and until a new idea developed itself, every attempt to adapt the old style to new circumstances produced only confusion.

By degrees, however, this new idea did arise, and with it a new style. As processions were the characteristic of the Egyptian worship—and popular gathering round the temple and under the shelter of colonnades was the chief object in the Grecian—so Christianity introduced a wholly new practice, not without its symbolism and mystery, that of collecting a whole assembled congregation under one roof. It is a remarkable peculiarity, full of meaning, and pregnant with important architectural results.

‘Another circumstance,’ says Dr. Whewell, ‘which perhaps still more advanced this change was, that in the Christian temples the worshippers were within the temples, and the edifice was hence calculated for an interior spectator. It is remarkable how necessarily this will be seen, on a little consideration, to change the whole character of the building. A temple, or a series of temples, intended to be seen from without, and formed on the Grecian model, would have a line of entablature, which would have a natural and congruous reference to the horizontal line on which they stand; and it would not happen, in any common point of view, that this reference would be obscure or interrupted. The temple would be seen as a whole, and the entablature of one or of two sides, supported by well-formed pillars, would be simple or beautiful. But for buildings to be seen from within, the case is different. To extend them by an extension of horizontal architraves resting on columns would produce a space without grace, dignity, convenience, or the possibility of being lighted. When such buildings were made spacious and splendid, the height was increased at least in proportion to the other dimensions, probably more; and windows, one range over another, were inserted in order to light this space. The space was covered with a series of vaults, one to each window or group of windows: hence naturally the necessities of such vaulting led to pointed arches, vertical lines, and other Gothic features. But I now observe further, that even without taking into account the consequences of vaulting, the interior view necessarily introduced a style of building which had reference to vertical lines. The interior view of a building occupies the whole

of one field of view, and not a small fraction of it only, like a temple seen at a little distance. Hence the horizontal lines are necessarily displaced and overmatched by the perspective: the sides, however long the building is, are reduced to narrow strips on the retina of a person looking along the edifice; and the two vertical lines which bound the end and divide it from the sides are really the master lines of the whole scene, controlling and regulating all the rest. All the horizontal lines, however strong or long, stop or bend when they come to these vertical boundaries; and the spaces on one side or on the other of them (a side and an end) are occupied by forms and combinations altogether different. The building will therefore then only be reduced to harmony and consistency, when the principal lines and members of the architecture submit to be regulated by these irresistible lines.’—p. 213.

But with Christianity there came also into religion another idea, that of elevation. If permanence and immutability were the characters of the Egyptian system, and symmetry and rationalism those of the Grecian, elevation is the peculiar idea of Christianity. It raised man from the ground, lifted up his nature to a communion with the Deity, led up his eye in constant hope to another world, and a heaven above him; roused his intellect; lightened his cares; broke the fetters of his flesh; sublimed his affections; filled the whole sphere of his vision with grand and aspiring spectacles; shook off the chains of the slave; dignified the helplessness of women; fractured the barriers of castes which kept subjects in perpetual degradation; introduced into the whole man a tone of noble and lofty thought, and imparted it freely to all men. And there is nothing fanciful or arbitrary in asserting a close connection between the moral and spiritual elevation of the Christian doctrines, and the physical form in which the idea soon became embodied. If we cannot express the former without using words derived from the latter—if we cannot witness goodness and power without both thoughts and gestures which mount upwards, we may be sure there is a close and indissoluble connection between the two; and that thoughts which lift themselves up from earth to heaven, will embody themselves in structures exhibiting a similar analogy.

Upon these two new ideas combined there arose the system of Gothic architecture. The perpendicular line was its primary idea; and the necessity of an enclosed roof the circumstance which fecundated it with all its important consequences. Its first movement is to be traced in the piling up of range upon range of disproportioned columns and circular arches, in the structure of towers, and in the unnecessary elevation—unnecessary so far as mere ordinary utility was concerned—

given to the interior of churches. The second may be seen in the attempt to bind two or three stories of arcades together by one shaft running up through them all, and projected from the plane of them, so as to form the prominent and leading line in the building. Externally this was done by buttresses, and internally by the shafts, which are so often found to support the roof. But the fundamental idea of elevation once introduced, it became necessary to remodel all the parts of the building to bring them into accordance with it; and it was in the delicate intuitive perception of this accordance, and the skill with which it was effected, that we must look for the real spirit, from which the perfection of Gothic architecture emanated. The exterior of the roof or ceiling being the principal object, this was probably the first part which required to be adjusted to the new type. A ceiling either flat and horizontal, or circular and barrel-shaped, was felt (this, perhaps, is the only proper word) to be inconsistent with the primary idea of elevation: for either of them compelled the eye to depart from its ascending line, and move in an opposite direction; and perhaps of the two the circular arch was the most inconsistent, because it is not content, like the flat roof, with abruptly cutting short the ascending line. It bent the eye down, and introduced two or three different movements instead of one, by forcing the eye to strike a centre, from which to measure the curve of the arch (that centre being necessarily taken from below), so that the eye was not only not allowed to ascend, but was absolutely depressed—a fact on which depends what is commonly called the heavy, oppressive feeling of a semicircular ceiling.

How, then, was the necessity of an inclosed ceiling to be reconciled with the preservation of the ascending line? There was one mode, and one only; and it is exhibited in the following figure of an equilateral triangle placed on

a vertical parallelogram.



This figure is as

peculiarly Gothic as the truncated triangle is Egyptian, and the depressed triangle, the circle, and the parallelogram are Grecian. It occurs in gables, in spires set upon towers, in pinnacles, in the forms of doors and windows, in the canopies of niches, and is repeated in every part—differing from the form of the Grecian pediment, when placed over a colonnade, in this, that the apex of the triangle is elevated instead of depressed; and elevated, because its use is not, as in Grecian, to measure the equal portions of the horizontal base, but to assist in carrying up the eye according to its original tendency, so as to bring by de-

grees two parallel lines to meet and cover in a space. An elevated pediment is as absurd in Grecian as a depressed pediment is absurd in Gothic. In fact the two ought never to be confounded; for they have totally different uses, and must be framed in all their details upon totally different principles. This would be seen at once by taking the gable of a Gothic house, striking a transverse line beneath it, and ornamenting the pediment as it is ornamented in Grecian, after the model of the architrave and cornice; or, again, take a Grecian pediment, cut away the transverse line of the architrave, and shave off the modillions, dentils, cantalivers, mouldings, and other embellishments which give prominence and consequence to the cornices, and what becomes of the building? One, in fact, is regulated by the internal roof, the other by the external architrave; and on this these differences depend.

But the ascending vertical line being once taken as the leading feature, other parts of the building besides the roof required to be modified to meet it. First, its general outline became changed. Instead of running along the ground, it rose up into towers, and the towers broke away into pinnacles, or shot up into the still more Gothic figure of the spire. Its parts, instead of being symmetrically arranged in mutual correspondence, were clustered in groups of projections, thrown out in apparent disorder from the main fabric, and even studiously diversified, that the eye, instead of indulging the Greek taste for comparing and speculating by a mere intellectual process, might be prevented from any lateral movement, and be carried constantly upwards. A true Gothic taste abhorred that which modern Gothic scarcely ever dispenses with, a centre and two wings. It never placed the spectator, like Grecian art, in any one point, but allowed him to move round and about, making every place a centre from which the eye could rise to some lofty apex, and throw the other parts into the Gothic figure of the elevated triangle set upon a parallelopiped. Again, a Grecian pillar with a base is a corruption, and a Gothic pillar without one is an absurdity; because in pure Grecian the eye was to be carried downward and in Gothic upward, and a base necessarily suggests this ascending movement. Again, the pillars of the Greek style are studiously sunk under the horizontal cornice. The buttresses of the Gothic, which correspond with the columns of the Greek in giving both support and alternations of light and shade, are placed essentially in projections;—and an overhanging cornice, or indeed any cornice at all, is a corruption; because it would substitute a leading

horizontal line instead of a vertical. Again, a circular arch is tolerable, though only tolerable in Grecian, because the depression of the eye, in order to strike a centre, is not entirely at variance with the descending line from the cornice; but in Gothic there is nothing at all with which it can harmonise. Again, a key-stone in a Grecian arch is appropriate, for its bearing is downward: in Gothic it is not endurable. Again, in Grecian, the supporting pillars must bear a proportion to the weight supported; because one of the leading ideas is that of pressure from above. In Gothic, a willow wand may throw up into the air a ponderous stone roof; an angel's wing sustain a tower; or a hand, a flower, a female head, bear up an enormous beam; because, as the eye is springing upwards, there is no sense of weight to be overcome. And the Caryatides in Grecian should all bear the impress of pain and resistance; in pure Gothic, except where for other reasons pain is to be expressed, calmness and ease are the characteristics of the living forms, which are to support the structure. Indeed the profuse introduction of living figures, which characterizes the Gothic, depends on this very circumstance. Life, power, and energy are the natural associations with a movement of elevation. In Grecian they are out of place; and the very smallness of the figures is in harmony with this idea, as indicating greater ease and power; an effect which is destroyed, when, as in the restoration of the Castle chapel at Dublin, the figures are too much magnified. Again, the same law may be traced even in the minutest details. The foliage used in Grecian properly must curve downwards; that of Gothic is to be thrown up. So the mass and outline of a Grecian building must present horizontal lines; that of a Gothic building springs up into a number of detached points and pinnacles. The windows in a Grecian are placed centrally and in lines, one over the other, to preserve the lateral symmetry. In Gothic, they are purposely placed out of the centre, and offer steps and stages, as it were, for the eye to mount upwards, without tempting it to any lateral movement. And perhaps this may be sufficient to suggest the leading idea of Gothic; without keeping which in view, it will be impossible to understand it as a system, to appreciate its details, or imitate without running into absurdities.

But as the moral attributes of Christianity generated a moral tendency in the mind, and that moral tendency vented itself in the adoption of a peculiar line as the basis of its architecture; and this vertical line, when combined with other peculiar circumstances, generated a peculiar figure—so this figure it-

self contained a number of ideas which were gradually developed, and introduced into Gothic architecture a wonderful variety of peculiar features, without at the same time destroying its harmony; because all the features, however distinct, were originally included or implied in the original fundamental figure. For to repeat it again, however multiplied the parts and combinations may be, a whole never loses its unity so long as they are all reducible to one common and primary type. One or two of these peculiar features may be now briefly mentioned.

This is a task which Dr. Whewell has only suggested, and which is well worthy of his inquiring and philosophic mind. It is no less than drawing up for the architect a catalogue of all the forms and combinations which he may be permitted to use, without departing from the simplicity of his original type; and there is no feature in which the Gothic is so superior to the Grecian style as in the fecundity with which it pours out these infinitely various creations from the embryo of the pointed arch.

The first remarkable combination is that of the curve and the angle. There are, indeed, specimens, as in Worcester cathedral, where the converging lines of the window, like those of the gable-ends, are straight, and like those of a pediment. And the effect is perfectly in harmony with the general style; but the pointed arch was immediately a modification of the circular arch, whether it occurred in the apse, or the roof, or the intersection of arched colonnades, or, as Mr. Hope suggests, in the imposition of small arches upon numerous small pillars, or in filling the deep recesses of doorways with a succession of receding arches, of which the outermost occupied a larger, and the innermost a lesser place; and the smaller architraves were no longer framed round concentric circles, but pressed up for convenience into a point; just as a hoop, if bent to a large circle, may retain the circular form, but if forced into a small one will naturally break, and form an angle.*

The truth probably lies not in any one of these theories singly, but in all of them. But little doubt can exist, as was before said, that the pointed arch was formed not directly and solely from the idea of the vertical line, but from the necessity of bringing the circular arch already existing into harmony with it, and that in this effort the curvilinear sections were retained, as richer, more elegant, more fertile in results, and more easy and natural in construction; since the lateral

* A curious specimen of this is found in the entrance of the church of San Ciriaco, at Ancona.

thrust of the arch, which, according to existing principles, must be received upon a pillar, and that a comparatively slight one, was thus brought more to the perpendicular. There is, indeed, in the admission of the curve a slight departure from the type of the vertical line : because, as it was before said, in order to form the idea of a curve, the eye must pass down from various points in it, to the centre, and from thence draw radii to the circumference ; and thus a descending action of the eye is introduced which clashes with its predominating tendency. But the advantages of retaining the curve are too great not to balance this defect ; and the defect itself is diminished and almost made imperceptible in the purest Gothic, by making the curves of the arches segments of very large circles, and thus reducing them as near as possible to straight lines, and throwing them up nearly vertically, instead of bringing them down horizontally, as in the corrupt Tudor styles. This is one reason why the early English and decorated Gothic styles are purer in the form of their arches than the later.

In the combination, then, thus formed of the curve and the angle, is to be found one of the chief secrets of the Gothic, especially of its ornamental features. To preserve this primary type, a type, we may remember, kept constantly before the eye, and impressed deeply on the mind, as a leading characteristic of the architecture, because it occurs repeatedly again and again in the most important and prominent parts of the interior, which, from the nature of Christian worship, is the most important and prominent part of the building—to preserve this primary type, it is necessary in a pure Gothic not only to admit curvilinear as well as angular forms—this was done by the fantastic caprices of the Elizabethan period—but to blend them together, so that one should never appear without the other being essentially connected with it.

If the mullions of the window are thrown up, and bent with the flexibility of an osier wand into flowing reticulations, the flowing lines must be pointed and sharpened with cusps. If the corbels and friezes are to be overlaid with foliage, leaves must be chosen, which, like the vine and the plants from the Holy Land, which are said so often to recur in Gothic, not only have an historical and symbolical meaning, but in the interlacings of their tendrils, and the aculeated outline of their fibres, still unite the angle and the curve. If pinnacles are shot up in sharp and spiky lances, the ridges are covered with the soft climbing convolutions of the calceolus. If the drapery of figures is to be dropped in

flowing lines, those lines are to be broken and stiffened by fractional folds. If, as in Gothic illuminations, the most capricious fancy is allowed to wander into a labyrinth of shapes, bringing together all the productions of earth and air, still they are to be harmonized upon the same principle, of superinducing curves upon angles, and angles upon curves. Even 'the garniture of wooden-cuts,' the images of men, and saints, and martyrs, cast in the flowing mould of nature, must be made

'Strange and uncouth ; dire faces, figures dire,
Sharp-knees, sharp-elbowed, and lean-ankled
too,
With long and ghostly shanks,—forms which
once seen
Could never be forgotten !'—*Wordsworth*.

The just and close mixture of these two elements is one of the criteria of a pure Gothic style. A gradual approximation to it may be traced in the various improvements of the art from the heavy Norman (we use the term without approving it) to the decorated English ; and the sudden degradation of it by the breaking up of the king's masons may be seen in the contrast between Bishop Fox's chantry and the adjoining monuments in Winchester cathedral ; where, among many other barbarisms, nothing is more conspicuous than the separation between the curve and the angle. As the angle came to predominate, it formed the style of Elizabeth and James : as the curve obtained the mastery, it ran wild into the convolutions of the flamboyant style in France ; a curious distinction, which has been generally observed, but not satisfactorily accounted for. And if our readers will follow us still farther—from the mere outward configuration of the material world to the spirit which lies within it, and of which the outward is not the mere husk or shell, but the shadow and copy, bearing on it everywhere the stamp of a spiritual meaning, to which it is linked by a most mysterious but true analogy—it is to this union of the curve and the angle, that, next to its vertical and elevating tendency, the Gothic owes its wonderful power of expression. For just as the elevation of a moral feeling or affection instinctively embodies itself in a physical elevation, so the material curve, from the action which it induces on the eye, is the fit representative and suggester of all that is soft, gentle, easy, delicate, and susceptible, while the angle is the index of the opposite characteristics, and exhibits firmness, severity, sternness, pain, and struggle. Fanciful as this sounds at first, its proof and illustration lie before us all. Look at a

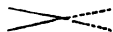
human face, and intuitively we derive from it notions of moral feelings connected with it. If a novelist would describe a character, he paints the lines of the face; he makes them angular or flowing, according as he would represent a man or a woman, a Brutus or an Alexander, a martyr or an angel. There is an architecture in the face formed out of curves and angles, by which we read the soul within. The slightest touch, by extruding one or the other, will alter the whole expression; and it is by attending to these that physiognomists study, and artists embody, the secret movements of our feelings. Let curves predominate, as in Grecian art, and its creations flow out into expressions of ease, indulgence, weakness, and luxury. Let angles prevail, as in Egyptian art, and they become severe, stiffened, and formal, exhibiting everywhere the pressure of an external force, thwarting and intruding on the natural action of the mind. Let them both be united, as in the best German school, and especially in that which is now rising up at Munich, and we possess the true combination; and the power of modifying matter so as to express faithfully a right mental constitution, in which freedom and obedience, law and spontaneity, external control and internal action, relaxation and self-denial, enjoyment and duty, order and ease, pain and pleasure, are blended inseparably and eternally, and each preserved in its due subordination and proportion.

This is the second characteristic which renders Gothic architecture peculiarly appropriate to the exhibition of a true Christianity. And little as we may be inclined to suspect such an analogy, its rise and decay, the changes which it passed through in various countries and at different periods, are no unfit representation of the religious history of the mind. Mr. Pugin has made a mistake in calling it Catholic architecture—in the sense which he gives to the word—meaning by it *Papal*. St. Peter's and the Jesuits churches at Rome are the proper types and representatives of Papal art: vast, brilliant, gaudy, full of pretension, appealing directly and servilely to the imagination, frittered into incongruous details, which it is vainly endeavoured to hold together by a composition rationalistic in reality, while it aspires to an assumption of religion: in fact a republication of heathen architecture without its simplicity, and emblematic of a heathen mind, veiled under the garb of Christianity.

Another important and peculiar Gothic combination is to be found in the figure of the cross. To understand this, it is necessary to trace out the real action of the eye in fol-


lowing the outlines of the pointed arch: for those forms will be appropriate to the style which repeat and harmonize with the forms naturally delineated by the eye in the perception of the primary and most prominent figure.

Whenever then two lines meet in a point, the eye, to become sensible of the angle, cannot stop at the apex, but must proceed onwards beyond the point of intersection



—thus in reality describing a cross of which two limbs are expressed and real, and the other two are imaginary and invisible. The attention of the reader must be drawn to this fact, because it will lead to another remarkable characteristic of the Gothic style. It may indeed be safely asserted that no line whatever, not even a straight one, is perceived by the eye without its thus crossing another. Certainly, in tracing a circle, the eye must revert from various points in the circumference to the centre, and this centre it must find by striking two radii across each other: but this process is not prominently brought forward in the circle as it is in the pointed arc: the angle is here the spot to which the eye is elevated, and on which it finally rests: it occupies the principal place in the process, and thus fixes on the mind an impression which forms a leading type of the style. Observe then how repeatedly the cross, and the cross with ascending lines, appears in Gothic—not only in the grand outline of the building, but in the lateral projections of the smaller transepts, chapels, and buttresses: it crowns the spire, it fills the roof with intersections, the windows with ramifying tracery, the pavement with diagonal lines, the glass with diagonal diamonds. The panels run into each other; double planes of ornament cross and intertwine with each other: vistas are opened on each side of pillared aisles, cutting and shooting across in every direction. Instead of being perplexed, like the Greeks, with the transverse lines, which must occur in the simplest buildings, even in the cuttings of the masonry, and still more, where pillars are introduced, in the divarication of the colonnades, and most of all, when projections are to be thrown out as transepts laterally from the main building—the Gothic architect even luxuriated in the interlacings of his work. It cuts itself at every angle. He prefers rubble to squared stone; roofs brought prominently forward in gables to flattened cornices; a point of view which strikes the junction of the transept and the nave to that from any other external point; square to round towers, and octagonal

to either. And here is a third point in which the Gothic is properly a Christian style: it is symbolical. Symbolism undoubtedly led the Church to select the cross itself as the chief model of its external building; and to desire to place it prominently before the eye in many of the parts. And symbolism in all art is a great excellence, perhaps its essence. Art is (and it cannot be repeated too often) the translation of mind into matter, as philosophy is the translation of matter into mind. Its object is to place before the eye of sense, and therefore before the poor, the ignorant, the unthinking, the child, and the peasant, great truths which by the abstractions of reason they can never reach. It addresses itself also to the feelings; and nature, as if for this very purpose, has established the closest harmony and analogy between the moral and the physical sensations; between the impressions produced by the action of the eye and the ear, and those which seem to have their seat more deeply in the mysteries of the soul. And there can be no pure art, which has not thus its basis in truth; no good building, which does not of itself tell the tale of its destination, and embody in material types the intellectual doctrines which led to its creation, and raise those emotions and feelings which harmonize with and deepen them.

Thirdly—From the fact just mentioned, that the eye in tracing the pointed arch crosses and continues the line at the point of section, coupled with the original ascending tendency of the vertical line, arises a third beautiful form, the ogee line. Let the reader follow the curve of a Gothic arch slowly, and he will find that the moment his eye has passed the apex, it has a natural tendency not only to continue it, but to continue it with an effort to mount upwards, so as to bend back the curve and run it up vertically, thus producing the ogee figure , or that

which approaches more or less to Hogarth's line of beauty. The ease and grace of this flowing outline account for the appropriateness of a vast detail of ornament, particularly in foliage, which might otherwise seem too delicate and easy for the severity and rigidity of an angular Gothic. And a comparison of it with the ellipse, which is the favourite Grecian curve, and beyond which the Greek scarcely ventured further from the regularity of the circle, might perhaps determine many points of distinction in one of the most important but most mysterious questions in architecture, the science of Grecian and Gothic Mouldings. It might appear

from the mode in which the primary ogee of the Gothic is suggested, that it is nowhere so properly introduced as in a vertical plane, where the eye may pass up to the extremity. But there is another problem still more interesting—why is it that this singularly beautiful curve, which is claimed by the Gothic style as so peculiarly its own, can never appear with propriety on the external configuration of a building?

The Turrets of the bad Tudor style, as in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, and in King's College, Cambridge, and the Great Tom Tower at Christ Church, Oxford, exhibit it abundantly in this position; but an eye even moderately accustomed to the details of Gothic must feel that it is out of place, where it strikes against the sky. Intrinsically it is beautiful, but it does not harmonize with a pure Gothic style. And yet the same line curving over an arch, and running up into a rich finial, as in the tombs in Hereford Cathedral, is one of the most exquisite constructions of Gothic art. Even when introduced by itself, as the line which throws up a canopy, as in some few niches, it is not out of place, though still less beautiful. The reason probably is this:—and it may determine several minute but not unimportant questions respecting the application of the ogee;—in the type from which it is drawn, that is, in the line followed by the eye in tracing the pointed arch, the eye will traverse either the interior, that is the concave side of the curve, or the convex. If it traverses the concave, when stopped suddenly at the apex it will run up perpendicularly, suddenly, and to no great height. The second limb of the curve will be comparatively short; and this therefore will be no improper figure for such ogee lines as are introduced in the support of canopies; and even then, it may be added, they can only be used with propriety on a small scale in minute but rich ornamental work, because there is an obviously false architecture, that is, an architecture which sets at defiance the law of gravitation, in making such a flowing line the support of any weight. If, on the other hand, the eye traverses the curve on the convex side, the line which it draws is one which really is bent down and curved forcibly, in opposition to the ascending tendency, over the convex of the arch. It climbs up, as it were, against a resistance, and it is not till it has mastered the projection, and is set free by the termination at the apex, that it is allowed to shoot up freely; more freely and with more pleasure from having been previously chained down and confined, and therefore running up into a more elevated limb. For this reason, in the most beautiful

specimens of the ogee arch, it will be found that they are carefully introduced as canopies over an inner arch, whether that inner arch be single or foliated with cusps. There must be an interior convex figure, either expressed or suggested, over which the ogee may climb and curl. An instance of a similar idea may be found in that beautiful foliage which so generally creeps along the outline of the ogee, in the way of which the architect throws projecting balls or knobs, compelling the leaf to make its way forcibly and slowly over the convex side, and then allowing it to spring up luxuriantly into a waving point, as if glad to escape from its restraint:—

‘Qualis speluncâ subito commota columba,
Cui domus et dulces latebroso in pumice nidi,
Fertur in arva volans, plausumque exterrita
pennis

Dat tecto ingentem: mox aëre lapsa quieto,
Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet
alas.’

Æneid, v. 213.

That this principle, however fanciful it may seem, was really felt and intended in the construction of the ogee, may be further confirmed by observing that the employment of this peculiar foliage in crockets accompanies the ogee in its purest forms; is in itself the result of a gradual growth; and died away with the introduction of more debased lines and depressed arches in the Tudor style, in which the vertical idea is almost lost, and consequently the effort to spring up and ascend is not maintained in the details any more than in the leading lines. Thus in the later Gothic the crockets become mere lateral horizontal processes, breaking the pinnacle like spurs, but not aiding the eye to climb up gradually to the apex. The same principle will also regulate the proportions between the second, or more perpendicular part of the ogee, and the convex part. It must be the proportion to be observed between an effort to surmount a difficulty, and the freedom which follows on having surmounted it, in order to pronounce the real enjoyment which accompanies such an action of the mind. If the convex line is too prolonged, and the ascending ends abruptly, as in the great gate of Christ Church, or if, on the other hand, the convex is cut short, and the ascending part is too much lengthened, in either case the beauty of the line will be destroyed: the arch will be either too heavy, or too light and flowing—according as the one idea of difficulty, or that of ease, predominates to the exclusion of the other.

We can touch at present only on one more Gothic feature, and that partially, which Mr. Pugin has made the subject of his two lec-

tures; and the many others, which may be developed from the germ of the pointed arch, we must reserve to another occasion. Mr. Pugin has not treated his subject very philosophically, or with much insight into the deeper principles of architecture. But the point which he has illustrated is of great importance, and though, as we venture to repeat, he labours under the singular misconception that the beauties of Gothic owed their origin to the Papal and not to the Catholic spirit of the times in which it sprung up, there is much in his little work which is ingenious and interesting. The falsity of such a notion ought to be exposed and insisted on at a time when there seems to be too great a disposition to interest the imagination in matters of religion, and so in young and uninstructed minds to palliate the corruptions of the popish system. And, as before remarked, it might be shown at once by pointing out not only the natural connection and analogy between true Catholic principles and true taste in art; but the similar analogy between the pretensions, exaggerated fancies, appeals to human nature in its corrupt forms, and mixed incongruities of greatness and meanness, truth and falsehood in Popery, with the same characteristic defects, in the architecture which grew up in Italy more immediately under the papal influence, and which are found less and less prevalent in each country in the same proportion as it was free from the worst tendencies of that fearful usurpation:—

‘The object of the present lecture,’ says Mr. Pugin, ‘is to set forth and explain the true principles of pointed or Christian architecture, by the knowledge of which you may be enabled to test architectural excellence. The two great rules for design are these: 1st, that there should be no features about a building which are not necessary for convenience, construction, or propriety; 2d, that all ornaments should consist of enrichment of the essential construction of the building. The neglect of these two rules is the cause of all the bad architecture of the present times. Architectural features are continually tacked on buildings with which they have no connection, merely for the sake of what is called effect; and ornaments are actually constructed, instead of forming the decoration, to which in good taste they should be always subservient. In pure architecture the smallest detail should have a meaning, or serve a purpose; and even the construction itself should vary with the material employed, and the designs should be adapted to the material in which they are executed. Strange as it may appear at first sight, it is in pointed architecture alone that these great principles have been carried out; and I shall be able to illustrate them from the vast cathedral to the simplest section. Moreover, the architects of the Middle Ages were the first who turned the natural properties of

the various materials to their full account, and made their mechanism a vehicle to their art.—p. 1.

These principles, so far as they go, are sound and just. True taste in architecture, as in every other creation, repudiates the attempt to please and please only. Man, even in his most self-indulgent character, has no respect for mere feeling—he is indignant at the thought of being treated as a child, and fed with sugar-plums—and his intellect finds no ground to rest on, or stimulus to curiosity, except where a depth of truth and reality is seen behind the outward veil which is presented to his senses. And it is singular how soon even an untutored eye detects false ornament; how naturally the parts of buildings, which are not arranged upon some definite principles of solid utility and meaning, betray themselves by some striking incongruity, which we feel, though we cannot express it.

The illustrations which Mr. Pugin has given of the many points in which Gothic architecture, as existing in its pure form, is free from this defect, compared even with the most perfect specimens of Grecian, are ingenious and interesting, and we may return to them on some future occasion. The secret of it seems to be found once more in the primary principle of verticalism—and when instead of Gothic, or English, or Pointed, or even Christian, the term Vertical is applied to this style, we shall have made a great step to the right understanding of this as of its other characteristics. The primary law, then, which must be observed in all constructions of solid materials must be the law of gravitation. To suspend a weight in the air, ready, as it may seem to the eye, to fall at each moment, is distressing, not merely to an educated but to an ignorant observer. We are little aware how much secret and almost unconscious fretting, and irritation, and weariness of feeling, is produced by the presence of any object which is not in perfect repose, which suggests tendencies not fulfilled, or keeps the mind in a state of anticipation without gratifying it—and still more if there is an effort or labour suggested by its existing position, or anything to be apprehended from the change which it threatens to make. We were once told by an eminent architect whose studio was surrounded with exquisite copies from the finest ancient statues, that the mere presence of them threw over the whole apartment a charm of quietness, and peacefulness, which was sufficient to relieve his mind after any mental exhaustion, and compose it, as if it were thrown on a sofa. To these statues he once added a collection of Canova's works, and from that time the

whole charm vanished. Instead of inspiring quiet, the room filled him with uneasy and uncomfortable sensations: it was not till Canova's figures were removed that the charm returned; and he could trace the previous loss of it to the forced attitudes, strained muscles, affected expressions, and elaborate pretensions which occur so often in the best works of modern artists—with, we think, the solitary exception of the manly Chantrey. As in sculpture every figure should be exhibited, as much as possible, in that posture in which it might remain for ever without apparent weariness—so in architecture every stone should be hung, where the eye will never anticipate that it is likely to fall.

But as the construction of architecture is mainly intended not only to raise perpendicular walls and lateral protections from the weather, but to cover in a space, the problem immediately presents itself, how to hang in the air the roof, which is required for this purpose. And the obvious solution has been to recur to another law, that of cohesion—by which materials such as skins, tapestry, cordage, chains, architraves of stone, and beams of iron or wood, may be thrown across an empty space without falling to the ground. But, as in the building of a solid wall, these two laws concur and co-operate to produce one effect, the gravitation increasing the cohesion, and the cohesion enforcing the gravitation, so in the framing of unsupported coverings the two laws clash—the greater the weight of the cross materials the greater their tendency to break. And although this is not felt sufficiently to become painful, where the unsupported space is small, as in the just intercolumniation of a portico, it soon begins to create an uneasiness in the mind beyond a certain distance, just as we feel uncomfortable in a cavern, the roof of which may come down upon us, though, from the solidity of the rock, reason and experience assure us of its safety. The Greek architecture endeavours to escape from the difficulty by preserving small dimensions in its intercolumniations—but with the inevitable result of being unable either to throw its buildings up into height without altering the just proportion of its columns, or piling them unconnectedly on each other, or to cover in an interior without crowding the space required with the bases for the necessary support. Sufficient blocks of stone cannot be found to form singly the architraves required for large buildings; and though attempts are made to construct them out of smaller blocks with key-stones, the effect is painful, because the idea of a fracture and fall are thus still more forcibly suggested

With the introduction of the arch this difficulty was partially removed—a covering could thus be thrown over a vast space, and yet retained in its pendent state by the law of gravitation, with only one counter-tendency to apprehend and overcome—that of the lateral pressure. This, indeed, is very great. In St. Peter's, for instance, we believe no less than eight iron bands have been required to correct it—five in the drum, one at the springing of the arch, and two on the surface of the dome itself.*

Now iron is not only in itself an objectionable material to employ, from its tendency to expand and contract with atmospheric changes, but its force depends on cohesion; and that cohesion is not infinite, like that of gravitation, to which we can imagine no limit, but it is capable only of a certain resistance, beyond which it gives way. And therefore a building which depends on it always carries within it the seeds of its own destruction, and the suggestion of its own fall, however distant the event.

The more indeed the existence of the lateral pressure is felt, the more unsatisfactory the form of the arch becomes: because the two laws of gravitation and cohesion are thus brought again into antagonism with each other; and antagonism is the destroyer of repose, and repose is essential to true beauty and enjoyment. But the circular arch is attended with this evil. It compels the eye to strike repeatedly downward in order to trace the curve; hence the heavy, depressed feeling, which Norman and Roman architecture so generally produce. The sense of a downward pressure necessarily suggests the chance of a lateral spread, and then comes the uneasiness of feeling, unless the spread be thoroughly guarded against by some obvious and natural means. Hence it is that the arch supported by pillars, instead of piers, is so meagre and unsatisfactory; and hence the impossibility, even with the aid of the arch, to avoid encumbering the exterior, which we cover in, with heavy masses of support. We are entering at length into this question, because, until the principles of architecture, as of every other art, are brought back to fundamental axioms, and those axioms are laid very deep, seemingly in the mysteries of philosophy, art will be placed on a quicksand, and the creations which it raises will become quicksands themselves. But the conversion of the circular into the pointed arch, and especially the high vertical arch of the purest Gothic, did much to remedy these defects. In the first place, it brought the covering

lines far more into a vertical direction, and so adjusted them better to the law of gravitation. Secondly, by throwing off the eye from the two curves laterally, instead of compelling it to strike a centre perpendicularly from the keystone, it removed the sense of depression, and with this the apprehension of the lateral thrust. Thirdly, by bringing fully into play the vertical tendency, and throwing the eye up uninterruptedly through all the main lines of the building, it still further lightened, indeed removed entirely, the sense of downward pressure: and then came the vertical principle again to correct what still remained of the lateral spread, by permitting the architect not only to spring up solid vertical projections in the shape of buttresses, but to load them at the very point required with pinnacles and towers: so that the whole building is locked in and compacted at every point of danger by the one simple law of gravitation.

For the tendencies of the building, as of the eye, must to a certain degree be multiplied and complicated from the necessity of having multiplied parts. As a single line cannot enclose a space, nor a single ornament describe a figure, so a single law of gravitation is not sufficient to create a building. It may raise a wall, but cannot construct a vault or a roof. How, then, are we to admit a counteracting principle without destroying simplicity and introducing confusion? How is unity to be preserved with this necessity for a diversity of tendencies? Or, to apply the principle to the immediate case before us, how is the perpendicular gravitation recognized in the formation of the arch to be reconciled and harmonized with the lateral thrust? It can only be done by repeating the same perpendicular pressure at another part; and thus locking in the whole building—just as the paramount horizontal line of the Greek portico, though departed from in the descending lines of the pillars, is again returned to, and repeated by the horizontal line of the base. In this point of view even the antagonism of the opposite tendencies becomes harmonized and reduced into unity; just as in a painting, a single spot of colour at variance with the predominating tint is brought at once into order simply by being repeated. The buttresses and pinnacles are the correlatives to the superincumbent weight on the arch. Three tendencies are created instead of two; and the two exterior tendencies, being of one and the same kind, shut up and overrule the middle one, so as not only to prevent discordances, but to produce harmony. The principle, we believe, is one of extensive and deep application to all crea-

* Wood's *Letters of an Architect*, vol. i., p. 367.

tions of art ; but it is difficult to explain, and will be felt by those who contemplate the mechanical construction of a Gothic building, far better than it can be suggested merely through the eye.

But we must close for the present. The principle which Mr. Pugin has illustrated is full of other curious applications. And the whole mystery of Gothic architecture is a subject of such interest at present, that we shall perhaps be pardoned if we pursue it again, and endeavour to trace out still farther the sources of its peculiarities and excellences. In the mean time the lovers of the church may be congratulated that there is so much need of just conceptions on these questions, in consequence of the continued increase of our ecclesiastical buildings ; and that both the universities are contributing zealously to the science by the formation of their valuable societies for the express purpose of promoting it. Among the most useful and beautiful contributions to it yet made is the 'Glossary of Architecture,' published at Oxford ; and we recommend it earnestly to those who are desirous of familiarising themselves with the technical language—without which the study cannot be pursued—and with a number of curious details, which will prepare them for entering into it more deeply and successfully.

ART. V.—*Biblical Researches in Palestine, Mount Sinai, and Arabia Petraea, &c.*

By Edward Robinson, D.D., Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York.

WE opened this work with a feeling of weary despondency at the prospect of three more volumes of *Travels in Palestine*: we closed them with respect and gratitude to the author, not unmingled with a little blameless national jealousy. We are not altogether pleased that for the best and most copious work on the geography and antiquities of the Holy Land, though written in English, we should be indebted to an American divine. The interest of Palestine and its neighbouring provinces is, and must ever be, inexhaustible—the Palestine of the patriarchs, where the pastoral ancestors of the Jews, having been summoned from Mesopotamia, settled with their flocks and herds among the agricultural tribes of its earlier inhabitants—the Palestine of the chosen people, with all their solemn and eventful history—the Palestine of our Lord and his Apostles—the Palestine of Josephus, with the awful wars which ended in the abomination of desolation in the

Holy City—the Palestine of the early pilgrimages, of Jerome and his monastic companions—the Palestine of the crusades, of Godfrey of Bouillon, of Richard Cœur de Lion, and of Saladin ; we may descend still lower—of Napoleon, of Sir Sidney Smith, and of more recent British heroes : in every period, or rather throughout the whole course of time, this hallowed and marvellous country is connected with recollections which belong to the unlearned as well as the learned, to the simple as to the wise. Every scene has its sanctity or its peculiar stirring emotions ; every name awakens some association of wonder, of reverence, or, at least, of laudable curiosity. We must confess, if it were possible to allay or to quench this ardent interest, it would have breathed its last under the countless volumes of travels which have poured, and still threaten to pour, upon us from all the gates of all the publishers in Europe. We have long been well-nigh worn out, and could hardly have pledged ourselves that even our public spirit, our heroic and self-devoted sense of the responsibility of reviewers, would not have failed at the sight of new travels in Palestine. Who is not utterly weary of the religious commonplace which every one who now steams away to the Holy Land complacently imparts to the public ? Who is not still more troubled by the peremptory and dogmatic decisions with which persons, who have never seemed to consider that much previous knowledge and much severe study are required to qualify a traveller in these regions, at once settle questions which have perplexed and divided the profoundest scholars, on the mere credit of having been in the East. It is reported of a very illustrious, very good-hearted, but not highly-educated personage, that in some question relating to early American history, some one quoted the authority of Robertson. 'Robertson ! Robertson !—what should he know of America ?—was he ever there ? I have been !' Upon this principle we presume it is that every individual, young or old, gentle or simple, layman or ecclesiastic, by setting foot in Palestine, springs up at once a divine of authority and an accomplished theologian.

We have not indeed been altogether fortunate, at least since Pococke and Maundrell, in our Palestinian travellers. For the poetry of the Holy Land, for the vivid and earnest expression of religious emotion, for picturesque local description, notwithstanding their affectations and extravagance, we must go to Chateaubriand and Lamartine ; and with some distinction, both for better and for worse, and the consideration that they dwelt chiefly on the crusading associations, to

Michaud and Poujoulat. From the former of these writers no one would seek for information, or suspect that they would on any single occasion sacrifice effect to truth. Their evidences of Christianity being its picturesqueness and its poetry, any tradition, however remote—any legend, however wild—any superstition, however absurd—is mingled up in unquestioning faith, or boastful credulity, with the sincere truths of the Gospel itself. Among our own countrymen we cannot, of course, reckon Burckhardt, who is chiefly however valuable rather for the neighbouring regions than for Palestine proper. One of the best volumes, containing, as it did, real discoveries, told with simplicity and good sense, that of Irby and Mangles, has been retained, by the modesty of its authors, within private circulation. The cleverest of our own travellers, the late Dr. Clarke, was unfortunately possessed with the opinion that everything was wrong, and that he was sent on a sort of special mission of original genius to set it all right. But there is no instinctive perception of that which can only be wrought out by accurate observation and patient study. Clarke only deviated into more obstinate and irreclaimable error. It is, however, a strong proof how little real knowledge, even of Jerusalem itself, can be gleaned from our recent travellers, that we have in vain—and, we assure our readers, with most patient interest—sought for a confutation of Clarke's singular paradox, which placed the city of David on the high ground south of what has always, and rightly, been considered the valley of Hinnom. It seemed first to occur to the authors of the work before us to examine the nature of this ridge and of the country beyond. They have done so, and settled the question for ever.

Thus oppressed under the burthen, we will not say of annual, but quarterly and bi-mestrial travels in Palestine, which have turned out to be little more than the authors' confessions of faith (sincere, we doubt not, for the most part) and testimonials to their own piety (pleasing enough as witnessing to a growing sense of religion, but little more,) it has been with satisfaction, not unmingled with surprise, that we have found in the work of Dr. Robinson more solid and important information on the geography and on the topography of the Holy Land than has accumulated since the date of Reland's '*Palestina*.' These two American travellers (for we must not deprive Dr. Robinson's companion, Mr. Smith, of his due share of the common merit), by patient and systematic investigation, have enabled us to satisfy our minds on many points for which we had in vain sought a

solution in the whole range of travels and geographical treatises. The authors have brought to their task strong, may we venture to say, English good sense, and piety, which can dare to be rational. With the most profound veneration for the truth of the sacred writings, they do not scruple to submit to the test of dispassionate inquiry, and of comparison with the records of scripture, every legend of which this land of wonder is so inexhaustibly fertile. Dr. Robinson has had the advantage of preparing his journals for the press in Berlin, unquestionably the city of Europe in which at present is centred the most profound erudition; he names some of its most distinguished scholars as having assisted him with advice; above all, the great geographer, K. Ritter, whose testimony to the importance of these discoveries comes from perhaps the highest living authority. We should mention that Dr. Robinson's colleague, Mr. Smith, having long resided in the East, was intimately acquainted with the vernacular Arabic, so that, instead of depending, in his communications with the natives, on an ignorant, careless, or designing interpreter, he might be perfectly confident that the questions would be fairly and distinctly put, and the answers reported with conscientious accuracy. By this means he has obtained much useful information as to sites of towns and other local circumstances, from the unsuspicious tradition of the names by which they are now popularly known among the inhabitants.

Dr. Robinson entered the Holy Land from Egypt, and of course the first point of biblical interest which occurred was the passage of the Red Sea. Dr. Robinson concurs with all the best modern scholars in supposing, as indeed the time allotted to their journey imperatively demands, that the Israelites set out upon their Exodus from Goshen, and that Goshen was situated eastward along the Pelusiac branch of the Nile. With Niebuhr, and all the recent authorities, he places the passage of the Israelites over the tongue of the sea some short distance above Suez. The whole of this view of the Exodus is clear, consistent, and strictly accordant with the scriptural narrative. It is singular indeed how much the advocates of a different interpretation have lost sight of the one unerring authority, have excluded or attached but slight weight to circumstances which in the Mosaic writings bear an important place, while they have imagined others without the least warrant from the sacred book.

There are two classes of believers in the miracles of the scripture. One which looks on them with a dim and remote reverence,

not daring to approach them too closely lest they should lose some of their vague and mysterious impressiveness. Their sensitiveness jealously repudiates all distinctness. With them it is a point of piety to aggrandize the miracle to the utmost; it is a sign of a cold, sceptical mind to limit the supernatural agency to that extent which is intimated in the precise terms of the sacred writings. Some of these persons are influenced by an imaginative and poetic temperament: they delight in keeping *everything* connected with religion in a kind of ideal seclusion from the ordinary events of life. But in others of the same class, this sensitive timidity is akin to mistrust: they are haunted with a morbid dread lest they should doubt: but 'if doubt does come—and it cannot always be excluded by their most jealous precautions—they are ill prepared for the conflict. The consequence is often miserable perplexity, if not worse. The second class of believers, whose stronger and firmer groundwork of faith is assuredly better adapted to meet the rude encounter of an inquiring age, delight in realizing these wonderful scenes, in making them live again before their minds. The agreement of all the local, casual, and historical circumstances of the narrative with the age, the region, the manners, affords them a feeling of satisfaction, as completing the full and breathing conception of the events. With them the imagination has a different function: it arranges the whole in a living picture, not floating in a misty haze, but with all the sharp outlines of actual life: it adheres rigidly to its authority, and does not think that it is showing its reverence for the sacred narrative by making larger demands than the inspired writer himself: it shrinks with reverential dread from asserting the divine agency, the divine *miraculous* agency, without distinct and explicit warrant. Truth, in fine, real substantial truth, truth which will bear the most searching investigation, and being grounded on a substantial foundation, will endure the sternest encounter of reason, is the sole ultimate object of their conscientious inquiry; because they are intimately convinced of the identity of truth with the right interpretation of the sacred volume.

This difference of religious temperament is strikingly illustrated by the conflicting theories concerning the scene of the Exodus. We can fully enter into the imaginative view of the wonderful—the glorious event. We can feel the ardent language of the poet when he describes—

'The waves that took their stand
Like crystal walls on either hand;
Or walls of sea-green marble piled
Round some irregular city wild.'

But we have less sympathy with the grave and prosaic commentator on the Scripture, whose presumptuous zeal would fain make the event as wonderful on all points, and in every detail or circumstance, as he can. We may fairly assume that the sacred writer gives us the most marvellous circumstances of the event, at least, to take the lowest view, such as appeared to be so to the eye-witnesses of the scene: that he has left out nothing, which, if it had actually taken place, would have been an intervention of Almighty power, even more wonderful than that which he has related. Nor have we any right to discard any natural agency which may be introduced into the narrative, or to assign it a less share in the event that is ascribed to it by our irrefragable authority. Now the passage of the Red Sea, according to the distinct language of the Mosaic narrative, was effected through the physical agency of the *east wind*; the miraculous intervention being the happy manner in which its operation was timed, and the unusual vehemence with which it was 'caused by the Lord' to blow. The length of the passage is likewise limited by the time assigned for its performance. The east wind began to blow, at the earliest, with the commencement of the night; it blew 'all night;' and a certain time elapsed before it had so far 'divided the waters' as to leave the dry land in the midst, with the waters, as a wall (or defence) on either side. With the dawn Moses 'stretched his hand over the sea,' and the sea returned in its strength, and the Egyptians were overwhelmed 'in the morning watch.' It is clearly then absolutely irreconcilable with this narrative, to carry the Israelites down to any part of the Red Sea where it is twelve or fourteen miles broad. For we need scarcely point out the impossibility of moving a vast body like that of the Israelites, according to the Scriptures not less than two millions, encumbered with women and children, who formed two-thirds of their numbers, in the space of a few hours. There is no intimation of any extraordinary precipitation or speed with which the march was effected, though of course the fears of the fugitives would urge them to the utmost activity; no intimation whatever of any supernatural intervention to accelerate their movements.

We pass at once from the Red Sea to Mount Sinai; and as it is our intention to confine our observations to the more important *geographical* or antiquarian information in these volumes, we shall not dwell upon the personal adventures of our travellers, or their intercourse with the native tribes, which might however furnish many amusing and characteristic illustrations of

Arab manners and opinions. The difficulty, most of our readers are aware, which embarrasses all accounts of this region, is to ascertain which of the mountains is the Horeb, and which the Sinai of the Scripture. The names are used in the Pentateuch with a certain vagueness. The prevalent theory has been to suppose Sinai the general name of the whole mass of mountains, and Horeb that of one particular peak or height. Dr. Robinson assigns some reasons of considerable weight, from the Pentateuch, for supposing Horeb to have been the general name, and Sinai that of the 'Mountain of the Law.' But in what part of this region took place the awful scene of the delivery of the law? The only trustworthy authorities are the eternal hills themselves in their immutable grandeur,* and the next most ancient record we possess, the books of Moses. The local traditions are Christian, monkish, and cannot ascend higher than the fourth century of our era. Even if we suppose the early anchorites, who settled their hermitages in these wild regions, to have gathered some appellations of particular spots, or designations of heights or valleys, from the native Arabs, these must have been Bedowin and Ishmaelitic, and not Jewish traditions. It is justly observed by Dr. Robinson that, 'after the departure of the Israelites from Mount Sinai, there is no account, either in Scripture or elsewhere, of its having been visited by any Jew; except by the Prophet Elijah, when he fled from the machinations of Jezebel. This is the more remarkable, as this region had been the seat of the revelation of their law, to which they clung so tenaciously; and because from the splendour and terrors of that scene, the inspired Hebrew poets were wont to draw their sublimest images.' This unquestionable fact, we would suggest to Dr. Robinson, is less extraordinary than it may seem at first sight. This sort of contemplative reverence for scenes which have witnessed great and important events belongs to a different stage of civilisation and a different religious tone of mind, from that of the Jews, especially during the first centuries which elapsed after the delivery of the law. They were at first of necessity, a busy, active people, engaged in perpetual wars, and in the settlement and cultivation of their new country, constantly lapsing into

the superstitions of the neighbouring nations, and experiencing great reverses: during the whole period of the Judges, alternating between long years of servitude and seasons of deliverance. They were cut off from Sinai by that which they looked on with some natural and more religious abhorrence, the desert, the dwelling place of the Evil Spirit, which at all events was peopled with fierce tribes, whether Edomite or Arab, in general implacably hostile. Sinai could not have been accessible before the great period of their prosperity; and as a pilgrimage to Sinai was not appointed in the law, neither had pious Jews yet begun to adopt usages unsanctioned by the law. From that time, moreover, all their religious veneration was centred, by divine appointment, on one single spot: the Temple was the one hallowed place, in which the God of their fathers maintained his perpetual presence; they had no need of recourse, for the excitement of their religious emotions, to distant scenes. On Sinai God *had* manifested himself in the thunders of his might, and in the consuming fire; but in the Temple God *was* in his felt and acknowledged majesty. Thus there is a complete and inevitable disruption for centuries of the only tradition which could be of any value, that of the children of Israel, who alone witnessed the delivery of the law. Nor does there appear any revival of religious homage to the mountain of the law, except, probably, some vague and general respect for the hallowed region among the wandering tribes of the desert, till the first monastic settlements of the Christians from Egypt. But Egyptian monks, who, like their parent St. Antony, were very ignorant, and prided themselves on their ignorance, were not likely to exercise much critical discernment in the appropriation of particular places to the scriptural account. It would depend on accident, caprice, or fancy, to which of the peaks they would assign the name of Moses; and how they would distribute the vague and unsettled names of Horeb and Sinai. The only trustworthy topography, then, of these wonderful scenes must be formed from the correspondence of the unchanged and unchangeable natural formation of the country with the circumstances of the Mosaic narrative. Though there is no distinct and formal description of the local scenery in the book of Exodus, there are certain broad and general features, indispensable to the circumstances of the transaction. There must be a plain, of considerable extent, in which the whole, or at least a large part of the children of Israel could encamp, bordered at no great distance

* We observe that Rûppell in his *Reise*, an unquestionable authority on such a point, confirms the assertion which has been made, that the region shows no indications whatever of volcanic agency. Many of our readers will understand the bearing and importance of this geological fact.

by some commanding eminence, if not distinctly discernible, at least within the range of vision: this, however, in a region which chiefly consists of mountain peaks intersected by deep ravines or narrow wadies, or valleys, is not so easily found as might be supposed at first sight. Dr. Robinson conceives that he has discovered a part of the mountain range which exactly answers to the scriptural narrative. We cannot pretend to that local knowledge which will enable us to decide either in his favour or against him; but we must acknowledge that his arguments seem so strong, as at least to command an attentive and respectful consideration. First, then, as to the *plain*, our travellers approached the convent by an unusual route. We leave them to describe what they saw.

'As we advanced, the valley still opened wider and wider with a gentle ascent, and became full of shrubs and tufts of herbs, shut in on each side by lofty granite ridges, with rugged, shattered peaks a thousand feet high, while the face of Horeb rose directly before us. Both my companion and myself involuntarily exclaimed, "Here is room enough for a large encampment!" Reaching the top of the ascent, or watershed, a fine broad plain lay before us, sloping down gently towards the S. S. E. enclosed by rugged and venerable mountains of dark granite, stern, naked, splintered peaks and ridges, of indescribable grandeur; and terminated at the distance of more than a mile by the bold and awful front of Horeb, rising perpendicularly in frowning majesty from twelve to fifteen hundred feet in height. It was a scene of solemn grandeur, wholly unexpected, and such as we had never seen; and the associations which at the moment rushed upon our minds were almost overwhelming. As we went on, new points of interest were continually opening to our view. On the left of Horeb, a deep and narrow valley run up S. S. E. between lofty walls of rock, as if in continuation of the S. E. corner of the plain. In this valley, at the distance of near a mile from the plain, stands the convent; and the deep verdure of its fruit trees and cypresses is seen as the traveller approaches,—an oasis of beauty amid scenes of the sternest desolation. At the S. W. corner of the plain the cliffs also retreat, and form a recess or open place extending from the plain westward for some distance. From this recess there runs up a similar narrow valley on the west of Horeb, called el-Leja, parallel to that in which the convent stands; and in it is the deserted convent el-Arba'in, with a garden of olive and other fruit-trees not visible from the plain. A third garden lies at the mouth of el-Leja, and a fourth farther west in the recess just mentioned. The whole plain is called Wady er-Rahah; and the valley of the convent is known to the Arabs as Wady Shu'eib, that is, the Vale of Jethro.

Still advancing, the front of Horeb rose like a wall before us; and one can approach quite to the foot and touch the mount. Directly be-

fore its base is the deep bed of a torrent, by which in the rainy season the waters of el-Leja and the mountains around the recess pass down eastward across the plain, forming the commencement of Wady esh-Sheikh, which then issues by an opening through the cliffs of the eastern mountain,—a fine broad valley affording the only easy access to the plain and convent. As we crossed the plain our feelings were strongly affected, at finding here so unexpectedly a spot so entirely adapted to the scriptural account of the giving of the law. No traveller has described this plain, nor even mentioned it except in a slight and general manner; probably because most have reached the convent by another route without passing over it; and perhaps, too, because neither the highest point of Sinai (now called Jebel Mûsa), nor the still loftier summit of St. Catharine, is visible from any part of it.'—vol. i., pp. 130-132.

They subsequently examined this plain more closely, and were confirmed in their first impressions.

'We measured across the plain, where we stood, along the water-shed, and found the breadth to be at that point 2700 English feet or 900 yards; though in some parts it is wider. The distance to the base of Horeb, measured in like manner, was 7000 feet, or 2,333 yards. The northern slope of the plain, north of where we stood, we judged to be somewhat less than a mile in length by one-third of a mile in breadth. We may therefore fairly estimate the whole plain at two geographical miles long, and ranging in breadth from one-third to two-thirds of a mile; or as equivalent to a surface of at least one square mile. This space is nearly doubled by the recess so often mentioned on the west, and by the broad and level area of Wady Sheikh on the east, which issues at right angles to the plain, and is equally in view of the front and summit of the present Horeb.

'The examination of this afternoon convinced us, that here was space enough to satisfy all the requisitions of the scriptural narrative, so far as it relates to the assembling of the congregation to receive the law. Here, too, one can see the fitness of the injunction, to set bounds around the mount, that neither man nor beast might approach too near. The encampment before the mount, as has been before suggested, might not improbably include only the head-quarters of Moses and the elders, and of a portion of the people; while the remainder, with their flocks, were scattered among the adjacent valleys.'—vol. i., pp. 140, 141.

If, however, that summit which has long borne the name of Sinai, or Jebel Mûsa, the Mount of Moses, be so called on any authority, the plain Er-Rahah cannot have been the scene of the Israelitish encampment. Our travellers ascended this height.

'My first and predominant feeling while upon this summit was that of disappointment. Al-

though from our examination of the plain *er-Rahah* below, and its correspondence to the scriptural narrative, we had arrived at the general conviction that the people of Israel must have been collected on it to receive the law; yet we still had cherished a lingering hope or feeling, that there might after all be some foundation for the long series of monkish tradition, which for at least fifteen centuries has pointed out the summit on which we now stood, as the spot where the ten commandments were so awfully proclaimed. But scriptural narrative and monkish tradition are very different things; and while the former has a distinctness and definiteness, which through all our journeyings rendered the Bible our best guide-book, we found the latter not less usually and almost regularly to be but a baseless fabric. In the present case, there is not the slightest reason for supposing that Moses had anything to do with the summit which now bears his name. It is three miles distant from the plain on which the Israelites must have stood; and hidden from it by the intervening peaks of the modern Horeb. No part of the plain is visible from the summit; nor are the bottoms of the adjacent valleys; nor is any spot to be seen around it, where the people could have been assembled. The only point in which it is not immediately surrounded by high mountains is towards the S. E., where it sinks down precipitously to a tract of naked gravelly hills. Here, just at its foot, is the head of a small valley, *Wady es Seb'iyeh*, running toward the N. E. beyond the Mount of the Cross into *Wady esh-Sheikh*, and of another not larger, called *el-Wa'rah*, running S. E. to the *Wady Nusb* of the Gulf of 'Akabah; but both of these together hardly afford a tenth part of the space contained in *er-Rahah* and *Wady esh-Sheikh*. In the same direction is seen the route to *Shûrm*; and, beyond, a portion of the Gulf of 'Akabah and the little island *Tîran*; while more to the right and close at hand is the head of *el-Leja* among the hills. No other part of the Gulf of 'Akabah is visible, though the mountains beyond it are seen.—vol. i., pp. 154, 155.

The next point, then, is to find some lofty peak commanding the plain, and accessible by the profane steps of the people, if it had not been guarded by the express and awful prohibition of the Lawgiver, and by the terrific appearances of fire, and thunders, and lightnings, which proclaimed the unapproachable presence of the Deity.

'While the monks were here employed in lighting tapers and burning incense, we determined to scale the almost inaccessible peak of *es-Sûfsafeh* before us, in order to look out upon the plain, and judge for ourselves as to the adaptedness of this part of the mount to the circumstances of the scriptural history. This cliff rises some five hundred feet above the basin; and the distance to the summit is more than half a mile. We first attempted to climb the side in a direct course; but found the rock so smooth and precipitous that, after some falls

and more exposures, we were obliged to give it up, and clamber upwards along a steep ravine by a more northern and circuitous course. From the head of this ravine we were able to climb around the face of the northern precipice and reach the top, along the deep hollows worn in the granite by the weather during the lapse of ages, which give to this part, as seen from below, the appearance of architectural ornament.

'The extreme difficulty, and even danger, of the ascent was well rewarded by the prospect that now opened before us. The whole plain *er-Rahah* lay spread out beneath our feet, with the adjacent *Wadys* and mountains; while *Wady esh-Sheikh* on the right, and the recess on the left, both connected with, and opening broadly from *er-Rahah*, presented an area which served nearly to double that of the plain. Our conviction was strengthened that here or on some one of the adjacent cliffs was the spot where the Lord "descended in fire" and proclaimed the law. Here lay the plain where the whole congregation might be assembled: here was the mount that could be approached and touched, if not forbidden; and here the mountain brow, where alone the lightnings and the thick cloud would be visible, and the thunders and the voice of the trumpet be heard, when the Lord "came down in the sight of all the people upon Mount Sinai." We gave ourselves up to the impressions of the awful scene, and read, with a feeling that will never be forgotten, the sublime account of the transaction and the commandments there promulgated, in the original words as recorded by the great Hebrew legislator.—vol. i., p. 157.

The whole of this singularly interesting question, which has never before been placed in the same light, is summed up in the following statement:—

'We came to Sinai with some incredulity, wishing to investigate the point, whether there was any probable ground beyond monkish tradition for fixing upon the present supposed site. The details of the preceding pages will have made the reader acquainted with the grounds which led us to the conviction that the plain *er-Rahah* above described is the probable spot where the congregation of Israel were assembled, and that the mountain impending over it, the present Horeb, was the scene of the awful phenomena in which the law was given. We were satisfied, after much examination and inquiry, that in no other quarter of the peninsula, and certainly not around any of the higher peaks, is there a spot corresponding in any degree so fully as this to the historical account, and to the circumstances of the case. I have entered above more fully into the details, because former travellers have touched upon this point so slightly; and because, even to the present day, it is a current opinion among scholars, that no open space exists among these mountains. We, too, were surprised as well as gratified to find here, in the inmost recesses of these dark granite cliffs, this fine plain set out before the mountain; and I know not when I have felt a thrill of stronger emotion than when in

first crossing the plain the dark precipices of Horeb rising in solemn grandeur before us, we became aware of the entire adaptedness of the scene to the purposes for which it was chosen by the great Hebrew legislator. Moses, doubtless, during the forty years in which he kept the flocks of Jethro, had often wandered over these mountains, and was well acquainted with their valleys and deep recesses, like the Arabs of the present day. At any rate, he knew and had visited the spot to which he was to conduct his people,—this *adytum* in the midst of the great circular granite region, with only a single feasible entrance; a secret holy place, shut out from the world amid lone and desolate mountains.'—vol. i., pp. 175, 176.

From Sinai our travellers pursued their journey to Akabah, at the head of the eastern gulf of the Red Sea; but instead of ascending the Ghor to the ruins of Petra, and so to Jerusalem, or to the foot of the Dead Sea, they determined to cross in an oblique direction to Hebron. This new and untravelled route led them through the heart of the great Wilderness, in which the Israelites wandered before they were permitted to enter the Holy Land. Though we fully understand the curiosity which led them to traverse this region, to examine by personal observation the nature of the country, its general character and productions, we could scarcely expect any important geographical results as illustrative of the sacred writings.

Their diary will be read with some interest, nor is it altogether barren of information; they accidentally found themselves amid the ruins of a city, the existence of which was before altogether unknown. We are inclined, however, to regret that with their powers of accurate observation they did not trace upwards the whole Ghor or valley, which was supposed, according to a recent theory, to lead by a regular and uninterrupted descent from the foot of the Dead Sea to Akabah. This theory, which we believe was first brought forward by Colonel Leake, in his valuable preface to 'Burckhardt's Travels,' supposed that the waters of the Jordan, and its lakes, previous to the terrific convulsions by which divine wrath effected the destruction of the cities of the plain, Sodom, Gomorrah, and the rest, had flowed downwards, and discharged themselves into the Red Sea; that the passage was interrupted by this tremendous eruption, and the confined waters, having found a bed, stagnated in the bituminous depths of the Dead Sea. We shall hereafter accompany our travellers to the shores of the 'asphaltic lake:' we will only now observe that recent observations, especially those of a French traveller, published in an abstract in the 'Journal of the

Geographical Society,' show a ridge of high land, stretching directly across the valley, which makes it impossible that the waters could ever have descended by that course. This is confirmed by the important observation of our travellers, that the streams and water-courses, to a considerable distance, instead of falling southward towards the Red Sea, all take an opposite and northerly direction; and, in fact, that the whole declivity of the western and southern desert shelves towards the Dead Sea. The Dead Sea itself, and the whole valley of the Jordan, lie in a deep hollow, depressed below the level of the Red Sea. Still a complete and accurate survey of the whole line is wanting to complete our geographical knowledge of this region. Dr. Robinson has thrown considerable doubt on the accuracy of the French traveller M. de Bertou, whose information was chiefly obtained through an illiterate interpreter, from the Arabs, with whom he was on no friendly terms, and who are not disinclined to revenge any petty quarrel with a European by misleading him as to the objects of his inquiry. Our travellers, too, possibly might have visited Petra by this route under more auspicious circumstances: we shall hereafter find that, owing to disputes with the Arabs, they were obliged to make rather a precipitate retreat, having passed scarcely more than a day in this wonderful city of ruins.

But we must first accompany our travellers to the city of cities. We have not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing the topography of Jerusalem in this work by far the most full, complete, and satisfactory which has yet appeared in any language. The student of Jewish history may find his difficulties resolved, and every remarkable locality assigned, in general, on incontestable evidence; where the subject is more difficult and intricate, with a judicious choice between the conflicting theories. No city, indeed, in the greater part of its outline, could be so unchangeable as Jerusalem. The great outworks and substructions of nature still stand around and support the holy city. Her four hills, Sion, Moriah, Acra, and Bezetha, still rise up, far more distinct and visible than the seven heights of her conqueror on the Tiber. Her deep ravines—the Valley of Kidron or Jehoshaphat on the east—that of Hinnom to the south, curving upwards to the west—mark her unalterable boundaries.

Though part of the ancient Sion is without the walls, and covered with fields and cemeteries, yet it required the utmost temerity of paradox to doubt the identity of the hill which has constantly borne that name with

that which was crowned of old by the city of David. The valleys which intersected the city; that of the Tyropeon which divided Moriah from Sion, and, for reasons assignable from history, that which divided Acra from the Mount of the Temple, can be traced, more or less distinctly. If not throughout their whole length, in considerable parts. Some fragments of the older works of man, scarcely less imperishable than those of nature, part of the substructures of the Temple, and, according to recent accounts, the spacious excavations beneath it, bear the same undeniable testimony to the perpetuity of the sacred city. Dr. Robinson has carefully examined, and brought to bear upon his investigations, the whole range of authorities, the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, Josephus, the fathers who had visited the East, the historians of the crusades, down to the interminable list of modern travellers of every period, and of every nation. We cannot of course follow him through his various researches; our object will be rather to indicate the original views to which he has been led by observation or by study, and to give some account of the valuable accessions to our topographical knowledge of Jerusalem, which we obtain from his volumes.

The earlier antiquities of the holy city may be divided into Jewish and Christian. Three great buildings at the time of our Saviour, and down to the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, formed the proud architectural or defensive ornaments of the city: the palace of Herod, on the brow of Sion, which looked towards the Temple; the Antonia, the fortress and stronghold of the Roman garrison at the north-western corner of the Temple; and above all the Temple itself, with its surrounding courts and porticoes.

Now, in all plans and topographies of Jerusalem we have been embarrassed by what appeared an inexplicable difficulty, the site of the Antonia. Of its exact relative position to the Temple there could be no doubt; but where to find space for this large fortress, with its barracks and buildings necessary for the accommodation of a strong garrison, between the Temple Mount and what appeared to be the borders of the Bezetha quarter of the city, appeared to us most unsatisfactorily accounted for by the mass of writers on the subject. Dr. Robinson has been led to a solution of this problem by a process of argument and investigation totally different from our own. According to the description of Josephus, confirmed by the Talmud, the area of the Temple, which occupied Mount Moriah, was an exact square of a stadium on each side. As Josephus pro-

bably applied this Roman measure to the Temple courts rather loosely, the exact number of feet or yards may not come out on either side; but there is no reason to doubt his assertion that the court was square, or nearly so. But by actual admeasurement, Dr. Robinson found the area occupied by the present mosque and the other buildings which unquestionably stand on the Hill of the Temple to be upwards of one-third more in length than in breadth. 'We now find the length to be 1528 feet, while the breadth is only 955 feet, the former exceeding the latter by 573 feet, or more than one-half.' This, proceeds Dr. Robinson, has not improbably been done by including within the enclosure the area of the ancient fortress Antonia.

"This fortress, according to Josephus, stood on the north side of the area of the temple. It was a quadrangle, erected first by the Maccabees under the name of *Bari*, and then rebuilt by the first Herod with great strength and splendour. A more particular description places it upon a rock or hill at the north-west corner of the temple area, fifty cubits high; above which its walls rose to the height of forty cubits. Within it had all the extent and appearance of a palace, being divided into apartments of every kind, with galleries and baths, and also broad halls or barracks for soldiers, so that, as having everything necessary within itself, it seemed a city, while in its magnificence it was a palace. At each of the four corners was a tower; three of these were fifty cubits high, while the fourth, at the south-east corner, was seventy cubits high, and overlooked the whole temple with its courts. The fortress communicated with the northern and western porticoes of the temple area, and had flights of stairs descending into both, by which the garrison could at any time enter the court of the temple and prevent tumults. The fortress was separated from the hill Bezetha, on the north, by a deep artificial trench, lest it should be approachable from that hill; and the depth of the trench added greatly to the elevation of the towers.

'The extent of the fortress, or the area covered by it, is nowhere specified, except where the same writer says that the circumference of the temple, including Antonia, was six stadia. Now as we are elsewhere told that the temple area by itself was a square of one stadium on each side, it follows that the length of each side of the fortress must also have been one stadium, and its area equal to that of the temple. And although this again is probably a mere estimate on the part of the writer, yet the conclusion would seem to be a fair one, that the area covered by Antonia was probably much greater than has usually been supposed.'—vol. i., pp. 431, 432.

Dr. Robinson further supposes, that the deep reservoir or excavation which passes under the name of the pool of Bethesda, 'measuring 360 feet in length, and 130 in

breadth,* is part of the great artificial trench which separated the fortress from Bezetha. This theory unquestionably solves many difficulties; but it depends entirely on the relative position of the Antonia to the Temple, the space between the two buildings, and, to a certain extent, on their common level. Dr. Robinson has not examined the passage of Josephus, which is the great authority on this point, so closely as appears to us necessary. It describes a transaction in which the Jewish historian was himself present, and bore a conspicuous part. However loose then and inaccurate Josephus may often be, writing from memory, and, we doubt not, *for effect*, he can scarcely have misrepresented, to any great extent, the striking and memorable circumstances of this period of the siege. Titus had found himself master of the Antonia by a sudden nightly surprise; the Jewish garrison of the fortress fled to the Temple; the Romans hoped to carry the Temple likewise by the same attack. Simon and John, however, the Jewish leaders, combining their forces, a terrific conflict took place: so crowded up and confused was the battle, that spears and javelins were useless; they fought hand to hand with the sword; neither party could retreat for those pressing on behind, and the combatants scrambled over the dead bodies to get at each other. The Romans were at length beaten back, and were obliged to content themselves with the conquest of the Antonia. A Bithynian centurion, however, sprung from the side of Titus, who was watching the battle, probably from a tower in the Antonia, and made so fierce an onset, that the Jews gave way before him, and he actually cut his passage *into the outer court of the Temple, to the corner of the inner court*—there, his sandals having iron nails in their soles, he slipped on the pavement, *λιθό-σפורον*, and was killed. This feat of the centurion would lead us to suppose that there was no considerable space between the Antonia and the outer court of the Temple; that the ground or the passage between was tolerably level; at all events, that there was no wall over which the centurion had to mount to reach the court. Now there was certainly a connecting portico or cloister leading from the north-western corner of the Temple-court to the Antonia. It was along this passage that St. Paul, when attacked by the Jews in the court of the Temple, was carried by the Roman soldiers, and from the flight of steps which ascended into the Antonia he made his address to the multitude†

in the Hebrew tongue. It was along this portico, or at least through the gate of entrance at the end of it, that we must suppose the centurion to have cut his way.

The Romans were thus in possession of the Antonia; the Jews of the Temple. Titus then gave orders to level part of the Antonia, to fill up the intervening space, in order that the engines might be brought to bear upon the Temple. On this mass of rubbish, over which the whole army might approach, they raised their mounds to batter the wall. During the seven days which were devoted to this operation, a night attack took place by a select body of troops, as the whole army could not yet be brought up. It was witnessed by Titus, who took his place on one of the towers of the Antonia still left standing. The attack was repelled with great loss on both sides. We come now to a passage which may throw some light on the distance between the two buildings: 'The Jews, distressed by these attacks, the war thus growing to a head and creeping onward to the Temple, cut off, as it were, the extremities of their wasting body, to prevent the progress of the disease. They set fire to the part of the northern and western portico which joined on to the Antonia, and made a breach of about twenty cubits (thirty feet or more), thus beginning to burn *the Holy Places with their own hands*.' This expression would certainly lead us to suppose that the portico of the outer court of the Temple itself joined on (was τὸ συνεχές) with the Antonia. It was probably, however, a portico branching off from that corner of the square, though it was evidently considered part of the Temple, and partaking of its sanctity. Two days after, the Romans set fire to another portion of the cloister, and burned about fifteen cubits more; the Jews looked on, and rather assisted than prevented the conflagration, in order entirely to cut off that which connected them with the Antonia, τὸ πρὸς τὴν Ἀντωνίαν συναφές αὐτῶν διαρροῦντες. If we may conclude that these two fires consumed the whole, or nearly the whole, of this portico, we have its length something more than thirty-five cubits. Probably the buildings approached much nearer to each other at this corner than those further to the east, and the conflicts between the two garrisons of the Antonia and the Temple chiefly took place where the space became wider; and if we suppose this portico to have been raised on

Josephus addressed the Jewish insurgents in the Hebrew tongue—Ἑβραϊζόν—at all events, there was some place within the Roman lines from which he could be heard (ἰν' ἐκ τῆς πόλεως) by the Jews within the Temple.

* Pococke had already observed that this pool bore a great resemblance to a fosse or trench.

† It is not impossible that from the same spot

something of a natural or artificial ridge, we may understand how the walls on which the porticoes of the outer Temple-court stood might present a formidable barrier to the assailing army, and could not be carried till the space was filled in, and mounds raised to batter the upper part of the wall and the surrounding porticoes. In conclusion, we cannot see any reasonable ground of objection, either from the extent of intervening space, or difference of level, to the supposition of Dr. Robinson, that the present area comprehends the site of the Antonia as well as that of the Temple.

Dr. Robinson has made another discovery at the south-western corner of the Temple Mount. Though there can be no doubt that according to our Lord's prediction, not one stone was left upon another of the Temple itself and its surrounding cloisters—though the whole summit of the hill, if not literally ploughed over, was levelled to the ground; still even the pride of Roman hostility or the insolence of triumph would not waste unnecessary labour upon the enormous substructures which walled the hill more or less on every side, and enabled it to bear the weight of the sacred edifices. Some parts of these substructures, we see no reason to doubt, from the vast size of the stones, and the manner in which they are set together, unlike either Greek or Roman or later architecture, may belong to the age of Solomon. Among these, there are manifest remains of a most important edifice, the bridge, which, crossing the Tyropæon, connected the Temple with Mount Sion, with the Xystus, or open place for exercise, the *Boule*, or Council-House, and the great Palace of Herod:—

‘I have already related in the preceding section, that during our first visit to the S. W. corner of the area of the mosk, we observed several of the large stones jutting out from the western wall, which at first sight seemed to be the effect of a bursting of the wall from some mighty shock or earthquake. We paid little regard to this at the moment, our attention being engrossed by other objects; but on mentioning the fact not long after in a circle of our friends, we found that they also had noticed it; and the remark was incidentally dropped, that the stones had the appearance of having once belonged to a large arch. At this remark a train of thought flashed upon my mind, which I hardly dared to follow out, until I had again repaired to the spot, in order to satisfy myself with my own eyes, as to the truth or falsehood of the suggestion. I found it even so! The courses of these immense stones, which seemed at first to have sprung out from their places in the wall in consequence of some enormous violence, occupy nevertheless their original position; their external surface is hewn to a regular curve; and being fitted one upon another, they form the

commencement or foot of an immense arch, which once sprung out from this western wall in a direction towards Mount Zion, across the valley of the Tyropæon. This arch could only have belonged to THE BRIDGE, which according to Josephus led from this part of the Temple to the Xystus on Zion; and it proves incontestably the antiquity of that portion of the wall from which it springs.

‘The traces of this arch are too distinct and definite to be mistaken. Its southern side is 39 English feet distant from the S. W. corner of the area, and the arch itself measures 51 feet along the wall. Three courses of its stones still remain; of which one is 5 feet 4 inches thick, and the others not much less. One of the stones is 20½ feet long; another 24½ feet; and the rest in like proportion. The part of the curve or arc which remains is of course but a fragment; but of this fragment the chord measures 12 feet 6 inches; the sine 11 feet 10 inches; and the cosine 3 feet 10 inches. The distance from this point across the valley to the precipitous natural rock of Zion we measured as exactly as the intervening field of prickly pear would permit, and found it to be 350 feet, or about 116 yards. This gives the proximate length of the ancient bridge. We sought carefully along the brow of Zion for traces of its western termination, but without success. That quarter is now covered with mean houses and filth; and an examination can be carried on only in the midst of disgusting sights and smells.’—vol. i., pp. 424–426.

This locality is of great importance, especially as illustrative of Josephus in his accounts of the siege of the Temple by Pompey, and the final desperate defence of the Upper City by Simon the son of Gioras, against the victorious legions of Titus. Dr. Robinson did not himself visit those most extraordinary antiquities which are to be found at present in the Holy City, the subterranean crypts or vaults, which extended, no one knows how far, under the hill of the Temple; there can be no doubt that these are the *cavati sub terrâ montes* of Tacitus, and that they contained the tanks and reservoirs which supplied Jerusalem, at least the defenders of the Temple, with water during the whole siege, which took place during the months when rain seldom falls in Judæa. They no doubt contained the vast treasures of the Temple which were plundered by Crassus, and the provisions of every kind which supplied the priests, perhaps part of the city, during peace and war. It was to these vaults (Dr. Robinson does not notice this circumstance) that a large number of the partisans of Eleazer fled, when the Temple was perfidiously seized by John of Gischala, and were allowed to withdraw on capitulation. It was from these, that after the siege the great leader Simon, the son of Gioras, suddenly arose, clad in purple and white, to the astonishment of the Roman soldiery.

But we do not remember that any earlier or later writer has noticed one singular circumstance connected with this descent and reappearance of Simon, which is thus described by Mr. Milman :—

‘Many days after, towards the end of October, when Titus had left the city, as some of the Roman soldiers were reposing amid the ruins of the Temple, they were surprised by the sudden apparition of a man in white raiment and with a robe of purple, who seemed to rise from the earth in silent and imposing dignity. At first they stood awe-struck and motionless; at length they ventured to approach him; they encircled him, and demanded his name. He answered “Simon, the son of Gioras; call hither your general.” Terentius Rufus was speedily summoned, and to him the brave though cruel defender of Jerusalem surrendered himself. On the loss of the city, Simon had leaped down into one of the vaults, with a party of miners, hewers of stone, and iron-workers. For some distance they had followed the natural windings of the cavern, and then attempted to dig their way out beyond the walls; but their provisions, however carefully husbanded, failed, and Simon determined on the bold measure of attempting to overawe the Romans by his sudden and spectral appearance.’—*Hist. of the Jews*, vol. iii., p. 67, 2d edit.

Now the subterranean passage into which Simon withdrew must have been in the Upper City, as the Temple and the whole of the hill of Moriah had for some time been in the possession of the Romans. Simon, therefore, must have made his way under the Tyropæon, and under or through the foundation walls of the Temple, into those crypts which probably extend under a great part of Mount Moriah. There is no calculating, therefore, what subterranean discoveries may be hereafter made. The crypts, as they are now known actually to exist, have been hastily visited by some few travellers, and mentioned in terms of vague wonder and curiosity by Christian and Mahometan writers, and rumours have always prevailed of their vast extent. Dr. Robinson inserts the report of Mr. Catherwood descriptive of the part which he visited, accompanied with a ground-plan. Mr. Catherwood is the same accomplished English architect and draughtsman, whom we meet again as the companion of Mr. Stephens among the ancient cities of Central America :—

‘From information and plans kindly communicated to me by Mr. Catherwood, who with his companions examined and measured these subterranean structures without hindrance in 1833, it appears that these vaults, so far as they are now accessible to strangers, were originally formed by some fifteen rows of square pillars, measuring about five feet on a side, built of large

bevelled stones, and extending from the southern wall northwards to an unknown extent. The intervals between the rows are usually, though not entirely, regular; and the pillars of some of the ranges are of a somewhat larger size. In each row the pillars are connected together by semicircular arches; and then the vault, resting upon every two rows, is formed by a lower arch, consisting of a smaller segment of a circle. The circumstance mentioned by Richardson, that the pillars have a much older appearance than the arches which they support, was not noticed by the three artists. From the entrance at the S. E. corner of the Haram for about 120 feet westward, these ranges of vaults extend northwards nearly 200 feet, where they are shut up by a wall of more modern date. For about 150 feet further west the vaults are closed up in like manner at less than 100 feet from the southern wall; and to judge from the wells and openings above ground, it would seem as if they had been thus walled up in order that the northern portion of them might be converted into cisterns. Beyond this part, towards the west, they again extend still further north. They are here terminated on the west, before reaching el-Aksa,* by a like wall filling up the intervals of one of the rows of pillars. How much further they originally extended westward is unknown, not improbably quite to the western wall of the enclosure, where are now said to be immense cisterns.

‘The ground in these vaults rises rapidly towards the north, the southernmost columns with the double arches being about thirty-five feet in height, while those in the northern parts are little more than ten feet high. The surface of the ground is everywhere covered with small heaps of stones, the memorials of innumerable pilgrims who have here paid their devotions. It is a singular circumstance that the roots of the large olive-trees growing upon the area of the Haram above have in many places forced their way down through the arches, and still descending have again taken root in the soil at the bottom of the vaults.’—vol. i., pp. 448–50.

So far as to some of the remarkable Jewish antiquities illustrated by these ‘Researches’—their result, as to the Christian antiquities, is not, we regret to say, so favourable, for though we ourselves have long been persuaded that the legends concerning the Holy Places are for every reason, geographical as well as historical, utterly untenable, we were prepared to surrender our enforced, but neither cherished nor pleasing convictions at the slightest show of authority, and would gladly have been relieved from the unpleasant burden of our disbelief. Dr. Robinson appears to have been impressed with the same

* ‘The distance from the S. E. corner of the Haram to the eastern wall of el-Aksa, according to Mr. Catherwood’s plans, is about 475 feet; while from the same corner to the western side of the vaults now open to visitors is only about 320 feet.’

feelings, and to have entered Jerusalem with an earnest desire, at any small sacrifice of probability, to believe that in the church of the Holy Sepulchre we might kneel on the actual spot in which the Son of Man reposed and rose again. The monkish tradition, we fear there is no better authority, has not been content with fixing the scene of the Lord's sepulchre, but has conveniently arranged around it, at very little distance, all the other places sanctified by the sad incidents of his last hours.

'The place of our Lord's crucifixion, as we are expressly informed, was without the gate of the ancient city, and yet nigh to the city. The sepulchre, we are likewise told, was nigh at hand, in a garden, in the place where Jesus was crucified. It is not therefore without some feeling of wonder that a stranger, unacquainted with the circumstances, on arriving in Jerusalem at the present day, is pointed to the place of crucifixion and the sepulchre in the midst of the modern city, and both beneath one roof. This latter fact, however unexpected, might occasion less surprise, for the sepulchre was nigh to Calvary. But beneath the same roof are further shown the stone on which the body of our Lord was anointed for burial, the fissure in the rock, the holes in which the crosses stood, the spot where the true cross was found by Helena, and various other places said to have been connected with the history of the crucifixion, most of which it must have been difficult to identify even after the lapse of only three centuries, and particularly so at the present day, after the desolations and numerous changes which the whole place has undergone.'—vol. ii., pp. 64, 65.

The glaring objection as to the locality of the present church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the difficulty of so drawing the line of the ancient walls as to exclude this site from the city, has not for the first time in this critical, as it is so often anathematized, this sceptical and rationalizing age, awakened suspicion and mistrust. Even the most devout were occasionally disturbed, and among the early pilgrims, at least the earliest writers, are heard murmurs of doubt and uncertainty. These murmurs deepen as we approach more modern times; and they are strongest among those who have actually visited the spot. The doubts, in fact, have rather forced themselves on believers than grown slowly up out of a sceptical turn of mind. In modern times this point has been more strongly questioned by Roman Catholic than by Protestant writers. One argument appears to us absolutely insuperable. To exclude the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the ancient city, that is, the part between the western wall and the hill of the Temple, must be narrowed to less than a quarter of a

mile, the measured distance from the Temple Mount to the Church—less, as Dr. Robinson observes, than some of the squares in London and New York; and this is in a quarter of the city which we have every reason to believe was very populous. And at this precise spot the walls must be drawn in an extraordinary curve, in no way required, or indeed permitted by the conformation of the land; and we must admit no suburbs beyond—although, doubtless, at this flourishing period of the city, its suburbs must have extended, where not prevented by the precipitous ravines, to some distance from the actual walls. Against such inexplicable difficulties the historical evidence must be clear and decisive; the tradition early, consistent, unbroken, and probable. Dr. Robinson has done M. Châteaubriand the honour of selecting him as the champion of the traditionary opinion. In general we should think a cause not very fairly treated which should be judged on the statement of a writer for effect, one especially whose inaccuracies are perhaps unrivalled in his own class. In this case, however, though Châteaubriand has incorporated some of the greatest improbabilities in his statement, we do not think that he has overlooked any circumstance which might strengthen his argument.

'Châteaubriand has furnished us with the clearest and most plausible statement of the historic testimonies and probabilities, which may be supposed to have had an influence in determining the spot; and from him later writers have drawn their chief arguments. I give an epitome of his remarks. The first Christian church, he says, at Jerusalem, was gathered immediately after the resurrection and ascension of our Lord, and soon became very numerous. All its members must have had a knowledge of the sacred places. They doubtless also consecrated buildings for their worship, and would naturally erect them on sites rendered memorable by miracles. Not improbably the Holy Sepulchre itself was already honoured in this manner. At any rate there was a regular succession of Jewish Christian bishops, from the Apostle James down to the time of Adrian, who could not but have preserved the Christian traditions; and although during the siege by Titus the church withdrew to Pella, yet they soon returned and established themselves among the ruins. In the course of a few months' absence they could not have forgotten the position of their sanctuaries, which, moreover, being generally without the walls, had probably not suffered greatly from the siege. And that the sacred places were generally known in the age of Adrian, is proved incontestably by the fact that in rebuilding Jerusalem that emperor set up a statue of Venus upon Calvary, and one of Jupiter over the Holy Sepulchre. Thus the folly of idolatry, by its imprudent profanation, only

made more public "the foolishness of the cross." From that time onward till the reign of Constantine there was again a regular succession of bishops of Gentile origin; and the sacred places could not of course have been forgotten."—vol. ii., pp. 70, 71.

Dr. Robinson, we think, has done full justice to Châteaubriand's statement. He acknowledges that it made a deep impression on his own mind, 'though this impression was again weakened and in part done away, when he afterwards goes on to admit the alleged miracles which are said to have accompanied the finding of the cross.' Of all the miracles of Christian history of the same date these are the strangest and most incoherent—a fit foundation for the wild superstitions which grew out of the worship of the Cross, restored it, after it had been lost, to wondering Europe, and multiplied it till almost every celebrated church in Europe could boast of one of the numberless fragments, which put together, it has been said, would make a man-of-war. All testimony after this period, that of Helena and of Constantine, is of course entirely irrelevant, as no one doubts that the church of the Holy Sepulchre stands on the site of that built by Constantine. Dr. Robinson has been dispassionate, almost to tenderness, in his treatment of this poetic statement. Some of the objections he has put well; others, we think, are even more forcible than they have appeared to him. Every one must admit that 'the early Christians (the earliest) must have had a knowledge of the places where the Lord was crucified and buried,'—but of any peculiar sanctity attached to these places there is not, as our author rightly observes, the slightest vestige in the writings of the New Testament, neither in the Gospels, nor the writings of the Apostles. 'On the contrary, the whole tenour of our Lord's teaching, and that of Paul's, and indeed every part of the New Testament, was directed to draw off the minds of men from an attachment to particular times and places, and to lead the true worshippers to worship God, not merely at Jerusalem or in Mount Gerizim, but everywhere, "in spirit and in truth."' Still, however, the human heart is strong, and, resisting in this as well as in many weightier matters the influence of pure and spiritual Christianity, it would refuse to detach its reverence from places thus sanctified by the presence, by the sufferings, by the resurrection of the Redeemer—it would cling in fond reminiscence to the spot, and in peaceful times point out to succeeding generations those hallowed scenes. But the next step in the tradition is a bold one—that they had

any separate *consecrated buildings* which could be called by the name of *churches* in the apostolic times, or much later, we scarcely supposed would have been asserted by Roman Catholic or Protestant. Tillemont and Moyle only dispute about a short reign or two in the Roman empire, as to the date of the first, properly called, churches. But that these premature churches should be built at or close to Jerusalem itself—in the midst of the jealous and hostile Jews—that they should be built to reproach, as it were, the party which was dominant in the city till its destruction by the Romans, with their national crime in rejecting the Messiah, and 'putting to death the Lord of life'—that the church of the Holy Sepulchre should be permitted to confront, as it were, the Temple—and though obscure in its lowliness, perhaps in its situation, escape the lynx-eye of Jewish fanaticism—to such suppositions no one surely who has paid the slightest attention to Jewish or early Christian history can give any credit. It is purely gratuitous, and not necessary for his argument, that Châteaubriand would guarantee his imaginary holy building from ruin, when the remorseless legions of Titus approached Jerusalem on almost every side, desolated all its pleasant gardens, villas, and suburbs, battered down all its walls, laid every edifice in ashes, and spread the abomination of desolation not merely over the holy places, but over the whole city and its immediate neighbourhood. It would have required a standing miracle to protect the Christian sanctuaries from the general devastation. The Christians themselves, it is well known, had withdrawn before the fall of the city to Pella; and it seems very probable that by this retreat the accurate recollection of definite localities was for ever cut off. When they returned, or how they returned, how soon any conflux of inhabitants drew together amid the desolate walls of Jerusalem and formed a town around the Roman garrison, which continued for a time to occupy the only buildings which were allowed to stand, the three towers of Herod's palace—on these points Jewish and Christian history are alike silent. It is by no means certain how far Jerusalem already existed as a city when Hadrian proclaimed his determination to occupy the site with a Roman colony. If we are to trust the fullest authority (except that of the Rabbins), the passage in Dion Cassius (or rather Xiphilin), it was the announcement of this resolution of the Roman emperor which led to the last Jewish war under Barcochba (Barchochebas). Then it was that the insurgent Jews seized and fortified the city. The

expression of Xiphilin would rather lead us to suppose that it was a vacant site, only occupied by ruins, which Hadrian destined for his new city.

The succession of the fifteen—not thirteen—bishops of Jerusalem is given by Eusebius (as Dr. Robinson observes) with much uncertainty; he could find no written record of their names, and Eusebius wrote two centuries later. There is another difficulty about this list. If we are to trust Eusebius himself—or rather his authority, Hegesippus—Simeon, the second bishop, suffered martyrdom under Trajan—not earlier probably than A. D. 104. The other thirteen bishops must have succeeded in little more than twenty years. Eusebius might well say that they were short-lived. But of all the improbable circumstances connected with this tradition, the part assigned to the Emperor Hadrian is the least reconcileable with history. Hadrian showed no especial hostility to Christianity; his erection of a temple to Jupiter on Mount Moriah was an act of deliberate insult against the Jews for their rebellious insurrections during the latter part of the reign of Trajan and the commencement of his own; an attempt to repress that dangerous fanaticism which had broken out into acts not merely of revolt against the majesty of the Roman empire, but of unexampled atrocity. The mildest sovereign might have been roused to vengeance by the suspicious movements in Mesopotamia in the time of Trajan—the hideous massacres in Egypt, Libya, and Cyprus—and, finally, by the fierce and sanguinary insurrection in Judea when Barcochba had seized Jerusalem, issued coins with the royal title, and had proclaimed himself, and had been acknowledged by the most influential of the Rabbins, to be the promised Messiah. But, however, in general the line of demarcation between the Jews and the Christians, especially the Judaizing Christians, may not yet have been clear and distinct, it was known that in this insurrection the latter body had taken no part; they could not in any insurrection, according to the vital and still effective principles of their religion—above all, they could not, in an insurrection which shook the very foundations of their faith and rose under the banners of another Messiah. In fact, the Christians at this period were objects of relentless persecution by the rebellious Jews, on account of their refusal to make common cause with them. However, then, the Judaizing Christians may have been indirectly affected by some of the stern imperial enactments against the Jews, the prohibition, for instance, of circumcision, there was nothing to induce

Hadrian to insult them in those points of their belief, or in those reverential feelings which were purely Christian—nothing to suggest an hatred to Christianity, which is betrayed in no other act of his government. Those, indeed, who are determined to adhere to this legend will show their prudence if they throw over all the later embellishments (for it is only Jerome and the ecclesiastical historians of the fifth century who ascribe this work to Hadrian), and retreat upon the vaguer language of Eusebius, the earliest witness to the story. But even this will hardly avail against the following observations of Dr. Robinson:—

‘The language both of Eusebius and of Constantine himself seems strongly to imply that no such former tradition could have been extant. Eusebius relates, in speaking of the place of the resurrection, that “hitherto impious men, or rather the whole race of demons through their instrumentality, had made every effort to deliver over that illustrious monument of immortality to darkness and oblivion.” They had covered it with earth, and erected over it a temple of Venus; and it was this spot, thus desecrated and wholly “given over to forgetfulness and oblivion,” that the emperor, “not without a divine intimation, but moved in spirit by the Saviour himself,” ordered to be purified and adorned with splendid buildings. Such language, certainly, would hardly be appropriate in speaking of a spot well known and definitely marked by long tradition. The emperor, too, in his letter to Macarius, regards the discovery of “the token of the Saviour’s most sacred passion, which for so long a time had been hidden under ground,” as “a miracle beyond the capacity of man sufficiently to celebrate or even to comprehend.” The mere removal of obstructions from a well-known spot could hardly have been described as a miracle so stupendous. Indeed the whole tenour of the language both of Eusebius and Constantine goes to show that the discovery of the holy sepulchre was held to be the result, not of a previous knowledge derived from tradition, but of a supernatural interposition and revelation.’—vol. ii., pp. 74, 75.

After all, if the stern voice of truth will awaken us from our pleasing visions as to the sanctity of these particular spots—if the spell which attached us to the fancied Golgotha and the imagined place of our Lord’s burial be broken—is there much lost to the devout Christian? If we would yield to the ‘sacer admonitus locorum;’ if we would indulge the natural and indelible, and therefore assuredly to the severest puritanism, or the most refined spirituality, excusable affections of the human heart; if we would strengthen our faith and deepen our love by wandering over scenes which have witnessed events so inestimably important to our temporal and eternal happiness, this is the sole

difference :—instead of concentrating all our reverential feelings on some few particular and ill-authenticated spots, we diffuse them more equably throughout the whole region ; instead of resting on impressions, liable to be disturbed by doubt and chilled by uncertainty, we draw them, as it were, from the whole soil of the Holy City, we inhale them from the whole atmosphere. We cannot point to the precise spots which were hallowed by the footsteps of the Redeemer ; we know not the exact position of his cross ; we have no distinct evidence 'where they have laid him in his burial.' But all Jerusalem and its adjacent fields are our Golgotha, our Holy Sepulchre ; the presence of Christ is everywhere ; one 'via dolorosa' passes through and encircles all the city, every rock-hewn sepulchre suggests the angelic assurance—'He is not here, he is risen.' In the incidents, indeed, of our Lord's latter days there appears to us that peculiarity which, if we may so speak, sets them above the aid of special local association : they are in themselves so real that they do not require that realization which strengthens our faith in the vaguer and more indistinct wonders, especially of the older Scriptures. It is singular how totally regardless the evangelic narratives are of anything which might lead to local reminiscence. Those places or buildings which are incidentally mentioned, and which we may call historical, are presumed to be sufficiently known by their usual appellations, the High Priest's House, the Hall of Pilate. So, we are simply told, that, 'they led him away to crucify him ;' but whether to the east or the west, the north or the south, by what streets, or through what gate—there is not a single word. Whether Golgotha or Calvary was the ordinary place of execution, we can only conjecture by remote inference. It has been supposed to be on a hill, as the painful toil with which kneeling pilgrims wind up the Mont Calvaire, near many Roman Catholic cities of Europe, may witness ; but in the gospels there is no expression which intimates ascent. The weight of the cross is not aggravated, nor the inability of our Lord to bear it heightened by any allusion to the difficulty of the way. The only point descriptive of the sepulchre is, that it was near the place of crucifixion ; yet with all this how clear and distinct the whole scene lies before the imagination ! It is not familiarity with paintings of the crucifixion, or of the angel standing before the rock-hewn tomb, which makes the whole live before us ; it is the inbred truthfulness of the history itself in its unlaboured simplicity ; it is its own unassisted evidence which fixes it upon the

heart and mind ; it is the picture which arises out of the records themselves, which groups and harmonizes itself into form and vitality. At all events, the student of the gospels, who is full of every minute incident of the narrative, would be disturbed rather than edified by any view of the localities of those scenes which would not accord with his well-grounded prepossessions ; every incongruity would jar upon his high-wrought religious feeling ; doubt would creep over his ardent emotions, and he would thus strongly exemplify that fatal but inevitable effect of pious fraud, or, if not of fraud, of long superstition : it may work its object with generations of believers, but the time must at length come when it will injure, often most seriously, the cause which it wished to serve.

Among the excursions which our travellers made from Jerusalem, the most interesting was that to the shores of the Red Sea. Their description of the Western Desert is very good, and it is remarkable how many names, familiar to us in the Scripture, live either in the popular names of places, or in those which have been preserved by the Arabs, with but slight alteration. 'At one spot "in the mountains of Judea" we could enumerate before us not less than nine places, still bearing apparently their ancient names ; Maon (Main), Carmel (Kurmül), Ziph (Zif), Jutta (Yutta), Jatta'r (Attir), Socoh (Shuweikeh, or Shaukeh), Anâb, Eshtemoa (Semûa), and "Kirjath Arba," which is Hebron. Besides these we find Tekua (Tekoa), and Ain Jidy (Engedi). At the 'Frank Mountain' Dr. Robinson places, with great probability, the Herodium, the strong fortress which Herod the Great kept, as it were, as a secure place of refuge, in case of insurrection against his tyranny ; and which, to guard his mortal remains against the hatred of his groaning subjects, he chose for his burial-place. It would scarcely be just to the authors of a book of travels, in a country not merely unrivalled as to associations and reminiscences, but in itself in many parts highly romantic and picturesque, not to give some illustration of their powers of description. Our readers must not, however, expect any of the glowing and poetic paintings of Lamartine ; theirs are good, plain, and prosaic, but therefore more trustworthy accounts of what they saw. Our travellers were approaching the Dead Sea, by Engedi.

'For the last two or three hours of the way, we had been subjected to continual disappointment. At every moment we had expected to obtain some glimpse of the sea, and to arrive at the shore nearly upon a level with its waters. But the way at every step seemed longer and

longer; and it was now only after nearly seven hours of travel that we arrived at the brow of the pass. Turning aside a few steps to what seemed a small knoll upon our right, we found ourselves on the summit of a perpendicular cliff overhanging 'Ain Jidy and the sea, at least 1,500 feet above its waters. The Dead Sea lay before us in its vast deep chasm, shut in on both sides by ranges of precipitous mountains; their bases sometimes jutting out into the water, and again retreating so as to leave a narrow strip of shore below. The view included the whole southern half of the sea, quite to its extremity; and also, as we afterwards found, the greater portion of the northern half; although the still higher projecting cliff, el-Mersed, intervened on our left, to prevent our seeing the extremity of the sea in that direction.

One feature of the sea struck us immediately, which was unexpected to us, viz.; the number of shoal-like points and peninsulas which run out into its southern part, appearing at first sight like flat sand-banks or islands. Below us on the south were two such projecting banks on the western shore, composed probably of pebbles and gravel, extending out into the sea for a considerable distance. The larger and more important of these is on the south of the spot called Birket el-Khüll, a little bay or indentation in the western precipice, where the water, flowing into shallow basins when it is high, evaporates, and deposits salt. This spot is just south of the mouth of Wady el-Khübarah. Opposite to this, nearly in the middle of the sea, is a long low narrow bank, also apparently composed of pebbles and gravel, running from N. E. to S. W., and joined towards the south end to the eastern shore by an isthmus of some breadth. This long peninsula extends towards the south beyond the western shoal or point above described; so that from the point where we now stood, they seemed to interlock, and we saw the end of the peninsula across the point of the shoal.

Towards the southern extremity of the sea a long low mountain was seen running out obliquely towards the S. S. E., extending from near the western cliffs apparently to the middle of the Ghôr. This our Arabs called Hajr Usdum, "Stone of Sodom;" and said it was composed wholly of rock-salt, too bitter to be fit for cooking, and only used sometimes as a medicine for sheep. The sea washes the base of this mountain, and terminates opposite to its S. E. extremity as here seen; though, as we were still unacquainted with the features of that region, the water seemed to us to extend further south and to wind around the end of the mountain. This appearance, as we afterwards found, must have arisen from the wet and slimy surface of the ground in that part: which, by reflecting the rays of the sun, presented the optical illusion of a large tract of water, and deceived us as to the extent of the sea in that direction.

The mountains on both sides of the sea are everywhere precipitous; those on the east were now very distinct, and obviously much higher at some distance from the shore than those upon the west. Across the isthmus of the low peninsula towards the S. E. we could look up along a straight ravine descending from the eastern

chain; at the head of which Kerak with its castle was visible, situated on a high precipitous rock far up near the summit of the mountains. Opposite to us was Wady el-Môjib; and further north, Wady ez-Zürka. At the foot of these mountains there is a passage along the eastern shore for the whole distance on the south of the peninsula, but further to the north this would seem to be impossible. From the spot where we stood, the line of the western cliffs ran in the direction about S. by W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W., with a passage along the shore all the way south of 'Ain Jidy. At nearly one-half the distance towards Usdum, just south of Wady es-Seyal, the next beyond the Khübarah, a ruin was pointed out on a high pyramidal cliff, rising precipitously from the sea, to which our guides gave the name of Sebbeh.

The features now described, together with the flat shores, give to the whole southern part of the sea the appearance, not of a broad sheet of water, but rather of a long winding bay, or the estuary of a large river, when the tide is out and the shoals left dry. Only a comparatively narrow channel remained covered with water. This channel of the sea (so to speak) is in some parts quite narrow, and winds very much. Between the point of the western shoal and the peninsula, the distance cannot certainly be more than one-fourth or one-sixth of the whole breadth of the sea, if so much. The direction of the peninsula, and then that of Usdum, causes the channel apparently to sweep round first towards the west and afterwards towards the east, giving to this portion of the sea a very irregular form. Our Arabs, both the Ta'amirah and Rashaideh, knew of no place where the sea could be forded. As we looked down upon it from this lofty spot, its waters appeared decidedly green, as if stagnant, though we afterwards saw nothing of this appearance from below. A slight ripple was upon its bosom, and a line of froth was seen along and near the shore, which looked like a crust of salt.—vol. ii., pp. 204-208.

Our travellers made a second visit to the Dead Sea, on their way from Hebron to Wady Musa, and the ruins of Petra. We shall throw together some of their more important observations during these two excursions. One of the most remarkable circumstances relating to the lake itself, and to the whole ghor, or valley, is its singular depression. It is differently given at 500 and 598 feet below the level of the sea. The whole declivity of the desert, and the high and steep descent to the shores of the sea, confirmed this casual discovery. We understand that a report of observations by our lamented countryman, Sir David Wilkie, has been made to the Geographical Society of London, interesting not merely for their results, but as coming from that quarter. But this singular fact, in connection with that which we have before alluded to, the flow of the southern and western watercourses towards the Dead Sea, is fatal to the hypothesis, which carried

the waters of the Jordan along the Ghôr, in an uninterrupted channel down to the Red Sea, until the terrific convulsion which for the first time spread them in a stagnant and feid lake, without any outlet, over the cities of the plain. The theory of our author relating to the physical agencies employed in that awful catastrophe is so moulded up with his observations, that we cannot well detach them from each other. We must be understood, however, as in no way pledging ourselves for his views, especially for his geology. The traces of volcanic agency, we have been informed, are denied by high and quite recent authorities. Dr. Robinson indeed coincides to a certain extent with the views of former writers, but instead of supposing that the Dead Sea did not exist previous to this convulsion, he thinks there are manifest indications that, from that period, it spread much farther to the south, and covered with its outpouring waters the plain on which the cities stood, as well as the cities themselves.

‘It seems also to be a necessary conclusion that the Dead Sea anciently covered a less extent of surface than at present. The cities which were destroyed must have been situated on the south of the lake as it then existed; for Lot fled to Zoar, which was *near* to Sodom; and Zoar, as we have seen, lay almost at the southern end of the present sea, probably in the mouth of Wady Kerak as it opens upon the isthmus of the peninsula. The fertile plain, therefore, which Lot chose for himself, where Sodom was situated, and which was well watered, like the land of Egypt, lay also south of the lake, “as thou comest unto Zoar.” Even to the present day more living streams flow into the Ghôr at the south end of the sea, from Wadys of the eastern mountains, than are to be found so near together in all Palestine; and the tract, although now mostly desert, is still better watered through these streams and by the many fountains, than any other district throughout the whole country. . . . The remarkable configuration of the southern part of the Dead Sea I have already described;—the long and singular peninsula connected with the eastern shore by a broad low neck; the bay extending up further south, in many parts very shallow, and the low flat shores beyond, over which the lake, when swollen by the rains of winter, sets up for several miles. Indeed the whole of this part of the sea, as I have said, as seen from the western mountains, resembles much the winding estuary of a large American river, when the tide is out and the shoals left dry. I have also related the sudden appearance of masses of asphaltum floating in the sea, which seems to occur at the present day only rarely and immediately after earthquakes; and also, so far as the Arabs knew, only in the southern part of the sea. The character of the shores, the long mountain of fossil salt, and the various mineral productions have also been described.’—vol. ii., pp. 602–604.

Dr. Robinson, with former writers, connects the slime-pits (the *bitumen-pits*, Gen. xiv. 10.) with the general formation of the district, and supposes that there were large courses or layers of bitumen, which are now covered by the sea, and detaching themselves in masses, rise and float upon the heavy water:—

‘The country, we know, is subject to earthquakes; and exhibits also frequent traces of volcanic action. In the whole region around the Lake of Tiberias these traces are decided; and at a short distance N. W. of Safed we afterwards came upon the crater of an extinguished volcano. It would have been no uncommon effect of either of these causes to heave up the bottom of the ancient lake, and thus produce the phenomenon in question. But the historical account of the destruction of the cities implies also the agency of fire: “The Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven;” and Abraham too “beheld, and lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace.” Perhaps both causes were at work: for volcanic action and earthquakes go hand in hand; and the accompanying electric discharges usually cause lightnings to play and thunders to roll. In this way we have all the phenomena which the most literal interpretation of the sacred records can demand.

‘Further, if we may suppose that before this catastrophe the bitumen had become accumulated around the sources, and had perhaps, formed strata spreading for some distance upon the plain; that, possibly, these strata in some parts extended under the soil, and might thus easily approach the vicinity of the cities; if, indeed, we might suppose all this, then the kindling of such a mass of combustible materials, through volcanic action or by lightning from heaven, would cause a conflagration sufficient not only to engulf the cities, but also to destroy the surface of the plain, so that “the smoke of the country would go up as the smoke of a furnace;” and, the sea rushing in, would convert it to a tract of waters. The supposition of the accumulation of bitumen may at first appear extravagant, but the hypothesis requires nothing more (and even less) than nature herself actually presents to our view in the wonderful lake or tract of bitumen found on the island of Trinidad. The subsequent barrenness of the remaining portion of the plain is readily accounted for by the presence of such masses of fossil salt, which, perhaps, were brought to light only at the same time.’—vol. ii., pp. 604–606.

Dr. Robinson quotes a letter, illustrative of his view, but worded with truly philosophic caution, from the celebrated geologist, Leopold von Buch. We cannot but connect with his statement the curious account of the hill of salt, which our travellers examined with much care:—

‘Beyond this, the ridge of Usdum begins to

exhibit more distinctly its peculiar formation ; the whole body of the mountain being a solid mass of rock-salt. The ridge is in general very uneven and rugged, varying from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in height. It is indeed covered with layers of chalky limestone or marl, so as to present chiefly the appearance of common earth or rock ; yet the mass of salt very often breaks out, and appears on the sides in precipices, forty or fifty feet high, and several hundred feet in length, pure crystallized fossil salt. We could at first hardly believe our eyes, until we had several times approached the precipices and broken off pieces to satisfy ourselves both by the touch and taste. The salt, where thus exposed, is everywhere more or less furrowed by the rains. As we advanced, large lumps and masses, broken off from above, lay like rocks along the shore, or were fallen down as *débris*. The very stones beneath our feet were pure salt. This continued to be the character of the mountain, more or less distinctly marked, throughout its whole length, a distance of two and a half hours, or five geographical miles. The Arabs affirmed that the western side of the ridge exhibits similar appearances. The lumps of salt are not transparent, but present a dark appearance, precisely similar to that of the large quantities of mineral salt which we afterwards saw at Varna and in the towns along the lower Danube, the produce of the salt-mines of those regions.

'The existence here of this immense mass of fossil salt, which, according to the latest geological views, is a frequent accompaniment of volcanic action, accounts sufficiently for the excessive saltiness of the Dead Sea. At this time the waters of the lake did not indeed wash the base of the mountain, though they appear to do so on some occasions ; but the rains of winter, and the streamlets which we still found running to the sea, would naturally carry into it, in the course of ages, a sufficiency of salt to produce most of the phenomena.'—vol. ii., pp. 482, 483.

From the foot of the Dead Sea our travellers pursued their way to Wady Musa, and to the city of Petra. But their departure from Petra was rather precipitate, on account of the turbulent and menacing conduct of the Arabs. Petra, with its wonderful ruins 'in the clefts of the rocks, its tombs, and its temples,' is as yet by no means exhausted. Dr. Robinson refers to the descriptions of the first travellers who visited this city, Burckhardt, and Irby and Mangles, as the most accurate. Laborde's views have made the singular site and character of the buildings known to the general reader ; but, in all this region of Syria and its adjacent provinces, we still want a traveller of profound architectural knowledge, who has studied the art itself and the history of construction in all its various ages. Dr. Robinson, we doubt not, possesses a fair general knowledge on such subjects, and his remarks on the different styles of building appear, on the whole, judicious and

trustworthy. We would have, however, an *authority* who shall discriminate, on scientific and historic principles, the periods to which the various magnificent ruins in all this region ought to be assigned. We would know whether, in Petra or elsewhere, there are any or what remains of the old Asiatic form of building, the ante-Grecian epoch, that of the kings of Tyre or of Solomon—how far Egyptian forms had been adopted in those times—in what period of art the beautiful Grecian forms, the columns, the porticoes, the sculptured pediments, began to prevail—how much belongs to the more florid and gorgeous Roman period of the decline of art. There can be no doubt that the greater part of the buildings at Petra are of this latter period—the Roman-Grecian of the Antonines and their immediate successors : they belong to the Nabatean, not to the Edomitish city. It is extraordinary how entirely, how ingeniously ignorant, most writers on this subject have been concerning the rise and fall, the vicissitudes rather, of this remarkable city. That it stands on the site of the ancient city of Edom there can be no doubt ; the graphic allusions of the Jewish prophets designate it with unerring accuracy. Nor can there be the least question that their awful denunciations were completely fulfilled in the utter devastation of this hostile city, and *at the time and in the manner best fitted to vindicate their truth*. We may surely presume that predictions of this kind against the enemies of the chosen people, who took the opportunity of their danger and depression to league with their powerful foes, the Assyrians or Chaldeans, for their ruin, were designed to raise the hopes of the *Israelites* and confirm their trust in their God ; or as warnings to the neighbouring tribes, and assertions of the superior might of the God of Israel. Their own age, the existing generation, or that immediately following, no doubt beheld the full accomplishment of these fearful denunciations. Edom was probably swept away in one of those desolating invasions of the great eastern monarchies, which enslaved all this part of western Asia. It is a very strange way of dealing with these prophecies, which evidently in their language point to a speedy and immediate accomplishment, to adjourn their fulfilment for five centuries, and then to suppose them fulfilled against a people of another race ; and after that to permit them, as it were, to slumber in obscurity for sixteen or seventeen centuries more, before the notice of mankind is awakened to their accomplishment. Yet we would not be supposed to deny that vestiges of the ancient city of Edom may be found in

these extensive ruins. It is precisely with this object that we wish them to undergo a more searching and accurate investigation by some person versed in the history of architecture. Some of the buildings, some of the rock-hewn tombs, even though fronted by a later style of building, may retain traces of earlier use or habitation. Dr. Robinson has not read the history of this remarkable region with the negligence or blind prepossession with which it has been clouded over by others. He is perfectly aware that, after their subjugation by the eastern conquerors—the date of the fulfilment of the prophecies—the Edomites either spread, or, as we think more probably, were pushed on, by the invasion of stronger and more prosperous tribes, upon the south of Judæa. Here we find them in possession of the country during all the later period of Jewish history. Petra, in the mean time, rose again to splendour and wealth under the Nabatean Arabs; for, notwithstanding the loose expression of Strabo, who asserts them to be Idumeans, perhaps as inhabiting the ancient Idumea, there can be no doubt that they are the Nebaioth of Scripture.

Now, according to the unerring authority of the sacred writings, the Nebaioth were of the race of Ishmael, and the whole of this is confirmed by a clear and distinct passage of Josephus, on a point of this kind, next to the sacred writings, unquestionably the safest guide. It was under this Arabian dynasty that this city became the capital of Arabia Petræa. It was flourishing at the time of our Saviour and his apostles: the kings of this race are several times mentioned in the New Testament; and, *it is possible* (we are pleased to indulge in such conjectures, giving them but as conjectures) that the three years passed by St. Paul, after his conversion in Arabia, (Gal. i. 17) were spent in asserting the doctrines of Christ in the face of some of these splendid temples, as afterwards before the Parthenon at Athens, and the Fane of the Capitoline Jove in Rome. During all this period Petra was one of the great emporia of the eastern trade; a large portion of that wealthy traffic passed through its gates, and enriched its citizens. The caravans brought the merchandise of the East from Arabia, and from the ports of the Red Sea to Petra, and so to Rhinocolura, Joppa, or other harbours on the Mediterranean. This formed a line of commerce which rivalled that by Berenice and the Nile. Petra was not incorporated in the Roman empire till the reign of Trajan; and no doubt many of the buildings are of the later period, that age of lavish architectural expenditure, the reigns of Hadrian, the Antonines, and their immediate successors.

This point we conceive to be in many respects of great interest—the vast cost of public buildings, particularly of religious edifices, during this period of the Roman empire. In Egypt, not only in honour of the deified minion of Hadrian, but of the age of the Antonines, there are some temples, and still more additions to buildings of the older ages of the Ptolemies and the Pharaohs. In Asia Minor the sumptuous temples of Labranda, Mylassa, and a temple at Ephesus (see Choiseul Gouffier, *Antiq. Ioniennes*) are of this date. In Syria, we have, first, the vast and gorgeous structures of Baalbec, one of which we learn from Malala,* as well as from the building itself, was raised by Antoninus Pius: we have all Palmyra, where we can scarcely hope to find remains of Tadmor, or of the 'enchanted walls' of Solomon, but of which the stately ruins must be confined within the date of Hadrian, and their destroyer Aurelian: we have the cities of the Decapolis, Gerasa, Gadara, or Gamala (Om-keis), Philadelphia, all described by Burckhardt and others. We mention these as occurring to our immediate recollection. They all appear to have been built in one style—a very rich but not very pure Corinthian order—but with a size and massiveness which show a lavish profusion of wealth and that imposing magnificence which might become the homage of the mistress of the world to her deities. But some of these superb edifices were raised no doubt, as on old hallowed sites, so on ancient substructures—Baalbec, for instance, or Heliopolis, was the seat of the old Syrian worship,† and unquestionably some of the enormous stones which form the base of the Temple there are of an earlier and ruder period. So no doubt in Petra; and the similitude of any of the forms, modes, or materials of the building, with any vestiges which have been or may be discovered of ancient Jewish edifices, distinguished by a man of intimate and scientific acquaintance with the history of architecture, might throw much light on the progress of the arts, and the growth of civilisation.

This outburst of profuse expenditure on the temples, in the East especially, during the reigns of the Antonines and their successors, is itself an historical fact not unworthy of attention. It might seem to show that paganism, at this time of its approaching strife with Christianity, had by no means lost so much of its hold on the mind of man as has

* P. 280, edit. Niebuhr.

† Malala states that the Temple of Antoninus was raised to Jupiter; it may have been to Baal (the principal Syrian deity), properly the Sun, but who might be translated by an inaccurate writer into the supreme deity of the Olympian mythology.

sometimes been supposed. It displays certainly more zeal than might be expected from decent reverence for the religion of the empire, or mere political respect for the established deities.

It is singular that just as they were about to be dethroned, or compelled to abdicate their sovereignty, the gods of heathenism should be honoured with more costly and magnificent palaces than they were accustomed to inhabit. No doubt the general peace and wealth during the commencement of this period, the reigns of Hadrian and the Antonines, and the vast expenditure on public works of all kinds throughout the empire, with Hadrian's peculiar passion for building, must be taken into the account. The temples might be expected to receive their share of the public wealth, with the roads, bridges, aqueducts, forums, and basilicas,—and where the government and the people took pride in this kind of splendour, the temples, where necessary, might be rebuilt on a lofty and spacious scale. But in some of the cities, those for instance in the Decapolis, the temples appear out of proportion in magnitude and costliness to the importance of the towns; and religious zeal, for some motive or other, rather than the necessity of maintaining the public worship of the empire in its various local or national forms, must have demanded the devotion of so much public or provincial wealth to the erection and embellishment of the temples. Are we to attribute it in part to that dominant and almost exclusive worship of the Sun which prevailed in this part of the east, and which gave two emperors, the infamous Elagabalus and the virtuous Alexander Severus, to the throne of the world? Some of these buildings at least, and others of which we have records in history, were contemporaneous, and not improbably were connected with this new, and, to a certain extent, vigorous form of paganism. We content ourselves with thus directing attention to this curious subject. We should gladly hereafter be tempted to resume it by an architectural tour, which, on the concurrent testimony of the style and manner of building, and perhaps of inscriptions, may establish the dates or periods of the various noble remains of pagan temples throughout the east. In the mean time, (without, we may add, having noticed the third volume, which is full of valuable matter,) we conclude our observations on a work, which, considering the beaten ground which the travellers have trod, by the industry, good sense, and erudition displayed throughout its pages, does great credit, and, we trust, is of happy omen, to the rising literature of America.

ART. VI.—1. *Traité des Droits d'Auteurs dans la Littérature, les Sciences, et les Beaux-Arts.* Par Augustin-Charles Renouard, Conseiller à la Cour de Cassation. Paris. 2 tomes 8vo. 1839.

2. *Three Speeches delivered in the House of Commons in favour of a Measure for an Extension of Copyright.* By T. N. Talfourd, Sergeant-at-Law. To which are added, the Petitions in favour of the Bill, and Remarks on the present State of the Copyright Question. London. 12mo. 1840.

3. *An Historical Sketch of the Law of Copyright.* By J. Lowndes, Esq. London. 8vo. 1840.

4. *A Plea for Authors.* By an American. New York. 1838.

5. *Brief Objections to Sergeant Talfourd's New Bill, &c.* By W. and R. Chambers. Edinburgh.

6. *Observations on the Law of Copyright, in reference to the Bill of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, in which it is attempted to be proved that the Provisions of the Bill are opposed to the Principles of English Law; that Authors require no additional Protection; and that such a Bill would inflict a heavy blow on Literature, and prove a great Discouragement to its Diffusion in this Country.* London. 1838.

7. *Objections to and Remarks upon Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's Scheme.* Feb., 1841.

8. *Speech of the Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay on Mr. Talfourd's Bill.* *Mirror of Parliament*, Feb. 5, 1841.

We do not propose to argue over again the question, whether or not, on the broad principles of natural equity, an author ought to enjoy the same species and degree of interest in the fruit of his intellectual labour that attaches, by the consent of civilized nations, to almost every other distinguishable and divisible product of industry. After memorable arguments, in which some of the very highest of our legal authorities maintained opposite sides, the law of England was finally declared by the House of Lords, in 1774, to be against the claim of a perpetual right; and it is a grave fact, to be well weighed by every candid inquirer, that the ultimate legislation of Great Britain on this subject has had a decisive influence in every other country where science and literature are cherished, and great faculties are habitually engaged on the philosophy of jurisprudence. When the celebrated decision of 1774 was pronounced, the law of two considerable states in Europe acknowledged the principle of perpetuity in literary property. In both it has since been

abandoned. Down to the same period, in every other country on the continent the protection of the author was directly or virtually insured by specific grant, privilege, or patent. Now, with a few insignificant exceptions, this ancient system has been abolished. Hardly a trace of it can at this day be discovered in the practice of any country where any living literature exists. The English rule of legislative, not privilegial protection, and that for some limited term only, has been everywhere adopted. When all over the enlightened world a legal principle, first distinctly declared and enforced in England, has thus deliberately been substituted for whatever had previously obtained, it becomes us to be slow and cautious about re-agitating the foundations on which it rests. Little immediate good, at all events, can be expected from disturbing them. On the other hand, it seems to be a point of fact not less deserving consideration, that, though the principle has found acceptance everywhere, the various legislatures of civilized Christendom, successively undertaking the revision of their codes, have each and all rejected the English example as to its application in practice.

Our rules, indeed, have been considerably modified since the principle was first established. They are now more favourable to the author than they originally were. But still they are far less favourable to the author than those of any other great state in Europe, *with one exception.*

Under the statute of Queen Anne, as interpreted in 1774, the protection of the author's interest extended over fourteen years from the publication of his work; and in case he were alive at the end of that term, over fourteen years more. By the law as it stands since 1814, the protection is absolute for twenty-eight years; and if the author survives that period, the right revives in himself, and is secured to him during the rest of his natural life.

In the United States of America the regulation takes this form: the author is protected during twenty-eight years; and should either he or his widow or an heir of his body be then alive, the security is renewed in his or their favour for fourteen years more. Considering how rarely a man survives by more than twenty-eight years the appearance of any intellectual work of much consequence—and how very rarely, indeed, his life-interest in any such property after the expiring of such a period can be worth fourteen years' purchase—we think there can be, little doubt that this American variation is in favour of the author's estate.

Holland, previously to the French Revolu-

tion, acknowledged the author's right as a perpetual one, capable of transmission to heirs or assignees for ever. By the existing law of Holland (and also of Belgium) the author is protected during his life-time, and the security is extended to his heirs and representatives during twenty years after his death.

The old Prussian law, like that of Holland, recognized the absolute property in the author during his life-time, and allowed him to bequeath it to *his heirs*. If he made no such bequest, the right of printing the work passed to the public; but so long as there survived any offspring of the author's body, no man could put forth a new impression without paying to them a certain proportion of its profits. The actual law (that of 1837) provides protection to the author during his life, and to *his heirs*, no matter whether the work has been published by himself or be a posthumous one, during thirty years after his death.

In the different Saxon states, and the rest of Protestant Germany, the protection lasts during the author's life, and for some time afterwards. In one case only is the rule exactly the same as in Prussia. Saxe-Coburg-Gotha allows the full term of thirty years after death. In several, as in Saxe-Meiningen, the posthumous protection is for twenty years: in various others, as in Hesse-Cassel, it is only for ten years. In one or two insignificant governments it does not extend beyond six. It is to be observed, however, that over and above these varying securities under the codes of the separate states, the general law of the German Confederation gives absolute protection to the author and his assignees, in all territories included in the league, during ten years from the publication of the work.

The two great monarchies of Russia and Austria present in this matter a remarkable contrast. In the latter, the security extends to the author's death; but subsequent to that event the copy has no legal protection whatsoever, unless, by chance, the ten years of the Confederation have not expired. By the Russian law, on the other hand, the protection is extended in favour of the author and *his family* over twenty-five years from his decease; but if within the last five of these years the work has been reprinted, the copyright is secured to the survivors during ten years more. In short, the posthumous protection is practically for thirty-five years.

Whoever is curious about the history of copyright under the old French monarchy will find the subject treated with copious details and excellent skill in the treatise of M. Renouard. The principle now in operation

dates from 1793, when the ancient corporations and privileges having been abolished, and literary property deprived of all protection whatsoever, the anarchy of injustice that ensued was represented to the revolutionary legislature with such effect, that a decree was passed declaring the property of any work of science or art to be in its author for his lifetime, and in his family, if he should leave any, for ten years more. Napoleon presided over a lengthened discussion in the Legislative Senate of 1810, and the law of 1793 was ultimately confirmed, with certain modifications, all favourable to the author. This is the law still in force in France. By it, if the author leaves a widow, or any heir of his body, the property is secured to them during twenty years after his death; if he leaves neither widow nor offspring, it is secured to his other heirs for ten years. The code provides for the subdivision of the profits during these vicennial and decennial periods in a multitude of cases—but, as usual in codification, vastly more cases of doubt soon occurred than had been foreseen, and Renouard's treatise goes into those which have been decided, with much candour and sagacity. Such details, however, are beside our purpose. The French law protects the author's widow and children during twenty years after his death.

The result is that in England and in all countries where there is any considerable activity in the production of literary and scientific works, save only in the United States of America, the author is protected absolutely during his lifetime; that if the American law as to this particular point varies from the English, it probably so varies to his advantage; but that, whatever may be thought as to this one difference of detail between these two codes, there can be no doubt at all that they are both far less favourable to the interests in question than the law of any other highly civilized region of the world—with the one exception of the Austrian Empire—which mighty empire cannot be said to have given one single great author to the literature of Germany.

The Code Napoleon, we see, is very much more advantageous to the author than ours. Within the last twenty years, nevertheless, reiterated efforts have been made to obtain such a modification of that law as would put the French author in a better position; and though a bill for extending the protection to fifty years after death, which lately passed the Chamber of Deputies, was lost in the Chamber of Peers, it was lost by a narrow vote, and when M. Guizot was not the government. He was one of the most strenuous

supporters of the measure, and it can hardly be doubted that when the bill is revived, as we hear it is to be next session by M. De Lamartine, the prime minister will redeem the pledges of the studious deputy.*

In America, within these few years, a great number of tracts and pamphlets have advocated, some of them with distinguished ability, a revision of their code—*first*, in the interest of the daily increasing and improving class of their own authors—and *secondly*, in favour of English authors, who have never as yet derived any profit from the vast circulation of their works in the daughter-country. Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster are understood to be equally zealous in the former movement, and it does not seem to be doubted that, however unprepared Congress may be to pass immediately a bill protective of English copyrights in America—or even as yet to sanction prospectively the principle of such a bill—some measure for extending the protection of native authors will soon be engrafted on the law of the Republic.

The British publications named at the head of this paper sufficiently illustrate the difficult circumstances under which Mr. Talfourd maintained the cause of our own authors—with energy, eloquence, and unwearied good temper—throughout the last five sessions of parliament. We understand that, though he is no longer in the House of Commons, the subject is to be stirred again in the next session; and we are glad of this, for in the first place we are confident that every discussion of it must operate advantageously on that public opinion by which all legislation in this country must be ultimately determined; and *secondly*, though we are not sanguine in our expectations of any immediate statutory benefit to the cause here concerned, we count with most entire confidence on her Majesty's present ministers for a course of action in reference to the matter totally and diametrically opposed to that which the late government adopted in the case of Sergeant Talfourd. Several members of the new cabinet have signified in different ways and at different periods their inclination towards the Sergeant's views—but perhaps an equal number of the Melbourne cabinet were similarly disposed. Sir Robert Peel has never, we believe, committed himself at all upon the subject—down to a not very remote period we understand him to have professed that he had not found

* The reader will find an interesting paper on the state of this question in France, in the number of the *Revue des deux Mondes* for January last, by Count Alfred de Vigny. It will be well to compare with it a short but comprehensive one in the *Law Magazine* for May, 1838, by Mr. Henry Shepherd, Q. C.

leisure to make himself master of its merits. But though, under such circumstances, we do not venture to rely on the ministerial support of a bill for extending the protection of literary property, we rely implicitly on the character of Sir Robert Peel for insuring fair treatment to any such bill as may be brought before the House of Commons, while it shall be his official duty to watch over the dignity of that house's deliberations. He may or may not adopt the proposed measure; but he will appreciate the importance of the public interests involved, and take care that, whatever else may happen, the discussion of such a proposition shall not be hampered at every stage by a rude and brutal misapplication of forms, which never yet in fact served any good end, and which have been tolerated only as possible safeguards, in the last resort, of free discussion, if imperilled by some audacious *trick*.

Mr. Talfourd's bill, in the first draught, was open to several weighty objections, from which he had freed it long before his final discomfiture; but we presume to say, that the next measure, whoever may have the framing of it, ought to be a new one, in its general arrangement as well as very many of the details. The history of the Sergeant's bill would necessarily point to some prudent deviations from that model, even in its ultimate shape; but what we should more especially recommend to his successor is a careful study of the actual code of France, and, above all, of Prussia.

We must be permitted to observe, that the intrinsic weight of the author's claim to a *property* in his labour is not only admitted but distinctly set forth, in the preamble of every European statute by which the term of its legal enforcement has been limited and defined; and still more emphatically in the official reports on which most of these statutes have been grounded. Thus, for example, even our own clumsy and contradictory act of the 9th of Queen Anne sets out with the assertion that new legislation is called for in consequence of the 'liberty' which many persons had 'taken' to reprint copies 'without the consent of their proprietors;' and the actual French law was introduced by a government report, in which these words are employed:—

'De toutes les propriétés, la moins susceptible de contestation c'est, sans contredit, celle des productions du génie; et si quelque chose doit étonner, c'est qu'il a fallu reconnaître cette propriété, assurer son libre exercice par une loi positive.'—*Renouard*, vol. i., p. 326.

This is strong language, and might

seem to point to some practical conclusion very different from that which the consequent statute enacted, or even what the code of any country at this hour authorizes. We waive, however, once more all reclamation touching that which we must consider as an universal and final decision. Be it fixed and accepted that the author's interest shall not be perpetual; but the language of the universal legislation seems to acknowledge that it is made temporary, only because some overbalancing public benefit accrues from denying it perpetuity. As far as he can be protected in the usufruct of his creation, without obvious and serious detraction from the general advantage, it is avowed that protection is his right. A compromise is struck between his admitted original claim, and the supposed or real interference of that paramount claim which every society has to profit of the services of all its members. It is plain that in every such compromise (and some compromise of the sort does in effect take place in every imaginable case where man labours and society exists) it is for the true ultimate interest of the society, that the utmost protection, not absolutely incompatible with the common good, shall reward the individual, if it were only with a view to the inspiration and sustenance of zeal hereafter in others. Now this compromise has been struck very differently as to this particular conflict of interests in different countries standing on the same or nearly the same level of civilisation, in fact or intention equally regardless of equity in the regulation of men's patrimonial concerns, and certainly governed by powers which are, or profess to be, equally impressed with the prodigious, the immeasurable importance of science and literature as departments of individual industry, and elements of national strength as well as civility and refinement. England, at all events, will not endure to be told that she is inferior, in any of these respects, to France or to Prussia. The question remains—where is the proof of necessity, or of expedience, in behalf of that English regulation which is *primâ facie* so much less advantageous to the author than the corresponding rules of the other two most civilized branches of the European family? Why should the Englishman's protection, in any case, terminate with his life; while France, in every case, prolongs it to his widow and children for twenty, Prussia for thirty years after his death?

It is to be regretted that, throughout the debates on Mr. Talfourd's bill, none of the prominent speakers took up the subject absolutely. They treated it with nearly exclusive reference to its bearings on the interests of particular individuals, or at best of particular knots and classes of individuals now living. This illogical narrowing of the matter took different aspects according to the nature and capacities of the different men, their habits of thought and feeling, and the private motives of instigators behind the scene. Much good and generous sentiment was displayed—some envy and some malignity—and a very great deal of ignorant or fraudulent misrepresentation; all of which might have been avoided, had the House of Commons followed the course taken by both of the continental legislatures to which we have been alluding when they set themselves to this grave question. The great point to be settled was, what ought to be the general and permanent regulation of the law—not whether—supposing it to be found that something different from the actual rule ought to be adopted as to futurity, and this something more favourable than the existing rule to the interests of authors—the new regulation ought to receive a retrospective power, so as to extend its benefit to men who composed their works under the existing law, or to the surviving families of any such men. It was impossible that these latter questions should be thrust forward before the first was determined, without investing the discussion of the preliminary principle with unnecessary difficulty, through the alarm, whether well or ill founded, of commercial interests *in esse*, and the temptation held forth for the continual intrusion of individual sympathies and antipathies.

The Act of Anne is named or misnamed (no matter which at present) 'an Act for the Encouragement of Learning.' The object of all authoritative intervention in the business, whether legislative or administrative, is, or ought to be, to promote the interests of society by making it felt to be the interest of literary and scientific men to produce the best works within the reach of their faculties. In one state of social arrangement this object may be best promoted—perhaps could in no other way be effectually promoted—than by careful liberality on the part of the government, or the aristocracy, in the exercise of patronage. In another state of things, or say rather under any complex and highly

artificial system of internal polity, this, or innumerable plain enough reasons, is out of the question. In this country, we need not say, there is a more complicated arrangement of society than anywhere else; and there is as little need to say that here there is less of *patronage*, in the just sense of the word, for either scientific or literary eminence, than in any other country under the sun. No man of great faculties of any sort, and possessing with them common sense, selects the pursuit of such eminence as affording him a fair ulterior chance for any of the great prizes in the lottery of our eager and restless and jealous microcosm.

We regret to see any of our contemporaries complaining of this result—for indeed we consider it to be an inevitable one, of the general arrangement of things in Great Britain. Our difficulty is to reconcile with equity and reason the fact that this country—the only one perhaps in which eminence in science or in letters is so rarely rewarded by patronage that the exceptive cases are not worth alluding to—should be also the country in which the admitted original right of property which men have in the books they write receives the scantiest measure of legislative protection. The production of good books, unless of direct bearing on some of the active professions, is not to be encouraged by even the hope of patronage. The fragments of patronage, whether place, or pension, or whatever else, that ever fall to the share of our best authors, are in themselves nothing but a mockery when compared with what talents inferior to theirs might be pretty sure of attaining if devoted to any other arduous pursuit; and such as they are, these lean scraps are scarcely ever given from the unmixed motive of regard for literary or scientific merit. Such merit is, however, to be fostered—that too is agreed *almost* upon all hands—though not, as we shall show by-and-by, upon all. But assume that it is to be fostered, and fostered alone by protecting the meritorious author in the natural profits of the work that displays his merit. It seems to follow that since he is to be remunerated upon this plan alone—since no authoritative hand is to interfere at all—since no recompense is to be his except that which he may derive from individuals acting as individuals—this individual patronage should at all events be free and unfettered. Upon what principle do you decide that the reward is to depend entirely on the judgment and

free choice of individual men, and then decide also, to stimulate the production of good and great works being your avowed motive, that individual men shall not be allowed to reward him the best who produces the best work?

The great antagonist of the very principle of literary property in the last age was far too sagacious not to see the consequences that must in reason flow from it--were it once admitted.* Not venturing to contradict the statement on the other side, that even then the days of the patronage plan were over, he denied boldly that any effective stimulus for minds capable of worthy things in letters or science, ever had been or could be supplied by the hope of any worldly delight or advantage whatsoever, except only the pure enjoyment of intellectual exertion, and its consequence in honour, respect, fame. But these motives, however powerful, can be of themselves sufficient only in the case of men fortunate enough to need nothing beyond what these motives point to. In the energetic exertion of every noble faculty there is a delight beside which no other earthly pleasure can be named. The soldier knows it, and so does the poet. The aged bard was found with streaming and flashing eyes, trembling all over, in the midst of his Alexander's Feast. After an interval, the secrets of which we can never penetrate, he exults over again in the applause of educated England. He has this joy and honour, because they cannot be denied to him--and he gets them at nobody's cost; the accordance of them is instinctive, and in itself a delight to the yielders. But shall this be all? Grant that the creative glow, and this reflex confirmation of its high origin--attained or anticipated--may indeed be the sufficient rewards of the illustrious effort itself; such efforts occupy, after all, but a small space in the mind that is most capable of them--they are severe though sweet--perilous as well as priceless: let them be frequent and continuous, as the lesser throes of ordinary toil may safely be--and there ensues a madness or a torpor. And since a man is not the less a husband and a father because he is also a Dryden, and the broad course of time and life must

be given to the common cares of the whole humanity that is in every man--we must, if we would have such efforts repeated, reconcile it with the standing reason of this favourite of Nature, that he shall so order his existence as to keep that intellectual power which might have been profitably diffused over a wide space, concentrated and compressed for the exhausting energy of divine moments. It is the same with the hero. He too puts forth one at least of the noblest attributes of man in that splendid perfection which implies consummate felicity in the act, and which cannot be observed of other men without drawing from them precious worship.

'Sound--sound the clarion! fill the life!
To all the sensual world proclaim--
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.'

But what nation ever proclaimed to her soldiers that this was to be their sole recompense? 'England expects every man to do his duty,' said Nelson before a battle; but, under the like circumstances, he had said also 'a Peerage or Westminster Abbey!'

Honour, respect, fame, are not exclusively, nor even in this country pre-eminently, the reward of those who, according to Chief Justice Camden, neither merit nor require any other recompense for their zeal. They are within the reach of all who exert great talents in any sphere of life, and in no other sphere are they found or expected to be sufficient. Few ever obtained more of them, or more deservedly, than this very man; but he gained, besides, a place in the peerage, and bequeathed lordly possessions to be enjoyed, we hope, by many worthy inheritors of the line that he ennobled. The long roll of the high dignities of this state bears witness to the similar success of kindred merit in every age of our history. But it is an eleemosynary pomp that attends 'the remains of Dryden to the tomb of Chaucer;' his children die in misery or in exile; his great and gentle blood is forbidden to flow on; and a coroneted PRATT rolls from a Kentish palace to the prime seat of British justice, to bid future genius devote itself freely to the service of the Muse, for so may it also leave a name that shall be our glory as well as our disgrace.

Even in the injustice of Lord Camden's view, however, there was a recognition of higher influences than seem to be

* Whoever desires to study the history of the Act of Queen Anne, and the discussions upon its interpretation down to 1774, will find the materials clearly arranged in Mr. Lowndes' volume; but they are given in more detail by Mr. Maugham, in his excellent 'Treatise on the Law of Literary Property.'—London, 1823.

congenial to the legal understandings that have in our time essayed to catch up his mantle. Not a word about honour and glory from even the most accomplished of them—Sir Edward Sugden, for example, or Mr. Solicitor-General Rolfe. ‘By all means,’ says the latter, ‘let the man of genius be paid for his labour. But he already is so. As things are, we are already getting out of him the best that he can give us. It is mere sentiment to talk about extending the benefit to his children. What right have they to ask that the public should be taxed for their benefit? The only principle I can approve is to give the labourer such wages as we find by experience will induce him to go through his day’s work in a manner satisfactory to us, the public.’

With great deference we suggest that this usually acute reasoner begins here with a *petitio principii*. He assumes that this country has been, and is, deriving from the literary and scientific intellect of her sons services as worthy as that intellect could under any circumstances be made to yield. We venture to assure him that, notwithstanding the exuberance of English genius manifested in our time, it is a fact that it has added a scanty number of first-rate works—works likely to be counted among the *κτιματα ες αει* to either the literary or the scientific department of the English library; and the higher he rates the faculties that have been at command, the more difficult will it be for him to reconcile the aggregate issue with the opinion that the best possible system has been acted on as regards the external encouragement and direction of the resources in question as a magazine and arsenal of power. It would perhaps be considered as unfair to expect that Sir R. Rolfe should have bestowed any very serious measure of attention upon any literature but that immediately connected with the profession which he himself adorns. He knows that that particular branch of literature stands in less need of direct pecuniary support than any other, because distinction in it leads almost inevitably to the richly-endowed honours of the gown. Yet can he inform us of any *great* work that has been given to the library of English law since he first began to thumb Blackstone? Will he name any such work that has been published since that very Blackstone wrote—who wrote, as we need not remind this venerable coif, in the full belief that the long labour of his large and fine mind

would, under the law which it illustrated, be secured in the possession of a perpetual copyright?

The writer of a valuable paper on *Copyright*, in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, says:—

‘It is long since Johnson pronounced us “a nation of readers,” but we are still very deficient in *standard works*. Have we even a good *general history* of England? No wonder that we should be deprived of such works, since public records have become so voluminous, and the transactions of nations so complicated, that whoever undertakes to do justice to such topics will find himself subjected to a variety of expenses. He must set apart three years for what apparently requires but one; he must have his residence in the vicinity of great libraries; he must carry on an extensive correspondence; he must employ clerks in making copies of official documents and private papers. The same observations are applicable to scientific labours. At present no bookseller can afford to indemnify a writer for the years he would be disposed to bestow on a favourite but insulated branch—he must have a work of *general interest*; that is, one which will take in a number of topics without going to the bottom of any. Almost every author *has* a favourite subject, which he would cultivate with great zeal, did not necessity oblige him to turn aside to popular topics for the sake of a livelihood.’

Mr. Baron Rolfe may doubt all this. We beg respectfully to whisper, as the poor musician did to Philip of Macedon—*Μη γενοιο σοι οδυς, ’ω Βασιλευ, κακως, ινα ημουν ταυτα βελτιον ειδης*.

But the Solicitor had sturdy allies; and by far the most strenuous of them seem to have taken special pains to demolish their learned leader’s grand argument. When Sergeant Talfourd brought in his first bill he was met by a harmonious chorus of Humes, Warburtons, and Wakleys, who started with the Crown-lawyer’s pitch-note—‘it works well;’ but added this generous variation—‘authors themselves do not complain—where are their petitions?’

Mr. Talfourd consulted well for the dignity both of the legislature and of letters, when he resolved on introducing his measure without any adventitious supports to what he regarded as the justice of its principle. This magnanimous objection, however, was so popular among the Humites that the Sergeant thought fit to provide it with an answer, and next session he did produce abundance of petitions. A very few of these stated that the signers considered their children, dearer than themselves, as likely to be deprived of a rightful emolument by the existing regulation: and we apprehend

there can be no doubt, except in the very darkest corner of ignorance or of prejudice, that ONE at least of them, in so thinking, by no means exaggerated the intrinsic worth of what he had done. But these were rare exceptions; the great majority of the petitioners offered no such allegations. They appeared simply as men whose lives had been conversant with literature or science, and who, after ample observation and experience, had arrived at the conclusion that a legal extension of copyright would tend to promote the absolute interests of science and letters, and, through them, of the nation in every department of its being, by inducing well-gifted students to elevate their ambition; each saying to himself, that henceforth the longest toil bestowed on the most solid materials would not *necessarily* at least bring only that rate of recompense which shorter toil on things of flimsier fabric could equally command. The principle they asserted was this—that if you say to the labourers in any department, ‘we want your labour, your utmost labour,’ you will probably, and as the general rule, speak in vain as respects the best work of the best faculty, unless you make it to be distinctly understood that this shall be rewarded on a higher scale than the best work of an inferior faculty, or the inferior work which it can itself produce, without being exerted to the utmost. The burdens are very unequal in pressure: you want to see the very heaviest lifted. Can it be for the taskmaster’s advantage, to settle a schedule of payments which has no separate column for weights above a certain moderate amount?

This was their plain argument; but no reasoning, however plain and simple, can be supposed by persons of the Wakley and Warburton calibre to be advanced for any purpose but that of serving, directly or indirectly, the tangible pecuniary interests of the man that states it: and this was of course to be met, and if possible overthrown, on that footing of their own muddy level. Their answer to Mr. Talfourd now was,—‘Yes, here are your petitions at last, and what do they *prove*? Nothing but that you are the tool and mouth-piece of a parcel of conceited coxcombs, who chatter about the narrowness of the term during which copyrights are protected, while they themselves have hardly produced a volume for the property in which any sane man would give a sixpence at the end of a shorter term

than the actual one.’ Then came a series of such insults as Mr. Coroner Wakley has it in his power to inflict, with perfect impunity, upon any gentleman anywhere. A few literary men, who happened to be members of the House, were conciliated, or meant to be so, by coarse flatteries interspersed here and there amidst this tissue of insolence; and the majority chuckled. But the Solicitor-General must have perceived that his recruits had thrown the position open. ‘We are not here,’ cries the member for Finsbury, ‘to legislate for the benefit of a few individuals. Our business is to look at authors as a class of men, and their books as a class of industrial produce. I find, after diligent inquest on sundry defunct tomes, that if you pass the Sergeant’s bill you will add nothing to the profits of more than one author, as authors go, out of five hundred.’ ‘Indeed,’ Mr. Solicitor must have said to himself—though he did not think fit to say so to the House—‘if this be so, there is an end of my argument. If this be so, the system does not work well.’ No, truly: Sergeant Talfourd has been well served by these your Finsbury auxiliaries. What he and his petitioners alleged was exactly what the Coroner asserts more broadly in his own ruder dialect. The preamble of the bill suggests, as a lamentable probability, what Mr. Wakley proclaims as an auspicious fact; and the sole purpose of the bill, is to render it unlikely that in fifty or a hundred years any British subject should dare to assert and exult in a condition of things so remote from what ought to be.

The accuracy or inaccuracy of the precise figures in this calculation signifies nothing. Some books, it seems, even now have a vitality greatly—nay, vastly—beyond that of the mass. No matter whether there be one such book among every hundred, or only one among every five hundred, or, as one of the cipherers says, every five thousand. The thing to be desired is that such books should be produced in far greater proportion; and the likeliest means of serving this end seems to be nothing else but the providing of stronger motives for the undergoing of that superior toil by which alone such can be produced at all.

Mr. Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, who has, we hear, realized a very handsome fortune as the publisher of the useful weekly Journal which bears his name, comes forward as one of Mr. Wakley’s coadjutors. Quite contented with having

pocketed by his ephemeral compilation, in the course of a few years' currency, more money than all the historians in the English language put together ever received for their copyrights, this worthy trafficker can see nothing but perfection in the system according to which literary profits are at present regulated and apportioned. All's well that ends well—for Mr. Chambers's till. We are well pleased that his till thrives. He started in life, however, with ambition of a different sort from that which has been thus copiously gratified. The performances of his juvenile pen afforded promise of distinction in the historical and antiquarian departments of literature. We see for what pursuits these early favourites have been cast aside. It was, as regards worldly goods, a most prudent abandonment. It was, however, though singularly successful, an abandonment of exactly the same species which we recognize in a very great proportion of Mr. Chambers's contemporaries—men who have continued to be authors, but dropped by degrees, as the experience of life grew on them, the high aspirations which apparently animated their youth, and, in place of setting and keeping before them some great plan not to be fulfilled without a life-long devotion, have bestowed their ink upon those easier kinds of literature which furnish amusement sufficient for the hour, and for which the pay of the hour is sufficiently liberal.

There is no principle of justice upon which we can defend a statute that limits the best workman to the hire of his inferior; but a great light of Mr. Rolfe's profession, who also took part in these debates, seems to us to have gone back gratuitously into a question which the bill was never meant to stir. Labouring a point which was on all sides taken for granted, to wit, that the private right in literary property shall be limited by the consideration of the public advantage, this distinguished lawyer appears to have thought his ingenuity had suggested a new and supremely philosophical argument. 'The author's right,' said Sir E. Sugden, 'must be measured by the general advantage, for his work has no pecuniary value at all, unless by reason of the public acceptance and approbation of it.' Our English lawyers are hard put to it, because—it having been impossible that copyrights should be of any commercial importance before the invention of the printing-press—Rome, the great parent and mistress of jurisprudence, has left us

neither rule nor principle of direct application in the matter. The very astute person in question seems to have caught at an analogy which will not bear much sifting. We allow that no field would be of much value to its lord if his neighbours had no appetite for bread. The reason, however, commonly given for protecting him in his field, is not merely that other men like bread, but that if *nobody* were protected no wheat would be grown, and that he has a preferable title to be protected because he stands by descent, gift, or purchase, in the place of him who originally reclaimed that field, and cultivated and enclosed it. But granting once more, what was settled long before the Irish Chancellor was born, that the author's right in *his own book* shall be likened not to a freehold but only to a leasehold; that in practice *the public* shall be treated as the rightful lord and inheritor of this property, and that he whose toil has given it being as a thing of value shall only draw its profits for a certain term of time, we incline to think that, in fixing that term of time, some consideration should be had of the absolute intrinsic worth of the field as an ultimate addition to the estate of the lord. It is by that worth alone that we can estimate the exertion to be remunerated. Nor does it make any difference if we consider the *public acceptance* as a domain already secured in all manorial rights and privileges, and the author as one whom the lord invites and would encourage to occupy a portion thereof, with a view to his lordship's final profit and advantage. It is not folly, in granting and drawing your lease, to have regard to the character of the farmer, and the skill and the capital he will bring to the improvement of the soil, and the condition in which the possession is to be when he finally surrenders it into your own management. Nor does the landlord expect that the tenant of his building-ground shall proceed in framing the new erections without reference to the duration of his holding. But our literary legislators are for farm leases that shall tend to nothing but short-sighted scourging, with year after year scantier crops, and the final impoverishment of the ground, so that when we receive it into our own hand it shall be found not wheat-land at all, but only oat-land, or perhaps thistle-land. When they deliver the lease, indeed, they recommend the best cultivation, but the clauses enforce an opposite result. In like manner when they let out their building plot, they express great anx-

ity that it may be covered with noble edifices. Build us temples, dig deep foundations, hew the beech and the oak, let your quarries be of granite and marble, rear gigantic colonnades, and hang domes in the air : do this, for architecture is in itself a glorious art—you will have great delight in your labour, hard though it be, great delight and high honour in contemplating its completion, and your other advantages shall be answerable to the toil and its monuments, for they shall be not less than they would have been had you worked in lath and plaster. Rise, Inigo, and let not the Banqueting-house remain a fragment of your design. Finish your eight quadrangles, and stretch your porticos from Charing Cross to the Abbey. We will reward you as befits the first and greatest of the nations. You shall be paid as if this your Whitehall were a continuation of Regent Street, and you shall be a Fellow of the Academy as well as Mr. Nash.

But the sum and substance of the most clamorously asserted objection, both to the late French bill and to Sergeant Talfourd's, lies in one word—Monopoly. It stares you in capitals or italics in every page of every pamphlet ; it makes the black-letter heading of every thundering broadside. Monopoly is against the spirit of the English law. Free trade in everything. Free trade in calico, in corn, above all, in *thought* ! We hate Monopoly as fervently as any of these patriots—we do not admire even a monopoly of envy and misrepresentation. Monopoly has but one definition in every legal code in the world : 'an exclusive privilege of selling what others have an equal natural right to sell.' When Mehemet Ali enacts that no man shall deal in rice but himself—when the Spanish king decrees that no tobacco shall be sold but at the royal establishments—that is monopoly. When the parliament settles that no man shall sell foreign wheat in England, except on paying a certain importation duty, the act creates a monopoly for English wheat-growers, according to all those who think that foreign farmers have as good a natural right to sell wheat in England as any body of Englishmen can be supposed to have. But cases like these will not help out our pamphleteers. The free trade in the food of the mind which they are for, is a free trade resembling not that which should allow all men to sell wheat, but that which renders it lawful for any man to sell for his own profit the wheat raised on his neighbour's field by his neighbour's industry. To maintain their doctrine at all, they must strike at the root of the principle assumed and sanctioned as a principle in our and in every other legisla-

tion, that the author of the 'Novum Organum,' or 'Macbeth' has a natural right of property in his work. It will not do for them to add, as we all concede, that this right of property is one whereof the law may limit the exercise and the duration. Their argument is worth nothing, if the original principle is worth anything.

And, accordingly, some at least of these gentlemen are courageous enough to assert a direct negation of the principle. What can books contain, say they, but words ? What are words but the images of thoughts ? What are thoughts, if they be of any value, but the images of facts ? This—we are not jesting—is literally the leading argument of the personage who indites 'Observations on the Law of Copyright,' and also of Mr. Wakley, or whoever put together the 'Objections to and Remarks upon Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's Scheme.' We shall transcribe a specimen of this last masterpiece :—

'The name of Southey has been brought forward as an aggrieved author. Does he rest his fame on his prose or his poetry ? Prose is the staple of all knowledge ; and is it then on the History of Brazil, of the Peninsula War, or his Life of the glorious Nelson ? If so, then it may be asked, what were his sources of information ? was he ever in Brazil ? or did he accompany the army into Spain or Portugal ? or was it communicated to him by others for his sole profit ? or is it not the fact that every statement of the slightest value which is contained in these works was the property of others, or the common property of the world ? The Life of Nelson has been the most esteemed of his prose, and how much of that work does he claim as his own ? The slightest examination will convince any one that it is but a cheap and popular recast of the Life by Clarke and M'Arthur, which was published in two volumes quarto, at 9*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* ; therefore it is not surprising that a work should command an extensive sale which conveyed to the public in a pleasing style, at one-thirteenth of the original cost, every fact, both public and private, which would be cared for in the life of so great and distinguished a hero. Is it then the drapery of language which possesses such a magic value in the estimation of Mr. Talfourd ? If it be so, he may retain that opinion, but he may be assured that few will admit its correctness. It is true the facts were not the property of Clarke and M'Arthur, but that Southey smuggled them away cannot be doubted. We do not complain of it ; but what we do blame is the assumption that the mere rhetorical combination of words should be claimed as an absolute property, when the facts which render the combination of any value should be treated as the common property of the world. In the trade of literature authorship has a fixed value according to the ability of the writer, and the most eminent authors have never considered it discreditable to be paid according to the quantity of pages they contribute ; and no argument

can justify the claim which has been set up for the style in which knowledge may be communicated.'—*Objections, &c.*, pp. 28, 29

We need hardly point attention to the beautiful logical sequence of thought in this passage, or to the merits of the style in which so much knowledge has been communicated. The writer evidently thinks *poetry* unworthy of any consideration at all. The *facts* in Thalaba, Kehama, Madoc, might have been *smuggled away* by any industrious penny-a-liner, from the various *prose* works referred to in the Laureate's notes and appendices. Clarke and Macarthur had read the dispatches of Nelson, the London Gazettes, and the Annual Register, not long before Mr. Southey set about *recasting* their two volumes in *quarto*, *price nine guineas*. The facts smuggled from these documents by Clarke and Macarthur, and then smuggled from them by Southey, are the only things that give any value either to Clarke's quartos or to Southey's duodecimos. Then why should Southey have any copyright in the 'Life of Nelson?' What claim has he here above Mr. Wakley? We have no doubt that gentleman could 'smuggle away' all the facts, and set them forth in a combination of words extremely unlike Mr. Southey's. Who prevents his doing so? We venture to say the proprietors of Southey's book have no sort of objection to his trying his hand: nay, the Coroner may have access to facts which have come to light since Mr. Southey wrote, and thus produce a book more *valuable* than his. So be it. But why then does our 'Objector' give Mr. Southey's style an epithet? 'A pleasing style.' Is pleasure nothing? Is the power of giving pleasure even to Mr. Wakley nothing? But the true puzzle is why,—since *pleasure* is such a nothing—since the *value* of a book is wholly irrespective of its 'style,'—some unseen Curl or other should be so anxious to lay his own fingers on the barren worthless insignificant 'rhetorical combination.' Why should the *combiner* be deprived of this airy nothing—in order that Mr. Curl may make money by vending that particular 'recast' of 'facts,' in place of producing another, and of course at least equally valuable, recast of his own proper manufacture, or his friend Mr. Wakley's? The Coroner is a 'most eminent author'—he will not 'consider it discreditable to be paid according to the quantity of pages he contributes to the 'People's Library'; and these pages will be not a few, because

it appears that 'the quantity of pages' is the only true standard of the 'ability of the writer.'

Having clearly established, however, that what they call facts are the only things in a book which ought to be considered of the 'slightest value'—(they do not quite agree as to what is a fact—but no matter)—these colleagues proceed, each in his own way, to urge the same important corollary. It is that no facts communicated by any one whom Mr. Talsford calls an author are of value comparable to the facts constituting the essence of mechanical inventions: yet we already concede a longer copyright to the author in his book than to the mechanist in his engine; whence it follows that the claim patronized by the Sergeant is not only unjust but absurd—a piece of unparalleled presumption and impudence.

We have no hope of converting these writers; but we think any candid mind will acknowledge, after a little reflection, that the two cases furnish no parallel: first of all because the claims thus opposed to each other are not derived from intellectual exertions set forth in results of the like kind; secondly, that, granting both parties to have a right to protection, the measure of the protection to be settled on due consideration of the public claim paramount, the public interest requires that the measure should be diverse in the two cases; and, thirdly, that though under the existing law the mechanist is protected for a shorter period than the author, the protection which he receives is by far the more profitable of the two.

'Copyright and patent-right,' says the Observer, 'must be considered as *synonymous*;' and the legislation that is required for the one is all that can be required for the other.'—p. 6.

Upon this principle, of course, the protection now given to the author should be diminished. The 'Observer,' and his brother, the 'Objector,' would think themselves very indulgent to the highest author if they consented to place him on a level with the lowest of the other class: but even suppose they should be so liberal as to bracket a Milton with an Arkwright, a Shakspeare with a James Watt—we apprehend it might be made evident almost to a spinning-jeany that the protection in the one set of cases would be so unproductive, that those enriched by the other would not consider it worth their while to accept all its profit as a gratuitous addi-

tion to their own. All inventions now securable by a patent privilege have for their end the extension of man's power over the material elements with which he is surrounded, to the increase of his facilities for acquiring wealth, or, at any rate, to the direct increase of his physical enjoyment. It is most just and necessary that the inventor should be rewarded, and that in proportion to the value of the invention. But there is little danger lest any invention conducing to such ends as these should not be rapidly appreciated; and if the inventor be allowed to have the direct pecuniary profit thereof for a very limited time, he derives great profit in proportion to the labour he bestowed.

But while his protection lasts, it is a bar against improvement. Every invention in that kind is directly engrafted on another; your foot, though prepared to make the next step, is kept powerless until there is liberty for it to occupy and start again afresh from the point of my halt. Nay, starting from the same previously attained line, you and I may have at the same moment descried the next important point, and yet, if I be the first to tell the world I have descried it, your equal acumen is baffled—you take nothing by it. Until I have had leisure to make my profit of the *new* step, not only your naturally equal right to that, but the consequent right of proceeding still further for yourself, is impeded. Now, in no department of literature does a like impediment arise out of copyright. The *knowledge*—all that these calculators can pretend to think of any worth—is given freely to the world, for every one to apply and extend freely, from that hour and for ever, as his powers enable him. Even in history, whether civil or natural, this is the case. No historian pretends to prevent his rival or successors from making what use he pleases, or can, of any *fact* which he discovers, or even of any reasoning by which he brings out the consequences of that fact. You are welcome to take the fact and my opinion of its bearing into your mind, and make your own use of it, in the composition or revisal of your own book. The only claim *here* is that it shall not be allowed to transfer bodily one man's labour to another. But the protection that is the shorter in term protects a totally different species of claim. One man buys a copy of *Macbeth*, another a model of a steam-engine. He that carries the book home with him has, indeed, acquired a treasure, if he has brains and a heart as well as

fingers and eyes. He is at perfect liberty to penetrate, if he can, all the meanings of the poet; to appropriate all the lights he has here thrown on man's nature, and on woman's, for the counsel and direction of his own life; and also to investigate an extract for his own benefit as an artist, if he be one, whatever lessons that work can afford him, in the construction of a fable, in the development of a character, in the choice and balance of language, in the modulation of verse. All this liberty is at once his; to make the most of it, he needs not wait until the copyright expires. He may produce, as soon as he likes, his own tragedy, in elaborating which he shall have drawn all the benefit that any artist as an artist can draw from the study of the Shakspearian model. The only thing he may not do is to multiply *copies* of the model to be sold, for his own profit, as *models* for the use of other students, who have it equally in their power as he had to purchase their own models of *the maker*. What parallel is there between this case and the buyer of the model-engine? That, as far as revelation of knowledge goes, is as good, nay better, far more convenient as a subject of study, than the black colossus which Mr. Watt has caused to be constructed after its proportions at Soho. But, the patent right still in force, is the purchaser allowed to make such use of that model as the purchaser of the copyright tragedy may make of it? Is he at liberty to extract and appropriate for his own behoof the addition which Mr. Watt has made to the resources of mechanical *science*? Is he at liberty to make forthwith a machine of his own, in constructing which the *science* of Watt shall be as freely at his service as the *art* of Shakspeare is at the service of the student of *Macbeth*?

'Would Parliament'—this Observer goes on—'consent to continue to the discoverer of any powerful bleaching agent, such as chlorine, a patent right to the exclusive use of such discovery for the period of his life?'—p. 7.

The man who talks of his 'bleaching agent, chlorine,' as a power legitimately compared in its operations with literature, is blind to the distinction between matter and spirit. No man who believes himself to be anything better than a machine, his own principle of being anything nobler than so much gas in a bottle, could dream of putting the several powers on the same footing. But there is no doubt that five years' protection in a superior bleaching-

drop would enrich a man more than fifty years' sale of a new *Macbeth*; and there is another point which may possibly be brought within this writer's comprehension.

The extension of copyright proposed by Mr. Talfourd was proposed only for first-rate productions—in the case of literary works which embody the effort of consummate intellect. And in all such cases we know well that the work is the work of the individual mind from which it comes. 'I am sorry,'—said Davy, when near his end—'I am sorry to leave the world when *it* (the world!) has come so near the brink of *three* great discoveries.' He had no doubt that they would soon be made, whoever might die or live,—made soon, very soon—no matter whether in England, in France, or in Germany! Sir Humphrey might have been a great poet—he had in him poetical faculties that might, perhaps, have been developed as illustriously as his philosophical genius. But what dying poet would ever have ventured to prophesy that the world was on the eve of giving birth to three great political geniuses—or master-pieces!—But in truth will either 'Observer' or 'Objector' pretend gravely to believe that any man but Dante could ever have written the '*Divina Commedia*'? The telescope, we may be almost certain, would have been discovered by some one else if Galileo had not found it out. What contests there were between Newton's and Leibnitz's followers as to which of them had the true merit of such and such discoveries! In fact, there always has been a neck-and-neck chase between men of science and discoverers in arts and physics; and no wonder, for all such discoveries hang one upon another, as natural steps in the progress of a power which can be traced, and every new development of which we can appropriate and apply as soon as it is made cognizable to our senses: whereas the influence of mind in the other case is purely upon mind, and no man can trace its working.

The mechanist gives in his *specification*. As far as the particular invention is concerned, here is the spirit of the man condensed and made transferable, so that whoever comprehends the specification stands henceforth to the invention, as a thing of practical use, in precisely the same relation as the inventor. But who can give a *specification* for the making of an '*Inferno*'? If any one undertakes to do so, it will not be a Dante, but a Dennis. And—

'To solve a point which puzzled Warburton'—

let us add, that in our opinion, whenever a *specification* can be given, the work to which it refers ought to be treated not as a literary work, but as a mechanical invention, and distinctly by the law taken out of the one class, and put into the other. No jury could be at a loss to decide to which class any possible production *de facto* belonged.

'What English author is to be compared to Watt or to Arkwright? *These* authors have written in a language which can be read and understood in every nation of the world, and will continue to be read so long as civilisation endures.'—*Observations*, p. 41.

We are not so sure of that. The works of 'these authors' may very probably be followed by others which will supplant them effectually. Where steam is now, electricity may come to be—for all this hissing and panting drudgery, a silent flash. A hundred years hence Arkwright's best jenny will, we doubt not, be considered as an antiquarian curiosity, much on a par with the handloom of the Hindoo. But grant these magnifiers of boilers and spindles and 'bleaching agents' all they demand. We have no desire to undervalue such inventions; but we think there is little of justice, to say nothing about generosity, in thus exalting them at the expense of their country's literature. 'There is no absolute utility in poetry,' says Sir Humphrey Davy;—'but it gives pleasure, refines and exalts the mind.*' A pregnant *but*. Without literature—poetry and romance included, as leading portions of it—without the softening, and refining, and exalting of the general mind which Sir Humphrey's notion of 'absolute utility' excludes—society could never have afforded that protection against barbarism, without which your grand discoveries in physical science or in mechanical art could never have been made, or if made, must have been profitless to the inventors. And if literature could be extinguished, instead of only being depressed and discouraged, as our mechanical age and its legislation tend to discourage it, what would all these boasted inventions be worth—if indeed they could survive it—what would they be but pests of mankind and instruments of destruction?

We are not so silly as to impute to any *gentleman* in the late House of Com-

* 'Consolations in Travel,' p. 243.

mons any participation either in the motives or the critical opinions of these pamphleteers. We give them credit for loving and honouring literature—one at least of their number is himself among the most distinguished men of letters now living among us. But none of them are so situated as to have been naturally led, of late years at least, to bestow much consideration on the weight of the claims which they have enabled grovelling spirits to baffle for a season. Mr. Macaulay's speech on the 5th of February last was, like all his speeches and writings, brilliant. He can never disguise his splendid gifts, to however unworthy offices he may occasionally lead them. But we have never read a declamation that left the questions really at issue more utterly untouched.

It is sufficiently clear that this eloquent member, when he delivered his speech, had never read Mr. Talfourd's bill; for one of his chief topics is the possible danger that, were copyrights protected beyond the author's lifetime, a valuable work might be arrested in what Milton calls its 'life beyond life,' through some aversion towards the doctrine or subject-matter of the work entertained by the family or other holders of the literary property in question: the fact being that in the Sergeant's bill there was included a clause distinctly providing for such a case, however unlikely to occur, and rendering it lawful for any man to reprint any work which should have been what is technically called *out of print* for a certain brief period—namely, five years. Mr. Macaulay ought surely to have understood the bill before he attacked it—but the omission was especially remarkable, inasmuch as the bill had been before the House during several years, and frequently discussed in Mr. Macaulay's hearing, though he never thought fit to take any part in the discussion, or signify his opinion one way or another, until on that final Friday night. This particular clause was not, we think, a sufficiently stringent one; Mr. Macaulay, with a very slender exertion of his ingenuity, might have pointed out how it could be rendered effective—but he had no right to treat the clause as a nonentity—as if Mr. Talfourd had never seen that some such provision ought to be included in any bill on this subject. Had he made the fit preparation for entering on such a debate, in the doubly authoritative character of a cabinet minister and a distinguished literator, he would have given attention also to a cer-

tain document, which, though published anonymously in a provincial newspaper, at once affiliated itself on a most illustrious pen, and was of course a subject of conversation in most literary circles throughout the country. In this dignified and modest paper Mr. Macaulay, had he condescended to have read it, would have found every argument of his speech anticipated—we think conclusively answered.* But it was not answered by anticipation only. In the *Examiner*, shortly after it was delivered, a writer—of course of his own political party—but remote from the ignorant and interested *clique* by which the opposition to the bill was throughout stimulated and kept alive—a writer, whoever he be, of singular acuteness and dexterity, published a critique from which we must indulge ourselves in some quotations:—

'It is impossible not to entertain a high respect for Mr. Macaulay's talents, but their display has, on many occasions, been attended with evidences of a want of what we will venture to call logical honesty. A certain trickiness pervades his reasonings. His favourite mode of argument is to lay down some acknowledged truism—surrounding it with a profusion of illustrations, and a copious variety of research, under which he insinuates fallacies unworthy of a schoolboy. He takes commonplace for his premises and paradox for his conclusions; and the richness of a fertile memory conceals the meagreness of a most defective logic.

'Mr. Macaulay began by certain propositions on the subject of property, which, taken in one sense, mean everything most dangerous, and taken in the other mean everything most commonplace. He contended that, according to Paley, all property is created, not by an inherent right in itself, but by the common consent, for the public expediency. If we grant this as a dogma applicable to the *origin* of all property, it is a tyro's commonplace. If we accept it as applicable to the *protection* of property, and hold that, because expediency has been the origin of property, therefore, whenever the legislature think it expedient, they may protect one kind of property and make the public a present of another, no Jacobin ever uttered a sentiment more monstrous. The law has already declared that all literary works *are, bonâ fide*, property for twenty-eight years; the question, therefore, never was whether they are property or not, but whether the protection should be extended for a longer period. To argue, by the general laws relating to property, that the term of protection should not be so extended, any man who pretended to the character of a reasoner should have shown what distinctions existed between this class of property and the various other classes

* We shall append the important paper in question to this article.

which the law does protect. Mr. Macaulay never attempted to do this. He was contented to reduce literary works to the origin of *all* property, and, having stated the origin, to get rid of the protection!

Mr. Macaulay then proceeded to place his argument upon two propositions—1st, that the proposed boon of extending copyright for sixty years* after the author's death would be no boon to the author; 2dly, that it would entail a most onerous tax upon the public. Now, to support the first, Mr. Macaulay had recourse, as is usual with him and with all rhetoricians, to an illustration instead of an argument. And to what an illustration! "Why," said he, "would not Dr. Johnson have thanked the man who gave him two-pence to buy a plate of beef much more than the man who told him, that after he was dead, some bookseller would be enjoying his copyrights for sixty years?" Again we repeat, what an illustration! In the first place, Dr. Johnson had no children—not one for whose worldly interests he cared a rush—to better by the fruits of his labour; and, in the second place, Dr. Johnson had sold all his copyrights. As well might we argue against giving a man the power to bequeath his property in house and land, by instancing some bachelor spendthrift who has no children to care for, and who has sold both house and land twenty years ago! The question is, whether the extension will benefit the author who *has* children or relations to whom he can leave nothing else but the costly creations of his genius, and who, in that hope, has *refrained* from selling the heritage he can bequeath.'

We think Mr. Macaulay's reference to Dr. Johnson was unjust as well as ungraceful. He had no right to take him as he was in the early period which he so sadly mentions as 'my distress;' at which period, be it observed, Johnson had produced no works of lasting value except his 'Imitations of Juvenal,' and the 'Life of Savage,' to the well-known history of which last piece Mr. Macaulay's unfeeling allusion obviously belongs. But if we were to cite Dr. Johnson at all as to this subject, surely he ought not to have suppressed what was Dr. Johnson's own recorded opinion about it when it was the great topic of thought and discussion among all literary men as well as all lawyers and all statesmen—in 1773. 'Dr. Johnson,' says Boswell, 'was zealous against a perpetuity; but he thought the term of the exclusive right of authors should be considerably enlarged. He was for granting a *hundred years*†

But we must resume the *Examiner* :—

'The Sergeant had talked, two or three years ago, too sentimentally perhaps, of Milton's granddaughter in poverty and destitution, while the *Paradise Lost* was in every library. "See the refutation," cries Mr. Macaulay, "of your own argument! Copyright was then perpetual. The bookseller was prosecuting the pirate, and Milton's granddaughter was starving." Your pardon, Mr. Macaulay. You correct the illustration, but you do not touch the argument. Supposing Milton had *not* sold the copyright, the granddaughter would have been affluent; and Sergeant Talfourd might well have replied—"Had Milton been living now, under the operation of the existing law, my boon, carrying his property beyond the term for which he had sold the glory of ages, would have placed his children out of want." We think it right here to point out one part of the question, in which Mr. Macaulay and the other opponents of the measure have laboured under the grossest ignorance. Milton and Johnson sold their copyrights, and therefore it is argued that booksellers, not authors, would be enriched, if protection to copyright were extended. We venture to say that at this time there are very few authors of eminence who do sell their copyrights, and whenever they have done so, ere reputation had given permanent value to their works, their first object is to re-purchase them. To say, then, that the power of leaving to those in whose struggles with fortune they feel anxious, some income more or less derived from their own toils, would *not* be a boon to men of that genius whose works survive their dust; to say that it would not inspire many an effort in laborious life, and whisper comfort to many a great soul in the agony of the last farewell, is an assumption which Mr. Macaulay may well endeavour to conceal amidst the flowers and weeds of his rhetorical exuberance."

It was unworthy of Mr. Macaulay to dwell on the case of Milton as the holder or seller of literary copyrights. Milton, indeed, at the close of his *Areopagitica*, expresses in a strong parenthesis his sense of the flagrant injustice of not respecting a man's right in his 'copy;' but we all know that in his day the readers of high poetry in the English tongue were so few, that no copyright in such poetry could be considered by any author a matter of direct pecuniary consequence. The production of such poetry might lead to worldly advancement in many ways. Milton's literary reputation obtained for him the notice of the Egertons and others in early life, and in middle life a high post under Cromwell. The idea of deriving any considerable emolument directly from the sale of his writings never entered his mind, any more than Virgil's, or Chaucer's, or Spenser's, or his immediate predecessor, Shakspeare's. He was not in

* The ultimate proposition of Mr. Talfourd was for a period of *fifty* years. See his Speech of Feb. 5, 1841—the one to which Mr. Macaulay was replying.

† Boswell, vol. ii., p. 233 [Edit. 1835.]

his old days, when 'Paradise Lost' was completed, so rich as to be above taking whatever a bookseller would give him for authority to publish it; but neither was he so abjectly poor that Simmons' (his publisher's) 15*l.* in hand could have offered any inducement whatever for him to deprive his children of an ultimately profitable possession, could he have foreseen the extension of literary taste and curiosity developed within 1674, when he died, and—(to waive once more a perpetuity of interest)—1734 (fifteen years after the death of Addison), when, under Sergeant Talfourd's bill, the copyright of the English epic would have expired.

'But'—the *Examiner* proceeds—'this additional term of copyright will be a prodigious tax upon the public! To doubt this—to doubt that monopoly increases the price of the article, is to doubt that arsenic poisons! Softly, Mr. Macaulay. There is a law in political economy that precedes the one that you advance—viz.: There is no enterprise in competition where there is no protection to property. At this moment the works of many of the greatest writers in the language are both scarce and dear, nay, even uncollected, because, without the protection of a copyright, no bookseller will venture to print them. If, without copyright, works became cheap and plentiful, it would be easy, Mr. Macaulay, to prove your case. Have the goodness to name the great masters of our language whose works find good and cheap editions because there is no copyright. There are no cheap editions of Bacon, Locke, Cadworth, and Hobbes, our greatest philosophers; none of Raleigh and Browne; none of Swift, Steele, and Bolingbroke; none of Dryden; only very recently a cheap edition of Spenser. For centuries the works of the great Elizabethan dramatists (Shakespeare alone excepted) found no cheap editions. Talk of the want of copyright making books cheap! Why the first thing a bookseller does when he reprints a standard author is to create a copyright, which did not exist before.*

'Works are cheap or dear, not in proportion as there is a copyright or not, but in proportion as they are more or less popular in their nature. Newton's *Principia* is published, we believe, at about 4*l.* 4*s.*; Goldsmith's poems may be had for a shilling. Why? because the sale of the *Principia* depends on a few, and the sale of a few copies must therefore suffice to remunerate; but Goldsmith is read by the many, and to the many therefore the bookseller adapts the price. So little has copyright to do with the question of high or low price, that if we take two writers equally voluminous and of the same class in literature, viz., Dryden and Byron—we find that we cannot buy the only good edition of Dryden

under nine or ten guineas, and we may buy an excellent edition of Byron for 1*l.*'

The *Examiner* proceeds to the member for Edinburgh's third argument—that about the danger of a man's heirs disliking his book, and endeavouring to suppress it. Mr. Macaulay alleged that Richardson's son would have deprived us of 'Clarissa Harlowe,' and that Boswell's heir would have suppressed the 'Life of Johnson.' The *Examiner* replies:—

'An author is sufficiently sensitive on the subject of his works, and sufficiently keen in his desire for fame, to take very good care to whom he bequeaths the property of his reputation. The vain, prim, penetrating Richardson would very easily have seen whether or not his son valued or disapproved his novels, and would have bequeathed them accordingly. James Boswell was far too alive to his own consequence to have permitted a single doubt on the mind of the inheritor of his delightful book, as to its future publication. Where the son, therefore, wounds the author in his most sensitive point (and in the intimacy of near relationship the disposition could scarcely be concealed), we think that the practical result would be, not that the world would lose the book, but that the son would lose the legacy. On the other hand, it must be observed, that where one man would be indifferent to his father's fame, a thousand would be zealous for it. If the law imposed on the descendant the moral obligation of attending to the memory of the progenitor we believe that his natural and chief anxiety would be to give to the public a much better, and certainly a much cheaper edition, than a bookseller would be inclined to do in the mere avarice of speculation, and with the uncertainty of adequate protection for the capital he is to risk.'—*Examiner*, Feb. 28, 1841.

If it were worth while to dwell further upon the particular cases adduced by Mr. Macaulay, we could easily show that he spoke on gross misinformation concerning them. The grandson (not son) of Richardson to whom he alludes, was the Rev. Samuel Crowther, vicar of Christ Church, in London, a most worthy man, and of some note as what is called 'an evangelical preacher.' In a note to his funeral sermon, his friend Daniel Wilson (now the exemplary Bishop of Calcutta) made the statement on which alone Mr. Macaulay had to rely—it is in these words:—'Mr. C. once said, in a humorous way, I am an unworthy grandson never to have read those celebrated works.' Does it follow that Mr. Crowther would have suppressed them without first reading them, or that, if he had read them, he would have been willing to suppress them at all?

* That is to say, by employing some skilful and learned editor, whose preface and annotations shall, in fact, give the new edition the character and value of a new book.

But he was only one of several sons of one of Richardson's daughters; other daughters also left sons; and even Mr. Crowther's own brother, the surgeon of Bethlehem Hospital, was a man of habits and tastes totally different from his. In no case, therefore, could the Rev. Vicar have had the power to keep back a new edition of the *Clarissa* even for a single year.

The orator was equally in the dark about Boswell's family. He depends, we presume, on a very striking and beautiful passage in Mr. Croker's Preface to the '*Life of Johnson*,' viz.:—

'Mr. Boswell's father was, we are told, by no means satisfied with the *life he led*, nor his eldest son with the kind of reputation he attained: neither liked to hear of his connection even with Paoli or Johnson; and both would have been better pleased if he had contented himself with a *domestic life of sober respectability*.

'The public, however, the dispenser of fame, has judged differently, and considers the biographer of Johnson as the most eminent part of the family pedigree. With less activity, less indiscretion, less curiosity, less enthusiasm, he might, perhaps, have been what the old lord would, no doubt, have thought more respectable; and have been pictured on the walls of Auchinleck (the very name of which we never should have heard) by some stiff, provincial painter, in a lawyer's wig, or a squire's hunting cap; but his portrait, by Reynolds, would not have been ten times engraved; his name could never have become—as it is likely to be—as far spread and as lasting as the English language; and "the world had wanted" a work to which it refers as a manual of amusement, a repository of wit, wisdom, and morals, and a lively and faithful history of the manners and literature of England, during a period hardly second in brilliancy, and superior in importance, even to the Augustan age of Anne.'

—Pref. vol. i., pp. xiv. xv.

Now every reader of Scott knows that the ancient judge of the Court of Session *had* the feeling here commented upon: but we beg leave to remain extremely doubtful as to Sir Alexander Boswell's share in the tradition. Those who are aware of certain facts in the history of Mr. Boswell and his family, of date long subsequent to his connection with Johnson, cannot need to be informed that his son might very well have wished that, instead of embracing a gay and chequered London career, he had 'contented himself with a domestic life of sober respectability.' It was, we are persuaded, only because the connection with Johnson was what first knit Boswell to London habits, that Sir Alexander could ever have thought or spoken of that connection with regret. The author of the '*Justiciary*

Garland' had not one jot of the old fashioned *hidalgo* prejudices of his grandfather; but he was an eminently decorous gentleman in his own domestic habits and relations—besides being very clever, a very accomplished man, a man whose own personal ambition was literary. His father's *faults* and their issues were known to him, and he could not but lament them;—but what reason is there to suppose that he would, if he could, have suppressed the most delightful book in the world, which had given his father a high place in the roll of English authors, merely because that work contained plentiful illustrations of what he might consider as a *foible*, when he could never have had the slightest power to suppress the collateral records of Johnson's life by Hawkins and Piozzi, in which that weakness, if such it were, is blazoned abroad, without any compensating proof or acknowledgment of the man's remarkable talents and the many sterling virtues of his original character? But Sir Alexander had a brother—James, the editor of Shakspeare—a London dinner-out, a wit, a man of clubs and jokes and literary gossip by profession. James the younger owed his start and much of his standing in London society to nothing else but his being the son of Johnson's Boswell. He was an easy-going bachelor of the Temple—he worshipped his father's memory—would he have concurred in extinguishing the source and monument of his father's fame? But how extinguish it? What hope of doing so?—Mr. Boswell's melancholy and deplorable death was in 1795—his sons were children at the time of his death—he left Malone his literary executor, and the book had been reprinted over and over again long before Malone died. Unless both sons had been idiots, they must have seen that any hinderance of the circulation of the book after it came into their hands could serve no purpose but to excite new curiosity about its contents, and cover themselves with ridicule and contempt. We think it much more probable that, if these gentlemen had had the control of their father's book, we should have received an embellished edition of it from that private press which in the days when we enjoyed the late baronet's acquaintance formed the chief amusement of Auchinleck.

Mr. Macaulay, however, takes good care to destroy his own argument, for, after expatiating on the danger of wilful suppression, he goes on to declare his conviction that the extension of copyright

must tempt on a vast extension of piracy. Well—in what cases would the temptation to piracy be the strongest? Piracy of books is checked by nothing but the consent of honourable traders not to sell piratical copies. But for this, every author or other proprietor of a book must keep a regiment of spies—an indefatigable ambulating army of policemen in his own pay. But who dreams that the body of retail booksellers would act in combination all over the country to protect a right which they all knew to be kept wilfully in *waste*? The old firm of Curl and Co. would have been very alert in baffling the suppression of Bozzy, and 'Our Fathers of the Row' would have cast a broad shield over the for once well-employed outlyers of the Trade.

When Sir Edward Sugden alarmed the house by his predictions of the numberless intricate lawsuits that must needs follow, were the protection of property in a book extended to the author's family—it appears to us, with profound submission, that he was arguing against perpetuity of copyright. We do not believe that the argument ought to have had much weight even with reference to that *imaginary* proposition; but we are at a loss to understand how Sir Edward could suppose it to be at all applicable to a proposal for protection during such a period of years as is sanctioned by the French or by the Prussian statute, or even as had been recommended by Mr. Talfourd and M. Guizot.

We are not going to speculate about the causes of the fact—but a fact it is—that men distinguished for extraordinary intellectual power of any sort very rarely leave more than a very brief line of progeny behind them. Men of *genius* have scarcely ever done so. Men of *imaginative genius* we might almost say *never*. With the one exception of the noble SURREY, we cannot at this moment point out a representative in the male line, even so far down as in the third generation, of any English poet; and we believe the case is the same in France. The blood of beings of that order can seldom be traced far down, even in the female line. With the exceptions of Surrey and SPENSER, we are not aware of any great English author of at all remote date from whose body any living person claims to be descended. There is no other real English poet prior to the middle of the eighteenth century, and, we believe, no great author of any sort—except Clarendon and Shaftesbury—of whose blood we have any inheritance among us. Chau-

cer's only son died childless. Shakspeare's line expired in his only daughter's only daughter. None of the other dramatists of that age left any progeny—nor Raleigh nor Bacon—nor Cowley nor Butler. The granddaughter of Milton, so often alluded to in this controversy, was the last of his blood. Dryden's three sons all died childless. Newton—Locke—Pope—Swift—Arbuthnot—Hume—Gibbon—Cowper—Gray—Walpole—Cavendish—and we might greatly extend the list—never married. Neither Bolingbroke, nor Addison, nor Warburton, nor Johnson, nor Burke, transmitted their blood. Monsieur Renouard's last argument against a *perpetuity* in literary property is (vol. i., p. 449,) that it would be founding another *noblesse*. Neither jealous Aristocracy nor envious Jacobinism need be under much alarm. When a human race has produced its 'bright consummate flower' in this kind, it seems commonly to be near its end.

But to return to Mr. Macaulay. A man may declaim about the evils and dangers of *monopoly*, until, as the Rev. Sidney Smith expressed it, 'he stands plashing in the slop of his own rhetoric.' There was no justice in branding the author's original claim as a claim of monopoly; but that claim has been set aside, and the author acquiesces. He says:—you have settled that I shall not have a perpetual interest in the fruit of my labour, but that I shall have as much profit from it as will not interfere with the interest of the public. Now the interest of the public is to have good books first, and then to have the good books cheap. And it is for you to show, not that by restricting authors' rights to the narrowest possible limit the public will have cheap books, but that they will get books that shall be both good and cheap.

Now we must beg leave to observe, that our supply of good and cheap books *has* hitherto, down to a very recent day indeed, been mainly the result of a real monopoly—or something in practice very like one; though a monopoly which did not in any case exist for the *direct* benefit of any individual author or author's descendants whatsoever. We have had good and cheap Bibles—that was a complete monopoly. We have had good and cheap editions of the ancient classics, chiefly because the universities have supplied them, and they enjoy by law a perpetual monopoly in editions prepared and printed under their auspices,* and, indeed, in all

* We do not wish to enlarge upon a fact which, if the decision of 1774 was just, must be pronounced

copyrights bequeathed to or anyhow acquired by them. We have also had good and cheap editions of our own old English classics, mainly and chiefly because, though the monopoly of them was abolished by law, the custom of the trade came in lieu of the privilege.

Till very lately, whenever the works of any great old English author began to be scarce in the market, some half-a-dozen eminent publishers met, and agreed to take on themselves conjointly, in shares, the risk and cost of a new edition. From their command of capital and the extent of their combined connections throughout the retail trade of the provinces, they could venture to undertake what, in the existing state of the law, no one house, however respectable, could have dreamt of—because no single firm could have been sure that some equally powerful rival would not be in the field on the same day or the next. Moreover, it is a fact highly honourable to the booksellers as a body of traders, that they were very slow to avail themselves, as against each other, of the legal decision of 1774. A strong feeling remained that the man who had run the hazards of a publication should not be early or rashly interfered with in the commercial management of his volumes. We have often seen this customary sort of monopoly grossly exaggerated as to the extent of its operation; it was never an unquestioned thing, and it was every now and then broken in upon; but a more frequent complaint, and (however hard particular cases might appear) a far more groundless one, was that it operated injuriously towards the class of authors. Sometimes, without doubt, the degree of advantage thus retained for a publisher's estate appeared to contrast painfully with the condition of an author, or the immediate descendants of an author, who had, from want of foresight or under pressure of poverty, disposed of his work before the value of even its legal copyright—of perhaps only fourteen years' duration—had been at all comprehended or suspected

ed disgraceful to the legislature; but Oxford, Cambridge, and even Eton, &c., had influence enough to get all this secured to them by a special statute the year after the House of Lords put an end to the perpetuity claim of authors as to their own books! In 1775 parliament renewed to these powerful and wealthy corporations what it had in 1774 for ever abolished as to individual writers and their natural heirs or ordinary assignees. The Scotch universities, on their part, had exemptions from various taxes, on paper, &c., which gave them a practical perpetuity of copyright also, or advantages very nearly equivalent.

ed by either himself or his publisher.* But in general the effect of this sort of understanding among the respectable part of the bookselling body was favourable

* It is stated, for example, in a MS. 'Essay on the Copyright Question,' by John Smith, LL.D., the head of a very respectable old bookselling house in Glasgow, that at the sale of Mr. Creech's literary property in Edinburgh, in 1816—that is, twenty years after Burns's death, and consequently six years after, as the law then stood, there could have been any copyright in the last fragment of his poetry, the *customary copyright* of Burns's works was sold for exactly 4,160*l.*; and certainly this must seem remarkable, when, as we all know, the poet himself never received more than, at the utmost, 900*l.* for all his literary labours. Since we have alluded to Dr. Smith, we may observe that he was the first of his profession who petitioned the Commons in favour of Mr. Talfourd's bill; and his petition was alluded to with high praise by one whose praise is worth something—Lord Mahon. We extract part of it:—

'That your petitioner has for upwards of thirty years past exercised the profession of publisher and bookseller in this city, which profession had previously been carried on by his grandfather and father in the said city since the year 1751. That the question of copyright consequently became frequently the subject of consideration to your petitioner, and that about twenty years ago he wrote an Essay claiming for authors the *perpetuity* of their own copyright, the argument of which was founded upon the established principles of law, equity, and reason.—That your petitioner has obtained estate and competence by the sale of books published or sold by him, which property he has a right to entail or give in legacy for the benefit of his heirs, while the parties who have produced the works that have enriched him have no interest for their heirs by the present law of copyright in the property which they have solely constituted.—That in many instances the limitation of the period of copyright by the present law deprives authors of distinguished talent and learning of adequate remuneration for works on which they exhausted their time and intellect, and by which they essentially promoted the virtue and happiness of mankind.—That the reserve of copyright to authors who have survived the term of sale allowed by the present law has been highly beneficial to said authors, and ought equally to have been participated in by the heirs of authors who pre-deceased previous to the expiry of the period limited by the Act.—That if authors or their descendants were entitled to grant leases of their copyrights, it would be the interest of the lessees to provide accurate copies, and at prices adapted to the circumstances of all publishers.—That your petitioner craves that a clause may be inserted in the Bill before your Honourable House, providing that no author can dispose of copyright at any one time for a longer period than twenty-one years, at the expiry of which period the copyright to revert to the author or his family.—That the present acknowledgment of works that were long neglected supports the propriety and equity of such a limitation.—That your petitioner is decidedly of opinion that the cultivation of the national literature would be cherished and strengthened by the proposed extension of the term of copyright.'

We do not at all adopt Dr. Smith's plan; but it is very agreeable to have to point to such a paper as coming, not from an author by profession, but a bookseller of large experience.

both to the public and to the really meritorious author. The result of it was, that the publisher of a *good* book might fairly calculate on having a longer interest in it than the mere letter of the law guaranteed; it seemed therefore *safe* for him to print it in a careful manner, employing men of education to look after the text—and it was his obvious interest to sell it cheap, because much more money comes of a large sale of a cheap book than a small sale of a dear one. But it was also a natural result of the system, that when a man had produced one book which the world pronounced to be good, his publisher would deal with him on superior terms as to subsequent undertakings. In other words, most good authors were to a certain extent partakers virtually in the beneficiary effect of this customary prolongation of copyrights; and *all* might hope to be so.

But this whole system has of late been disturbed to its foundation. The enormous increased facility of printing, through the introduction of steam-power, and the enormous increased appetite for reading, have come together, and acted and reacted on each other to such an extent, that already, after the lapse of but a few years, we cannot be blind to the near consummation of the inevitable revolution. The aggressive spirit of the age is visible everywhere—nowhere more than here. When so many privileges, possessing all the sanction of law, were exposed to hourly attacks—so many overthrown at once, or after brief resistance—so many more reduced to a conscious imbecility and tottering uneasiness—what chance was there for a mere tenure of conventional usage to stand its ground in the face of such potent temptations?

Accordingly, the leading publishers of the kingdom, as soon as the real objects of Mr. Talfourd's movement were understood by them, petitioned, we believe without exception, in favour of his bill. They perceived plainly, that unless some change were made in the law, it could no longer be for their interest to risk their capital in great undertakings;—and they saw—on we may be sure very ample reflection—no plan so feasible for prolonging their interest in adventures of that high class as the enactment of a law which should entitle the author to an assured prolongation of the usufruct of his work.

They probably were not very sanguine in their anticipations of the result of their petitions. They probably feared that the

tide was turned against high original literature, and that their reclamations would be even less attended to than those of the author of 'Ion' and his brethren. Nor were they mistaken!

Already they are found in all directions preparing against the storm, by turning their immediate superior command of resources to the production of those cheap books, those *books for the people*, by which alone, as they well see, the gain is henceforth to be realized—*unless* the law be remodelled as respects this department of business. Amidst this tumultuous rush to meet this universal demand for cheapness first, cheapness middle, cheapness last—to what quarter shall we look for the determination to conduct a publishing business on that sort of footing which shall be serviceable to the carrying on and sustaining of the great labour of intellect? It seems to us very doubtful that the supply of good accurate editions of old books, unless in some comparatively rare cases, can be maintained. Look at the reprints of the American press—or the Belgian pirates—and say, on what grounds we are to expect a succession of better things *here*, when the conventional system of protection for old copies shall have been utterly destroyed. But, at any rate, what has hitherto been a principal, though not legally fortified, motive in the undertaking of such new publications as cannot be expected to gratify public appetite on the instant, so as to excite a vast demand and bring a large immediate incoming of money—*that* will be no more. As to what classes of new books are we to look for eagerness on the part of booksellers, except those which shall either promise a prodigious immediate demand on the part of the public, or infer but a very small demand on the part of the author?

There could be no chance for success in any attempt to procure for the publishers, as a separate class, a legal substitute for the customary protection that has received its death-blow. We do not see how, as regards the *period* of protection, they can be placed in a position more favourable to the great national interests at stake, otherwise than through and in the author; whose natural claim has in it a strength acknowledged of all candid men. In what precise manner the author's, and through him the bookseller's, interest might best be extended or increased, it is not our business to decide. We have the examples of France and

Prussia before us, and we may at least say that no other plan has as yet been suggested here, of which M. Renouard's treatise does not furnish abundant proof that it had been proposed, and explained, and very leisurely considered in both those countries, before they formed their actual codes.*

There is a party in France, in whose favour the eminent bookseller, Bossange, has written and published a pamphlet, according to whom the true wisdom would be to make the control over the press terminate with the author's life, but give his heir a right to be paid by any house that chose to print the book thereafter a per centage on the profits of their edition. During what number of years this right should be protected, they do not seem to be agreed. Such a right *for ever* was, as we have seen, the principle under the old Prussian law. It was found extremely difficult to enforce even in that country, where the printers were few in comparison with ours, and all obliged to be (as is still the case even in France) registered and licensed. We are at a loss to conjecture how it could be rendered of practical avail here in the case of any book possessing remarkable attractions; surely, in such cases, the competitors would crush each other to nothing in the squeeze. But our readers may be willing to see how this question is disposed of by the principal French authority:—

‘Examinons les inconvénients inhérens au mode de redevance considéré en lui-même.

‘Ce qui le rend inadmissible, c'est l'impossibilité d'une fixation régulière, et l'excessive difficulté de la perception.

‘Peut être, à force de soins, surmonterait-on les obstacles à la perception; mais, quant à la fixation de la redevance, le règlement en est impossible.

‘Cette fixation ne peut dépendre ni de la volonté arbitraire de l'auteur, ni de l'évaluation qui jugerait à propos de faire toute personne qui voudrait user du droit de copie. S'en rapporter à l'appréciation du débiteur de la redevance est une absurdité manifeste; mais il serait absurde,

au même degré, de s'en remettre au prix que demanderait l'auteur. Que serait-ce, en effet, autre chose que de lui conférer le privilège d'exploitation? Il vaudrait mieux mille fois lui attribuer franchement le monopole sur son ouvrage que d'arriver au même résultat par cette voie détournée.

‘Demanderait-on à la loi de déterminer une redevance fixe? mais quoi de plus injuste qu'une mesure fixe, rendue commune à des objets essentiellement inégaux? Prendrait-on pour base le nombre des exemplaires, l'étendue du volume, son prix de vente? mais il est des ouvrages dont cent ou cinq cents, ou mille exemplaires suffiront à jamais à la consommation, tandis que d'autres se débitent par dix et cent mille: mais l'étendue du volume varie avec tous les caprices de la fabrication: mais le prix est plus variable encore. Sans parler des hausses et des baisses dont personne n'est maître, sans parler de l'extrême facilité des fictions dans les prix, et de l'impossibilité de les constater, ne sait-on pas que l'on fabrique des Télémaque à vingt sous, et d'autres, qui ne seront pas trop chers à cent ou deux cents francs? Avec le texte qui ne varie point, il faut parler du papier, des caractères d'impression, des soins typographiques, des ornemens accessoires de gravure ou autres, objets tous variables à l'infini. Si votre redevance a pour base une valeur proportionnelle, chaque Télémaque de deux cents francs produira, pour le seul droit de copie, plus que ne vaudra, dans l'autre édition, chaque exemplaire tout fabriqué; et cependant ce sera toujours le même texte qui n'aura pas plus de valeur intrinsèque dans un cas que dans l'autre.

‘Resterait un dernier mode de fixation; il consisterait, en cas de désaccord entre le débiteur de la redevance et l'auteur, dans un règlement par experts, variable suivant les circonstances. Mais qui ne voit tous les frais, tous les délais, tous les procès auxquels chaque affaire donnerait lieu, pour n'être, la plupart du temps, que très capricieusement décidée?’—Renouard, vol. i., pp. 464, 465.

Lord Howick, in the course of one of the debates, alluded to M. Bossange's plan as worthy of consideration. He did not appear to have at all made up his mind, however, on the subject: except that ‘no doubt *some alteration* is necessary; no doubt, under the existing statutes, too much advantage is given to the authors of ephemeral productions, over those whose works require deep research and deep thought.’*

Sir John, now Lord Campbell, was of the same opinion with Lord Howick, and Mr. Buller, and almost all the educated Whigs who spoke, that *something must be done*; but, as might not unnaturally occur with an attorney-general, he was for leaving the law as it stands, only giving the Privy Council the power to extend

* We have already expressed a hope that whoever undertakes the drawing of a new Literary Property Bill may study the Prussian code in all its details. It includes provisions which seem to answer most completely all the hackneyed objections about impeding the manufacture and improvement of school-books, books of extract, &c. &c. Perhaps some of the regulations on these heads might seem at first sight too liberal; but we are assured that in practice they are found to work well, and though we need not adopt one of them literally, without careful consideration, we believe their tenour in general would afford a valuable guidance.

the author's privilege, as they now can a patentee's, on special cause of grievance and hardship shown. Our objections to this are many. For one thing, we are far from sure that the Privy Council, notwithstanding the splendid elements that body includes, could supply a proper regularly-working tribunal; secondly, there would always be a suspicion that government or party favour had intervened; and thirdly, not to go any farther, why should any author be called on to present himself as, in his own opinion, entitled to a special measure of protection? The more clear his deserts, the more would be his reluctance to stand in that invidious attitude before those claiming to be his peers. In fact, we strongly suspect that this, like another scheme which some of the Radical pamphleteers are so generous as to propose, that of a new *Academy*, with settled pensions for different classes of merit, would end in a nest of jobs. These seem to be about the worst shapes in which the old plan of patronage could be attempted to be revived.

It is something, however, to have such persons as these, high and low, on our side, in allowing that there is a clear necessity for doing something which shall hold out higher inducements to the undertaking of really high and noble tasks in science and in literature. If nothing be done, it is pretty obvious that one result, not likely to be contemplated with particular satisfaction by the democratical levelling spirit of our times, must ensue. Mr. Macaulay serenely tells us, that 'we cannot look for literature to the rich and noble. The desire of distinction may prompt to labour, but generally, in a country with institutions like ours, this desire among men born to wealth and station takes a political direction.' We have always had, and we certainly have now, a fair proportion of our supply from the most fortunate classes of society; but Mr. Macaulay states the general fact accurately. Unless *something be done*, however, we shall have none to look to but the first-born of the Egyptians. Literary and scientific eminence must become a prize reserved for the exclusive ambition of the rich. No able man, who has not inherited the means of pecuniary independence, will devote himself to any work involving the necessity of much costly preparation of any sort, and then much time in the execution. The already sufficiently developed tendency will become, year after year, more marked in its effects.

The great stream will be lost in a delta of ditches; and that would be a disgrace which all the bleaching agents in Manchester could never wipe out.

We have declined offering any scheme for a new bill as to the extension of copyright: but we are clearly of opinion that nothing can be done that would really promote the interest of good authors, unless it should also directly tend to keep up the character of our publishing trade. And we may here say a word on another *novelty* most injurious to this honourable profession—the publishers who still do produce books of their own, and limit not their views to the watch of expiring copyrights; and this is a grievance which exists only in the non-enforcement of the existing law—we mean the constant introduction of foreign impressions of English works still under statutory protection. The same evil operates elsewhere—the French booksellers are robbed in this way by the pirates of Belgium and Switzerland to a prodigious extent; and, we are sorry to say, we have looked in vain for any contradiction of a statement which lately ran the round of the European journals, to the effect that King Leopold had in his own royal person urged on the thieves of his Brussels press the wisdom and propriety of extending their field of industry by laying the holders of German copyrights also under systematic contribution to their respectable exchequer. The sea renders our protection against smuggling generally more easy than can be hoped for in the case of countries having a long continuous line of frontier; but the Custom-house allows every English traveller from the Continent to bring home with him one copy, for his personal use, of each of as many foreign-printed English books as he chooses; and this opens the door for illicit importation on a scale which does interfere very seriously already, and must do so more and more every year, with the just profit of the English author and publisher. Before a new book by an author of any considerable reputation in the lighter branches, or of really high and established name in any department, has been on the London counter for a week, it is reprinted at Brussels and Paris—badly and inaccurately, but very cheaply—and in a month every meretricious little lounging-place called a *Library* in our coast-towns, and by and by all over the interior, can be supplied with as many copies of the pirate's volumes as there is any demand

for among such customers as theirs. The London publishers find it impossible to resist effectually this continual invasion of their rights; in fact, they have of late abandoned all thought of resistance; and such is the audacity inspired by the experience of impunity, that if our reader will refer to the catalogues stitched up with the number of 'Bentley's Miscellany' for this month, he will see very modern English books openly advertised for sale, with the inviting blazon of '*French Impression*.'

But even this is a mere trifle compared with the effects of custom-house negligence about pirate-books imported into the British dependencies abroad. It is a fact well known to every English publisher, that no matter what he pays for his copyright—no matter how carefully he has his book printed—no matter how reasonable the price he asks for it—he has no chance of drawing any profit from the sale of his book in the vast market of our colonial empire. The East and West Indies are wholly supplied by the pirates of the United States. A new English book is necessarily dearer than a new French, Belgian, or American one—even laying payment for authorship out of the question—by reason of the higher rate of wages enjoyed by English paper-makers, printers of every class, and binders—and also of the greatly heavier duties imposed here on every article which enters into the material fabric of the book. But, though every care is taken about levying these heavy taxes on the publisher's manufacture, no care at all has been taken about securing him in the profits which ought to be the recompense of his enterprise. Every complaint is met by a solemn shrug, and something about 'practical difficulty.' We venture to say, that if the Government would name a commission, consisting of half-a-dozen experienced booksellers and as many shrewd lawyers, there would be no practical difficulty in obtaining the details of a regulation that would effectually stop this disgraceful mischief.

We shall not at present enter upon a very interesting question closely connected with all the main topics of this paper—the possibility of a general agreement for the *international* protection of copyrights. This large and important theme must be reserved.

. We now invite the reader's attention to the anonymous letter which we alluded to (p.

110) when about to notice Mr. Macaulay's speech of Feb. 5, 1841. We felt that these observations ought to be considered apart from anything of ours.

'To the Editor of the Kendal Mercury.

'12th April, 1838.

'Sir,—Having read in your paper of the 7th instant a petition against Sergeant Talfourd's Copyright Bill from the composers, pressmen, and others employed in the town of Kendal, to be presented to the House of Commons by the representative of that place, I am induced to make a few remarks upon the same, in which I shall endeavour to be brief.

'In the first clause the petitioners declare "that they view with alarm and regret the measure to repeal the existing law, and to substitute a law highly injurious to the interests of the community, the literature of the country, and more particularly to the interests of the petitioners."

'The effect of the extension of copyright proposed in Sergeant Talfourd's bill would, according to the words of the petitioners, be to render works having that privilege "a mere dead letter, or confine them to the hands of the wealthy, and could not be productive of any real advantage to the authors."

'If certainties and probabilities be looked at with more discernment than is shown by these petitioners, it will be found that a book for which there is a great demand would be sure of being supplied to the public under any circumstances; but a good book for which there might be a continued demand, though not a large one, would be much more sure of not becoming a "dead letter," if the proposed law were enacted than if it were not. It is well known among the intelligent that the non-existence of copyright for English authors in America is a great hindrance to the republication of standard works. The speculation being left open to unlimited competition, publishers do not risk their capital, fearing that some one may afford to undersell them by sending forth the work incorrectly and meanly executed; and thus they who wish to be possessed of standard works are in many cases disappointed. So much for valuable works becoming, through the proposed bill, a "dead letter."

'Further, it is well known that readers in the humbler ranks of society are multiplying most rapidly. Is it then to be supposed that the possessors of copyright would be blind to this fact, and, when a work was in course of becoming an object of request to the people at large, would be so unmindful of their own interests as not to supply a widely-increasing demand at a reduced price? Besides, as long as the privilege remained in the hands of the author's children or descendants, who can doubt that they would be peculiarly prompted to extend the circulation of his works, not merely for their own pecuniary advantage, but out of respect or reverence for his memory, and to fulfil what could not but be presumed to be his wish?

In the next clause it is asserted "that the profits enjoyed by literary men of the present

day are of the most ample description; as, under the present laws regulating literary property, authors of ordinary talent have acquired both fame and opulence." The petitioners, if they had looked with care no further than their own neighbourhood, could not have made this unqualified assertion. The late Mr. Coleridge resided many years among the Lakes, where his son now resides. It will hardly be disputed that the father was a man of first-rate genius and attainments. Fame, indeed, he acquired, but not till many years after he deserved it; but as to his opulence, if the income tax had continued till the day of his death, the collectors of it would have had a sorry recompense for the trouble of calling upon him for his return. His son, whose powers and knowledge are the admiration of all who know him, though not inclined, perhaps, to dispute that gold may have abounded in the sands of Pactolus, will have no hesitation in affirming that, if he were to judge from his own experience only, the waters of Helicon can make no such boast. Has even Mr. Southey, a most laborious writer, and one of high distinction, attained "opulence" by his works, or anything like it? Yet much the greatest part of these works would become public property instantly upon the death of the author, or within less than half-a-dozen years. And what, *till very lately*, have been the gains of another author who was born, educated, and has grown old in the neighbourhood of the petitioners? The humblest of the band would blush to hear them enumerated. I forbear to speak of other highly-distinguished authors who have honoured, or do honour, this beautiful country by choosing it for their residence. Not one of them but is too high-minded to repine; but the sense of justice is, I doubt not, sufficiently strong in them all to make them resent the denial to their posterity or their heirs of that moderate compensation which a rational view of their interests would lead them to aim at, and which the public might be ready to bestow.

'But the next clause of the petition implies that it would be unreasonable and unjust for authors to look for such posthumous remuneration, the words running thus:—"that every book, after its author has received from the public an equitable remuneration, becomes the property of the public, who, by affording such remuneration, have purchased it." An equitable remuneration. Here is the Gordian knot of the question, which the petitioners cut without ceremony. A more than adequate remuneration comes in the course of a season to thousands of works intended only for the season. But can the profit of one season, or ten seasons, or twenty-eight (the utmost term now allowed by law, unless when the author is still alive), be justly deemed a sufficient return for two works (I still confine myself to the productions of this neighbourhood) by Mr. Southey—his "Life of Nelson" and his "Book of the Church?" They are both of interest, eminently national; the one will animate our youth to heroic enterprise, strengthen their patriotism, and tend to form and fix their principles, as long as the English navy shall endure; and the other maintain an enlightened attachment to the Church of Eng-

land, as long as Providence shall allow it to exist.

'Another clause asserts "that the proposed law would, if carried into effect, destroy all those useful and hitherto-considered necessary compilations for the instruction of the young, which have been so eminently useful in exciting in the youthful mind a taste for literature and science." Now, so far from there being just reason for apprehending this consequence, the direct contrary would ensue, inasmuch as, by extending the term of copyright, authors would be under less temptation to prevent copious extracts being made from their works. For even supposing, which we are not warranted to do, that they would deem it injurious to their interests during their lifetime, they would be more willing to put up with the loss, if the law allowed it to be possible, at least for their children or grandchildren to derive an equivalent from their labours, when they themselves shall be no more.

'Still confining our views to this neighbourhood, what is the fact? There is lying before me a book entitled "Gleanings in Poetry," the preface to which compilation is signed "Richard Batt," and dated "Friends' School, Lancaster." This book extends with its notes to 612 pages, of which 25 are from the poems of Mr. Wordsworth. Did Mr. Wordsworth ever complain of these extracts, which were made without application for his consent? Or did any other writer, from whom copious extracts are taken, utter such a complaint? Again—there was lately published by Mr. Housman, of Lune Bank, near Lancaster, a Collection of Sonnets, from different authors, filling 300 pages, of which pages not less than 57 are from the same author. Did Mr. Wordsworth complain of this liberty being taken? On the contrary, when the editor informed Mr. Wordsworth that the publisher of his works had threatened him with an application to the Court of Chancery for an injunction, Mr. Wordsworth's immediate reply was that he found no fault whatever, and the thing was dropped. Now, the petitioners might have known this, for the fact was published in your paper at the time it happened, probably by the editor or some of his friends; and what is thus true of one individual, it may be confidently affirmed, would have been equally so, if a like liberty had been taken with the works of any other distinguished author, who resides, or has resided in this neighbourhood.

To conclude. The objections against the proposed bill rest upon the presumption that it would tend to check the circulation of literature, and by so doing would prove injurious to the public. Strong reasons have been given above for believing that these fears are groundless, and that such an extension of copyright would cause the reprinting of many good works, which otherwise, to give back the petitioners their own words, would nearly remain a "dead letter." But what we want in these times, and are likely to want still more, is not the circulation of books, but of good books, and above all, the production of works, the authors of which look beyond the passing day, and are desirous of pleasing and instructing future generations.

Now there cannot be a question that the proposed bill would greatly strengthen such desire. A conscientious author, who had a family to maintain, and a prospect of descendants, would regard the additional labour bestowed upon any considerable work he might have in hand, in the light of an insurance of money upon his own life for the benefit of his issue; and he would be animated in his efforts accordingly, and would cheerfully undergo present privations for such future recompense. Deny it to him, and you unfeelingly leave a weight upon his spirits, which must deaden his exertions; or you force him to turn his faculties (unless he is unjust to those whom both nature and law require that he should provide for) to inferior employments. And lastly, you violate a fundamental right, by leaving that species of property which has the highest claim to protection, with the least share of it; for as to the analogy, which has been elsewhere much dwelt upon, between literary property and mechanical inventions and chemical discoveries, it is, as might be shown in a few words, altogether fallacious.

'I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
' A. B.'

ART. VII.—1. *Report from the Select Committee on British Channel Fisheries; with Minutes of Evidence and Appendix.* 1833.

2. *A Treatise on the Management of Fresh-water Fish, with a View to making them a Source of Profit to Landed Proprietors.* By Gottlieb Boccus. London. 8vo. 1841.

BUTCHERS' meat has risen of late considerably in price, and it is still rising. House-keepers are now paying 9d. or 10d. a pound, where last year they paid 6d. or 7d. The Scotch and Irish steam-vessels unremittingly pour their living freight upon the banks of the Thames in addition to the contributions that the railroads are constantly dispatching to the London shambles; yet the gigantic metropolis has stomach for them all; and, like Vathek's 'Giaour,' incessantly mutters 'more—more!'—In truth, were it not for the supplies that steam regularly contributes in aid of those which formerly fed the great city, its flesh-markets, now that it is grown greater than the greatest, would, so to speak, not be furnished at all; and as it is, the poor people do not think of meat as they did two or three years ago. This is a bad state of things; and in looking for a remedy we naturally turn first to the ocean which embraces our isles; there, indeed, is

time of the year, without the labour of tillage, without the expense of seed or manure, without the payment of rent or taxes. Every acre of those seas is far more productive of wholesome, palatable, and nutritious food than the same quantity of the richest land; they are fields which, perpetually "white to harvest," require only the labourer's willing hand to reap that never-failing crop which the bounty of Providence has kindly bestowed. Had it not been ascertained by actual experiment, it would have been considered as fabulous to assign to the female cod from three to four millions of eggs.'

So said we (*Q. R.*, vol. ix., p. 266) five-and-twenty years ago;—but our statements have seldom, we believe, been found extravagant, and in this case the result of subsequent experiments is that *nine* millions of ova are comprised occasionally in the roe of one codfish.

Nor is it from the deeps alone that this plentiful harvest may be secured.

'The law of Nature,' says Mr. Yarrell, 'which obliges mackerel and many others to visit the shallower water of the shores at a particular season, appears to be one of those wise and beautiful provisions of the Creator by which not only is the species perpetuated with the greatest certainty, but a large portion of the parent animals are thus brought within the reach of man, who, but for the action of this law, would be deprived of many of those species most valuable to him as food. For the mackerel dispersed over the immense surface of the deep, no effective fishery could be carried on; but approaching the shore as they do from all directions, and roving along the coast collected in immense shoals, millions are caught, which yet form but a very small portion compared with the myriads that escape.'

The harvest, then, is everywhere ready. But where are the labourers to gather it in? It is with us an old subject of lamentation, that the Celtic tribes still retain those prejudices against fish and fishing which almost characterized the uncivilized ancient Grecian; and true it is that they cannot be easily made deep sea-fishers: but the difficulty, though great, is far from an impossibility, and we hope the time will yet arrive when the Irish peasant will diligently search for treasure where he will be sure to find it.

But we shall look in vain for this desirable change of character, to any great extent at least, till there is such a steady demand for the article as will insure a constant and lucrative employment for the poor, and a satisfactory return for the investment of capital by the rich. Now fish, with the exception of some of the more common kinds, such as sprats, her-

'A harvest ripe for the gathering at every
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rings, and mackerel, is looked upon by all classes at present as a luxury, and not as a necessary of life, as it once was. In some of our inland counties the peasantry know not the taste of fresh sea-fish, their ideas upon the subject being for the most part limited to the flavour of red herring, which, by the way, is among them more frequently used as a sovereign remedy to restore the healthy function of digestion to their horned cattle, than as a solace for their own palates; or, as they say—for a cow that has lost her quid. To bring this back they administer a portion of red herring, and mostly find that the power of chewing the cud is restored to the animal. But if the taste of fresh fish is unknown to the poor in some central localities, they too commonly despise it on the sea-coast. A duke does not scorn a dish of crimped skate, yet we have seen those fish thrown from the seine and left to decay on the shore in the west of England as worthless, when some of the neighbouring poor wanted a dinner.*

Time was when fish formed a great part of the diet of the people of this country, and when religious observances lent their aid to enforce a system which operated beneficially both on body and mind. Abstinence from flesh on certain days and at certain seasons was rigidly prescribed by the Roman Catholic ritual; and it seems to have been considered almost an article of faith, the breach of which was unpardonable. When Cardinal Wolsey was dying at Leicester Abbey, 'after he had eaten of a cullace made of chicken a spoonfull or two, at the laste quoth he, "Whereof was this cullace made?" "Forsothe, sir, of a chicken." "Why," quoth he, "it is fasting day!" (being St. Andrew's Even). "What though it be?" quoth his confessor, "ye be excused by reason of your sickness." "Yea," quoth he, "what though? I will eate no more." Then was he in confession the space of an hour.†

In *The Forme of Cury* compiled about 1390 by the chief master cooks of our second Richard, whose merit as the 'best and ryallest vyand' of all Christian kings is duly set forth, there are no less than twenty-five receipts for dressing fish—to say nothing of *Furmente with Porpeys* and *Porpeys in brothe*, &c., for the porpoise is a mammal, and no true fish. Again, the *Servicium de Piscibus* (1381) gives thirty-three formulæ for dishes applicable to fish-

days and consisting principally of fish, whilst those for flesh-days are no more than fifty-eight. In the *Rolls of Provisions* expended by Sir John Nevile of Chete, Knight, on occasion of the marriage of Roger Rockley with his daughter Elizabeth Nevile 'the 14th of January, in the 17th yeare of the reigne of our Sovereigne Lord King Henry VIII,' we find the following bill of fare:—

'For Frydays and Saturdays.

'First, leich brayne.* Item, frometye pottage. Item, whole ling. Item, great goils [jowls] of salt sammon. Item, great salt eels. Item, great salt sturgeon goils. Item, fresh ling. Item, fresh turbut. Item, great pike. Item, great goils of fresh sammon. Item, great ruds. Item, baken turbuts. Item, tarts.

'Second Course.—Martens to pottage. Item, a great fresh sturgeon goil. Item, fresh eel roasted. Item, great brett. Item, sammon chines broil'd. Item, roasted eels. Item, roasted lampreys. Item, roasted lamprons. Item, great burbutts. Item, sammon baken. Item, fresh eel baken. Item, fresh lampreys baken. Item, clear jilly. Item, gingerbread.'

Again, at the Lammas assizes, in the 20th year of Henry the Eighth, the same Sir John Nevile provided thus for

'Friday and Saturday.

'3 couple of great ling. 40 couple of heberdine [Aberdeen ling.] Salt sammon (20s. worth.) Fresh sammon and great (3l. 6s. 8d.) 6 great pike. 80 pickerings. 300 great breams. 40 tenches. 80 tooling eels and brevet eels, and 15 ruds. A firkin of sturgeon. In fresh seals, 13s. 4d. 8 seame of fresh fish. 2 brets'—

the only flesh among these items being that of the seal, which, from its amphibious nature, was one of those mammiferous animals which the church allowed to be eaten on fast-days.

All this, be it remembered, was at a period when our gentry lived almost entirely in the open air as long as daylight lasted, and sometimes longer, liking better 'to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak.' The fish fare did not prove insufficient for people who led that healthy life; but how beneficial would it be with our lazier habits! Sumptuary laws are now out of the question; but if we were all obliged to keep the old fash, none but invalids—and not many of them—would be the worse for the regimen. Let any one who is not in a course of strong outdoor exercise, and is beginning to be *hipped*, as the phrase goes, confine himself to fish two days in the week, and he will soon find that he has a much clearer head, and

* See *Q. R.* vol. lviii., p. 369.

† Cavendish's Life of Wolsey.

* This seems to have been a jelly composed of cream, isinglass, and other gentle ingredients.

a much lighter heart. There is no article of food that requires less extensive preparation. The pot, the gridiron, the frying-pan, and the oven, may be brought to bear upon these rapid esculents, as well as the best mounted *batterie de cuisine*; though upon no viands can the latter be more effectually directed. The *Cuisinier des Cuisiniers* has nearly a hundred excellent receipts for fish. How seldom are fish-soups* or cold fish seen on our tables! yet the former are excellent; and what is better than slices of a fine salmon fried, as Jewesses only now fry them, served cold? In the 'Expenditure of the Lord Steward of the Royal Household for 1840,' given in the *Times* of last October, we have the following items:—

'Butcher's meat - - - -	£10,000
Poultry - - - -	4,260
Fish - - - -	2,188
Bread - - - -	2,350.'

The item of fish being the smallest, and that of butcher's meat amounting to more than the other three together; and in most cases, private households would show a similar proportion.

Supposing, however, that we were all to take to a larger consumption of fish, would, it may be asked, the present supply be equal to the wants of the metropolis?

* There is a general complaint prevalent in London and its environs, that fish is not so plentiful, and consequently not so cheap, as it was wont to be some two or three years since, although no reason can be assigned for the cause of this falling off; nevertheless, the circumstance will admit of an explanation. There are many persons who are in the habit of buying up large stocks of fish at Billingsgate daily, and of exporting them into the interior of the country, where they meet with a ready and advantageous sale. This expedient is greatly facilitated by means of railway conveyance, and vans may be seen in regular attendance at the Gate, waiting to take in the supplies of fish, which are promptly despatched by the various trains to the more central towns and districts of England. This circumstance tends most materially to affect the poor industrious market-women who are in the habit of hawking their wares about the different parts of the metropolis and its suburbs for sale. — *Times*, 15th October, 1841.

* A turtle is not a fish; it is a reptile; and, therefore, we dare say nothing more of it here than that Professor Owen has lately discovered a multitude of fossil species at Sheppey, and not a single anthropite among the lot! Turtle without aldermen seems a strange dispensation; but so says the Professor.

We are sorry for the poor hawkers of London, but still it is to the railroads we must look in great measure for carrying a taste for fish into the central counties, and thus assisting to create that steady demand which will, in our opinion, produce a constant and adequate supply, and restore fish to the regular place on English tables which it once occupied. Neither ought we to forget that railways may bring fish up as well as carry fish down. And, in truth, we believe there would be no great want of fish on the Londoner's board, if the supply to the metropolis were but fairly used.

The Select Committee of 1833 say they

'have examined the clerk of the fish-market at Billingsgate, and some salesmen and fishmongers who frequent it, in reference to the present state of the supply of fish to that market, and the regulations under which the market is conducted; with a view to ascertain whether any improper monopoly or regulations exist affecting the supply of the market, or tending either to increase the price of fish to the consumer, or to lessen the fair profits of the fishermen; but your Committee do not feel that they have fully investigated the subject, although from the evidence which has incidentally come before them it has not appeared that any such monopoly or injurious regulations exist, either in the mode of supplying the market or in the sale of fish.

'It appears, however, to your Committee to be desirable that a more efficient remedy should be provided to enable the clerk of the market to prevent the sale of fish in an improper state; there being now no other remedy than the forfeiture of the fish, and the expensive and dilatory proceeding by indictment. Your Committee therefore recommend that a clause should be inserted in any Bill which may be introduced upon this subject, inflicting a pecuniary penalty for this offence, recoverable by summary proceeding before a magistrate.'

The wording of the first of these paragraphs is cautious enough. It will not be denied that the bulk of the fish sent to this great town is so consigned that it gets into comparatively few hands, or that the dealers place their own value upon the article, regulating the supply of cod, &c., from the well-boats and store-boats lying near Gravesend, and feeding the market with the stock there accumulated to the profitable point, taking care that there shall never be such a glut as to lower the price desirable for the dealer. Nor is this the worst of it. Quantities of salmon are held back till the ice has no more power over the decomposing animal substance, and the fish are spoiled. Then step in the authorities to prevent the sale; and scores of putrid salmon are thrown

into the Thames, where they may be seen and smelt floating about for hours. There is no want of display of civic indignation when unwholesome meat or fish—the latter often no worse than a Parisian eats with a relish—is offered for sale; though such an exposure might, we incline to believe, be safely left to the senses of the purchasers; but not a word is uttered condemnatory of this enormous and wicked destruction of excellent food. We have had again and again special committees on British fisheries, and we hope that some active Member will take up the more limited inquiry relative to the consumption of what is actually supplied. A searching investigation as to the state of fish-markets, with their apparatus of middlemen or fish-salesmen, &c. &c., and the practices of fishmongers, would disclose curious facts. Some of the tricks of the trade are shown up in the article above referred to*—those unpunishable tricks by which the public are robbed and starved in the midst of plenty—whilst a hungry boy is sent to take his trial for stealing a loaf. Let any Member of Parliament move for an accurate return of the quantity of fish thrown into the Thames at Billingsgate, and below that market, during the last five years—if he can get it—by way of a beginning.

Why should there be any restriction at all? What would be thought of a set of laws passed to regulate graziers and market gardeners in the sale of their produce, or to control wholesale grocers or cheese-mongers in the disposition of their goods? Look at the last census. Hear the cry of the multitude for food. These are not times to abuse God's gifts. If there must be laws to fetter the diffusion of what might again be considered a general necessity of life, let them not be such as those under which our municipal authorities raise a hue and cry against the sale of bad fish, whilst the monopoly that keeps it up till it is bad is tolerated.

The Committee of 1833 owed its appointment to petitions from various places complaining of distress in our Channel Fisheries; and the Committee, after an inquiry which took in the coast from Yarmouth to the Land's End, reported that they found this large portion of our fisheries, and the various interests with which they were connected, to be generally in a declining state; that they appeared to have been gradually sinking

since the peace of 1815, and more rapidly during the ten years immediately preceding the investigation; that the capital employed did not yield a profitable return; that the number of vessels and boats, as well as of men and boys, was much diminished; and that the fishermen's families, who formerly paid rates and taxes, were then, in a greater or less degree, dependent upon the poor-rates. Among the causes which, in the opinion of the Committee, had tended materially to produce this depression, were:—

1. The interference of French fishermen.

2. The quantity of foreign-caught fish sold in London. And

3. The decrease and scarcity of fish in the Channel.

As to the first of these points, the Committee rely upon evidence that for a long time past, and up to the period of their labours, large fleets of fishermen from Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, &c., had been accustomed to work off the Kent and Sussex coasts, often within half a league of the shore, and occasionally much nearer; and in the bays and shallow waters, in which it is particularly necessary for the preservation of the brood of fish that such as frequent those waters, during the breeding season, should not be disturbed, nor their young destroyed. It appeared that the French fishing-vessels had greatly increased since the peace; there being, at the date of the Report, three hundred sailing out of Boulogne alone; and that they were more numerous, and of a much larger tonnage, than those employed by our countrymen upon that coast, being generally manned with double or triple the number of men, and furnished with nets and fishing-gear of a description superior to those of our people. In consequence of this superiority on the part of the French, it was averred that the English fishermen, coming in constant competition with their rivals, had sustained so great injury, and such frequent loss and damage of their nets, &c., especially in the herring and mackerel seasons, that they had not only been unable to earn a livelihood as they used to do by their trade, but had, in some instances, been wholly ruined, or had withdrawn altogether from the occupation; whilst the French fishermen, continuing upon our coast, and sometimes not returning into their own ports during the whole period of the seasons last above mentioned, made a constant prac-

* Q. R. vol. ix., pp. 277 et seq.

tice of selling their cargoes of fish at sea, and of shipping them into carrier-boats coming from the Thames and other parts, and into others which met them in the bay of Dover and elsewhere on the coast, for the supply of the London market. But this was not all—for it was proved to the Committee, that in other seasons, during which the French were fishing with hooks and lines for turbot and other sea-fish in the Channel, they were accustomed to come in great numbers every morning, from Boulogne and other places, into the English bays, before they began fishing, and there drag with nets for bait in the shallow waters close upon the shore, taking and destroying an immense quantity of the young and unsizable fish—and this at periods of the year when the French are not permitted to fish in the bays upon their own coast, and when our fishermen leave their breeding-grounds undisturbed as much as possible.

The Committee observe, that this last-mentioned practice caused great injury, as tending to diminish the quantity of fish upon our coasts; and that while these proceedings were taking place upon our side of the Channel, the fishermen of England were not allowed to fish within three leagues of the French coast; but, on approaching that limit, were warned off. Nor do the Committee forget the attention paid by the French government to the encouragement and extension of their Channel fisheries as a nursery for seamen; in which view they require for each fishing-vessel eighteen or twenty men; bounties being also granted in aid of all their fisheries.

The Committee suggest that foreigners should be prevented from fishing within one league, or such other distance of the English coast as by law or usage is considered to belong exclusively to this country; and required to observe such regulations as may be imposed upon our own fishermen, for the better preservation of the brood of fish in our shallow waters;—also, that all officers of the revenue and vessels cruising upon the coast should be instructed to prevent foreign fishermen from fishing within such prescribed distance, and to protect the English from aggression at sea.

With regard to the second grievance, the Committee strongly condemn the importation of foreign-caught fish, as extremely injurious to the English fishermen, not only by preventing such of them as live at a distance from London from

sending their fish as they used to do to the London market, but also by inducing the French fishermen to remain upon the English coast, and thereby creating a destructive competition as applicable to the coasts of Kent and Sussex. The Committee express their surprise at finding that, notwithstanding the prohibitions of so many statutes, a very large illegal importation of foreign-caught fish did in fact take place. It had been proved that about one-third of the fish supplied to the London market was procured from foreigners: but this estimate included turbot, eels, and lobsters, which might be legally imported.

The scarcity of fish in the Channel is the third complaint; and the Committee declare it to have been satisfactorily proved that this scarcity has been occasioned by the great destruction of the spawn and brood of fish consequent upon the non-observance of the laws which at present exist for their preservation, and by which the fishing with ground or drag nets within a certain distance of the shore during particular seasons, or at all seasons of the year, with drift or floating nets having the mesh of the net under certain dimensions, has been declared unlawful. The Committee state their opinion that these statutes should be revised; and that a bill repealing such of the provisions as do not relate exclusively to the coasts of Devon and Cornwall, and enacting others in lieu of them, with better remedies for their observance, should be introduced in the then next session of parliament.

A fourth alleged mischief was the stowboat fishery, or catching of sprats for manure, prevailing principally upon the Kentish, Norfolk, and Essex coasts. The nets are described as so small as 'not to let a pen pass through,' enclosing

'not only sprats, but the spawn and young brood of all other kinds of fish; and as these nets are frequently drawn along the ground and in shallow waters during the breeding season, and in the winter months before the young fish are gone into deeper waters, an immense destruction of the brood of fish is the inevitable consequence; whilst, from the almost unlimited demand for this species of manure for land, and there being a ready sale for all that can be procured, this branch of fishing has greatly increased, and there are at present from 400 to 500 boats engaged in stow-boating on the Kentish coast only, which remain upon the fishing-grounds frequently for a week together, not for the purpose of catching sprats, or any other fish, to be sold as food in the market, but until they have obtained full cargoes of dead fish for the purpose of manuring the land.'

The Committee say they were

'inclined to question whether this fishery' (which is not of long standing) 'ought not to be entirely prevented; but upon the best consideration which they have been able to give to the subject, they recommend that at least it should not be permitted to be carried on with ground or drag nets between the 1st of April and the last of November, nor with drift or floating nets in the bays during the breeding season, namely, from the 1st of May to the last of August, within a league of the low-water mark, or in less than ten fathoms water; nor at any other time with nets of so small a mesh as is now generally used.'—*Report*, p. 11.

The Committee seem, however, to have had little doubt as to what was the principal cause of the alleged depression:—

'It has been proved by the concurring testimony of witnesses from all parts of the coast, that a very great and increasing scarcity of all fish which breed in the Channell (not including mackerel or herrings, which are fish of passage), compared with what was the ordinary supply from fifteen to twenty years ago, has long prevailed; and that, operating prejudicially to the fishermen at the same time that a continued fall of prices has taken place in the markets, it is perhaps the principal cause of their distress.'—*Id.* p. 8.

Not a few doubted the accuracy of the premises upon which the Committee came to the conclusion 'that there was a very great and increasing scarcity of all fish which breed in the Channel,' and surmised that this Report was founded upon rather one-sided evidence, produced to induce the government to interfere in behalf of interested parties upon narrow grounds. These sceptics did not understand the logic that makes a fall of prices consequent upon a scarcity of supply. Some years have elapsed since this inquiry, and there has been no renewed complaint of a deficiency till lately,—notwithstanding the steam-pace increase of our population. The government seems to have inclined to the doubting party; for we do not find that any of the recommendations of the Committee above noticed have been carried into effect by parliament, excepting that relating to the aggressions of foreign fishermen, which was very properly made the subject of a convention between her Majesty and the King of the French. Nevertheless our tables have since had a more abundant supply; and the lamentations of the fishermen have ceased. Nor is it unknown, on the other hand, that boat-owners have complained that, after having embarked their capital and contributed to the sup-

port of our fishermen in the inactive season, upon an agreement that all the produce of the nets was to be brought to them at a stipulated price, the said fishermen have sold a considerable portion of the fish so taken to boats sent out from the French coast. It may have been true in 1833 that a less quantity of fish was captured by the English fishermen; but this may have been owing simply to the better furniture of the French boats, and the skill, perseverance, and frugality of Frenchmen.

Of late there have been symptoms of a smarter appearance about the fishing-boats of our southern counties. There one may now see sometimes a fleet of trim, lug-rigged boats making for the white-cliffed picturesque coast—not square, heavy, lumbering tubs, like the generality of luggers, but beautifully raking at the stern, well found and shapely, sailing like witches. If you see one with a brilliant bit of bunting fluttering merrily, there is meaning in the signal. 'He has got turbot,' exclaims an ancient Triton lounging on the shore with a glass as weather-beaten as himself; 'his wife will give him a cabbage for supper to night'—meaning thereby not the mere vegetable, but an abundance of savoury flesh-meat accompaniments besides. But mystery is observed after the windlasses have hauled them up high and dry. No one will show his cargo till the 'chaps' arrive. Down at length they come, and the glittering spoil is displayed. What groups of men, women, and children, boats, horses, dogs, and fish—what studies for Stanfield! Depend on it, if we can but get the steady demand, we shall soon match our rivals.

The way in which cargoes of shell fish are dealt with does not argue any great apprehension of a deficiency of supply. Not long ago, after a boat-voyage in the south-west where well-wooded banks dip their boughs into a broad, brimful, winding river that opens out from point to point into the semblance of a chain of lakes as it approaches the sea, we landed at a village celebrated for its 'carbs'—spacious, perforated trunks in which crabs, lobsters, and sea-crawfish are kept alive for the market. A large smack was lying at this village; and, as the tide receded, the men began to discharge her freight. We went on board the craft. Her hold was divided transversely: in one compartment were hundreds of lobsters and sea-crawfish; and there were as many crabs next door. The tide had left the wretches

heaped upon each other, and among them a scramble was going on, literally for life. The view of the struggling mass was more than painful; the convulsive motion of the long antennæ of the sea-crawfish as they bristled up among the crowd, and the jerkings of the lobsters' tails in a vain endeavour to swim away from their misery without water. There was a basket with a whip on a boom, and into these crowded black-holes descended boot-ed fishermen. Presently one of these familiars sang out 'Dead crabs!'—and up came the basket. An experienced glance was thrown over it by some on deck, and the best were picked out and carried to the boiler—thence to be hawked about the country as 'fresh crabs;' but numbers were thrown away as past all culinary help. After a while there was a cry from below of 'Live crabs!' (males,) and up came the basket with its living load, and down it was lowered over the side, reversed, and the contents pitched *en masse* into the carb. Here at first was more misery; but at last the wrestling animals became disentangled, and there was almost an air of composure about the stronger martyrs as they crawled off to a quiet nook, there to breathe freely after the torture. The females were treated in the same way.

The more mercurial lobsters occasionally rushed upon their fate; when a basket of them was hoisted up, a particularly vivacious one would every now and then spring out with a sort of demivolte and, falling on the deck, split his cuirass just about the point where the heart is situated; no sooner was he down and lying all abroad, than off he was hurried to the pot. It was at first a puzzle to think how it happened that they had not torn each other to pieces in the *mêlée*; for they were neither pegged nor tied: it turned out that the leading muscles of their claws had been cut, 'that they might not quarrel.' As in every deep there is generally a lower still, upon the removal of the crustaceans there appeared a tessellated pavement of oysters, and we almost fancied that we could hear them sigh their thanksgivings when the mass that had trampled on them was removed. Not that an oyster is much an object of pity under such circumstances, for he can make himself tolerably comfortable in his closed shell for a long time: the sufferings, however, of the crabs, lobsters, and crawfish must have been terrible; for in them the nervous system is highly developed.

A very little care would have spared the greater part of this agony and saved a considerable part of the cargo. If the well of the vessel had been fitted with iron gratings made to ship and unship, tier above tier, and a proper number had been allotted to each shelf, the crabs and lobsters would have been comparatively at their ease, with enough of moisture about their *bronchiæ* to enable them to breathe comfortably when left by the tide till they were transferred to the *carbs*. It must have been asphyxia consequent on the huddling together of such a congeries that killed so many.

An inquiry into the principles upon which the embarkation of capital and the subsistence of fishermen might be made comparatively secure, opens a wide field, into which it is our intention to enter by and by. At present our object, we confess, is primarily limited to the awakening of all the ichthyophagist in the appetites of men, so as to insure that steady demand which, we repeat, must be the keystone of the structure; although the diet is said to be so very favourable to the increase of population, that we can hardly hope to number Miss Martineau among our patronesses.

We must not, therefore, forget the finny tribes of the fresh water; and they lead us to the pretty little treatise of Gottlieb Boccus, with its well-executed cut of the *spiegel* or *mirror carp*, which, notwithstanding its superiority, does not, he tells us, at present exist in England, though it could be easily obtained from his 'fatherland,' and would well repay the trouble of importation. The author, however, trusted that before this winter set in, he should be enabled to stock the ponds of Sir Robert Adair, to whom the book is dedicated, with the brood of this species. His directions for the making, stocking, and ordering of ponds and stews are clear and precise; it is obvious that he writes from the results of long experience, and it will be the fault of the Squires if they do not avail themselves of his printed wisdom.

'The Ponds or Stews,' he says, 'ought to be three in number, and it is requisite to make choice of a slight elevation for the first pond. If possible this should be so situated that it may receive the drainings of a village, or at any rate proximity to a farm is desirable, as all the refuse washings from such places supply food to a large extent. The object in having the first pond higher than the others, is that a supply of water

may pass from it to the lower ones in succession; the ponds being connected by a water-course and protected by flood-gates, must have a sufficient depth and descent to allow the whole of the water to pass off readily to the next in succession.

'The ponds ought not to be nearer to each other than one hundred yards; the greater the distance between them the better, as each can then have the benefit of the refuse washings of the neighbourhood and adjoining fields, which will of course contribute largely to the support of the stock. Moreover, by having a long water-course between the ponds, when either of them is sluiced off, or as the term is, "fished," that part of the store, which invariably escapes with the fall of water, can be recovered in a much cleaner and consequently more healthy state than those which are left behind in the slam or mud. Clay soils are not genial to fish; therefore light loamy or gravelly bottoms ought to be chosen for the ponds; if, however, the clay is not too deep, and by excavating it yellow sand can be reached, then it will leave an equally soft and pure bottom, the sides being of less importance. In clay bottoms the fish do not thrive, from want of food, in consequence of the water partaking of the racy* quality of the earth, which from its cold and sterile nature does not afford the nutriment requisite for the maintenance of the larvæ of insects, worms, and other minute living creatures, in sufficient number, and so keeps the stock lean and unfit for food.

'In forming ponds particular care ought to be taken to make the sides shelve gradually for about six yards: and they are on no account to be deep at the sides, firstly, on account of the sward nourishing large quantities of insects, &c., the legitimate food of the fish; secondly, the ponds are not so easily poached, the shallows being protected by stakes; and thirdly, protection is afforded to the brood. The only deep that ought to exist at either side should be near the sluice or flood-gate, where it should be twelve or eighteen inches deeper than the rest of the pond, in order that when the water is drawn off, the fish may be collected into a close space, and when the sluice is again closed, that an accumulation of water may immediately take place, sufficient for the protection of the brood or succeeding store. In the rainy season it is always advisable to let the ponds fill to the full extent of their prescribed boundaries, as this not only brings a large proportion of food from the adjacent grounds, but when the water is again let off or recedes, the borders produce luxuriant and tender herbage, peculiarly adapted for the food of carp, and upon which that fish feeds greedily in rainy weather, and may frequently be observed floundering half out of his watery element in order to obtain this favourite morsel.

'As all foliage is pernicious, and the decomposition highly injurious to fish, especially to the fry or brood, it must be fully borne in mind that trees or shrubs should never be planted on the borders or margins of the ponds; but if ornament be required, then only at a sufficient dis-

tance, for it is equally necessary to have a free action of air passing over the surface, as it is to have pure and wholesome water: in fact, the removal of trees contributes largely to effect both.

'If the first pond should get an over-accumulated store of water, it must be let off by the sluice into the second, and so on to the third, and then be suffered to run to waste; for no pond ought to be allowed, on any account, to overflow or break its boundaries, as, by so doing, and by conveying the fish to the next pond, it injures that stew by introducing fish of different growths, and so proves ultimately a serious loss: food would be then insufficient for their joint maintenance, consequently the fish would gain but little in size and weight. If the ponds have an even and well-regulated supply of water, then their depth at the centre need never be more than from three to five feet, shelving to the sides, as before stated; but if only an indifferent supply can be obtained, then they must be twelve or eighteen inches deeper. It is not, however, desirable to have the ponds so situated that a large quantity of fresh water shall suddenly be able to find its way into them, as it both thickens the whole by moving the mud, and, being colder and of other properties, it sickens the store for some time and checks their thriving. A well-regulated supply and co-equal discharge is to be recommended, and must be attended to.'—pp. 1-5.

In old times almost every abbey, hall, and manor-house had its fish-ponds, or stews. Those who are curious as to the ancient construction and management may turn to Lebault's *Maison Rustique*, which was translated and published at London, in folio, under the title of the *Country Farm*, in 1616; and to *A Discourse of Fish and Fish-Ponds*, by a Person of Honour; 'who,' says Sir John Hawkins, in a note to his edition of *The Complete Angler*, 'I have been told by one who knew him, was the Hon. Roger North, author of the *Life of the Lord Keeper Guildford*.' The plan of Lord Bacon's fish-ponds differs entirely from that recommended by Boccius; but the advantage of running water, and the disadvantage of overhanging trees, were well considered formerly.*

* Speaking of Lebault and Dnabravius, the famous Bohemian bishop—whose effigy is now before us, seated under a tree by the river side, with his angling-rod in his hand and his mitre and crozier at his feet, in the act of getting a bite—Izaak Walton says—"These and all others advise that you make choice of such a place for your pond, that it may be refreshed with a little rill, or with rain water running or falling into it: by which fish are more inclined to breed, and are also refreshed and fed the better, and do prove to be of a much sweeter and more pleasant taste. To which end it is observed, that such ponds as be large, and have

* Racy is the term for a species of iron stone sand found in clay strata.

Herr Boccus having, as we have seen, described the bottoms and positions which the ponds ought to have, proceeds to lay down maxims, by attention to which a lucrative rental can be obtained. The first pond, he tells us, should be the smallest of the three, the second next in size, and the third the largest.

'In order to come to the dimensions of the ponds I shall propose the following scale:—No. 1, three acres; No. 2, four acres; No. 3, five acres: making, altogether, twelve acres of water; which, after the first three years of their stores, will produce an annual income from each pond in rotation.'—pp. 5, 6.

Then, for the stocking, we have the following directions:—

'To stock the ponds with brood the following simple calculation is sufficient for direction: viz., to every acre of water in extent put in 200 brood carp, twenty brood tench, and twenty brood jack; thus making ten per cent. each of tench and jack to the carp: the brood must be all of one season's spawn. Therefore, to three acres there will be 600 carp, 60 tench, and 60 jack; and the succession ponds are to be stocked in like proportions, the second the year following the first, and the third again a year later, so that each pond then comes round in its turn to be fished. This first outlay constitutes the whole expense, save and except the guarding against poaching, as there will always be a superabundant quantity of brood or store to restore the stews, and sufficient left for sale.'—p. 6.

He says nothing of perch, which, when well managed, thrive admirably in sweet ponds, nor would we advise their association with carp and tench, unless they are kept under the most strict surveillance; but he is strong for jack; and we think he makes out his case.

'It has been fully proved that a given space of earth can produce only a certain quantity; so only can a given space or quantity of water produce a certain quantity either of vegetable matter or animalcules: and curious as it may appear, yet it is as true as curious, that by storing only the proper number of fish adapted to the water, the weight, in three years, will prove equal to what it would have been had twice the number been placed therein; so that the smaller number produces the same weight as the

most gravel and shallows, where fish may sport themselves, do afford fish of the purest taste. And note, that in all pools it is best for fish to have some retiring place, as, namely, hollow banks or shelves, or roots of trees, to keep them from danger, and, when they think fit, from the extreme heat of summer, as also from the extremity of the cold in winter. And note, that if many trees be growing about your pond, the leaves thereof falling into the water make it nauseous to the fish, and the fish to be so to the eater of it.'—*Complete Angler*, ch. xx.

larger, from a given quantity of water. By overstocking the water the fish become sickly, lean, and bony; and on the contrary, when the regulations are attended to which I have laid down, the fish will be healthy, fleshy, and fat. By this it will be seen that jack become a useful appendage in well-regulated ponds, tantamount to an absolute necessity; but with the necessity a property, as it will be found that jack, carp, and tench thrive and grow in equal proportion after this system.'—pp. 8, 9.

The time of stocking the pond is a consideration of no small importance.

'In stocking ponds it must be strictly observed that the jack, carp, and tench be all of the same season, or spring spawn; and the period for brooding the pond is towards the end of October, or, if the season be open and mild, early in November, for the following reasons. Carp and tench being fish of the same habits, they slam or mud at the same period, lying torpid through the winter months, so that they keep secure from the attacks of the juvenile jack: the jack at that age finds sufficient food in worms, &c., to subsist upon: as the spring advances, when the carp and tench leave their winter lairs, the jack then, in turn, become sickly as their spawning season approaches, and, consequently, do not annoy the carp, much less the tench: this brings them through April, when the jack spawn, and they remain quiet from that time until the wet season of July.'—p. 9.

We quite agree with our author, that eels, those merciless destroyers of the spawn and fry of other fish, should be strenuously kept out of the ponds; but it is very difficult to exclude them entirely, for they have a strong propensity to travel, and, not unfrequently, take evening or nocturnal rambles through the thick dewy grass in search of frogs, or to change their lodgings.

Supposing all to go well, let us now look to the harvest time.

'Returning to the subject of the succession ponds being fished every three years, it is to be borne in mind that the store, at that age, is fit for market; and the calculation for three years out of three acres would give, on an average, as follows:—

600 carp	.. at 3½ lbs. each	.. 2,100 lbs.
60 tench	.. at 4½ lbs. each	.. 240 lbs.
60 jack	.. at 3½ lbs. each	.. 210 lbs.

Total weight of store .. 2,550 lbs.

'Supposing the fish to be worth 1s. per lb., the value would be 127l. 10s. for three years, or 42l. 10s. per annum; but were only half the price obtained, then, as the first expense is the only one, it must be termed a profitable rental, especially as, under the old system, many gentlemen have large pieces of water, which produce nothing.'—pp. 10, 11.

Our author has a friend in Saxony who

rejoices in a domain comprising nearly eight thousand acres, of which nearly one-half is forest. On that estate are twenty-two ponds, the largest being about twenty-seven acres in extent; and the stock above recommended was calculated, by this comfortable Saxon, after forty years' experience of practical results. Out of this large pond, Gottlieb—we can fancy how he devoured them with his eyes—saw, in 1822, the two largest breeding carp placed in the scale, and their united weight amounted to nearly 100 lbs. the male drawing 43 lbs. and the female 48 lbs., *Saxon*: noble fish, even taken at our own rate of weights: but *Saxon* weight is above 7 per cent heavier than English. In 1833 this goodly pair had increased, the male to 52 lbs., *Saxon*, and the female to 55 lbs. In the same year he was present at the draught of his friend's second largest pond, covering seventeen acres. The produce exceeded 4000 lbs. weight of carp, besides tench and jack. In this pond the proprietor had left several carp for breeding, five of which weighed 103 lbs. *Saxon*; the largest of the five, a *Spiegel carp*, aged sixteen years, drew in the scale 3½ lbs. English. The age of the two taken from the largest pond could not be correctly stated, as they were on the estate when he purchased it, some fifty years ago. This venerable couple, it seems, continue to fulfil the divine command, nothing loth. 'These fish,' says our author, 'they treat as prize fish, and consider them infinitely better for spawn than younger ones,' (p. 12) The largest English carp known to us shrink before these dimensions. The brace presented by Mr. Ladbroke, from his park at Gatton, to the late Lord Egremont, weighed 35 lbs.; nor can we find a record of a single fish heavier than 19½ lbs. Probably we do not give them time in this country, for the carp lives to a great age:—

'At Charlottenburg, the summer palace of the King of Prussia, in the ornamental waters of the domain, are a large number of carp, which are so extremely tame that they come to the surface to be fed at the sound of a bell. The keeper has his favourites; and it is said that there are some among them more than a century old. Where carp are well fed they may be seen basking in the sun on the surface of the water during the hot months of August and September, and sometimes rolling about like so many porpoise. They will scarcely retreat at the approach of any one; and become so extremely fat in stews, that a 10-lb. fish will frequently have fat an eighth of an inch thick on

his sides, especially those of the *Spiegel carp* breed.'—p. 14.

We have here seen what may be done in rural economy with fish-ponds; and we earnestly call the attention of land-owners to the subject:—

'The fish salesmen of the London markets all agree, that, if a regular supply of live fresh-water fish were kept up, good prices and a large consumption would be the result: as it is, what little is introduced to the markets is readily purchased by the Jews, and, during the season of Lent, by the Roman Catholics. At any rate, the whole system of stocked fish-ponds, arranged as I have described in this pamphlet, must be productive of profit, tending also to increase the quantity of sustenance or food at a cheap rate for our fellow-creatures; moreover, producing a gain from that which now constitutes a waste.'—p. 17.

'I do not doubt,' says he, 'that were the system which it is the object of this little treatise to describe generally adopted, a very great demand for fresh-water fish would ensue; for it is a business-like adage, that if you provide for a market by a regular supply, a market is created, and increased demand follows.'—p. 1.

As a gentle stimulus, Gottlieb Boccius administers, in his Appendix, twenty-three German recipes for cooking fresh-water fish; and, if any one should find his appetite flag, we beg to prescribe the perusal of this supplement about half an hour before dinner. We must not, however, be lured further by the captivating simplicity of *tench fried with caper-sauce*, or the more elaborate gastronomy manifested in *carp poulpelon*, or *carp with oyster forcemeat*; but earnestly advising our friends not to overlook the *jack cotelettes*, we for the present take leave with the leonine hexameter, which—Halfordian in sense though Palmerstonian in prosody—concludes the vellum MS. of 1831—

'Explicit de coquina quæ est optima medicina.'

ART. VIII.—*Letters of John Adams, addressed to his Wife*. Edited by his Grandson, Charles Francis Adams. 2 vols. Boston. 1841.

If we had been aware that the Letters of Mr. Adams would have so soon followed to the press those of his wife, one article might have sufficed for both; and if we shared the opinion which the Editor seems to have, that this batch of his fami-

ly papers is less 'attractive than the former' (*Preface*, p. xiii.) we should certainly have thought that our readers had had quite enough of them. But though these letters fall short of what we might expect from Mr. Adams, they are in our judgment much superior—even in the lighter merits of epistolary writing—to those of his lady; and are not without a certain, though not very considerable, degree of historical and political interest. They, perhaps, on the whole, lower the opinion we had formed of the scale of Mr. Adams's intellect; but they confirm our opinion that he was—bating some weaknesses from which the best and the ablest are not exempt—a good man, and an honest man; and that his talents and character, though of no striking brilliancy, were respectable in themselves, and appropriate to the share which he was destined to take in the foundation of the American Republic.

It is remarkable that, though these volumes were printed before the Editor could have seen our observations on his former publication, his new *Preface* discusses at considerable length, and finally admits the justice of, the main objection we had made to that work—namely, that, by selecting particular portions of a correspondence, and omitting, even in the selected portions, such parts as might not be satisfactory to his own feelings or palatable to the national taste, an editor diminishes—not to say destroys—our confidence in the evidence and authority of the author. But having, most fairly, logically, and laboriously, arrived at our conclusion, it is comical to find that the very next thing the editor does is to acknowledge—with more candour than consistency—an essential departure from it.

For he admits that, though he has made no addition, he has used his discretion in making such omissions as he himself thought 'necessary,' and of 'selecting, not simply'—(which implies that the selection is made partly)—from personal considerations; and of furnishing, not the whole evidence, but 'as much' as, in his opinion, 'the public is desirous to see.' This discretion, it is obvious, differs little from that dictatorial power of selection and alteration against which he had in the half-dozen preceding pages so successfully argued; and the result is that we find ourselves condemned to read the letters of Mr. Adams with something of the same kind of distrust that we did those of his wife. The editor gives us to un-

derstand that he has exercised this power very sparingly, and rather fears that he may not have sufficiently 'lopped' indiscreet passages (vol. i., p. xi;) but these apprehensions seem to us to be superfluous. It is true that Mr. Adams is often coarse in his expression of a political difference; and his construction of other men's motives and actions is apt to be habitually uncharitable: but there is little or nothing which at this day can give pain to anybody, unless, indeed, Mr. Adams's own friends; and it seems to us that he was, or at least is presented to us in these volumes as, one of the most cautious, not to say *jejune*, correspondents that we have ever met with. Indeed, the letters themselves are in nothing more abundant than in confessing their want of interest, and in making excuses for telling nothing when a great deal might have been told:—

'8th September, 1774.

'It would fill volumes to give you an idea of the scenes I behold, and the characters I converse with. We have so much business, so much ceremony, so much company, so many visits to receive and return, that I have not time to write. And the times are such as to make it imprudent to write freely.'—vol. i., p. 20.

'18th September, 1774.

'There is so much rascality in the management of letters now come in fashion, that I am determined to write nothing of consequence, not even to the friend of my bosom, but by conveyances which I can be sure of.'—vol. i., p. 25.

'10th October, 1775.

'I must be excused from writing a syllable of anything of any moment. My letters have been and will be nothing but trifles.'—vol. i., p. 63.

'28th April, 1776.

'There is such a mixture of folly, littleness, and knavery in this world that I am weary of it; and although I behold it with unutterable contempt and indignation, yet the public good requires that I should take no notice of it by word or by letter.'—vol. i., p. 104.

'31st March, 1777.

'I believe you will think my letters very trifling—indeed they are. I write in trammels. Accidents have thrown so many letters into the hands of the enemy, and they take such a malicious pleasure in exposing them, that I choose they should have nothing but trifles from me to expose. For this reason I never write anything of consequence from Europe, from Philadelphia, from camp, or anywhere else.'—vol. i., p. 199.

'21st February, 1779.

'I write you as often and as much as I ought. Let me entreat you to consider if some of your letters had by any accident been taken, what a figure would they have made in a newspaper, to be read by the whole world? Some of them, it is true, would have done honour to the most

virtuous and most accomplished Roman matron; but others of them would have made you and me very ridiculous.'—vol. ii., p. 50.

19th December, 1793.

'The common movements of ambition every day disclose to me views and hopes and designs that are *very diverting*, but these *I will not commit to paper*. They make sometimes a *very pretty farce for amusement* after the great tragedy or comedy is over. What I write to you must be in *sacred confidence and strict discretion*.'—vol. ii., p. 134.

This last solemn recommendation of '*sacred confidence and strict discretion*,' as to the '*very diverting*' stories he will *not* tell her, has at least the merit of reminding us of Hotspur's pleasantry:—

'Constant you are,
But yet a woman; and for secrecy
No lady closer; for I will believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know.'

But after all, we are surprised that these reiterated apologies for silence on the most interesting subjects and during the most important periods of his life—(there are but two short letters from 1778 to 1793, during the first vice-presidency)—did not awaken some misgiving in the editor's mind that letters so cautiously written were not likely to fulfil 'the noble historical objects' for which he professes to publish them.

We cannot, however, but suspect that the more immediate motive for printing these and the former volumes was, that the publication of the lives and correspondence of Washington, Jefferson, Jay, Morris, and other worthies of the era of independence, awakened an emulative and very natural desire in Mr. Adams's family that *He* too should have his literary monument. It was announced in Allen's '*American Biography*' (1832) that his eldest son, 'John Quincy Adams, was preparing memoirs of his father's life.' We have heard no more of that work; and we suppose that these volumes and Mrs. Adams's letters are intended as a substitute. We have so often expressed our dissatisfaction at biographies from the pens of near relatives, that we are far from blaming Mr. Quincy Adams's silence, though we certainly wish we had a more adequate substitute than one of the least interesting collections of private letters that we have ever met with. It is, however, only fair to admit that we do not consider ourselves as very competent judges in this particular point: for there are a thousand details of the times, the localities, and the persons, which may give to passages that

appear trite and commonplace to strangers, a very different aspect to those who are better acquainted with the peculiarities of American society, and, above all, the secret history of American parties. If the editor had been solicitous for the suffrages of the European public, he would no doubt—or at least we think should—have given us more explanatory notes, and elucidated many passages which in their present state are obscure, and, for that reason perhaps, very uninteresting to a European reader. But with the largest allowance we can make on this score, we are still surprised how little this mass of correspondence contributes to political history, or even to Mr. Adams's own biography. The latter must still be gathered from other and very imperfect sources.

Mr. Adams was born in October, 1735. The account of his family given by Dr. Allen has some curious touches of that

——— fond desire,
That longing after aristocracy!

which pervades the whole human race, but none, we believe, in a stronger degree than the republican citizens of America.

'His father, John, was a *deacon of the Church*, a *farmer*, and a *mechanic*, and died May 25, 1761; his grandfather, Joseph, died Feb. 12, 1737, aged 82; his great-grandfather, Joseph, was born in England, and died at Braintree, Dec. 6, 1697, aged 63; the father of this ancestor was Henry, who, as the inscription on his monument, erected by John Adams, says, *took his flight from the Dragon persecution*, in Devonshire, in England, and alighted with eight sons, at Mount Wollaston. The year of Henry's arrival at Braintree—now Quincy—is not known, but is supposed to be 1632. He died October 8, 1646.'

It is quite clear that all these *details* must have been furnished to Dr. Allen by the *family*; and our readers will smile at a minute accuracy of pedigree which *Norroy* and *Clarencieux* are seldom able to attain. The '*farmer*' and '*mechanic*' could not be denied, but the pain of the confession is alleviated by the addition of the dignity of '*deacon*'—which if translated into *English*, would sound as if '*Farmer*' Adams had also been Churchwarden of his parish. Then, please to observe the choice of words. These farmers and mechanics are '*ancestors*;'—Gray was content to call them '*the rude forefathers of the hamlet*.' Then *Braintree*—the name of a pretty village in *old Essex*—is not good enough to be connected, in any way, with this illustrious house of Adams: it

is now Quincy: Why?—our readers will easily guess, when they recollect that Mrs. Adams was the grand-daughter of a Mr. Quincy, that she had some wealthy relatives of that name, and that she found, in her travels in England, that there had been, in the time of Edward I., a *de Quincy*, *Earl of Winchester*, whose race, she ‘rather believed, was not extinct!’ (Letters of Mrs. Adams, ii., 181.) And then Mr. Adams erects a monument to his *great-great-grandfather*—Imagine any man in aristocratical England erecting a monument to his *great-great-grandfather*! Let the Duke of Somerset blush—the Protector has no monument! And then again, Mr. Adams pens an inscription on an ancestor about whom he knows little, concerning a *Dragon persecution* of which, we suspect, he knows nothing at all: but this *Dragon* persecution is the *Rouge Dragon* of his heraldry; and we cannot but think that, considering the circumstances, any ‘boast of heraldry’ imputed to Howards and Seymours could hardly exceed the ancestral pride that transpires through every line of this laboured pedigree.

Such is the preliminary absurdity of the biography of Mr. John Adams, whose real and higher claims to consideration are much more simply and more honourably told. He—the son of a ‘farmer and mechanic’—was one of the founders of the American nation; of which *he and his son* were successively chief magistrates, by the free selection of their fellow-citizens. “*Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher?*”

Yet, with all this real illustration, Mrs. Adams sighs—and her children record and, we suppose, participate her anxiety—for a bit of lying parchment, which should connect them with some old Front-de-bœuf Earl of Winchester.

These trivial indications, however, are pregnant with important considerations. America is, we believe, in personal feeling, the most aristocratic country on the face of the earth—each man’s rude assertion of *equality* is no better than a disguised assumption of *superiority*; and whenever the pressure of condensated society shall force the more consistent particles to the surface, there will emerge *some* form of aristocracy, probably as decided and distinctive as anything which we have in Europe; and perhaps some future Adams may shine in future red books, as Duke of Massachusetts, Earl De Quincy, Viscount Braintree, and Baron Adam of the Garden of Eden! Let it not be supposed

that we either ridicule or deprecate such a result—’tis the natural course of human events; and few ennobled families could have a more respectable stock or a deeper root of public services than the descendants of John Adams: but we cannot help smiling at the inconsistency which fosters such natural and laudable feelings under a sour parade of republican simplicity.

John Adams, we are told, graduated at Harvard College in 1755, and ‘studied law under Colonel Putnam, an able lawyer in extensive practice, from 1755 to 1758, during which time he instructed pupils in *Greek and Latin*, as a means of subsistence.’ Here several doubts arise. First, we suspect that, as was said of a still greater man, there was ‘little Latin and less Greek.’ Though we see in his ‘Defence of the American Constitution’ a good deal about the ancient republics, and some references to classical authors, they are such as might be, and we think were, borrowed from translations; and we have in this correspondence little that indicates any acquaintance with the learned languages, save here and there a hackneyed phrase, such as ‘*dulce est desipere*’ and ‘*non tali auxilio*.’ and there is one allusion to Greek and Roman literature, which seems to negative any very familiar acquaintance with either. He writes, February 3, 1777—

‘It was said of Ulysses, *I think*, that he saw the manners of many men and many cities.’—i., 182.

We think that he who penned this had either never read or strangely forgotten both Homer and Horace—two pretty considerable ingredients in a classical education.

The extent of the scholastic acquirements of Mr. Adams is of very little importance, nor would it lower—but indeed rather enhance—his personal merit, if it were proved that he knew no more Greek than Franklin, and no more Latin than his own ‘*Diana solus*.’ (Mrs. Adams’s Letters, vol. i., p. 7.) But biography, to be worth anything, should be *true* in such matters; and it would be satisfactory to know whether the parade of a high classical education be not like the pride of ‘*ancestry*’—one of those *pretensions* which the Americans laugh at in us, but value rather exorbitantly amongst themselves.

But it is said that, ‘while he was studying the law, from 1755 to 1758, he instructed pupils.’ This seems to be a form of words adapted to veil the fact, which we

have always understood to be notorious and admitted, of his having been a professed, and it has been said a *severe, school-master*—but the very next sentence states that ‘he was long in doubt as to the choice of a profession, between the *church* and the *law*, but that towards the end of 1756 he decided for the *law*.’ He was, therefore, *not* studying the law *while* he was instructing pupils in 1755. This inclination to *sink the schoolmaster* is another of those indications of the aristocratical susceptibility of our American cousins: but Mr. Adams’s biographer need not be ashamed of a circumstance which must so strongly remind his readers of one of the most remarkable and honourable traits in the eventful life of the king of the French.

At this period of Mr. Adams’s life he is said to have fallen into infidel opinions, and never to have recovered from the deplorable aberration. Dr. Allen opens this important matter rather ambiguously.

‘At this early period he had imbibed a *prejudice* against the prevailing *religious opinions of New England*, and became attached to *speculations* hostile to those opinions. *Nor were his views afterwards changed.*’

This might imply merely, and we heartily wish it did, that Mr. Adams was a dissenter from the prevailing sect of dissenters—but from what follows it appears that Dr. Allen means that those ‘*speculations*’ were hostile to ‘*Christianity*.’ Scepticism would, at first sight, surprise us in a person connected by so many ties with the Puritan churches; but on a closer view it seems natural enough that the *Congregational* system—which erects each congregation into an independent church, and subjects both doctrine and discipline to the choice—that is, the caprice—of a voluntary association, without any respect to authority, or any control on individual speculations—should be very often found to produce schism, and to lead, particularly in warm and presumptuous tempers, to infidelity. But we are glad to say we do not find in these volumes any trace of such a rejection of *Christianity* as Dr. Allen hints at. We do not look for a *confession of faith* in familiar letters; and if our attention had not been directed to the subject by the previous suspicion, we should have seen nothing—and, as it is, we see but little—to excite any doubt that he was inwardly, as he certainly was outwardly, a *Christian*. He professes, indeed, a great indifference about what he calls *sects*, and this pretty generally implies an indiffer-

ence to religion itself; but, on the other hand, his language always was, and his feelings appear to have been, respectful and even reverential to *religion* in the abstract, and to *Christianity* in particular. A phrase in a letter of the 9th of February, 1793, which seems to put on an equality ‘the consolations of *stoicism* and *Christianity*,’ is evidently a mere familiar locution, which the sincerest Christian might have used on such an occasion. In his ‘Thoughts on Government,’ (1776,) after referring, foolishly enough, to the moral authorities of ‘*Confucius, Zoroaster, Socrates, and Mahomet*,’ he adds, ‘not to mention authorities *REALLY* sacred.’ So, also, in his inaugural address as President, 4th March, 1797, he asserts ‘his humble reverence and veneration for the religion of a people that profess and call themselves Christians,’ and pledges himself (with perhaps a sly allusion to the known infidelity of his antagonist Jefferson) to consider a devout respect for Christianity as one of the best recommendations for public employment. But what we consider more satisfactory than all the former, because it is purely accidental, is his allusion to the self-called philosophers:—

‘Philadelphia, 14th December, 1794.—I fear the atheistical and theistical philosophers lately turned politicians, will drive the common people into receptacles of visionaries, enluminees, illuminees, &c. &c. &c., for the common people will undoubtedly insist upon the risk of being damned, rather than give up the hope of being saved, in a future state. The people will have a life to come, and so will I.’—vol. ii., p. 172.

And on various other unpremeditated occasions he talks as a *Christian* would do of ‘*Christian*’ benevolence and ‘*Christian*’ virtues—though we do not recollect that he makes any *direct* profession of his own individual faith. He was constant, but somewhat promiscuous, in his attendance at public worship.

‘9th October, 1774.—This day I went to Dr. Allison’s meeting in the forenoon, and heard the Doctor; a good discourse upon the Lord’s supper. This is a Presbyterian meeting. I confess I am not fond of the Presbyterian meetings in this town. I had rather go to Church. We have better sermons, better prayers, better speakers, softer, sweeter music, and genteeler company. And I must confess that the Episcopal church is quite as agreeable to my taste as the Presbyterian. They are both slaves to the domination of the priesthood. I like the Congregational way best; next to that the Independent.—vol. i., pp. 34, 35.

Congregational way! What important

considerations that loose phraseology suggests! And twenty-five years later we find him repeating the same sentiments:—

‘I have been, forenoon and afternoon, to church to hear Parson Waddell, who gave us two discourses, good and wholesome for soul, body, and estate. He is a good picture of “stalled theology,” and is said to have a good estate. Last Sunday I went to the Presbyterian church and heard Mr. Grant, an ingenious young gentleman. There is something more cheerful and comfortable in an Episcopalian than in a Presbyterian church. I admire a great part of the Divine service at Church very much. It is very humane and benevolent, and sometimes pathetic and affecting, but rarely gloomy, if ever. Their creeds I could dispense with very well, because the Scriptures being before us contain the creed most certainly orthodox. But you know I never write nor talk upon divinity. . . . Benevolence and beneficence, industry, equity and humanity, resignation and submission, repentance and reformation, are the essence of my religion. Alas! how weakly and imperfectly have I fulfilled the duties of my own religion!’—vol. ii., pp. 264, 265.

We pause for a moment to deduce from the evidence of this most respectable witness the impolicy—-the sin of neglecting in our colonies the culture of our national religion, and abandoning the pregnant desert to the innate zeal of sectaries.

But in Mr. Adams’s confession of faith it cannot be denied, that an important something is wanting:—neither the motives which led him to divine worship, nor the merely moral foundations of ‘*his religion*,’ are satisfactory to a Christian mind: but the defect, which may be only verbal, would by no means justify us in pronouncing him an infidel; and in short, if Mr. Adams was not a very dishonest hypocrite, (which his whole life and character seem to negative,) Dr. Allen, though in other respects his great admirer, must have done him, in this respect, some degree of injustice. And this we more readily believe from one minute circumstance: it is stated that Mr. Adams formed these unhappy infidel opinions in early life, ‘*nor were his views afterwards changed.*’ Now we find him under date of 25th January, 1799, abjuring the idolatry which some freethinkers professed for Voltaire, ‘*whose materialism, &c., appear to him very superficial and nonsensical;*’—he adds, that he ‘*was profoundly learned in all that jargon at twenty years of age, but found it all useless, and soon renounced it.*’ This proves that in one important point at least his early views were subsequently changed. We see also that

Mrs. Adams (Letters, vol. ii., p. 232,) when stating to her son the qualities which would support his father through the arduous duties of President, places in the highest rank religion—and expressly the Christian religion. But, in conclusion, we are forced to confess that the most unpleasant impression that remains on our mind on this subject is produced by the entire silence of the editor on what we must call a most serious imputation, which, having been publicly made, he would, we suppose, have been anxious to contradict, if he could have honestly done so.

Mr. Adams began practising the law—we suppose as an attorney—in 1758, and soon got into business. In 1761—the professions of attorney and counsel being often combined in those parts—he was admitted to the degree of barrister-at-law; and in the same year he inherited by the death of his father a small estate at Braintree—‘*now Quincy.*’ At this period the British government attempted to introduce into Massachusetts the process of *Writs of assistance*—a kind of general search-warrant for the discovery of goods which had not paid duties. This was resisted as a branch of the power claimed by the mother-country of taxing the colonies:—the popular side was argued in Boston by Mr. Otis, an eminent lawyer of the day, and afterwards a still more eminent patriot. Mr. Adams was present—but whether engaged in the cause is not stated. He, on one occasion, calls Mr. Otis ‘*his worthy master*:’ it is therefore probable that he was employed in his office; and, perhaps, attended him in court on this occasion. There can be no doubt that Otis’s example had an important influence on Adams’s principles and conduct. His account of the effect of Otis’s speech is remarkable: ‘*Every man of an immense crowded audience appeared to me to go away, as I did, ready to take arms against writs of assistance. Then and there the child Independence was born!*’ So it probably was; but Mr. Adams might have wished it a more honourable parentage—for Mr. Otis—by whose zeal this legal question was blown up into a revolution—though eulogised by Mr. Adams as ‘*leaving a character that will never die while the memory of the American Revolution remains, whose foundation he laid with an energy and those masterly abilities that no other man possessed,*’—was in truth, at first, no more than a disappointed place-jobber turned patriot. Dr. Allen, in the

Life of Bernard, governor of Massachusetts, says that

‘his (Bernard’s) indiscretion in appointing Mr. Hutchinson chief-justice, instead of giving that office to Colonel Otis, of Barnstable, to whom it had been promised by a *former* [not the *preceding*] governor, proved very injurious to the government cause. In consequence of this appointment he lost the influence of Colonel Otis, and, by yielding himself to Mr. Hutchinson, drew upon him the hostility of James Otis the son, a man of great talents, who soon became the leader on the popular side.’

And it is further stated by the same authority, that

‘Otis in his resentment had said that *he would set the province in flames, even though he perished by the fire.*’

This, however, is the course of all revolutions; individual ambition and resentment are the incendiaries, but they can only be successful when there is already a collection of inflammable matter. If the social condition of America had not prepared her for independence, the personal resentments of Mr. Otis could have had but little permanent effect.

In 1764, while practising the law with some success at Braintree, Mr. Adams married Abigail Smith, the daughter, grand-daughter, and great-grand-daughter of puritan ministers; and next year published ‘*An Essay on Canon and Feudal Law.*’ We were, at first, a little surprised at a young village-lawyer in Massachusetts publishing an *Essay on Canon and Feudal Law*—we wondered where he should have found books, experience, or opportunities for such studies; but our surprise was lessened when we were told that ‘the object of this legal essay was to show the conspiracy between Church and State for oppressing the people.’ We have not seen that work, which we suppose can only be curious as an incident in the personal history of President Adams.

In 1765 he removed to the larger sphere of Boston, where his legal practice is said to have been extensive. All this time the dissensions, of which the affair of the *Writs of assistance* was the first symptom, were growing more serious, and assuming gradually a national character; though they still wore the aspect of opposition to the local governors, who endeavoured to meet their difficulties by the old mode of *buying off* the patriots; amongst whom, it seems, Mr. Adams now began to distinguish himself so much, that in 1768 Gov-

ernor Bernard is said to have offered him the place of advocate-general. ‘But,’ his biographer tells us, ‘he decidedly declined that lucrative post—he was not a man to be thus bribed to *desert the cause of his country!*’ We are not, however, told in what way Mr. Adams was or could have been, *at that period*, enlisted in the *cause of his country*; and Governor Hutchinson, who succeeded Bernard, tells (in his valuable ‘*History of Massachusetts,*’ vol. iii., p. 328) a different, and, we think, more probable, story:—

‘Mr. John Adams was a distant relation and intimate acquaintance of Mr. Samuel Adams. After his education at the college he applied to the study of the law, a short time before the troubles began. He is said to have been at a loss which side to take. Mr. Sewell, who was with the Government, would have persuaded him to be on the same side, and promised him to desire Governor Bernard to make him a justice of the peace. The Governor took time to consider of it, and having, as Mr. Adams conceived, not taken proper notice of him, or given him offence on some former occasion, he no longer deliberated, and ever after joined in opposition. As the troubles increased he increased in knowledge, and made a figure not only in his own profession, but as a patriot, and was generally esteemed as a person endowed with more knowledge than his kinsman [Samuel Adams], and equally zealous in the cause of liberty; but neither his business nor his health would admit of that constant application to it which distinguished Samuel Adams from all the rest of the province. In general, John Adams may be said to be of stronger resentment upon any real or supposed personal neglect or injury than the other; but in their resentment against such as opposed them in the cause in which they were engaged, it is difficult to say which exceeded. His ambition was without bounds, and he has acknowledged to his acquaintance that he could not look with complacency upon any man who was in possession of more wealth, more power, or more knowledge than himself.’

The severity with which, in these letters, Mr. Adams generally treats his adversaries, and the dry and niggardly style in which he mentions his friends and associates—even Washington himself—strongly corroborate—and indeed we do not find that Mr. Adams’s friends deny the justice of—Governor Hutchinson’s estimate of his character: but, after all, candour must confess that it is only by such qualities as boldness, emulation, and ambition—which enemies will call presumption, envy, and selfishness—that men can distinguish themselves in revolutionary struggles; and we really believe that Mr. Adams, though he himself pleads guilty to ‘egotism’—had as little of those pow-

erful but unamiable stimulants as any man of his day: excepting always the great and blameless Washington.

But whether this offer of office was made and declined, or not, it is certain that Mr. Adams had now attained very considerable eminence in his profession; and we find him soon after taking a forward part in local politics. In 1769 he was one of a committee of three appointed by the inhabitants of Boston to draw up instructions to their representatives in the provincial legislature, to resist what were styled British encroachments. From this it would seem that, if he at any time hesitated between the parties, he had now decidedly joined the Opposition, and ranked as one of its leaders. In 1770 an affray occurring between the King's troops and a Boston mob, in which some of the rioters were killed, a Captain Preston and some of his soldiers were keenly prosecuted for murder. 'On this occasion,' says Governor Hutchinson, 'Captain Preston had been *well advised* [perhaps by the Governor himself] to retain two gentlemen of the law, who were strongly attached to the cause of liberty, and to *stick at no reasonable fees* for that purpose; and this measure proved of great service to him.' (*ib.* p. 328). The two gentlemen thus retained, and *highly fee'd*, were Mr. Adams and Josiah Quincy, a relative of Mrs. Adams. Their advocacy was able and successful, and the verdict of acquittal which they obtained for the officer was then—and is still—quoted in America as a proof of the moderate and conciliatory spirit of the province; praise which it certainly does not merit: for, though Captain Preston was acquitted, some of his men were most unjustly, and in mere compliance with popular violence, found guilty of manslaughter, and punished accordingly.

If Mr. Adams had been before wavering, this victory would probably have drawn him closer to the party he had so essentially served. But it did not do so, and his political differences with the Government grew wider. Mrs. Adams tells us that in 1772 'he *had like* to have been chosen into the Council, but if he had, Hutchinson acknowledged that he *would have negatived* him.' (*Let.*, vol. i., p. 30.) This was the occasion on which Mrs. Adams uttered the wish—so strange in a pious lady well read in the Scriptures—that the said Governor might be gibbeted *like Mordecai*—meaning, we presume, like *Haman*. Next year, 1773, he was actually chosen by the Assembly, and negatived

by the Governor. It is not unlikely that some personal disappointment may have originally helped to sharpen Mr. Adams's patriotism; but it was quite natural that an eminent lawyer, with a good deal of confidence—no small share of ambition—educated in the puritan and republican tenets which then prevailed in New England under a surface of monarchical forms—and with, above all, a high and affectionate confidence in the capabilities of his native land: it was natural, we say, that such a man should in the first instance approve resistance to what most of his class considered unconstitutional aggression, and be eventually carried along the stream of opposition into the assertion of Independence. In 1774 his opinions and efforts emerge into full light: we then find him one of the delegates of the province of Massachusetts to the first Congress, and—from the earliest moment that we are acquainted with his views—already contemplating and preparing—though not without some misgivings and regret (vol. i., p. 62)—the great result of national emancipation. He and his colleagues, of whom the most remarkable was Samuel Adams, appear to have been far in advance of the rest even of the second Congress on the road to Independence.

'I have found this Congress like the last. When we first came together, I found a strong jealousy of us from New England, and the Massachusetts in particular. Suspicions entertained of designs of independency; an American republic; Presbyterian principles, and twenty other things. Our sentiments were heard in Congress with great caution, and seemed to make but little impression; but the longer we sat, the more clearly they saw the necessity of pushing vigorous measures. It has been so now. Every day we sit the more we are convinced that the designs against us are hostile and sanguinary, and that nothing but fortitude, vigour, and perseverance can save us.'—vol. i., p. 45.

This tone was then so peculiar to Mr. Adams and his New England colleagues, that, about this time, Congress voted, in spite of his earnest opposition, an address to the King calculated to open a door for reconciliation. A letter from Adams to his friend Mr. Warren, President of the provincial Congress of Massachusetts, and another to Mrs. Adams, expressing his disapprobation of this address and his wishes for vigorous measures of resistance, having been intercepted, they were published by our Government as a proof that the conciliatory address was deceptive, and that Mr. Adams's letters betrayed

the real intention of the Congress:—a mistake, it now appears; for the Congress was still so very averse to the idea of independence, that Mr. Adams, already looked upon with distrust, became, on the publication of these letters, so odious and unpopular, that his society was shunned. To be sure, it was not altogether his hostility to the mother-country that led to this disgrace: he had in those letters severely censured and ridiculed some of his colleagues who happened to take the moderate course; and, probably, the *amour propre* of both parties sheltered itself under an affected *amour de la patrie*. But in a short time, events having taken a turn favourable to Mr. Adams's view, the personalities of his letters were generally forgotten, and he more than resumed his former station in public opinion.

The following answer to a question of his wife's as to Dr. Franklin, will, besides giving his opinion of the Doctor, show that even after the battle of Bunker's Hill the prospect of total independence was not popular:—

'Dr. Franklin has been very constant in his attendance on Congress from the beginning. His conduct has been composed and grave, and, in the opinion of many gentlemen, very reserved. He has not assumed anything, nor affected to take the lead; but has seemed to choose that the Congress should pursue their own principles and sentiments, and adopt their own plans. Yet he has not been backward; has been very useful on many occasions, and discovered a disposition entirely American. He does not hesitate at our boldest measures, but rather seems to think us too irresolute and backward. He thinks us at present in an odd state, neither in peace nor war, neither dependent nor independent; but he thinks that we shall soon assume a character more decisive. He thinks that we have the power of preserving ourselves; and that, even if we should be driven to the disagreeable necessity of assuming a total independency and set up a separate state, we can maintain it. The people of England have thought, that the opposition in America was wholly owing to Dr. Franklin; and I suppose their scribblers will attribute the temper and proceedings of Congress to him; but there cannot be a greater mistake. He has had but little share further than to co-operate and to assist. He is however a great and good man. I wish his colleagues from this city were all like him.'—vol. i., pp. 53, 54.

Mr. Adams must have been more personally active in the preliminary troubles than we were aware of, for we find him writing to his wife, 10th October, 1775—

'Pray bundle up every paper not already hid, and conceal them in impenetrable darkness. Nobody knows what may occur.'—vol. ii., p. 63.

And yet certainly the situation of his native province, when it began its resistance, was not such as to require any honest man to enter into any dangerous machinations for its liberation; and a wise man might have doubted, as Mr. Adams himself did at first, whether it was likely to gain much by the change. He says—

'New England has, in many respects, the advantage of every other colony in America, and, indeed, of every other part of the world that I know anything of.

'1. The people are purer English blood; less mixed with Scotch, Irish, Dutch, French, Danish, Swedish, &c., than any other; and descended from Englishmen, too, who left Europe in purer times than the present, and less tainted with corruption than those they left behind them.

'2. The institutions in New England for the support of religion, morals, and decency exceed any other; obliging every parish to have a minister, and every person to go to meeting, &c.

'3. The public institutions in New England for the education of youth, supporting colleges at the public expense, and obliging towns to maintain grammar-schools, are not equalled, and never were, in any part of the world.

'4. The division of our territory, that is, our counties, into townships; empowering towns to assemble, choose officers, make laws, mend roads, and twenty other things, gives every man an opportunity of showing and improving that education which he received at college or at school, and makes knowledge and dexterity at public business common.

'5. Our law for the distribution of intestates occasions a frequent division of landed property, and prevents monopolies of land.'—vol. i., pp. 74, 75.

This was certainly a state of things that ought not to have provoked rebellion, and we must say that an accurate examination of the early stages of the dispute—long before they attracted European notice—has convinced us that the patriots were generally, like Mr. Otis, disappointed place-hunters, and that the *original* dissatisfaction had no reasonable foundation.

But with all this, we must admit that the prospect of *independence* was an attractive, and as it has turned out a rational speculation; and Mr. Adams pursued it with mingled activity and prudence, and deserves the large share of the national gratitude which he enjoyed till his Presidency, and which, we believe, is now pretty generally restored to his memory. Mr. Adams not only hastened the declaration of Independence, but he contributed to the adoption of the existing form of federal government, by the publication in

1776 of his 'Thoughts on Government.' For most *internal* purposes, we believe the federative system the very best that could have been adopted; but Mr. Adams—occupied, we suppose, with what was more immediately urgent, some sort of domestic government—does not in this work allude to, and probably did not consider the effect of, this federal system in the *foreign relations* of a country—and we should not be surprised if it should happen, and indeed rather shall be surprised if it does not happen, that this federal system, as at present constituted, shall be found wholly inadequate to, and inconsistent with, the maintenance of a *national* government and character. It is a great and interesting problem, and, as we have often said, the system has in America every possible advantage from local and temporary circumstances, and yet we strongly doubt its stability in its present form—but more of this by and by.

Mr. Adams took, as might be expected, a very active part in all the business of Congress: during his service in that body he was member of ninety, and chairman of twenty-five, committees, but seems to have been more especially employed as chairman of the committee for military business, called the Board of War. He fancied, indeed, that he had himself a taste for military life—which, he says, broke out so early as 1757, when he longed ardently to be a soldier; and in 1775, when Congress began to appoint officers, and Colonel Washington appeared in that assembly in his uniform, Adams's ardour blazes up, and he writes to his wife, 'Oh that I were a soldier!—I will be—I am reading military books!' Again when he accompanies Generals Washington, Lee, and Schuyler a little way out of Philadelphia on their journey to join the army, he is much excited by 'the pride and pomp of war;' but adds, in a sudden ebullition of that *amour propre* which seems to have been so strong in him—

'I, poor creature, worn out with scribbling for my bread and my liberty, low in spirits and weak in health, must leave others to wear the laurels which I have sown; others to eat the bread which I have earned; a common case.'—vol. i., pp. 47, 48.

It must have been something of this feeling which—at one period at least—cooled in a very remarkable way his admiration of Washington. At first Washington is 'the modest and virtuous, the amiable, generous, and brave George Washington, Esquire, chosen by Congress

to be general of the American army;' but it appears that, when a strong cabal was formed in Congress against Washington, Adams—if he did not join the cabal, which his grandson but faintly denies—looked at least with a jealous and somewhat detracting eye on the great General. We find in a letter of the 26th October, 1777, this *aigre-doux* passage:—

'Congress will appoint a thanksgiving [for some successes in the North in which Washington was not concerned;] and one cause of it ought to be, that the glory of turning the tide of arms is not immediately due to the Commander-in-chief [Washington.] nor to southern troops. If it had been, idolatry and adulation would have been unbounded; so excessive as to endanger our liberties, for what I know. Now, we can allow a certain citizen to be wise, virtuous, and good without thinking him a deity or a saviour.'—vol. ii., p. 14.

The editor endeavours to palliate this 'jealousy' by saying that

'it was solely the result of the study of history, and of the examples of abuse of power by military chieftains, but partook of no hostility to the man, as will more fully appear by reference to the letter in this collection of the 25th February preceding.'

This apology does not satisfy our minds: it might very well happen in times of 'cabal' that an opinion expressed on the 25th of February should be no proof of what a caballer might feel on the 20th October; but, on referring back to that letter, it not only does not 'fully appear' that Mr. Adams could have no personal jealousy of Washington eight months later, but it does not even prove that Mr. Adams had no such jealousy even at that time. The expressions are:—

'Many persons are extremely dissatisfied with numbers of the general officers of the highest rank. I don't mean the commander-in-chief, his character is justly very high; but Schuyler, Putnam, Spencer, Heath, are thought by very few to be capable of the great commands they hold.'—vol. i., pp. 192, 193.

This only says that Washington stands justly high with many persons who are extremely dissatisfied with the other generals; and is certainly not a full appearance of any great friendship towards Washington—particularly as we find that only two days before the date of this letter of the 25th February, 1777, Mr. Adams made a speech in Congress exactly in the spirit of the subsequent letter of the 26th of October:—

'I have been distressed to see some of our members disposed to idolize an image which their own hands have molten. I speak of the superstitious veneration which is paid to Gen-

eral Washington. I honour him for his good qualities, but in this house I feel myself his superior. In private life I shall always acknowledge him to be mine.'—vol. ii., pp. 15, 16.

And all this the editor winds up by saying, with admirable *naïveté*, that if Washington 'had, like ordinary military heroes, attempted the liberties of his country, Mr. Adams's suspicions of the general would have earned him a high reputation!'

The merits and services of Washington soon subdued all petty cavils; and Adams learned, no doubt, to regard him with proper reverence: but he never seems to speak of him with that entire frankness and cordiality which might have been expected.

It seems strange, after the editor's professions that his publication is a full and candid one, that we find no allusion to one of the most important—to his wife the very most interesting—event of Mr. Adams's career, namely—his removal from Congress and the chairmanship of the Board of War, by a mission to Europe, where he found nothing to do, and during which he was treated with great neglect and discourtesy from home. We cannot help connecting this resolve of Congress, which, we learn *aliunde*, took place on the 23th of November, with the peculiar sentiments expressed by Mr. Adams in the preceding month about the Commander-in-chief. Are we not justified by this remarkable instance in expressing our wonder how little these letters add to Mr. Adams's biography?

He remained about a year in France, accompanied by his eldest son—the now venerable John Quincy Adams, then eleven years old; but his letters are written with more than his usual caution—now really necessary from the risk of capture. He complains grievously, and, as it would seem, justly, of the neglect he experienced from the government at home; and at last seems to have returned to America without recall or even permission:—

'Passy, 27th February, 1779.—The situation in which my masters have left me puzzles me very much. They have said nothing to me. But one set of gentlemen write that I am to go to Spain, another to Holland, a third to Vienna; but, upon the whole, I believe they don't intend to send me to either, but leave me to stay here in a ridiculous situation, or return home, if I can get there. I shall return unless I should receive before the time arrives for the vessel to sail, orders which I can execute with honour, and with a prospect of rendering some service to the public. But of these two last points I will judge for myself.'—vol. ii., p. 53.

And accordingly, he set out a week after the date of his letter, and arrived in America in the summer of 1779. But whether it was that he had done the *nothing* he had to do in Europe so much to the satisfaction of the Congress—or was likely to do *something* in America so little to their satisfaction, we cannot tell; but he was in about three months (29th September) re-appointed to the European mission with, as we are told in the biography, a higher rank, and more important object—namely, as minister plenipotentiary, to negotiate a peace, and with authority also to make a commercial treaty with Great Britain. But these powers seem to have been illusory: the first does not appear to have had any immediate consequences; and the latter was certainly revoked. He arrived in France early in 1780, but seems to have been again treated with as little kindness, or even notice, by his 'masters' as he had been before. He writes on the 7th June,—

'I have no remittances, nor anything to depend on: not a line from Congress or any member since I left you [seven months before].—vol. ii., p. 51.

Is it not clear that the main object of this mission could only be to get rid of him? However, about September, he received—or, if we were to trust the biography, undertook on his responsibility—a mission to Holland, where he resided a year and a half, almost, it seems, as a private person, principally engaged in negotiating loans with individual capitalists to meet the pressing wants of the Congress; but about April, 1782, he was received in a public character, and in the five following months—during which he had not heard from his 'masters'—he negotiated, and at length concluded a treaty with the Dutch Government: but the value of his services was still so scantily acknowledged, that on his return to Paris, on the 4th December, 1782, he wrote to Congress a resignation of all his employments, and solicited leave for his immediate return to America. Of this no notice was taken; and he at last made up his mind to return home *with or without leave*, unless he should receive a commission to the court of St. James's: but that he thought unlikely, for—

'The same influence, French influence I mean, which induced Congress to revoke my commission, will still continue to prevent the revival of it. And I think it likely, too, that English influence will now be added to French,

for I don't believe that George wishes to see my face. In this case I shall enjoy the satisfaction of coming where I wish most to be, with all my children, living in simplicity, innocence, and repose.'—vol. ii., p. 92.

We notice particularly this flippant allusion to 'George,' as a pregnant indication of the predisposition with which Mr. Adams would visit the English court, and of the temper in which he was likely to regard the King.

His employment at Paris during the spring of 1783, in the most important and honourable office of negotiating the definitive treaty of peace, does not seem to have assuaged his ill humour, nor induced him to recall his resignation :—

Paris, May 30, 1783.—Here I am out of all patience. Not a word from America. The British ministry lingering on. Mr. Hartley uncertain what to do. No regulation of commerce agreed on : no definitive treaty of peace signed, or likely to be signed very soon. My spring passage home lost. The total idleness, the perpetual uncertainty we are in, is the most insipid, and at the same time disgusting and provoking, situation imaginable. I had rather be employed in carting street-dust and marsh-mud.'—vol. ii., p. 93.

And again—

'We advance slowly to the definitive treaty. I can now have no hopes of seeing you before late in the fall. If the acceptance of my resignation arrives, as I expect, and we finish the peace as soon as I can reasonably hope, I shall not now be able to embark before October. If you and your daughter were with me, I could keep up my spirits ; but, idly and insipidly as I pass my time, I am weary, worn, and disgusted to death. I had rather chop wood, dig ditches, and make fences upon my poor little farm.'—vol. ii., pp. 94, 95.

At length, however, a mission to England repairs all :—

'*Paris, Sept. 7, 1783.*—This morning, for the first time, was delivered me the resolution of Congress of the 1st of May, that a commission and instructions should be made out to me, Dr. Franklin, and Mr. Jay, to make a treaty of commerce with Great Britain. If this intelligence had been sent us by Barney, who sailed from Philadelphia a month after the 1st of May, it would have saved me and others much anxiety.

. . . This resolution of Congress deserves my gratitude. It is highly honourable to me, and restores me my feelings, which a former proceeding had taken away. I am now perfectly content to be recalled whenever they think fit, or to stay in Europe until this business is finished, provided you will come and live with me. . . . You don't probably know the circumstances which attend this proceeding of Congress. They are so honourable to me, that I cannot in grati-

tude or decency refuse.'—vol. ii., pp. 99, 101, 102.

Of this mission, or of his subsequent residence in London as minister, these Letters give no account whatsoever—as Mrs. Adams—to whom all those letters are addressed—soon joined him and remained with him in Europe till his final return. We have therefore nothing to add to what we said in our former article concerning this period. After an absence of nine years he landed at Boston on the 17th June, 1788, and Congress honoured him with a resolution of 'Thanks for his able and faithful discharge of various important commissions.'

We have many reasons for thinking that these thanks appeared both to Mr. and Mrs. Adams parsimonious, if not invidious : but he soon received a more general and cordial testimony of approbation.

On the first election for chief magistrates under the new constitution, March, 1789, Washington was elected President and Adams Vice-President ; and they were both re-elected in 1793.

We have already said that during his first vice-presidency there are but a couple of insignificant letters ; and it does not appear that there was any great concert or confidence between Washington and Adams ; and Adams, towards the close of that period, writes with something of a tone of disappointed ambition :—

'I know not how it is, but in proportion as danger threatens I grow calm. I am very apprehensive that a desperate anti-federal party will provoke all Europe by their insolence. But my country has, in its wisdom, contrived for me the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived, or his imagination conceived ; and as I can do neither good nor evil, I must be borne away by others, and meet the common fate.'—vol. ii., p. 133.

But the violence of this anti-federalist party, and the atrocity of the French Revolution at home, and its audacious insolence to foreign powers, drew Washington and Adams into more intimate intercourse. The following are the strongest indications of this friendly feeling that we can find :—

'*Philadelphia, Jan. 9, 1794.*—Nearly one-half the country is in constant opposition to the other, and the President's situation, which is highly responsible, is very distressing. He made me a very friendly visit yesterday, which I returned to-day, and had two hours' conversation with him alone in his cabinet. The conversation, which was extremely interesting, and equally affectionate, I cannot explain even by a hint.

But his earnest desire to do right, and his close application to discover it, his deliberate and comprehensive view of our affairs with all the world, appeared in a very amiable and respectable light. The anti-federalists and the Frenchified zealots have nothing now to do that I can conceive of, but to ruin his character, destroy his peace, and injure his health. He supports all their attacks with great firmness; and his health appears to be very good. The Jacobins would make a sortie upon him, in all the force they could muster, if they dared.'—vol. ii., p. 137.

And again—

'Yesterday I dined at the President's, with ministers of state and their ladies, foreign and domestic. After dinner the gentlemen drew off after the ladies, and left me alone with the President in close conversation. He detained me there till nine o'clock, and was never more frank and open upon politics. I find his opinions and sentiments are *more exactly like mine than I ever knew before, respecting England, France, and our American parties.*'—vol. ii., p. 214.

Yet at the time of this first confidential interchange of opinions on these great questions, Washington and Adams had been *seven years* colleagues in the offices of President and Vice-President. We really do not wonder that he should have felt some little dissatisfaction as to the insignificance of his position; but we must do him the justice to say that no such feeling was visible in his conduct. He acted honestly, and, as far as he could, zealously, in support of Washington's administration against the political agitation which the democrats and partisans of the French were directing against the government; and, the senate being almost equally balanced, his casting voice decided some very important questions—one in particular, on which he dwells with much earnestness, and which, *even now*, ought not to be forgotten. The main object of the French party was to force America into hostilities with England, and the accidental collision at sea between the British cruisers and American commerce afforded the most plausible and popular *pretences* for a rupture—but these were with the most influential persons only *pretences*: the real state of the case was that—to Mr. Adams's great and just indignation—these persons were *deeply indebted* to English correspondents, and were pushing on hostilities as a short mode to cancel their liabilities and defraud their creditors. One of the most formidable of these attempts was Mr. Clarke's *resolution*, in the summer of 1794, to prohibit

all intercourse with Great Britain. On this the senate was equally divided; but Mr. Adams, who deprecated the political result and was indignant at the secret motive, negatived it, and, by this great service to justice as well as to the best interests of his country, proved that his office was not so entirely unimportant as in quieter circumstances it had appeared to him.

As Washington's second presidency was wearing out, politicians began to calculate whether he would retire or go on for a third term. There has been, since that time, an understanding—though there is no positive rule—that the president shall not be elected a third time; and there has been no such instance: but at this period there was a pretty general opinion that General Washington might go on, and even Mr. Adams himself, when looking forward to the presidency, intimated, with a parade of humility that makes us smile, that he would by no means be persuaded to accept a third election. Washington kept his intentions very secret, and had probably not made up his own mind till about the commencement of his last year. But if he ever contemplated another tour of service, the virulence and ingratitude of the French faction tired out his equanimity, and determined him to retire. During this period of doubt, we find Mr. Adams naturally but sometimes almost comically anxious about his chance of the great prize—though even to the wife of his bosom he attempts to keep up a show of philosophical and republican indifference; which, however, was really no more than a *hedge*—to borrow a metaphor from another species of competition—to console him in the event of failure. He relied, it appears, strongly on the *right of succession*, as if John I. ought necessarily to succeed George I., and he calls himself with a semi-serious pleasantry the '*heir-apparent.*' Elected, however, he was by the good sense of his country, for he was undoubtedly, if not a cleverer, at least an honest and safer politician, as well as a more respectable private man, than his strongest antagonist, Mr. Jefferson. The short foot-notes in which the editor announces this and the former elections as vice-president, do not inform us of the majority by which he was chosen, nor who were his competitors—nor, strange to say, could it be anywhere discovered, either from note or text, that during his presidency Mr. Jefferson was vice-President. Our readers will judge of the his-

torical value of a correspondence which does not even allude to so considerable a circumstance.

The account of his inauguration—at which, it seems, no part of his own family was present—is curious and interesting in many points, but above all for the slight but striking sketch of his great predecessor in this his last, and, we think, greatest public appearance :—

Philadelphia, 5th March, 1797.

'My dearest Friend,—Your dearest friend never had a more trying day than yesterday. A solemn scene it was indeed, and it was made more affecting to me by the presence of the General, whose countenance was as serene and unclouded as the day. He seemed to me to enjoy a triumph over me. Methought I heard him say, "Ay! I am fairly out and you fairly in! See which of us will be happiest." When the ceremony was over, he came and made me a visit, and cordially congratulated me, and wished my administration might be happy, successful, and honourable.

'It is now settled that I am to go into his house. It is whispered that he intends to take French leave to-morrow. I shall write you as fast as we proceed. My chariot is finished, and I made my first appearance in it yesterday. It is simple, but elegant enough. My horses are young, but clever.

'In the chamber of the House of Representatives was a multitude as great as the space could contain, and I believe scarcely a dry eye—but Washington's. The sight of the sun, setting full orb'd, and another rising, though less splendid, was a novelty. Chief Justice Ellsworth administered the oath, and with great energy. Judges Cushing, Wilson, and Iredell were present. Many ladies. I had not slept well the night before, and did not sleep well the night after. I was unwell, and did not know whether I should get through or not. I did, however. How the business was received I know not, only I have been told that Mason, the treaty publisher, said we should lose nothing by the change, for he never heard such a speech in public in his life.

'All agree that, taken altogether, it was the sublimest thing ever exhibited in America. I am, my dearest friend, most affectionately and kindly yours,

JOHN ADAMS.
Vol. ii., p. 244.

But neither the sedative influence of age, nor his late intercourse with Washington, nor this great personal elevation, could altogether cure the innate feeling which he himself—in confidence to his lady, and probably in the hope of being contradicted by his affectionate partner—calls his '*egotism and vanity*.' It appears that other reporters of the inauguration-scene just described had dwelt more largely on the *abundant tears shed* by the spectators—this report touches the new presi-

dent very sensibly in his tenderest point—he cannot tell

'whether this weeping was from joy or grief—whether from the loss of their beloved President, or from the accession of an unbeloved one. Everybody talks of the tears, the full eyes, the trickling eyes, &c., but all is enigma to me. No one descends into particulars to say why or wherefore—I am therefore left to suppose that it is all grief for the loss of their beloved!'—vol. ii., p. 247.

What!—John Adams could not understand the emotions of a grateful people—a people created by Washington's genius and virtue—on seeing the '*beloved*' father of his country descending into, as it were, the *tomb* of retirement! and could fancy in it something of a personal slight to himself!

In the same spirit, though in a less offensive form, he shows his appetite for personal applause, and something like mortification that his accession did not make more noise :—

'And now, [a fortnight after the inauguration,] the world is as silent as the grave. All the federalists seem to be afraid to approve anybody but Washington. The Jacobin papers damn with faint praise, and undermine with misrepresentation and insinuation. If the federalists go to playing pranks, I will resign the office, and let Jefferson lead them to peace, wealth and power if he will.'—vol. ii., p. 252.

These traits (and many others could be quoted) certainly prove that Governor Hutchinson's early appreciation of his character was strikingly just; and we cease to wonder at Mrs. Adams's wish that so accurate a painter were hanged. *Il n'y a que la vérité qui blesse*. They also tend to corroborate the suspicion that the peculiar sourness with which he always alludes to his diplomatic reception in London may have had its origin in some trivial or perhaps groundless personal jealousy. We say trivial or groundless, because we think that if it had been otherwise it would have been by this time avowed.

But bating these weaknesses—for the exhibition, if intentional, of which we are bound to acknowledge the candour of the editor—Mr. Adams won his eminent station honourably, and filled it respectably in talent and honestly in principle. As Mrs. Adams soon joined him at the seat of Government, the letters during his Presidency are few and unimportant, which we the more regret, because the details of Mr. Adams's administration are

but imperfectly known, and are *skipped over* as it were by the biographer: we know, indeed, generally, that he inherited from Washington the enmity of the French party, and at last found himself forced, as we think, into hostilities with France; from which he had little prospect of retreating with honour, or of advancing with much hope of ultimate success; but, fortunately, the profligate sway of the Directory was overthrown, and Buonaparte was too happy to relieve his new-born power from the difficulties and unpopularity of a war with America.

We believe that Mr. Adams's conduct in all this affair was not only justifiable but laudable; that indeed it was almost inevitable; and we regret that we have no record of his own personal feelings and views in that important crisis. It shook, however, his popularity so much, that, instead of being pressed, as he once dreamed, to a *third* presidency, he was even refused a *second*: towards the close of 1800, Mr. Jefferson, the avowed champion of French principles and the head of the French party, was elected in his room; though, in justice to Mr. Adams and his country, we must add, by a majority of only *one*; and on the 4th of March, 1801, Mr. Adams retired into private life, not unhonoured, though unaccompanied by any of those higher emotions which he had envied to Washington!

Indeed, in reply to a birthday address in 1802, the year after, he reverted with bitterness to the treatment he had received:—

‘Under the continual provocations breaking and pouring on me, from unexpected as well as expected quarters, during the two last years of my administration, he must have been more of a modern epicurean philosopher than ever I was or ever will be, to have borne them all without some incautious expressions, at times, of an unutterable indignation.’—*Biog. tit.*

He, however, was generally and justly respected in his retirement; and there can be no doubt that his name and fame contributed to the subsequent election of his able and excellent son to the presidential chair—in which he was destined like his father—and from much the same honourable causes—to receive the affront, as it had become, of non-re-election.

Mr. Adams died in 1826, at the venerable age of ninety-one—very remarkably—on the anniversary of the declaration of Independence. On that morning he was aroused by the ringing of bells and

firing of cannon, and when asked if he knew what day it was, replied—‘Oh, yes, the glorious 4th of July!’ In the forenoon he was visited by the orator of the day, the minister of the parish, who found him seated in an arm-chair, and asked him for a *sentiment* to be given at the public table. ‘I will give you,’ said the patriarch, ‘*Independence for ever!*’ Towards the close of the day he exclaimed ‘*Jefferson survives!*’ but it was not so—for, strange to say, Jefferson had already died at one o’clock of that same day on which Mr. Adams expired at six in the evening: and by a still more wonderful coincidence another ex-President, Monroe, also died on the *same anniversary*, in 1830.

Mr. Adams was a warm professor of republican principles, but moderate and sober in their application: a friend of liberty, but not less the advocate of order and discipline in the state; and it will be happy for his country if his example and his precepts shall be so far remembered as to tend to moderate and control that spirit of unbounded democracy which has been growing, we fear, in America, and which we believe to be incompatible with any permanent system of rational government.

Mr. Adams expresses on many occasions his fears on this subject with an earnestness and sagacity that do him honour; and, in spite of his little personal dissatisfaction against England, he was always ready to do ample justice to the merits of our form of Government.

‘The newspapers have represented my writings as having a monarchical tendency—an aristocratical tendency. In answer to these charges, I only wish to have them read. I have represented the British constitution as the most perfect model that has yet been discovered or invented by human genius and experience for the government of the great nations of Europe. It is a master-piece. It is the only system that has preserved, or can preserve, the shadow, the colour, or the semblance of liberty to the people, in any of the great nations of Europe. Our own constitution I have represented as the best for us, in our peculiar situation.’—*Letter of John Adams to S. Perley, June 19, 1809.*

We agree with Mr. Adams that the constitution of the United States was perhaps the best that they could have adopted in their ‘*peculiar situation*.’ The only question is whether it will be found so when the ‘*peculiarity*’ of that situation shall have worn out.

We have not the slightest desire that

the great American experiment of cheap—elective—and federative government should fail. On the contrary, we think it of great importance to the future welfare of mankind that it should succeed; that is, that the general government should have both constitutional and practical authority to ensure peace and justice at home—peace and justice abroad. Our doubts are whether the present elective and federal forms afford a sufficient guarantee for those great objects—and in these doubts we only concur with the wisest and most patriotic of the statesmen of America—of the authors of the experiment—of the very founders of the constitution! We have heretofore often stated our reasons for thinking that the experiment has never yet reached its crisis—we have vindicated the various temporary and local causes which have tended to preserve the federal government—the various subsidiary accidents which have helped to lubricate the working of what we suspect to be an imperfect machine. These causes and accidents must gradually wear out; and whenever they shall be exhausted—then, and not fully *till* then, will the *intrinsic* efficacy of the American system be brought to the test. We ourselves sincerely wish that the day of crisis may be distant, and that some intermediate correctives may be found for that laxity of principle and conflict of authority of which we have had so many recent indications.

One danger, however, both to America and England, may be nearer at hand than any arising from the natural course of circumstances—we mean a hostile collision between the two countries—and it is our prayer and our hope that the wisdom of the respective Governments may prevent—and it is, we have no doubt, in their power to do so—so great a misfortune to the civilized world.

It is impossible that any other two independent nations can have such a community of interests as England and America. In truth, we know of no material and substantial interests in which they are *opposed*—nay, in which they are *separated*: their origin, their laws, and their language are the same; their business, their prosperity, are identified: New York is but a suburb of Liverpool, or, if you will, Liv-

erpool of New York: the failure of the Pennsylvanian bank ruined more fortunes in England than in America; the manufacturers of Manchester share more wealth with Carolina than with Middlesex. We are not merely brothers and cousins—the ties of consanguinity, we know, are not always the bond of friendship—but we are *partners—joint tenants*, as it were, of the commerce of the world; and we have had, as we have just hinted, melancholy experience that distress on either shore of the Atlantic must be almost equally felt on the other.

And why should we quarrel? What are the grounds or objects of any difference between us? We know of but two, or at most three, points of difference on which the most captious on either side of the Atlantic have raised even a question—and what are they? Matters which, we firmly believe, two intelligent and honest negotiators might settle in a fortnight, and which owe their chief interest to their being made the pretexts of those who wish, for private or personal objects, to blow up a conflagration.

The vast importance to the peace and happiness of the world of our relations with the United States will, we hope, be a sufficient apology for our taking this occasion of making some, as we hope, conciliatory observations on these pending questions.

The first is that of the Canadian boundary; and there is, we believe, another boundary question down in the *Far West*. We are not now going to repeat our recent argument on the Canadian boundary, but we cannot allude to it without expressing our conviction of its utter unimportance to the great *American nation*, however interesting it may be to the land-jobbers or popularity-hunters of the State of Maine. The difficulty has arisen out of the *terms* of a treaty made in utter ignorance on both sides, and now, by both sides, admitted to be inconsistent and impracticable;—what then remains but—if we adhere to this bungled treaty *at all*—to look to the *intention and meaning* of the parties? On this point we beg leave, as the best argument we can use, to reproduce once more a diagram of the disputed and the adjacent territories.



The shaded triangular space, C A B, represents the disputed territory; and can any rational man believe that it was the intention of the parties to protrude this shapeless and incongruous horn up into the regions watered by the River St. John—cutting off the *course* of that river from its maritime *outlet*, and blocking up the direct communication between the capitals and territories of our most important North American colonies? No man does or can believe so monstrous a proposition—General Jackson did not: Mr. Secretary Livingston did not; and we cannot but hope that some arrangement, on the fair, rational, and honourable basis (as we understand it) proposed by those gentlemen, may be still practicable. The *principle* of the treaty was rationally conceived, though it was so unfortunately and obscurely *expressed*—namely, that the party which possessed the mouth of a river should also possess its course, and that the boundary-line should pass between the sources of the rivers which eventually flowed through the undisputed territories of the respective parties. We do not see that if the present treaty were to be utterly thrown aside as unintelligible and impracticable, a more rational basis for a new one could be found; and we still trust that the good sense of America would in a fresh negotiation see the expediency and fairness of allowing us a direct communication between our provinces. Let us suppose for a moment that Great Britain possessed an insulated strip of land lying between New York and Boston, would it not be universally felt that, though it could be of no advantage to England, the want

of it would be intolerably injurious to America? and, in the same way, surely the Americans must see that the possession of an uncultivated waste between Nova Scotia and Canada, though of no possible use to them *as a nation*, is of absolute necessity to the British colonies. We cannot suspect a great people of such dog-in-the-manger policy as to stickle for that which can be of little or no advantage to them, and yet is an *absolute necessity* to us.

The territorial question on the *extreme west* coast of America has not yet taken, that we know of, a decided shape, nor excited, we believe, any strong feeling in either country—it may therefore, we presume, be speedily settled, and its details—as far as we have heard of any—seem to us of easy arrangement, and certainly they do not warrant any apprehensions of a serious difference between the two nations. We only mention it that we may omit nothing that is debated or debateable between us.

But another question more serious in its relation to public feeling, though in reality, we think, very little important in itself, has been recently raised, or, as a hasty observer might say, *revived*. We mean what is—most untruly—called the *right of searching ships on the high seas* in time of peace. Now we set out by stating in the broadest terms, and without fear of contradiction, that ENGLAND NEITHER CLAIMS NOR ATTEMPTS TO PRACTICE ANY SUCH RIGHT; and that the quarrel which a party in America, echoed we are sorry to see by a party in *France*, is endeavouring to fix upon us under this pretence, has *not a shadow of foundation*.

It is but recently that we have heard of the agitation of this question, and it has reached us in a way that shows clearly the spirit which actuates the parties. It has been stated in the American newspapers ('*Richmond Inquirer*,' and '*New York Commercial Advertiser*' of the 15th of November, quoted in the London '*Morning Post*,' of the 2d of December last) that Mr. Stevenson, the late American minister to our court, being recalled on the change of government at Washington, boasted on his return that the most important part of his ministry had been the revival and prosecution of this question, in which he had latterly *fired very hot shot*, and that his last act had been '*to throw a bomb-shell into the English cabinet*,' on the eve of his departure; and a subsequent New York paper, quoted in the *Times* of the 17th of December, says—

'I mentioned in my last that Mr. Stevenson had written a very severe letter [on the right of search] just before he left England. I hear also more of that now. It was a *Parthian arrow*, and the ex-minister, it is said, boasts that its *point was poisoned*, while Lord Palmerston considers the embroiled state of the negotiations as a delightful legacy for him to leave to his Tory successor. The subjects will, I think, occupy a considerable place in the President's message.'

We have seen at home such flagrant, and so recent, instances of an outgoing ministry endeavouring to embarrass its successors, that we must admit the possibility of Mr. Stevenson's having intended to embarrass the American administration which had recalled him; but we wholly disbelieve that Lord Palmerston—however facetiously he may be disposed to deal with *internal* questions—could have played any such part as Mr. Stevenson is said to have imputed to him on so serious a point of foreign policy. We are satisfied that it will be found that Mr. Stevenson—if there be any truth at all in the story—stands alone in this species of glory; and that Lord Palmerston, though he may have left a difficult *legacy* to his successors, did not do so *intentionally*. If he had been capable of any such conduct, Mr. Stevenson—whose character as a gentleman has never been impeached—would assuredly not have betrayed the secret. But however that may be, such petty arts and false pretences never can, we hope, involve two great and intelligent nations in serious difficulties; and it is the duty of every honest man to use his best endeavours, whatever they may be, to avert so great a calamity.

The case is this: England and certain

other maritime powers have agreed in declaring the *trading in slaves* to be felony and piracy, and they have agreed by *special treaties* that their respective cruisers shall intercept and send in for adjudication any ships *belonging to their respective nations* which may be found practising this felony and piracy. America—(and what we say of America equally applies to any other country with which we might not have special treaties on the point)—America, though she too has proscribed the slave-trade, has not entered into this special compact; and therefore even though a British cruiser should see an *American* vessel loaded with slaves, it has no right, and pretends to no right whatsoever, to interfere. The *American* ship in that case would be indeed violating its own laws, but to its own laws it must be left;—the British cruiser has nothing to do in the matter, and does nothing! But it has a right and a duty to see that *British* ships do not carry on this trade, and it has also, *under the special treaties* just mentioned, a reciprocal right and a duty to see that Spanish, Portuguese, and Brazilian ships do not commit the prohibited offence. But then, nothing is easier for the *British, Spanish, Portuguese, or Brazilian* offender, when in danger of detection, than to hoist—for the nonce—an American flag; and some American statesmen pretend that under no circumstances, however suspicious or fraudulent, shall *any* vessel wearing their flag be questioned. It is well known that the ships of every nation are provided, at the expense of about *ten shillings* each, with the flags of every other nation; and—if the mere momentary hoisting that bit of stuff were to preclude the possibility of inquiry into the *bonâ fide* right of the ship to wear it—there could be no possible check on the abuse. British felons and Brazilian pirates might roam the seas with impunity, by only having one bit of American *bunting* to hoist whenever they were in danger of detection.

All that England says is, that under the ancient and necessary common law of the sea, and according to the ordinary rules of common sense, we are entitled to satisfy ourselves that the ship which hoists those colours is really entitled to hoist them. If she be a *bonâ fide* American, though she were chock-full of slaves, we pretend to no right to meddle with her—but we claim a right to see that she is not *one of our own ships* committing this crime under the additional offence of *fraudulent*

colours. Can any rational man deny the propriety—the necessity of such a right? Surely not; and above all, when it is a right that we admit to others as freely and as largely as we claim it for ourselves.

But more than that: we admit—and it is a very liberal admission—that the mere wearing of a national flag ought to be *prima facie* evidence of nationality; and therefore, in ordinary cases, there neither is, nor ought to be, any interference. It is only when some peculiar circumstances of *suspicion* arise that any officer ever thinks it necessary to ascertain the fact by a closer inspection. We will venture to say, that on all the wide oceans of the globe no vessel under American colours has ever been questioned by a British cruiser save in the comparatively narrow limits in which the slave-trade is rife; and even within these limits we again say *never*—but when there is reason to suspect that the American flag is but a fraudulent colour for a ship of a different country.

Practically, this question has grown out of our *Slave-trade* legislation and treaties; and the opposition to it has been raised, both in France and America, mainly, we believe, by parties who care nothing about the *maritime rights* of nations—which they very well know are *not in the slightest degree invaded*—but who are *interested* in the *slave trade*, and know, as every body must do, that if the mere fact of wearing a bit of *tricolour* or *striped* bunting were to protect Spanish or Brazilian ships from any kind of inquiry, all our treaties are worse than waste paper, and the slave-trade must become more prosperous than ever.

But, in fact, this is not a mere question of the slave-trade;—for if the *principle* now, for the first time, contended for, viz. that when a vessel chooses to exhibit,—however suspiciously, however fraudulently—a national colour, there is no right of question or inquiry—if that principle, we say, be admitted, what is to become of the safety of the maritime intercourse of all mankind? Can it be argued that *smugglers* in the British seas may escape the visit of a custom-house cruiser by wearing an American jack? Will the American government contend that a *pirate* in the Gulf of Mexico, gorged with the plunder, and reeking with the blood of her citizens, is to escape from one of her cruisers, which may have the strongest grounds to suspect his real character, merely by hoisting the red ensign of an English merchantman? and will she deny that the lives and property of mankind on the high seas

would be placed in constant and general peril by so monstrous a doctrine?—And yet that is really the *principle* now at issue: for we say, again and again, we have nothing at all to do with *bonâ fide* Americans; all we want is to distinguish, in *suspicious cases*, a *bonâ fide* American from one of our own malefactors, who may have disguised himself under that flag. And what is the objection to the practice?—Why this—that it may subject an innocent vessel to *vexation* and *delay*. Now we must first observe, that every one conversant with the sea knows that, in general, ships have no objection to be spoken—particularly in *out-of-the-way* places: they are, for the most part, well pleased with a mutual interchange of news, or of letters, often of water and provisions, frequently of information as to their local position, or other circumstances connected with their safety, which one ship may possess more exactly than another; and that the delay is generally very trifling.

But this we admit is all mere courtesy, and no ship can have a right to inflict such civilities on another that chooses to decline them; and, no doubt, such visits would sometimes be attended with delay, and therefore vexation. But, let it not be forgotten, first, that the inconvenience, as well as the ultimate advantage, is *reciprocal* between the nations; and that England can have no interest in subjecting her shipping, equal in number and value to that of all mankind put together, to such delay and inconvenience, if the safety of the seas did not require the existence of such a principle—which, though rarely practised, operates as a general control on robbers, pirates, and buccanniers. And it is, moreover, not unworthy of note, that the delay and inconvenience, such as they may be, are not only reciprocal between the nations, but between the individual ships, for the *visitor* is inevitably put to more trouble and delay than the *visited*—with the additional mortification, if he has made a mistake, that the visitor has had his trouble for his pains; and is liable, moreover, to *serious responsibilities* for any injurious delay he may happen to cause.

But, after all, there may, and indeed occasionally will, be delays, and therefore some degree of vexation; but so there must be from the execution of *any* law of general surety. Suppose we were to admit—an admission, again, much too liberal—that the mere flag should be considered as a kind of national *passport*. Does

any American gentleman, travelling on the continent of Europe, complain, as an infraction of the laws of nations, that his passport is examined at every fortress and frontier, and that the authorities satisfy themselves by inquiries, often very dilatory and vexatious, that the *passport is genuine*, and that *he is the party* to whom the passport, if genuine, belongs? and how, *à multo fortiori*, can a traveller on the waters complain, that, in a very few peculiar places and under very rare circumstances of suspicion, his passport should be looked at?

The domestic servants of our own sovereign, and of all foreign ministers, in England are free from arrest; but if it were discovered that the royal or foreign livery was frequently assumed by malefactors as a disguise and cover for crime, would it be thought any indignity to our sovereign or to the foreign ambassador that the police, meeting a person wearing their livery in suspicious circumstances, should verify his right to wear it?

And, finally, and perhaps most important of all, be it observed that the *frequency of the fraud* is not denied. The Americans admit, we believe, that the abuse of the American flag is but too common, but they say that it is *their* business to repress and punish it. But how can that be done? They never do, and, *from the nature of the cases*, never can see it: the British or Brazilian slave-trader has no object in showing American colours to American cruisers; on the contrary, they are as wary not to do so as they are not to show their proper colours to British cruisers. The party *against* whom the deception is practised is the only party that can ever see the deception; while an impostor takes especial care to keep out of the way of him that he personates.

In short, there is not in law nor in reason, in principle nor in practice, the slightest colour or excuse for the jealousy which it is endeavoured to raise against England, in a matter where she asks only what she in return admits to all mankind, and which is asked only in the common interest and common safety of the whole maritime world.

The truth, the plain unvarnished truth and common sense will be sufficient to dissipate all jealousy about the *principle*; and there are abundant means by which the practical inconvenience may be reduced almost—if not absolutely—to nothing. For this purpose it would be very desirable to know what cases of in-

convenience have actually occurred.—We hear of complaints, but we have never heard the *details* of any one cause of complaint, and we suspect that had they been very serious we should have heard more about them: but whatever they may be, no one can doubt that every effort ought to be made to prevent, as far as possible, their recurrence. Any British officer, of experience enough to be intrusted with a command, will, in three cases out of four, be able to distinguish at a glance, or by exchanging a word through a trumpet, an American ship from any other that he can have a right to visit—except perhaps the *British*. In any case, the inquiry ought to be so conducted that in the event of mistake there should be at least no discourtesy, and as little delay as possible, to complain of; and in the rare cases in which any injurious delay or inconvenience should occur, the officer, or the country, according to the circumstances, would be held liable to make good any damages occasioned to an innocent party—just as a magistrate or policeman would, in such a case as we have before supposed, have to make reparation to a person whom they should have indiscreetly or erroneously arrested.

There is, however, one point of our system for suppressing the *slave-trade* which we think objectionable in itself, and still more so as tending to produce the inconveniences which we deprecate: we mean the bounty to her Majesty's ships for the re-capture of slaves. These rewards stand, we humbly conceive, on entirely different grounds from belligerent prizes—in an erroneous, as we think, imitation of which they have been established. We will not enter into a detail of the many reasons for which we should wish to see this practice wholly abolished: it is sufficient for our present purpose to say that it seems at variance with the spirit of disinterested humanity, which we know, but which *foreign nations* were, for a long time, so reluctant to believe, to be the real motive of our zeal against slave-trading.

But there is a short and easy mode of arranging this question, which would leave nothing to doubt or accident, and would wholly remove all possibility of difference between America and us on the subject. We mean—a diplomatic arrangement between the countries; and certainly there never was a more propitious moment for such an experiment. Even as we are writing these lines, we have had the great satisfaction of hearing

that a joint *Convention* has been very recently signed by *Austria, England, France, Prussia, and Russia*, by which each power agrees—in furtherance of the suppression of the slave-trade—to grant to the cruisers of the other powers warrants to search—in certain specified cases—and, if slaves be found, to send in for adjudication ships bearing its national flag. This great step—the greatest, we believe, yet made towards the suppression of the slave-trade on the seas, does infinite honour to all the contracting parties, and will, we are confident, be received with such satisfaction throughout Europe as to silence the petty and interested cavils of a party in France, which—from the triple motive of opposition to M. Guizot, hatred of England, and zeal for the slave-trade—has been very angry at the prospect of this happy arrangement. With Brazil, Denmark, Holland, Naples, Portugal, Sardinia, Spain, and Sweden, we had already similar conventions; and thus there is an unanimous concurrence in this great principle of, we may say, the whole civilized world—*except America*; and we cannot believe that *she* will long consent to exclude herself from so honourable an alliance. But—whether it is to be done by convention, or some special application of the general principles before stated—we cannot bring ourselves to doubt that this question may be easily, and will be speedily arranged.

We conclude with repeating the expression of our anxious but respectful hope—we might say our conviction—that, taking them altogether, the points of difference existing between England and America are so inconsiderable, *compared with the vast importance of the common interests which should unite them*, that the wise and honest statesmen who now principally influence the foreign relations of the two countries will be enabled to bring all those differences to an early, honourable, and final close, and to give to that community of interests such additional cordiality and confidence as may make our two countries in *feeling*—what, as compared with the rest of mankind, we *really* are—independent but friendly branches of one great family.

NOTE.

Concerning the Article on the Order of the Garter, &c., in No. CXXXVI.

WE have received various letters complaining of omissions in our account of the actual representatives of our old royal families, in an article of last Number. We did not profess to name all the existing representatives of every branch, but only the chief representative—the person to whom, were the succession to open to that branch, the royal inheritance would go. Thus, in the case of the Prince of Modena: he was mentioned as the head of *that particular line of the House of Savoy* in which the blood of Charles I. survives. We did not enumerate more than the two other persons next included in *that line*: the Duchess of Angoulême, her husband, and the children of the late Duke of Berri, are farther off in *that line of Savoy*, and therefore they, with others, were omitted. King Louis Philippe comes after them, as a descendant from the Stuart family; but he was mentioned because he represents another line of that blood, namely, the blood of James I. In like manner, when a princess of ancient date had been married more than once, we seldom mentioned more as to her than the representative of her first marriage. Thus we did not mention Sir A. Edmonstone, of Duntreath, though this Baronet undoubtedly springs from the second marriage of a Scottish princess; and his house have, ever since the time of King Robert II., borne the double tressure on their shield, in token of that high connection.

After these illustrations we need not explain why we did not state that Lord Stourton descends from Thomas de Brotherton '*through the Howards*;' or that the Duke of Rutland comes from Anne Plantagenet, as well as Lord de Ros. In both cases the *prime royalty* of the blood has been discovered from the male representation of the great families that were honoured with the royal alliance.

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- ART. I.—1. *Collection des Chroniques Nationales Françaises*. Par M. Buchon. 36 vols. Paris, 1826.
2. *Collection Complète des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France*. Par M. Petitot. Première Série, 52 vols. Seconde Série, par MM. Petitot et Monmerqué, 78 vols. Paris, 1819-1829.
3. *Collection des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France*. Par M. Guizot. 30 vols. Paris, 1823-1835.
4. *Archives Curieuses de l'Histoire de France*. Première Série, 15 vols. Seconde Série, 12 vols. Paris, 1834-1841.
5. *Procès de Jeanne d'Arc*. Par Jules Quicherat. Premier tome. Paris, 1841.

If we compare the progress of historical publications in France and England during the last twenty or thirty years we shall find but little ground for self-gratulation. Our Record Commission comprised most able men: it was animated by the best intentions; but in its results it has brought forth only misshapen and abortive works—all begun apparently without rule or method—scarce any yet completed, and scarce any deserving to be so—all of different forms and sizes—and alike only in the enormous amount of the expense incurred, and the almost utter worthlessness of the information afforded. Never before, according to the farmer's phrase, was there so much cry and so much cost with so little wool. Amongst the French, on the contrary, there have been—without the need of government grants or government commissions—some well-combined undertakings to collect, arrange, and publish the most valuable documents in their language, from their early chronicles down

to their modern memoirs. These have been printed in regular succession, and in one uniform and convenient size, affording to the public a clear and excellent type, combined with a moderate price. We do not pretend to have read at any time all or nearly all the two hundred volumes which our title-page displays. Some of their contents also were known to us from former and separate publications; but so far as our reading in this edition has extended, we have found the biographical introductions clear, critical, and able, and the text, while not overlaid, sufficiently explained with notes. We think very great praise is due to the various editors, MM. Buchon, Petitot, Monmerqué, and last, not least, that eminent statesman who now presides over the councils of his country. And we heartily commend these volumes to the purchase and perusal of all who value French history—to the emulation of all who value our own.

To review in a few pages several hundred volumes and several hundred years would be a vain and frivolous attempt. We shall prefer to single out some one period and some one subject, which we shall endeavour to illustrate, not only from the publications now before us, but from whatever other sources may supply. Let us take one of the most remarkable characters in ancient or modern times, Joan of Arc, the maid of Orleans. The eighth volume of M. Petitot's 'Collection' contains many ancient documents referring to her history,—an original letter, for example, from the Sire de Laval to his mother, describing her appearance at Court—and some memoirs written, beyond all doubt, by a contemporary, since the writer refers to information which he received from

the chiefs at the siege of Orleans; nay, written probably, as M. Petitot conjectures from their abrupt termination, in the very year of that siege.

But these are by no means the only nor the most important documents to be consulted. It is well known that at the trial in 1431, Joan was herself examined at great length, together with many other witnesses. A new trial of 'revision,' with the view to clear her memory from the stain of the first, was undertaken by order of King Charles in 1456; and at this second trial several of her kinsmen, of her attendants, of her companions in arms, appeared to give their testimony. Now, manuscript copies of all these remarkable depositions exist in the public libraries, both of Paris and Geneva. They have been illustrated by MM. de Laverdy and Lebrun de Charmettes, and more recently by the superior skill of De Barante and Sismondi.* Of these last we shall especially avail ourselves; and by combining and comparing such original records, many of them descending to the most familiar details, and nearly all unknown till more recent times, we hope to make the English reader, at least, better acquainted than he may hitherto have been with the real character and history of the heroine.

Joan was the child of Jacques d' Arc, and of Isabelle Romée his wife, poor villagers of Domremy, on the borders of Lorraine. She had one sister, who appears to have died in childhood, and three brothers. When asked at her trial what had been her age on first coming to King Charles's Court, she answered, nineteen. The good rule of making a large addition to a lady's own declaration of her years does not appear needful in this case: her own declaration was also confirmed by other witnesses; and we may without hesitation fix her birth in 1410 or 1411.† Her education was such as a peasant-girl received at that time; she was not taught to read or to write, but she could spin and sew and repeat her Pater-Noster and her Ave-Maria. From her early childhood she was sent forth to tend her father's flocks or herds on the hills. Far from giving signs of any extraordinary hardihood or heroism, she was so bashful as to be put out of countenance whenever spoken to by a stranger. She was known to her neighbours only as a simple-minded and kind-hearted girl, always ready to nurse the sick, or to relieve any poor

wayfarer whom chance might lead to her village. An ardent piety, however, soon made her an object of remark, and perhaps of ridicule. She was sometimes seen to kneel and pray alone in the fields. She took no pleasure in the pastimes of her young companions; but as soon as her daily work was over she would rush to the church, and throw herself prostrate with clasped hands before the altar, directing her devotions especially to the Virgin and to Saints Catherine and Margaret, in whose name that church was dedicated. The sacristan declares in his depositions at the trial that she was wont to rebuke him whenever he neglected to ring the bells for the village service, and to promise him a reward if he would for the future do his duty better. Every Saturday, and sometimes oftener, she went in pilgrimage to a small chapel, dedicated to the Virgin, at a little distance from the village. Another spot to which Joan often repaired was a venerable beech, which spread its ancient boughs on the confines of the neighbouring forest of Bois Chenu. At its foot ran a clear streamlet, to whose waters healing powers were ascribed. The tree bore the popular name of 'L' Arbre des Dames,' or 'L' Arbre des Fées,' and, according to Joan herself at her trial, several grey-headed crones in the village, and amongst the rest her god-mother, pretended to have heard with their own ears fairies discoursing beneath the mysterious shade. But for that very reason the tree was hallowed by Catholic worship, as such spots have ever been, in the dark ages with the view to drive out the evil spirits, in less credulous times to dispel the superstition from the public mind. Once every year, the priest of Domremy, at the head of the elders of the village, walked round the tree in solemn procession, chaunting psalms and prayers, while the young people were wont to hang garlands on the boughs, and to dance beneath them until night with lighter minstrelsy,

‘or legend old,
Or song heroically bold.’

The times in which the lot of Joan was cast were such as to turn an ardent spirit towards things of earth as well as towards things of heaven. Her young heart beat high with enthusiasm for her native France, now beset and beleaguered by the island-strangers. Her young fancy loved to dwell on those distant battles, the din of which might scarcely reach her quiet village, but each apparently hastening the ruin of her father-land. We can picture to ourselves how earnestly the destined heroine—the future leader of armies—might question those chance travellers whom, as we are told, she

* De Barante, *Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne*, vol. v., pp. 270-360, and vol. vi., pp. 1-140; Sismondi, *Histoire des Français*, vol. xiii., pp. 115-194.

† Yet Pasquier (perhaps from a misprint in his book) has altered nineteen to twenty-nine, and this error has misled both Hume and Rapin.

delighted to relieve, and for whose use she would often resign her own chamber, as to each fresh report from the changeful scene of war. She was ten years of age when the ignominious treaty of Troyes, signed by a monarch of diseased intellect, yielded the succession to the English. She was twelve years of age when that unhappy monarch (Charles VI.) expired, when the infant King of England was proclaimed King of France at Paris, at Rouen, and at Bordeaux, when the rightful heir, the Dauphin (but few as yet would term him Charles VII.), could only hold his little Court in the provinces beyond the Loire. In 1423 came the news of the defeat of Crevant; in 1424 the flower of French and Scottish chivalry fell at Verneuil; in 1425 La Hire and his brave companions were driven from Champagne. A brief respite was indeed afforded to Charles by the recall of the Regent Duke of Bedford to quell the factions at home, and by some difference which arose between him and his powerful kinsman and ally the Duke of Burgundy. But all these feuds were now composed, and Bedford had returned, eager to carry the war beyond the Loire, and to crush the last hopes of the 'Armagnacs,' as Charles's adherents were termed, from the prevailing party at his Court. Had Bedford succeeded—had the diadems of France and England been permanently united on the same head—it is hard to say which of the two nations would have had the greater reason for regret.

Remote as was the situation of Domremy, it could not wholly escape the strife or the sufferings of those evil times. All the people of that village, with only one exception, were zealous Armagnacs; some of their neighbours, on the contrary, were no less zealous Burgundians. So strong was Joan of Arc's attachment to the King, that, according to her own avowal, she used to wish for the death of his one disloyal subject at Domremy. When Charles's lieutenants had been driven from Champagne, the fathers of her village had of course like the rest bowed their heads beneath the Burgundian yoke, but the children retained their little animosities, and the boys were wont to assemble and sally forth in a body to fight the tiny Burgundians of the adjoining village of Maxey. Joan says at her trial that she had often seen her brothers returning bruised and bloody from these mimic wars.

On one occasion a more serious inroad of a party of Burgundian cavalry compelled the villagers of Domremy to take to flight with their families and flocks, and await elsewhere the passing of the storm. Joan and her parents sought shelter at an hostelry in Neuf-

château, a town safe from aggression, as belonging to the Duke of Lorraine, where she remained, as she tells us, during fifteen days,* and where she probably may have wrought for her living; and such is the only foundation for the story given by Monstrelet, a chronicler of the Burgundian faction, and adopted by Hume and other later historians, that Joan had been for several years a servant at an inn.

The fiery spirit of Joan, wrought upon by the twofold impulse of religious and political enthusiasm, was not slow in teeming with vivid dreams and ardent aspirations: ere long these grew in intensity, and she began to fancy that she saw the visions and heard the voices of her guardian saints calling on her to re-establish the throne of France, and expel the foreign invaders. It is probable that a constitution which, though robust and hardy, was in some points imperfect, may have contributed in no small degree to the phantoms and illusions of her brain.† She said on her trial that she was thirteen years of age when these apparitions began. The first, according to her own account, took place in her father's garden, and at the hour of noon, when she suddenly saw a brilliant light shining in her eyes, and heard an unknown voice, bidding her to continue a good girl, and promising that God would bless her. The second apparition, some time afterwards, when she was alone, tending her flock in the fields, had become much more defined to her view, and precise in its injunctions; some majestic forms floated before her; some mysterious words reached her ears, of France to be delivered by her aid.‡ Gradually these forms resolved themselves into those of St. Catherine and St. Margaret, while the third, from whom the voice seemed to come, and who looked, as she says, 'un vray preud'homme,' announced himself to her as Michael the Archangel. 'I saw him,' she said to her

* Second Examination of Joan of Arc at Rouen. See 'Collection des Mémoires,' vol. viii., p. 242. M. Petitot adds, 'Il paraît néanmoins certain que pendant son séjour à Neufchâteau elle servit dans l'hôtellerie où sa famille était logée. Il est probable, vu la pauvreté de ses parents, qu'elle et ses frères payaient par leurs services l'hospitalité qu'on leur donnait.'

† Sexus sui infirmitates semper usque ad mortem adfuisse constat. (Sismondi, Histoire des Français, vol. xiii., p. 117.)

‡ It is plain, however, that Joan, in the account she gave at her trial of this second apparition, unconsciously transferred to it some circumstances that, according to her own view of the case, must have been of several years' later date. A promise 'de faire lever le siège d'Orléans' could not be given until after the siege had begun, which it was not until October, 1428. Now, her second vision, as she states it, must have been about 1424. (Collection, vol. viii., p. 236.)

judges, 'with these eyes, as plainly as I see you now.' In another part of her trial, when again questioned on the same subject, she answered—'Yes; I do believe firmly, as firmly as I believe in the Christian faith, and that God has redeemed us from the pains of hell, that those voices came from Him, and by His command.' Her own sincerity and strength of belief are indeed beyond doubt or cavil; it was this feeling alone that could animate her to such lofty deeds, or support her in such a death.

It is alleged by Joan herself that she was struck with affright at the first of these visions ('eut moult paour de ce'), but that the following ones filled her with ecstasy and rapture. 'When the Saints were disappearing, I used to weep and beseech I might be borne away with them, and after they had disappeared I used to kiss the earth on which they had rested.' Sometimes she spoke of her celestial monitors as '*mes Voix*,' and sometimes gave them the reverential title of '*Messire*;' and, in gratitude for such signs of heavenly favour, she vowed to herself that she would consecrate her maiden state to God.

Meanwhile, however, she was growing up in comeliness and beauty, and found favour in the sight of an honest yeoman, who sought her in marriage, and whose suit was warmly pressed by her parents. Joan steadily refused. The rustic lover, having soon exhausted his scanty stock of rhetoric, had recourse to a singular expedient: he pretended that she had made him a promise of marriage, and cited her before the official at Toul to compel her to perform her engagement. The Maid went herself to Toul and undertook her own defence, when having declared on oath that she had never made any such promise, the official gave sentence in her favour.

Her parents, displeased at her stubborn refusal, and unable to comprehend—nor did she dare to reveal to them—her motives, held her, as she says, '*en grant subjection*.' They were also much alarmed at the strange hints which she had let fall to others on the mission which she believed had been entrusted to her from on high. Several of these hints are recorded by the persons to whom they were addressed, the witnesses in the trial of 1456. She said to that inhabitant of Domremy whose death she had desired to see because he did not favour the Dauphin, 'Gossip, if you were not a Burgundian, I could tell you something.' To another neighbour she exclaimed, 'There is now between Colombey and Vaucouleurs a maid who will cause the King of France to be crowned!' She frequently said that it was needful for her

to proceed into France.* Honest Jacques and Isabeau felt no other fear than that their daughter's ardent imagination might be practised upon by some men-at-arms, and she induced to go forth from home, and follow them to the wars. 'Did I think such a thing would be,' said her father to one of his sons, 'I would sooner that you drowned her; and if you did not, I would with my own hands!'

The impulse given by her visions, and the restraints imposed by her sex and station, might long have struggled for mastery in the mind of Joan, had not the former been quickened and brought into action by a crisis in political affairs. The Duke of Bedford having returned to France and mustered large reinforcements from Burgundy, sent forth a mighty army against Charles. Its command he intrusted to the valiant Earl of Salisbury, under whom fought Sir John Talbot, Sir John Fastolf, Sir William Gladsdale, captains of high renown. Salisbury, having first reduced Rambouillet, Pithiviers, Jargeau, Sully, and other small towns, which yielded with alight or no resistance, proceeded to the main object of his enterprise, the siege of Orleans—a city commanding the passage of the Loire and the entrance into the southern provinces, and the most important, both from its size and its situation, of any that the French yet retained. Here, then, it was felt on all sides, must the last struggle for the French monarchy be made. Orleans once subdued, the troops of Bedford might freely spread over the open country beyond the Loire, and the Court of Charles must seek shelter in the mountains of Auvergne or of Dauphiné. To this scene, then, the eyes not only of France and of England, but of all Europe, were turned; on this ground, as on the '*champ clos*' of ancient knights and paladins, had been narrowed the conflict for sovereignty on the one side, for independence on the other.

It was in the month of October, 1428, that Orleans was first invested by the Earl of Salisbury. But his design had been previously foreseen, and every exertion made both by the French King and by the inhabitants themselves to provide for a long and resolute defence. A brave officer, the Sire de Gaucourt, had been appointed Governor, and two of the principal captains of that age, Potthou de Xaintrailles, and Dunois, a bastard of the

* 'On n'appellait alors France que les provinces qui formaient le domaine de la Couronne. Les autres provinces étaient désignées collectivement sous le nom de Royaume de France.' (Supplément aux Mémoires de Jeanne d'Arc, Collection, vol. viii., p. 240.)

Royal branch of Orleans, threw themselves into the place with a large body of followers. The citizens on their part showed a spirit that might have done honour to soldiers; not only did they largely tax themselves for their own defence, but many brought to the common stock a larger sum than had been imposed on them; they cheerfully consented that their suburb of Portereau, on the southern bank, opposite the city, should be razed to the ground, lest it should afford any shelter to the enemy, and from the same motive all the vineyards and gardens within two miles from the walls were laid waste by the owners themselves. The men able to bear arms were enrolled in bands, and the rest formed themselves into processions solemnly to bear the holy relics from church to church, and to implore with unceasing prayer the mercy and protection of Heaven.*

The first assault of Salisbury was directed against the bulwark defending the approaches of the bridge on the southern bank, or, as we should call it at present, the *tête-de-pont*. After a stubborn resistance and great bloodshed, he dislodged the townspeople from the place. They then took post at two towers which had been built one on each side the passage, some way forward upon the bridge, and they took care for the security of the city to break down one of the arches behind them, and only kept up their communication by planks and beams which could be readily removed. The next day, however, Sir William Gladsdale, one of the best officers in the English army, finding the waters of the Loire unusually shallow at that season, waded with his men nearly up to the towers, and succeeded in storming them. He proceeded to build a bulwark connecting the two towers, and joined them with the *tête-de-pont* on the shore, thus forming a fort, which he called from them La Bastille des Tournelles, and which enabled him to plant a battery full against the city. But his activity proved fatal to his chief. A very few days afterwards the Earl of Salisbury came to visit the works. He had ascended one of the towers with Sir William, to survey more clearly the wide circuit of the enemy's walls, when a cannon-ball fired from them (for this, as Hume observes, is among the first sieges where cannon were found to be of importance) broke a splinter from the casement and struck on his face with a mortal wound. At his decease the Earl of Suffolk succeeded to his command, though not to his full influence and authority. Having tried in several attacks the great number of the besieged, as well as their stubborn resolution, he deter-

mined to turn the siege into a blockade, to surround the city with forts or 'bastilles,' and to reduce it by famine. The works for this purpose were continued steadily throughout the winter. Frequent assaults on the one side, frequent sallies on the other, proved the fiery ardour of the besiegers and the un-failing constancy of the besieged. In the unfinished state of the English works, supplies and reinforcements could still at intervals be brought into Orleans, and as the French light troops ravaged the open country beyond it sometimes happened that there was no less dearth and scarcity in the English camp than in the beleaguered city. But upon the whole, both the stores and the garrison of Orleans wasted away much faster than they could be renewed; they saw tower after tower, and redoubt after redoubt, rising up to complete the line—each a link in the long chain which was to bind them; they perceived that, while they declined, the English were gradually growing in strength and numbers; and it became evident, even to themselves, that, unless some great effort could be made for their deliverance, they must be overpowered in the ensuing spring.

It was the news of this siege that kindled to the highest pitch the fervent imagination of Joan of Arc. Her enthusiasm, as we have seen, was twofold, political and religious. The former would impel her to free King Charles from his present and pressing danger, the latter to sanctify his claim by his coronation. For, until his head had been encircled with the ancient crown and anointed with the holy oil at Rheims, Charles was not truly King to priestly or to popular eyes, but only Dauphin, not the real possessor, only the rightful heir. From this time, then, the visions of Joan, hitherto unsettled and wavering, steadily fixed on two objects which she believed herself commissioned from Heaven to achieve—to raise the siege of Orleans, and to crown the Dauphin at Rheims. And if we compare the greatness and the difficulty of such objects with the sex, the station, and the years of the person aiming at them, we cannot but behold with admiration the undaunted intrepidity that did not quail from such a task.

The scheme of Joan was to go to the neighbouring town of Vaucouleurs, reveal her visions to the governor, Robert de Baudricourt, a zealous adherent of Charles, and entreat his aid and protection for enabling her to reach the King's presence. From her parents she was well aware that she could expect no encouragement. Her first step, therefore, was, on the plea of a few days' visit, to repair to the house of her uncle Durand Laxart, who lived at the

* Barante, *Ducs de Bourgogne*, vol. v., p. 254.

village of Petit Burey, between Domremy and Vaucouleurs. To him she then imparted all her inspirations and intentions. The astonishment of the honest villager may be easily imagined. But the energy and earnestness of Joan wrought so powerfully on his mind as to convince him of the truth of her mission, and he undertook to go in her place to Vaucouleurs, and do her bidding with the Sire de Baudricourt. His promises of divine deliverance by the hands of a peasant-girl were, however, received by the stern old warrior with the utmost contempt and derision: 'Box your niece's ears well,' said he, 'and send her home to her father.'*

Far from being disconcerted at her uncle's ill success, the Maid immediately set out herself for Vaucouleurs in company with Laxart. It was with some difficulty that she could obtain admission to the Governor, or a patient hearing from him even when admitted to his presence. Baudricourt, unmoved by her eloquence, continued to set at naught her promises and her requests. But Joan now displayed that energy and strength of will which so seldom fail to triumph where success is possible. She resolved to remain at Vaucouleurs, again and again appealing to the Governor, and conjuring him not to neglect the voice of God, who spoke through her, and passing the rest of her time in fervent prayers at the church. Once she went back for a little time with her uncle to his village, but she soon induced him to return; another time she had determined to begin with him and on foot her journey of one hundred and fifty leagues to the French Court. On further reflection, however, she felt unwilling to proceed without at least a letter from Baudricourt. At length he consented to write, and refer the question of her journey to the decision of King Charles. Upon his own mind she had made little or no impression, but several other persons in the town, struck with her piety and perseverance, became converts to her words. One of these was a gentleman named Jean de Novelompont, and surnamed De Metz, who afterwards deposed on oath to these transactions:—"Child," said he, as he met her in the street, "what are you doing here? Must we not submit to seeing the King expelled his kingdom, and to ourselves becoming English?" "I am come here," said the Maid, "to ask of the Sire de Baudricourt to send me before the Dauphin; he has no care for me, or for words of mine; and yet it is needful that before Mid-Lent I should stand in the Dauphin's presence, should I even in reaching him wear through my feet,

and have to crawl upon my knees. For no one upon this earth, neither King, nor Duke, nor daughter of King of Scots,* no one but myself is appointed to recover this realm of France. Yet I would more willingly remain to spin by the side of my poor mother, for war seems no work for me. But go I must, because the Lord my Master so wills it." "And who is the Lord your Master?" said Jean de Metz. "The King of Heaven," she replied. De Metz declared that her tone of inspiration had convinced him; he gave her his hand, and promised her that he would, on the faith of a gentleman, and under the conduct of God, lead her himself before the King. He asked her when she desired to begin her journey: "To day rather than tomorrow," replied the heroine.†

Another gentleman, Bertrand de Poulengy, who has also left a deposition on oath to these facts, and who had been present at the first interview between Joan and Baudricourt, became convinced of her divine commission, and resolved to escort her in her journey. It does not clearly appear whether Baudricourt had received any answer from the Court of France: but a reluctant assent to the journey was extorted from him by the entreaties of De Metz and Poulengy, and by the rising force of popular opinion. The Duke of Lorraine himself had by this time heard of the fame of Joan; and sent for her as to one endowed with supernatural powers to cure him from a mortal disease. But Joan replied, with her usual simplicity of manner, that her mission was not to that Prince, nor for such an object, and the Duke dismissed her with a gift of four livres.

This gift was probably the more welcome, since Baudricourt, even while giving his consent to her journey, refused to incur any cost on behalf of it; he presented to her nothing but a sword, and at parting said to her only these words: 'Va, et adviennne que pourra.' Her uncle, assisted by another countryman, had borrowed money to buy a horse for her use, and the expenses of the journey were defrayed by Jean de Metz, for which, as appears by the Household Books, he was afterwards reimbursed by the King. Joan herself, by command of her 'Voices,' as she said, assumed male apparel, and never wore any other during the remainder of her expedition.

* 'On négociait alors le mariage du Dauphin Louis, fils de Charles VII., avec la fille du Roi d'Ecosse, qui promettait d'envoyer de nouveaux secours.' (Note to the Collection des Mémoires, vol. viii., p. 249.)

† Dépositions de Jean de Metz au Procès de Révision.

* Collection des Mémoires, vol. viii., p. 246.

At the news that their daughter was already at Vaucouleurs and going forward to the wars, Jacques d'Arc and his wife hastened in the utmost consternation from their village, but could not succeed in withholding her. 'I saw them in the town,' says Jean De Metz; 'they seemed hard-working, honest, God-fearing people.' Joan herself declared in her examinations that they had been almost distracted with grief at her departure, but that she had since sent back letters to them, and that they had forgiven her. It would appear that none of her brothers was amongst her companions on this journey, although one of them, Pierre d'Arc, soon afterwards joined her in Touraine.*

Joan set forth from Vaucouleurs on the first Sunday in Lent, the 13th of February, 1429. Her escort consisted of six persons, the Sires de Metz and de Poulengy, with one attendant of each, Colet de Vienne, who is styled a King's messenger, and Richard, a King's archer. It was no slight enterprise to pass through so wide a track of hostile country, exposed to fall in every moment with wandering parties of English or Burgundian soldiery, or obliged, in order to avoid them, to ford large rivers, to thread extensive forests, and to select unfrequented by-paths at that wintry season. The Maid herself took little heed of toil or danger; her chief complaint was that her companions would not allow her to stop every morning to hear Mass. They, on the contrary, felt from time to time their confidence decline and strange misgivings arise in their minds; more than once the idea occurred to them that after all they might only be conducting a mad woman or a sorceress, and they were tempted to hurl her down some stone-quarry as they passed, or to leave her alone upon the road. Joan, however, happily surmounting these dangers, both from her enemies and from her escort, succeeded in crossing the

Loire at Gien, after which she found herself on friendly ground. There she openly announced to all she met that she was sent from God to crown the King and to free the good city of Orleans. The tidings began to spread, even to Orleans itself, and, as drowning men are said to catch at straws, so the poor besieged, now hard-pressed and well nigh hopeless, eagerly welcomed this last faint gleam for their deliverance.

On earthly succour they could indeed no longer rely. While Joan was yet delayed at Vaucouleurs, they had been urging the King in repeated embassies to afford them some assistance. It was with difficulty that Charles could muster an army of 3000 men—so dispirited were his soldiers, and so unwilling to serve!—whose command he intrusted to his kinsman the Count of Clermont. On these troops approaching Orleans, they were joined by Dunois and another thousand men from the garrison, and they resolved to intercept a large convoy of provisions which Sir John Fastolf was escorting from Paris. Fastolf had under his command scarcely more than 2000 soldiers; nevertheless, in the action which ensued the French were completely routed, and left 500 dead upon the field. This engagement was fought on the 12th of February, the day before Joan commenced her journey from Vaucouleurs, and was called the 'Battle of Herrings,' because the provisions brought by Fastolf were chiefly salt-fish for the use of the English army during Lent.

To retrieve a disaster so shameful—to raise again spirits sunk so low—seemed to require the aid either of a hero or a prophet. Charles VII. was certainly not the former. He was then scarcely twenty-seven years of age, and had never yet evinced either statesmanlike decision or military ardour. Devoted to pleasure, he shunned the tumult of even his own cities for a residence, and preferred some lonely castle, such as Mehun sur Yèvre, where he had received the tidings of his accession, or Chinon, where at this time he held his Court, and willingly devolved the cares of state upon his council or upon some favourite minister. Such a favourite, even when not selected by his own friendship, was always retained by his indolence and aversion to change. It had already more than once happened, that, on the murder of one minion, Charles had quietly accepted a new one from the hands of the murderer, and shortly become as devoted to him as to the last. He appears to have had the easy and yielding temper of our own Charles the Second—a temper which mainly proceeds from dislike of trouble, but

* 'On a dit que Pierre d'Arc, troisième frère de la Pucelle, partit alors avec elle pour la France, et on fondait cette opinion sur ce que Pierre, dans une requête présentée en 1444 au Duc d'Orléans, exposait être parti de son pays pour servir aux guerres du Roi et de Monsieur le Duc en la compagnie de Jehanne la Pucelle, sa sœur. D'après la construction de cette phrase on ne saurait décider si ce jeune homme est parti avec sa sœur, ou s'il est allé la rejoindre plus tard. Les chroniques ni les interrogatoires ne font aucune mention de lui au moment du départ, pendant la route, ni à l'époque de l'arrivée à Chinon. Tout porte à croire qu'il n'était pas du voyage.' (Suppl. aux Mémoires, Collection, vol. viii. p. 253.) This conclusion is confirmed, and indeed placed beyond doubt, by an original letter from the Sire de Laval, in May, 1429, which we shall hereafter have occasion to quote; it mentions Pierre d'Arc as having arrived to join his sister only eight days before.

which superficial observers ascribe to kindness of heart. Yet his affable and graceful manners might often, as in the case of Charles the Second, supply in popular estimation the want of more sterling qualities. Once, when giving a splendid festival, he asked the opinion upon it of La Hire, one of his bravest captains. 'I never yet,' replied the veteran, 'saw a kingdom so merrily lost!' Yet it seldom happened that the state of his exchequer could admit of such a taunt. On another occasion it is related, that when the same La Hire came with Pothon de Xaintrailles to partake of his good cheer, the High Steward could provide nothing for the Royal Banquet beyond two chickens and one small piece of mutton! The story is thus told by a quaint old poet, Martial of Paris, in his 'Vigiles de Charles le Septiesme';—

'Un jour que La Hire et Pothon
Le veindre voir pour festoyement
N'avait qu'une queue de mouton
Et deux poulets tant seulement.
Las! cela est bien au rebours
De ces viandes delicieuses,
Et des mets qu'on a tous les jours,
En dépenses trop somptueuses.'

Charles himself was but slightly moved by such vicissitudes, enjoying pleasures when he could, and enduring poverty when he must; but never as yet stirred by his own distresses, or still less by his people's sufferings, into any deeds of energy and prowess. It is true that at a later period he cast aside his lethargy, and shone forth both a valiant general and an able ruler; but of this sudden and remarkable change, which Siamondi fixes about the year 1439,* no token appears during the life of Joan of Arc.

At the news of the battle of Herrings, joined to so many previous reverses and discouragements, several of Charles's courtiers were of opinion that he should leave Orleans to its fate—retire with the remains of his forces into the provinces of Dauphiné or Languedoc—and maintain himself to the utmost amidst their mountainous recesses. Happily for France, at this crisis less timid councils prevailed. The main merit of these has been ascribed by some historians, and by every poet, to the far-famed Agnes Sorel.

'It was fortunate for *this good prince*,' says

* Histoire des Français, vol. xiii, 344. He calls it 'un phenomene étrange de l'esprit humain. . . . Charles VII. avait régné dix-sept ans avec une faiblesse degoutante, au point d'être signalé et par les Français et par les étrangers comme l'homme qui perdait la monarchie; il en regna encore vingt deux comme son restaurateur.'

Hume—he means Charles VII.—'that, as he lay under the dominion of the fair, the women whom he consulted had the spirit to support his sinking resolution in this desperate extremity. . . . Mary of Anjou, his Queen, a princess of great merit and prudence, vehemently opposed this measure. . . . His mistress too, the fair Agnes Sorel, seconded all her remonstrances, and threatened that if he thus pusillanimately threw away the sceptre of France, she would seek in the Court of England a fortune more correspondent to her wishes.'

More recently the great dramatist of Germany has considerably improved the story, by suppressing the fact that Charles was already married, and making him proffer his hand and his crown to the lovely Agnes.

'Zieren würde sie
Den ersten thron der Welt—doch sie verschmäht ihn;
Nur meine liebe will sie seyn und heissen.*'

We feel reluctant to assist in dispelling an illusion over which the poetry of Schiller has thus thrown the magic tints of genius. Yet it is, we fear, as certain as historical records can make it, that it was not till the year 1431, after the death of Joan of Arc, that Agnes Sorel appeared at Court, or was even seen by Charles. It is not improbable that the change in his character after 1439 may have proceeded from her influence; such at least was the belief of Francis I., when he wrote beneath her picture these lines:—

'Gentille Agnes, plus d'honneur tu merites
La cause étant de France recouvrer,
Que ce que peut dedans un cloître ouvrir
Close nonain ou bien devot ermite.'

But even this opinion it would not be easy to confirm from contemporary writers.

Any romantic legend or popular tradition may be readily welcomed by a poet to adorn his tale, without any nice inquiry as to its falsehood or its truth. But we may notice, in passing, another departure of Schiller from the facts, without any motive of poetical beauty to explain and to excuse it. He has transferred the position of Chinon to the northern bank of the Loire, and made the passage of that river the signal of retreat towards the southern provinces,† evidently conceiv-

* Schiller, Die Jungfrau von Orleans, Act i. scene 4.

† Act i. scene 5. 'Hoflager zu Chinon:—

'Wir wollen jenseits der Loire uns ziehn,
Und der gewalt'gen Hand des Himmels weichen.'
And again, scene 7:—

'Sey nicht traurig meine Agnes—
Auch jenseits der Loire liegt noch ein Frankreich;
Wir gehen in ein glücklicheres Land.'

ing the place to be Chateau Chinon, a town some fifty leagues distant, in the ancient Duchy of Burgundy, in the modern Department of Nievre. But no English reader—no English traveller—will thus lightly mistake the favourite resort of our own Henry II.—of our own Richard Cœur de Lion. Long will they love to trace along the valley of the Loire, between Tours and Saumur, on the last of the bordering hills, the yet proud though long since forsaken and mouldering battlements of Chinon. Ascending the still unbroken feudal towers, a glowing and glorious prospect spreads before them—a green expanse of groves and vineyards, all blending into one—the clear mountain stream of Vienne sparkling and glancing through the little town at their feet—while, more in the distance, they survey, winding in ample folds, and gemmed with many an islet, the wide waters of the Loire. They will seek to recognise, amidst the screen of hills which there encircles it, the neighbouring spire of Fontevault, where lie interred the Second Henry and his lion-hearted son. They will gaze with fresh delight on the ever-living landscape, when they remember the departed great who loved to gaze on it before. Nor amidst these scenes of historic glory or of present loveliness, will any national prejudice, or passion, or ill-will, (may God in his goodness dispel it from both nations!) forbid them many a lingering look to that ruined hall,—the very one, as tradition tells us, where the Maid of Orleans was first received by Charles!

It was not, however, to the castle of Chinon that Joan in the first instance repaired. She stopped short within a few leagues of it, at the village of St. Catherine de Fierbois, and sent forward to the King to announce her arrival and her object. The permission to proceed to an hostelry at Chinon was readily accorded her; not so admission to the King. Two days were spent in deliberation by Charles's counsellors. Some of them imagined that Joan might be a sorceress and emissary of Satan; by some she was supposed to be a brain-sick enthusiast; while others thought that, in this their utmost need, no means of deliverance, however slight or unpromising, should be rashly cast aside. At length, as a compromise between all these views, a commission was appointed to receive her answers to certain interrogatories. Their report proved favourable; and meanwhile several other lords of the Court, whom curiosity led to visit her, came back much struck with her natural eloquence, with her high strain of inspiration, and with her unaffected fervour of piety. No sign of imposture appeared in any

of her words or deeds; she passed whole days in prayers at the church, and everything in her demeanour bore the stamp of an earnest and undoubting conviction, which gradually impressed itself on those around her. Charles still wavered: after some further delay, however, he appointed an hour to receive her. The hour came, and the poor peasant girl of Domremy was ushered into the stately hall of Chinon, lighted up with fifty torches, and filled with hundreds of knights and nobles. The King had resolved to try her; and for that purpose he stood amongst the crowd in plain attire, while some of his courtiers magnificently clad held the upper place. He had not reflected that, considering the enthusiasm of Joan for his cause, she had probably more than once seen a portrait or heard a description of his features. Unabashed at the glare of the lights, or the gaze of spectators, the Maid came forward with a firm step, singled out the King at the first glance, and bent her knee before him with the words—'God give you good life, gentle King.' 'I am not the King; he is there,' said Charles pointing to one of his nobles. 'In the name of God,' she exclaimed, 'it is no other but yourself. Most noble Lord Dauphin, I am Joan the Maid, sent on the part of God to aid you and your kingdom; and by his command I announce to you that you shall be crowned in the city of Rheims, and shall become his lieutenant in the realm of France.' 'Gentle Dauphin,' she added shortly afterwards, 'why will you not believe me? I tell you that God has pity upon you, upon your kingdom, and upon your people; for St. Louis and Charlemagne are on their knees before him, praying for you and for them.' Charles then drew her aside, and after some time passed in earnest conversation, declared to his courtiers that the Maid had spoken of secrets known only to himself and to God. Several of the ancient chronicles refer mysteriously to this secret between the Maid and the King, but Charles afterwards revealed it in confidence to the Sire de Boissy, one of his favourites.* Joan it appears had said to him these words: 'Je te dis de la part de Messire que tu es vrai heritier de France.' Now the King, when alone in his oratory a little time before, had offered up a prayer for Divine assistance on condition only of his being the rightful heir to the crown. Such a coincidence of ideas on so obvious a topic seems very far from supernatural or even surprising.

* De Boissy repeated the story to N. Sala, 'panettier du Dauphin,' whose MS. account of it is preserved at the Bibliothèque Royale, and quoted in the *Supplément des Mémoires*. (Collection, vol. viii., p. 153).

Nor, indeed, does it appear that this marvel, if marvel it were, had wrought any strong impression on the mind of Charles himself. Within a very few days he had relapsed into his former doubts and misgivings as to Joan's pretended mission. In fact, it will be found, though not hitherto noticed, yet as applying to the whole career of the Maid of Orleans, that the ascendancy which she acquired was permanent only with the mass of the people or of the army, while those who saw her nearer, and could study her more closely, soon felt their faith in her decline. On further observation they might, no doubt, admire more and more her high strain of patriotism and of piety; but they found her, as was natural, utterly unacquainted with war or politics, and guileless as one of her own flock in all worldly affairs. Even an old chronicler of the time has these words: '*C'estoit chose merveilleuse comme elle se comportoit et conduisoit en son fait; ven que en autres choses elle estoit la plus simple bergere que on veit oncques.*'* But the crowd which gazed at her from a distance began to espy something more than human, and to circulate and credit reports of her miraculous powers. Her journey of one hundred and fifty leagues, in great part through a hostile country, without being met by a single enemy, or arrested by a single obstacle, was urged as a plain proof of Divine support. Again, it was pretended that Baudricourt had not given his consent to the journey until she had announced to him that her countrymen were sustaining a defeat even while she spoke, and until he had received news of the battle of Herrings, fought on that very day—a story, we may observe in passing, which a mere comparison of the dates is sufficient to disprove.—Another little incident that befell the Maid at Chinon, greatly added to her reputation. As she was passing by, a soldier had addressed to her some ribald jest, for which she had gently reproved him, saying that such words ill became any man who might be so near his end. It happened that on the same afternoon this soldier was drowned, in attempting to ford the river; and the reproof of Joan was immediately invested by popular apprehension with the force of prophecy.†

To determine the doubts of his council and his own, Charles resolved, before he took any decision, to conduct the Maid before the University and Parliament at Poi-

tiers. There, accordingly, Joan underwent a long and learned cross-examination from several doctors of theology. Nothing could make her swerve from her purpose, or vary in her statements. 'I know neither A nor B,' she said, 'but I am commanded by my Voices, on behalf of the King of Heaven, to raise the siege of Orleans, and to crown the Dauphin at Rheims.' 'And pray what language do your Voices speak?' asked one of the doctors, Father Seguin, from Limoges, and in a strong Limousin accent. 'Better than yours,' she answered quickly. It is to be observed, that she never claimed—while the people were so ready to ascribe to her—any gift of prophecy or miracle beyond her mission. When the doctors asked her for a sign, she replied, that it was not at Poitiers, but at Orleans, that she was appointed to give a sign, and that her only sign should be to lead brave men to battle.*

The general result of these examinations was, however, highly favourable to the Maid; and some friars, who had been dispatched for that purpose to Vaucouleurs, brought back no less satisfactory reports of her early life. Nor did the theological tribunal disdain a prophecy current among the people, and ascribed to Merlin; it purported that the realm of France should be rescued by a maiden. Even in the remote village of Domremy some vague report of this prediction had been heard: it was appealed to by Joan herself, at Vaucouleurs; and was, no doubt, one of the causes to kindle her ardent imagination. But on referring to the very words of the Latin prophecy, they were considered as of striking application to her especial case. The promised heroine was to come *E NEMORE CANUTO*—and the name of the forest around Domremy was Bois Chenu; she was to ride triumphant over *ARCI TENENTES*—and this word seemed to denote the English, always renowned in the middle ages for their superior skill as bowmen.

There was another examination, on which great stress was laid by the people, and probably by the doctors also; it being the common belief in that age that the devil could form no compact with a person wholly undefiled. But the Queen of Sicily, mother of Charles's consort, and other chief ladies of the Court, having expressed their satisfaction on this point, the doctors no longer hesitated to give their answers to the King. They did not, indeed, as Hume supposes, 'pronounce the mission of Joan undoubted and supernatural;' on the contrary, they avoided any express opinion on that subject: but they

* *Mémoires concernant la Pucelle* (Collection, vol. viii., p. 153.

† Deposition of Father Pasquerel at the Trial of Revision.

* Sismondi, *Hist.*, vol. xiii., p. 123.

declared that they had observed nothing in her but what became a true Christian and Catholic; and that the King, considering the distress of his good city of Orleans, might accept her services without sin.

Orders were forthwith given for her state and equipment. She received a suit of knight's armour, but refused any other sword but one marked with five crosses, and lying, as she said, amidst other arms in the church-vault of St. Catherine at Fierbois.* A messenger was sent accordingly, and the sword—an old neglected weapon—was found in the very spot she had described. Immediately the rumour spread abroad—so ready were now the people to believe in her supernatural powers—that she had never been at Fierbois, and that a Divine inspiration had revealed to her the instrument of coming victory. A banner for herself to bear had been made under her direction, or rather, as she declared, under the direction of her 'Voices': it was white, bestrewn with the *fleurs-de-lis* of France, and bearing the figure of the Saviour in his glory, with the inscription *JHESUS MARIA*. A brave and tried knight, Jean, Sire d'Aulon, was appointed her esquire; a good old friar, Father Pasquerel, her confessor; she had two heralds and two pages. Nearly all these persons afterwards appeared as witnesses in the second trial.

Amidst all these proofs and preparations, two months had glided away, and it was past mid-April when the Maid appeared before the troops assembling at Blois. She made her entry on horseback, and in complete armour, but her head uncovered; and neither her tall and graceful figure, nor the skill with which she rode her palfrey and poised her lance, remained unnoticed. Her fame had gone forth before her, inspiring the soldiers with the confidence of Divine support, and consoling them under their repeated reverses. Numbers who had cast aside their arms in despair, buckled them on anew for the cause of France, and in the name of the Maid. Nearly six thousand men were thus assembled. Charles himself had again withdrawn from the cares and toils of royalty to his favourite haunt of Chinon, but in his place his most valiant captains, the Mareschal de Boussac, the Admiral de Culant, La Hire, the Sires De Retz and De Loré, were ready for the field. It had not

been clearly defined at Court, whether Joan was only to cheer and animate, or to control and direct the troops; but the rising enthusiasm of the common men at once awarded to her an ascendancy which the chiefs could not withstand. She began with reforming the morals of the camp, expelled from it all women of ill fame, and called upon the men to prepare for battle by confession and prayer. Night and morning Father Pasquerel, bearing aloft her holy banner, and followed by herself and by all the priests of Blois, walked in procession through the town, chaunting hymns, and calling sinners to repentance. Many, very many, obeyed the unexpected summons. Even La Hire, a rough soldier, bred up in camps from his childhood, and seldom speaking without an imprecation, yielded to her influence, and went grumbling and swearing to Mass!*

From Blois the Maid, herself untaught in writing and reading, dictated a letter to the English captains before Orleans, announcing her mission, and commanding them, under pain of vengeance from heaven, to yield to King Charles all the good cities which they held in his realm of France. She afterwards complained at her trial that this letter had not been written according to her dictation, and that while she had said '*Rendez au Roi*,' her scribes had made her say, '*Rendez à la Pucelle*.' All her letters (one of which, to the Duke of Burgundy, was discovered not many years since amongst the archives of Lille) were headed with the words *JHESUS MARIA*, and with the sign of the cross. So far from paying any regard to this summons, the English chiefs threatened to burn alive the herald who brought it, as coming from a sorceress and ally of Satan. A message from Dunois, however, that he would use reprisals on an English herald, restrained them. But, notwithstanding their lofty tone and affected scorn, a secret feeling of doubt and dismay began to pervade the minds of their soldiery, and even their own. The fame of the marvellous Maid, of the coming deliverer of Orleans, had already reached them, magnified, as usual, by distance, by uncertainty, and by popular tales of miracles. If she were indeed, as she pretended, commissioned from on high, how dreadful would be the fate of all who ventured to withstand her! But if even their own assertion were well-founded, if indeed she wrought by spells and sorcery, even then it seemed no very cheering prospect to begin a contest against the powers of darkness!

The French chiefs at Blois had for some

* The village of Fierbois still remains, and may be seen from the high-road between Paris and Bayonne; but the present church of St. Catherine dates no higher than the reign of Francis I. (Guide Pittoresque de France, vol. i., Dept. Indre et Loire, p. 15.)

* De Barante, vol. v., p. 296.

time been collecting two convoys of provisions, and their main object was to throw them into Orleans, now reduced to the utmost need; but this seemed no easy enterprise, in the face of the English army, flushed with recent victories, and far superior in numbers to their own. Joan, by right of her prophetic mission, insisted that the convoy should proceed along the northern bank of the Loire, through the district of Beauce, while her colleagues proposed the southern bank, and the province of Sologne, knowing that the bastilles of the English were much weaker and worse guarded on that side. Unable to overcome her opposition, and wholly distrusting her talents for command when closely viewed, they availed themselves of her ignorance of the country, and while passing the river at Blois, persuaded her that they were still proceeding along the northern shore. After two days' march, ascending the last ridge that shut out the view of the beleaguered city, Joan was astonished to find the Loire flowing between her and the walls, and broke forth into angry reproaches. But these soon yielded to the necessity of action. She held a conference with Dunois, who had come with boats some way down the Loire to receive the convoy. The night was setting in, and a storm was raging on high, with the wind directly against them; all the chiefs counselled delay, but the Maid insisted that the supplies should be forthwith put on board, promising that the wind should change; it really did change, and became favourable after the embarkation, and thus the convoy was enabled to reach Orleans in safety, while the English generals kept themselves close to their redoubts, withheld partly by the pelting of the storm and the uncertainty of a night attack, partly by a sally which the citizens made as a diversion on the side of Beauce, and partly by the wish that their soldiers should, before they fought, have an opportunity of seeing Joan more nearly, and recovering from the panic which distant rumour had inspired.

Having thus succeeded with regard to the first convoy, the French captains had resolved to wend back to Blois and escort the second, without themselves entering the city. This resolution had been kept secret from Joan, and she showed herself much displeased, but at length agreed to it, provided Father Pasquerel and the other priests from Blois stayed with the army to maintain its morals. She likewise obtained a promise that the next convoy should proceed according to her injunctions through Beauce, instead of Sologne. For herself she undertook, at the earnest entreaty of Dunois and the

citizens, to throw herself into the beleaguered city and partake its fortunes. She accordingly made her entry late that same night, the 29th of April, accompanied by the brave La Hire and two hundred lances, and having embarked close under the English bastille of St. Jean le Blanc without any molestation from the awe-struck garrison. High beat the hearts of the poor besieged with joy and wonder at the midnight appearance of their promised deliverer, or rather as they well-nigh deemed their guardian angel, heralded by the rolling thunders, with the lightning to guide her on her way, unharmed by a victorious enemy, and bringing long-forgotten plenty in her train! All pressed around her with loud acclamations, eager to touch for a moment her armour, her holy standard, or the white charger which she rode, and believed that they drew a blessing from that touch!

Late as was the hour, the Maid of Orleans (so we may already term her) repaired first to the cathedral, where the solemn service of 'Te Deum' was chaunted by torch-light. She then betook herself to her intended dwelling, which she had chosen on careful inquiry, according to her constant practice, as belonging to a lady amongst the most esteemed and unblemished of the place. The very house is still shown: it is now No. 35, in the Rue du Tabourg, and though the inner apartments have been altered, the street-front is believed by antiquaries to be the same as in the days of Joan.* A splendid entertainment had been prepared for her, but she refused to partake of it, and only dipping a piece of bread into some wine and water, laid herself down to rest.

The impression made upon the people of Orleans by the first appearance of the Maid was confirmed and strengthened by her conduct on the following days. Her beauty of person, her gentleness of manner, and her purity of life—her prayers, so long and so devout—her custom of beginning every sentence with the words, 'In the name of God,' after the fashion of the heralds—her resolute will and undaunted courage in all that related to her mission, compared with her simplicity and humility upon any other subject—her zeal to reform as well as to rescue the citizens,—all this together would be striking even in our own times, and seemed miraculous in theirs. Of speedily raising the siege she spoke without doubt or hesitation: her only anxiety appeared to be to raise it, if she might, without bloodshed.

* Trollope's *Western France*, vol. i., pp. 80—83. He quotes a *History of Orleans*, by E. F. V. Romagnesi.

She directed an archer to shoot attached to his arrow another letter of warning into the English lines, and herself advancing along the bridge unto the broken arch, opposite the enemy's fort of Tournelles, exhorted them in a loud voice to depart, or they should feel disaster and shame. Sir William Gladsdale, whom all the French writers call Glacidas, still commanded in this quarter. He and his soldiers only answered the Maid with scoffs and ribaldry, bidding her go home and keep her cows. She was moved to tears at their insulting words. But it soon appeared that their derision was affected, and their apprehension real. When on the fourth day the new convoy came in sight by way of Beauce—when the Maid and La Hire sallied forth with their troops to meet and to escort it—not one note of defiance was heard, not one man was seen to proceed from the English bastilles—the long line of wagons, flocks, and herds, passed between them unmolested—and the spirit of the victors seemed already transferred to the vanquished.

Thus far the success of the Maid had been gained by the terrors of her name alone; but the moment of conflict was now close at hand. That same afternoon a part of the garrison and townspeople, flushed with their returning good fortune, made a sally in another quarter against the English bastille of St. Loup. Joan, after bringing in the convoy, had retired home to rest; and the chiefs, distrustful of her mission, and disliking her interposition, sent her no tidings of the fight. But she was summoned by a friendly, or, as she believed, a celestial voice. We will give the story in the words of M. de Barante, as compiled from the depositions of D'Aulon, her esquire, and of Father Pasquerel, her chaplain:—

'La journée avait été fatigante; Jeanne se jeta sur son lit, et voulut dormir, mais elle était agitée. Tout-à-coup elle dit au Sire d'Aulon, son écuyer, 'Mon conseil m'a dit d'aller contre les Anglais; mais je ne sais si c'est contre leurs bastilles ou contre ce Fascot (Fastolf). Il me faut armer.' Le Sire d'Aulon commença à l'armer; pendant ce temps-là elle entendit grand bruit dans la rue; on criait que les ennemis faisaient en cet instant grand dommage aux Français. "Mon Dieu," dit-elle, "le sang de nos gens coule par terre! Pourquoi ne m'a-t-on pas éveillée plus tôt? Ah, c'est mal fait!—mes armes! mes armes!—mon cheval!" Laissant là son écuyer, qui n'était pas encore armé, elle descendit; son page était sur la porte à s'amuser. "Ah, méchant garçon," dit-elle, "qui ne m'êtes point venu dire que le sang de France est répandu! Allons vite! Mon cheval!" On le lui amena; elle se fit donner par la fenêtre sa bannière, qu'elle avait laissée; sans rien attendre elle partit, et arriva au plus vite à la

Porte Bourgogne, d'où semblait venir le bruit. Comme elle y arrivait elle vit porter un des gens de la ville qu'on ramenait tout blessé. "Helas," dit-elle, "je n'ai jamais vu le sang d'un Français sans que les cheveux se dressent sur ma tête!"

Thus darting full speed through the streets, until she reached the scene of action, Joan plunged headlong into the thickest of the fight. Far from being daunted by the danger when closely viewed, she seemed inspirited, nay, almost inspired by its presence, as one conscious of support from on high. Waving her white banner aloft, and calling aloud to those around her, she urged her countrymen to courage like her own: she had found them beaten back and retreating; she at once led them on to a second onset. For three hours the battle raged fiercely and doubtfully at the foot of St. Loup; but Talbot, who was hastening to the rescue, was kept at bay by the Marschal de Boussac and a body of troops; while those headed by Joan at length succeeded in storming the bastille. Scarce any prisoners were made: almost every Englishman found within the walls was put to the sword, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Maid; only some few, having found priests' garments within St. Loup's church, put them on in this extremity, and these men her piety succeeded in preserving.

Next morning, the fifth of May, was the festival of the Ascension; and as a festival was it kept at Orleans; no new attack made upon the English; and the whole day devoted to public prayers and thanksgiving. In these Joan as usual was foremost; she earnestly exhorted the soldiers to repentance, and desired that none should presume to join her banner without having been first to confession. Her bidding seemed to them as a call from heaven; and for the first time, perhaps, their untutored lips were heard to pour forth prayers, true and earnest in feeling, though not always duly reverent in expression. One such of the brave La Hire's is recorded; it was uttered just before going into battle:—"Dieu, je te prie, que tu faces aujourd'hui pour La Hire autant que tu voudrais que La Hire fist pour toi, s'il estoit Dieu, et que tu fusses La Hire." And, adds the honest old chronicler, 'Il cuidoit très bien prier et dire!'

That afternoon the chiefs held a council of war to which they did not ask the presence of Joan; another proof how little they confided in her mission. They determined to proceed next to attack the English bastilles on the southern shore, as these

were much the least strong, and as it was most important to free the communication between the city and the friendly province of Berri. Joan, when informed of those views, urged again that the attack should be on her favourite side of Beauce, but at length acquiesced in the decision of the council.

Next morning, accordingly, the 6th of May, Joan took her station before daybreak with La Hire and other chiefs, in a small islet, near the side of Sologne; from thence again they passed to the shore in boats, drawing their horses after them by the bridles. Reinforcements followed as fast as the boats could carry them: but, without awaiting them, Joan began the onset against the Bastille des Augustins. The English made a resolute resistance; to strengthen themselves they withdrew their troops from another of their bastilles, Saint Jean le Blanc; and the two garrisons thus combining, put the French to flight. Joan was borne along by the runaways, but ere long turned round upon the enemy; and at the aspect of their sorceress, as they believed her, close upon them, waving aloft her banner (marked, no doubt, with magical spells) they on their part receded, and sought shelter behind their bulwarks. The French reinforcements were meanwhile coming up; and in another assault the Bastille des Augustins was taken, the garrison put to the sword, and the building set in flames. A body of French troops took up their position for the whole night upon the northern shore; but the Maid was induced to return into the city, slightly wounded in the foot by a caltrop, and having fasted (for it was Friday) during the whole toilsome day.

By the successes of that day only a single fort on the opposite shore, the Bastille des Tournelles, remained in English hands. But it was the strongest of all—on one side confronting the broken bridge with its massy and towering wall—on the land side intrenched by a formidable bulwark—and a deep ditch before it, filled with water from the Loire. More than all, it was held by the brave Gladsdale and his best battalions. A spirit of prudence and of misgiving as to the continued success of the Maid became predominant among the French captains. They resolved to rest contented with the freedom of communication now secured with their own provinces, and to postpone any farther attacks until they should receive farther reinforcements. But to this resolution it was found impossible to obtain the assent of Joan. 'You have been to your council,' she said, 'and I have been to mine.

Be assured that the council of Messire will hold good, and that the council of men will perish.' What the chiefs dreaded more than her celestial council, she had with her the hearts both of soldiery and people. Entreaties and arguments to prove the superior advantage of doing nothing were urged on her in vain. They did not leave untried even the slight temptation of a shad-fish for her dinner! The story is told as follows, in a chronicle of the time:—

'Ainsi que la Pucelle déliberoit de passer on présenta à Jacques Boucher, son hoste, une alose, et lors il lui dit, "Jeanne, mangeons cette alose avant que vous partiez." "En nom de Dieu," dit elle, "on n'en mangera jusqu'au souper, que nous repasserons par dessus le pont, et ramènerons un *Goddam*, qui en mangera sa part!"'

This nickname of *Goddam*—which in more angry times than the present we have often heard muttered behind our countrymen in the streets of Paris—was, we had always fancied, of very modern origin. Till now we could not trace it higher than Beaumarchais, in his '*Mariage de Figaro*.' We now find, however, that all future anti-Anglicans may plead for it, if they please, the venerable antiquity of four centuries, and the high precedent of Joan of Arc.

Not trusting wholly to persuasion,—or to the shad-fish,—the Sire de Gaucourt, governor of the city, with some soldiers, stationed himself before the Porte Bourgogne, through which Joan would have to pass, and resolutely refused to unbar it. 'You are an ill man,' cried the Maid; 'but whether you will or not, the men-at-arms shall come and shall conquer, as they have conquered before.' The people, and even the soldiers themselves, stirred by her vehemence, rushed upon the Sire de Gaucourt, threatening to tear him in pieces, and he was constrained to yield. Joan accordingly went forth, followed by an eager multitude of townsmen and soldiers, and passed the Loire in boats to attack the Tournelles by their bulwark, on the opposite side. Thus finding the attack inevitable, the French leaders, Dunois, La Hire, Gaucourt himself, and a host of others, determined to bear their part in it, and embarked like Joan for the opposite shore; and all of them by their conduct in the engagement most fully proved that their former reluctance to engage had not flowed from want of valour.

From the northern shore the English chiefs, Suffolk, Talbot, and Fastolf had be-

* *Memoires concernant la Pucelle.* (Collection, vol. viii. p. 173.)

held these preparations, but found their own troops panic-stricken at 'the sorceress.' They could not prevail upon them either to leave their bulwarks and pass the river for the assistance of their comrades, or to attack the city while deprived of its best defenders. Gladsdale was therefore left to his own resources. Besides the strength of his fortifications, his five hundred men of garrison—knights and esquires—were the very flower of the English army; and thus, however fierce and brave the attack, he was able to stand firm against it. He poured upon the French a close and well-sustained discharge, both from bows and fire-arms; and whenever they attempted to scale the rampart, he overthrew their ladders with hatchets, pikes, and mallets. The assault had begun at ten in the morning, and the Maid was as usual in the foremost ranks, waving her standard, and calling aloud to the soldiers. About noon, seeing their ardour slacken, she snatched up a ladder to plant against the walls, and began ascending. At that moment an arrow passed through her corslet, and deeply pierced her between the neck and shoulder: she fell back into the fosse, and the English were already pressing down to make her prisoner: but she was rescued by her countrymen, and borne away from the scene of action. When laid upon the ground and disarmed, the anguish of her wound drew from her some tears; but she had, as she declares, a vision of her two Saints, and from that moment felt consoled. With her own hands she pulled out the arrow; she desired the wound to be quickly dressed; and after some moments passed in silent prayer, hastened back to head the troops. They had suspended the conflict in her absence, and had been disheartened by her wound; but it had not at all diminished their ideas of her supernatural powers; on the contrary, they immediately discovered that she had more than once foretold it, and that the untoward event only proved her skill in prophecy. They now, invigorated by their rest, and still more by her return, rushed back with fresh ardour to a second onset, while the English were struck with surprise at the sudden appearance in arms of one whom they had so lately beheld hurled down, and, as they thought, half dead in the ditch. Several of them were even so far bewildered by their own terrors as to see in the air the forms of the Archangel Michael, and of Aignan, the patron saint of Orleans, mounted on white chargers, and fighting on the side of the French.

The cooler heads among the English were no less dismayed at the news that another

body of the townspeople had advanced to the broken arch, at the opposite end of the fort; that they were keeping up a murderous fire, and throwing over huge beams of wood for their passage. Sir William Gladsdale, still undaunted, resolved to withdraw from the outer bulwark, and concentrate his force against both attacks within the 'Tournelles' or towers themselves. He was then full in sight of Joan. 'Surrender!' she cried out to him; 'surrender to the King of Heaven! Ah, Gladsdale, your words have foully wronged me; but I have great pity on your soul, and on the souls of your men!' Heedless of this summons, the English chief was pursuing his way along the drawbridge; just then a cannon-ball from the French batteries alighting upon it broke it asunder, and Gladsdale with his best knights perished in the stream. The assailants now pressed into the bastille without further resistance: of the garrison, three hundred were already slain, and nearly two hundred remained to be prisoners of war.

At the close of this well fought day, the Maid, according to her prediction in the morning, came back to Orleans by the bridge. It need scarcely be told how triumphantly she was received, all night rejoicing peals rung from the church-bells; the service of 'Te Deum' was chaunted in the cathedral; and the soldiers returning from the fight were detained at every step by the eager curiosity or the exulting acclamations of their brother-townsmen. Far different was the feeling in the English lines. That night the Earl of Suffolk summoned Fastolf, Talbot, and the other principal officers to council. By the reinforcements of the French, and by their own recent losses, they had now become inferior in numbers; they could read dejection impressed on each pale countenance around them; they knew that no hope was left them of taking the city, and that by remaining before it they should only have to undergo repeated, and probably, as late experience showed, disastrous attacks in their own bastilles. With heavy hearts they resolved to raise the siege. Thus the next morning—Sunday the 8th of May—their great forts of London and St. Lawrence, and all their other lodgments and redoubts—the fruit of so many toilsome months—were beheld in flames; while the English troops, drawn up in battle array, advanced towards the city-walls, and braved the enemy to combat on an open field. Finding their challenge declined, they began their retreat towards Mehun-sur-Loire in good order, but, for want of transport, leaving behind their sick, their wounded and their baggage. The

garrison and townspeople were eager to fight or to follow them; but Joan would not allow the day of rest to be thus profaned. 'In the name of God,' she cried, 'let them depart! and let us go and give thanks to God.' So saying, she led the way to High Mass.

Thus had the heroine achieved the first part of her promise—the raising of the siege of Orleans. She had raised it in only seven days from her arrival; and of these seven days, no less than three—Sunday the 1st—the Fête de la Cathédrale on the 3d—and Ascension-Day the 5th (besides Sunday the 8th)—had been by her directions devoted to public prayer. Even to the present times, the last anniversary—the day of their deliverance—is still held sacred at Orleans. Still on each successive 8th of May do the magistrates walk in solemn procession round the ancient limits of the city; the service of 'Te Deum' again resounds from the cathedral; and a discourse is delivered from the pulpit in honour of the Maid.*

The second part of Joan's promise—to crown the King at Rheims—still remained. Neither wearied by her toils, nor yet elated by her triumphs, she was again within a few days before Charles at his Court at Tours—the same untaught and simple shepherdess—urging him to confide in her guidance, and enable her to complete her mission. Her very words have been recorded in a chronicle, written probably the same year:—

'Quand la Pucelle Jeanne fut devant le Roy, elle s'agenouilla et l'embrassa par les jambes, en luy disant:—"Gentil Dauphin, venez prendre vostre noble sacre à Rheims; je suis fort aiguillonée que vous y alliez, et ne faites doute que vous y recevrez vostre digne sacre." . . . Or, le Roy en luy-mesme, et aussi trois ou quatre des principaux d'autour de lui, pensoient, s'il ne déplairoit point à ladite Jeanne, qu'on luy demandast ce que la voix luy disoit. De quoy elle s'aperceut aucunement, et dit: "En nom de Dieu, je scay bien ce que vous pensez et voulez dire de la Voix que j'ay ouye touchant vostre sacre, et je le vous diray. Je me suis mise en orayon, en ma manière accoustumée; je me complainois, pour ce qu'on ne me vouloit pas croire de ce que je disois; et lors la Voix me dit: 'Fille, va, va, je seray à ton ayde, va!' et quand cette Voix me vient, je suis tant resjoyue merveilles." Et en disant lesdites paroles, elle avoit les yeux au ciel en montrant signe de grande exultation.†

There is another original document describing the Maid's appearance at this time;

supplément aux Mémoires. (Collection, vol. i., p. 317.) It is added, 'Cet acte n'a été suscrit que pendant les années les plus orageuses de la révolution.' Mémoires concernant la Pucelle. (Collection, vol. viii., p. 180.)

a letter from a young officer, Guy, Sire de Laval, to his mother and grandmother at home. It begins in the old-fashioned form: 'Mes très redoutées dames et mères;' and, after some details of his journey, thus proceeds:—

'Et le Lundy me party d'avec le Roy, pour venir à Selles en Berry, à quatre lieues de Saint Agnan, et fit le Roy venir au devant de luy la Pucelle, qui estoit de paravant à Selles... Et fit ladite Pucelle, très bonne chère à mon frère et à moy, estant armée de toutes pièces sauve la teste, et tenant la lance en main. Et après que fusmes descendus à Selles, j'allay à son logis la voir; et fit venir le vin, et me dit qu'elle m'en feroit bientôt boire à Paris. Et semble chose tout divine de son fait, et de la voir et de l'ouyr. Et s'est partie ce Lundy aux vespres de Selles pour aller à Romorantin, à trois lieues en allant avant, et approchant des advenuës, le Mareschal de Boussac et grand nombre de gens armez et de la commune avec elle. Et la veis monter à cheval, armée tout en blanc, sauf la teste, une petite hache en sa main, sur un grand coursier noir, qui à l'huis de son logis se démenoit très fort, et ne souffroit qu'elle montast; et lors elle dit: "Menez-le à la croix qui estoit devant l'église, auprès au chemin." Et lors elle monta sans qu'il se meust comme s'il fust lié. Et lors se tourna vers l'huis de l'église, qui estoit bien prochain, et dit en assez voix de femme: "Vous, les prestres et gens d'église, faies procession et prières à Dieu." Et lors se retourna à son chemin, en disant, "Tirez avant! tirez avant!" son estendard ployé que portoit un gracieux page, et avoit sa hache petite en la main, et un sien frère, qui est venu depuis huit jours, parloit aussi avec elle tout armé en blanc.*

Notwithstanding the splendid success of the young heroine before Orleans, the King did not as yet yield to her entreaties, nor undertake the expedition to Rheims. It seemed necessary, in the first place, to reduce the other posts which the English still held upon the Loire. In this object the Maid took a conspicuous and intrepid share. Setting off from Selles, the chiefs first laid siege to Jargeau, into which the Earl of Suffolk had retired with several hundred men. For some days the artillery played on both sides; a breach was effected in the walls; and on the 12th of June the French trumpets sounded the signal to assault. Joan was as usual amongst the foremost, with her holy banner displayed. She had herself planted a ladder, and was ascending the walls, when a huge stone rolled down from the summit, struck her on the helmet, and hurled her headlong into the fosse. Immediately rising again, not unhurt but still undaunted, she continued to animate her countrymen:—"Forward! for-

* Collection des Mémoires, vol. viii., p. 225.

ward!—my friends! the Lord has delivered them into our hands!’ The storm was renewed with fresh ardour and complete success; the town was taken, and nearly the whole garrison put to the sword; many, notwithstanding Joan’s humane endeavours, being slain in cold blood, whenever there was any dispute for ransom.* The fate of the Earl of Suffolk is a striking incident and illustration of the age of chivalry. When closely pursued by one of the French officers, he turned round and asked him if he were of gentle birth? ‘I am,’ replied the officer, whose name was Guillaume Regnault, an esquire of Auvergne. ‘And are you a knight?’ ‘I am not.’ ‘Then I will make you one,’ said Suffolk; and having first struck Regnault with his sword, and thus dubbed him as his superior, he next surrendered the same sword to him as his captive.

The fate of Jargeau deterred the garrisons of Beaugency and Mehun from resistance; and Talbot, who had now succeeded to the chief command, gathering into one body the remaining English troops, began in all haste his retreat towards the Seine. In his way he was met by Fastolf with a reinforcement of four thousand men. The French chiefs at the same time received a like accession of force under the Lord Constable of France, Arthur de Richemont. He had become estranged from the King by the cabals of La Trimouille, the reigning minion at court, and Charles had written to forbid his coming; nevertheless he still drew near; and Joan, in a spirit of headlong loyalty, proposed to go forth and give him battle. No one seemed to relish this proposal; on the contrary, it excited general complaints. Several officers muttered that they were friends of the Constable, and in case of need should prefer him to all the maids in the kingdom!† At length Joan herself was made to comprehend the importance of shunning civil discord, and combining against the common enemy; she agreed to welcome the Constable on his taking an oath of loyalty, and to use her intercession with the King on his behalf. The combined forces then pushed forward, eager to overtake the English army in its retreat. On the 18th of June, they came up with it near the village of Patay. So altered were the English within the last few weeks—so awestruck at the idea of supernatural power being wielded against them, that they scarcely stood firm a moment. The battle was decided almost as soon as begun. Even the brave Fastolf betook himself to flight at the first fire, in punishment for which the Order

of the Garter was afterwards taken from him. Talbot disdained to show his back to an enemy; he dismounted to fight on foot amongst the foremost, but being left almost alone, he was speedily made prisoner, together with Lord Scales; while upwards of two thousand men were killed in the pursuit.

The victory at Patay gave fresh weight to Joan’s intreaties that the King would set forth to be crowned at Rheims. Such an expedition was still overcast by doubts and perils. Rheims itself, and every other city in the way, was in the hands of enemies; and a superior force, either of English from the left, or of Burgundians from the right, might assail the advancing army. To add to these difficulties, Charles himself, at that period of his life, was far from disposed to personal exertion; nevertheless, he could not withstand the solicitations of the ‘inspired’ Maid, and the wish of the victorious troops. Collecting ten or twelve thousand men at Gien, he marched from the valley of the Loire, accompanied by Joan herself, by his bravest captains and by his wisest counsellors. They first appeared before the city of Auxerre, which shut its gates, but consented, on a payment of money, to furnish a supply of provisions. Their next point was Troyes, but here they found the city held by five or six hundred Burgundian soldiers, and refusing all terms of treaty. Nothing remained but a siege, and for this the King wanted both time and means. He had with him neither mining tools nor artillery, nor stores of provisions, and the soldiers subsisted only by plucking the ears of corn and the half-ripened beans from the fields. Several days had passed and no progress been made. At length a council was held, when the Chancellor and nearly all the other chief men passed for a retreat to the Loire. While they were still deliberating, a knock was heard at the door, and the Maid of Orleans came in; she first asked the King whether she should be believed in what she was about to say. He coldly answered that she should, provided she said things that were reasonable and profitable. ‘The city is yours!’ she then exclaimed, ‘if you will but remain before it two days longer!’ So confident seemed her present prediction—such good results had followed the past,—that the council agreed to make a further trial, and postpone their intended retreat. Without delay, and eager to make good her words, Joan sprang on horseback, and directed all the men-at-arms she met—gentle or simple alike—to exert themselves in heaping together faggots and other wood-work, and preparing what in the military language of that day is called

* De Barante, vol. v., p. 344. † Ibid., p. 347.

taudis et approches. The townsmen of Troyes, assembling on their ramparts, gazed on her while thus employed, and bethought them of her mighty deeds at Orleans, already magnified into the miraculous by popular report. The more credulous of these gazers even declared that they could see a swarm of white butterflies hovering above her standard. The more loyal began to recollect that they were Frenchmen, not Burgundians—that Charles was their true liege lord—that they should be rebels to resist him. Under the influence of these various feelings, which the garrison could not venture to resist, they sent out to offer some terms of capitulation; the King, as may be supposed, made no objection to any; and next day he was joyfully received within the gates.

The newly-roused loyalty of Troyes spread rapidly, like every popular impulse, to Chalons and to Rheims, where the inhabitants rising, as if in concert, expelled the Burgundian garrisons, and proclaimed the rightful King. On the 16th of July, Charles, without having encountered a single enemy, made a triumphal entry into the city of Rheims, amidst loud cries of 'NOEL!' which was then the usual acclamation of joy in France at the King's arrival. Next day that stately cathedral—which even yet proudly towers above the ruins of time or of revolutions—saw his brow encircled with the crown of his forefathers, and anointed from the Sainte Ampoule, the cruse of holy oil, which, according to the Romish legend, had been sent by a dove from Heaven to the Royal convert, Clovis. The people looked on with wonder and with awe. Thus had really come to pass the fantastic visions that floated before the eyes of the poor shepherd-girl of Domremy! Thus did she perform her two-fold promise to the King within three months from the day when she first appeared in arms at Blois! During the coronation of her sovereign—so long the aim of her thoughts and prayers, and reserved to be at length achieved by her own prowess—the Maid stood before the High Altar by the side of the King, with her banner unfurled in her hand. 'Why was your banner thus honoured beyond all other banners?' she was asked at her trial. 'It had shared the danger,' she answered; 'it had a right to share the glory.'

The holy rites having been performed, the Maid knelt down before the newly-crowned monarch, her eyes streaming with tears. 'Gentle King,' she said, 'now is fulfilled the pleasure of God, who willed that you should come to Rheims and be anointed, showing that you are the true King and he to whom the kingdom should belong.' She now re-

garded her mission as accomplished, and her inspiration as fled. 'I wish,' she said, 'that the gentle King should allow me to return towards my father and mother, keep my flocks and herds as before, and do all things as I was wont to do.'

'End with many tears implored!
'Tis the sound of home restored!
And as mounts the angel show,
Gliding with them she would go,
But, again to stoop below
And, returned to green Lorraine,
Be a shepherd-child again!'

This feeling in the mind of Joan was, no doubt, strengthened by the unexpected sight of Laxart and Jacques d'Arc—her uncle and her father—who had come to Rheims to take part in her triumph, and had mingled in the throng of spectators.† But the King and his captains, even whilst themselves distrusting her heavenly mission, or supernatural power, had seen how the belief in them had wrought upon the soldiery and the people. They foresaw that in losing her they should lose their best ally. They spared no exertions, no entreaties, to make her forego her thoughts of home, and continue with the army—and they finally prevailed. From this time forward, it has been observed, that Joan still displayed the same courage in battle, and the same constancy in pain; that she seemed animated with the same confidence in the good cause of France, but that she no longer seemed to feel the same persuasion that she was acting at the command and under the guidance of Heaven.‡

Nor can the King be accused, at this period, of any want of gratitude to his female champion. He was anxious to acknowledge her services; but she refused all rewards for herself or for her family, and only asked the favour that her birth-place might hereafter be free from any kind of impost. 'This privilege—so honourable both to the giver and receiver—was granted by the King, in an ordinance dated July 31, 1429, and confirmed by another in 1459. It continued in force for more than three centuries. The registers of taxes for the *Election* of Chaumont used, until the

* 'Joan of Arc,' Sterling's Poems, p. 236.

† Among the ancient records at Rheims is, or was, the account for the entertainment of Jacques d'Arc, which was defrayed by the King. It appears that he lodged at an inn, called the Striped Ass, (*l'Ane Rayé*), kept by the widow Alix Moriau, and that the bill amounted to twenty-four livres Parisian. (Suppl. aux Mémoires, Collection, vol. viii., p. 276.) That house still remains, and still is used as an inn, but the name has been changed to *La Maison Rouge*. (Costello's Pilgrimage to Auvergne, 1841, vol. i., p. 137.) Such little details give a striking air of reality to the romantic story.

‡ Siamondi, vol. xiii., p. 145.

Revolution, to bear opposite the name of every village the sum to be received from it; but when they came to the article DOMREMY, they always added, *Neant, à cause de la Pucelle.*

The good example set by Troyes and Rheims, in opening their gates to the King, was ere long followed by Laon, Soissons, Compiègne, Beauvais, and other places of importance. Step by step the King was drawing nearer to the walls of Paris, while the English, although they had lately received some reinforcements from home, were not able to keep the field against him. During this march, however, an ill omen was noticed—the sword of the Maid broke asunder—how and wherefore we will leave to M. de Barante to tell:—

‘La victoire avoit rendu insolens les Français, de sorte qu’ils se livraient à mille désordres; rien ne les pouvait retenir. La Pucelle en cela n’était point écoutée. Son courroux était si grand qu’un jour, rencontrant des gens d’armes qui faisaient la débauche avec une fille de mauvaise vie, elle se mit à les battre du plat de son épée, si fort que l’arme se rompit. C’était l’épée trouvée dans l’église de Fierbois, et qui venait de faire de si belles conquêtes. Ce fut un chagrin pour tous, et même pour le Roi. “Vous deviez,” dit-il à Jeanne, “prendre un bon bâton et frapper dessus, sans aventurer ainsi cette épée qui vous est venue divinement, comme vous dites.”’

The King and his army continued advancing towards Paris; and at length, from the heights of St. Denis, the domes and spires of his ancient capital rose in sight before him. It seemed an auspicious time for his coming, the Duke of Bedford having been summoned away to quell some disturbances in Normandy. An assault was given accordingly, in the month of September, 1429, and on the same ground where the Rue Traversière now stands. The Maid had been eager for it, and made a prediction, or promise, to the soldiers that, in the ensuing night, they should sleep within the city walls. But the King’s military ardour had already cooled; and he could not be prevailed upon to approach the scene of action nearer than St. Denis. Of his officers, many were downcast at his absence, and some jealous of the high renown which Joan had gained. Thus her efforts were but feebly seconded on this occasion. She easily led the troops across the first ditch of the city; but she found the second broad, deep, and full of water; and while she was sounding it to and fro with her lance, to discover where it might be shallowest, she was grievously wounded by an arrow from the walls, and her standard-bearer killed by her side. Still,

however, she would not give the signal of retreat; and from the ground, where she lay stretched and helpless, on the reverse of the first fosse, she continued to urge on the soldiers, and to call for faggots and fascines, resisting all entreaties to withdraw until the evening, when the Duke of Alençon having come up and shown her how ill the attack had prospered, she allowed herself to be borne away.

Dispirited at this failure, and viewing it as an admonition from Heaven, the Maid consecrated her armour to God before the tomb of St. Denis, and determined to retire from the wars. Renewed entreaties on the part of the chiefs, judiciously mingled with praises of her past exertions,* again prevailed over her own judgment, and she consented to follow the King’s fortunes. Charles himself, already sighing for the peaceful shades of Chinon, and for his customary life of pleasure, eagerly seized the late repulse as a pretext for retreat. He led back the troops by rapid marches across the Loire, and dispersed them in winter-quarters, at the very time when the absence of the Duke of Bedford seemed to invite him to fresh exertions, when Amiens, Abbeville, St. Quentin, and other important towns in the north, were only awaiting his approach to throw open their gates to him. His conduct on this occasion has in general been glossed over by French historians, from respect to his high deeds in after life, but M. de Sismondi has treated it with just severity. ‘It is probable,’ says he, ‘that, but for the king’s supineness, he might, on the first assault, have made himself master of his capital . . . and his sudden retreat to Chinon everywhere depressed and deadened the enthusiasm of his people. The unwarlike citizens who, throughout the towns of Champagne, of Picardy, and of the Isle of France, were now rising or conspiring to throw off the English yoke, well knew, that if they failed there would be no mercy for them, and that they would perish by the hangman’s hands, yet they boldly exposed themselves, in order to replace their King on his throne; and this King, far from imitating their generosity, could not even bring himself to bear the hardships of a camp, or the toils of business, for more than two months and a half; he would not any longer consent to forego his festivals, his dances, or his other less innocent delights.’†

* ‘On l’oua si fort sa bonne volonté et sa vaillance; on lui repeta tellement que si l’on eut fait tout ce qu’elle avait dit, la chose eût mieux réussi, qu’elle consentit à suivre le Roi.’—(De Barante, vol. vi., p. 51.)

† Sismondi, vol. xiii., p. 152–153.

The winter was passed by Joan chiefly at the King's Court in Bourges, or Mehun-sur-Yèvre, in the neighbourhood of Bourges. In December the King granted letters patent of nobility to her family and herself, with the privilege of bearing the Lily of France for their arms.* At the same inclement season, she again distinguished herself in assaults upon the citadels of St. Pierre Le Moutier and La Charité.

But the most singular event of this period was the appearance at Court of another holy woman, declaring herself, like Joan, to be inspired. Her name was Catherine, and she came from La Rochelle with a mission, she said, not of war but of wealth. For her object was, by preaching to the people, to persuade them to offer their money to the King; and she alleged that she was able to distinguish those who kept their treasures concealed. She, too, like the Maid of Orleans, had her visions; often seeing in them, as she stated, a white lady clothed all in gold—the dress being certainly no unfit emblem of the mission! To a King, with craving courtiers and an empty exchequer, such a mission could not be otherwise than welcome. But we may remark, that Joan, from the first, entertained a strong distrust—a professional jealousy it might perhaps be called—of her sister-prophetess. She asked to be shown the white lady. Catherine replied, that her visions came only in the hours of darkness, and that Joan might be a witness to them by remaining with her at that time. All night, accordingly, the Maid of Orleans watched by her side, in fruitless expectation of the promised sight; but having fallen asleep towards morning, Catherine declared that the white lady had appeared in that very interval. Determined not to be baffled in this manner, Joan lay down to sleep the whole of the next day, that she might be sure to be wakeful at night; and wakeful she was accordingly, always urging Catherine with the question—‘Is she coming soon?’ and always answered—‘Soon, soon.’ But nothing appeared.

The argument drawn from these facts did not appear altogether conclusive, even in that superstitious age, since Joan was not able, any more than Catherine, to display her visions to others. Several persons stated this objection to Joan herself—but she readily replied, that they were not sufficiently righteous and holy to see what she had seen. Nevertheless, to end this controversy, she declared, that she had consulted her saints, Catherine and Margaret, who had told her, that there was nothing but folly and falsehood in

the woman of La Rochelle. She, therefore, strongly counselled the King to send the pretended prophetess home, ‘to keep her household and to nurse her children.’ It does not appear how far either the King or the lady followed this good advice. The further fortunes of Catherine are nowhere to be found recorded.*

At the return of spring, Charles, still preferring pleasure to glory, could not be induced to take the field in person. But, like the captain ‘who fled full soon,’ in Mr. Canning's ballad, ‘he bade the rest keep fighting!’ His troops passed the Loire, and marched into the northern provinces, but in diminished numbers, with no prince of the blood or chief of high name to lead them, and aiming apparently at no object of importance.† In some desultory skirmishes the Maid displayed her wonted valour, and struck the enemy with the same terror as before. The Duke of Gloucester found it necessary to issue a proclamation to reassure his troops: it is dated May 3, 1430, and is still preserved, denoting, in its very title, the barbarous Latin of the middle ages:—*Contra capitaneos et soldarios tergiversantes, incantationibus Puella terrificatos.*

On leaving Picardy in the preceding year, Charles had confided his newly-acquired fortress of Compiègne to the charge of Guillaume de Flavy, a captain of tried bravery, but even beyond his compeers in that age, harsh and pitiless.‡ He was now besieged by the Duke of Burgundy, at the head of a powerful army. Joan, hearing of his danger, courageously resolved to share his fortunes, and threw herself into the place on the 24th of May, accompanied by Xaintrailles, Chabannes, Valperga, and other knights of renown. The very evening of her arrival she headed the garrison in a sally on the side of the bridge across the Oise. She found the Burgundians scattered and unprepared; twice she drove them from their entrenchments, but seeing their numbers increase every moment, she gave the signal to retreat,

* The story of Catherine is circumstantially told by De Barante, vol. vi., p. 69-71.

† ‘Charles VII., loin de prendre lui même le commandement de son armée, n'y envoya pas même un des princes du sang ou quelqu'un des grands seigneurs de sa cour, et ne permit point au Comte de s'y rendre. La Pucelle s'y trouva donc associée uniquement avec des aventuriers brutaux, mal pourvus d'argent ou de munitions, et qui ne voulaient se soumettre à aucune discipline.’—(Simond, vol. xiii., p. 159)

‡ ‘Flavy étoit vaillant homme de guerre, mais le plus thirant, et faisant plus de thirannies et horribles qu'on pût faire, comme prendre filles, malgrés tous ceux qui en voulaient parler, les violer, faire mourir gens sans pitié et les rouer.’—Mémoires de Duclercq.

* These letters patent are printed in M. Petitot's Collection, vol. viii., p. 333.

herself maintaining the post of honour, the last of the rear-guard. Never had she shown greater intrepidity: but as she approached the town-gate she found it partly closed, so that but few could press in together; confusion spread amongst her friends, less eager to succour her than to save themselves, and she found herself surrounded by her enemies. Still she made those before her recoil, and might have effected her retreat, when an archer from Picardy, coming up from behind, seized her by her coat of crimson velvet, and drew her from her horse to the ground. She struggled to rise again and reached the outer fosse: there, however, she was overpowered, and compelled to surrender to Lionel, a bastard of Vendone,* and a soldier in the company of John of Luxemburg. The battlements of Compiègne have long since mouldered away; choked by the fallen fragments, the fosse is once more level with the plain; even the old bridge has been replaced by another higher up the stream—yet, amidst all these manifold changes, the precise spot of the catastrophe—we gazed upon it but a few weeks since—is still pointed out by popular tradition to the passing stranger.

The news of Joan's captivity struck the English and their partizans with a joy proportionate to their former terrors. The service of 'Te Deum' was celebrated at Paris, by order of the Duke of Bedford, and in token of general thanksgiving. Meanwhile the dejection of the French soldiery was not unmingled with whispered suspicions that their officers—and especially Guillaume de Flavy—had knowingly and willingly exposed her to danger, from envy of her superior renown. For a long time there was no positive proof against Flavy: but at length he was murdered by his own wife, who, when put upon her trial, pleaded and proved that he had resolved to betray Joan of Arc to the enemy; and this defence, though wholly irrelevant to the question at issue, was in that barbarous age admitted by the judges.†

The captive heroine was first conducted to the quarters of John of Luxemburg, and transferred in succession to the prisons of Beauvevoir, Arras, and Le Crotoy, at the mouth of the Somme. She made two intrepid attempts at escape. Once she had broken a passage through the wall, but was arrested on her way, and still more closely confined. Another time she threw herself headlong

from the summit of her prison tower, but was taken up senseless on the ground. She afterwards declared, in her examinations, that her 'Voices' had dissuaded her from this attempt, but had consoled her under its failure.

The English were however impatient to hold the prisoner in their own hands; and in the month of November, 1430, she was purchased from John of Luxemburg for a sum of ten thousand livres. Her cruel treatment in the new captivity is well described by M. de Barante:—

'Jeanne fut conduite à Rouen où se trouvait le jeune Roi Henri et toute le gouvernement des Anglais. Elle fut menée dans la grosse tour du château; on fit forger pour elle une cage de fer, et on lui mit les fers aux pieds. Les archers Anglais qui la gardaient l'insultaient grossièrement, et parfois essayerent de lui faire violence. Ce n'était pas seulement les gens du commun qui se montraient cruels et violens envers elle. Le Sire de Luxembourg, dont elle avait été prisonnière, passant à Rouen, alla la voir dans sa prison avec le Comte de Warwick et le Comte de Strafford. "Jeanne," dit-il, en plaisantant, "je suis venu te mettre à rançon; mais il faut promettre de ne t'armer jamais contre nous." "Ah, mon Dieu, vous vous riez de moi," dit-elle, "vous n'en avez ni le vouloir ni le pouvoir. Je sais bien que les Anglais me feront mourir, croyant après ma mort gagner le royaume de France, mais fussent-ils cent mille *Goddam* de plus qu'à présent, ils n'auront pas ce royaume." Irrité de ces paroles, le Comte de Strafford tira sa dague pour la frapper, et ne fut arrêté que par le Comte de Warwick.'

The forebodings of the unhappy woman were but too true; her doom was indeed already sealed. Had she been put to death as a prisoner of war, the act, however repugnant to every dictate of justice and humanity, would not have been without precedent or palliation, according to the manners of that age. Thus, as we have seen, the English captives at Jargeau had been deliberately put to the sword after their surrender, to avert some disputes as to their ransom. Thus also there is still extant a letter from an English admiral, Winnington, stating his determination to kill or drown the crews of one hundred merchantmen which he had taken, unless the council should deem it better to preserve their lives.* Nay, Joan herself was charged, although unjustly, with having sanctioned this practice in the case of Franquet, a Burgundian freebooter, who fell into her hands, and was hanged shortly before her own captivity. But the conduct of Joan's enemies has not even the wretched excuse which such past inhumanities might supply. Their ob-

* Not Vendome, as most writers have supposed. The place meant is now called Wandomme, in the Département du Pas de Calais. (Quicherat, *Procès de Jeanne d'Arc*, vol. i., p. 13.)

† Supplément aux Mémoires (Collection, vol. viii., p. 287).

* Fenn's Collection of Letters, vol. i., p. 213. Dr. Lingard has pointed out this passage in his History of England.

ject was not only to wreak their vengeance upon the Maid for their former losses, but to discredit her in popular opinion, to brand her (we quote the very words of Bedford) as 'a disciple and lymbe of the fiende that used false enchauntments and sorcerie,'* and to lower and taint the cause of Charles VII. by connecting it with such unhallowed means. They therefore renounced any rights of war which they possessed over her as their prisoner, to claim those of sovereignty and jurisdiction as their subject, which she never had been, and resolved to try her before an ecclesiastical tribunal on the charge of witchcraft. They found a fitting tool for their purpose in Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, who was wholly devoted to their interest, and who presented a petition for the trial on the frivolous pretext that she had been made prisoner within his diocese. The University of Paris was so far misled by party views as to join in the same request. The Bishop himself was appointed the first judge; the second was Jean Lemaître, vicar-general of the inquisition; and the office of public advocate or accuser devolved upon Estivet, a canon of Beauvais. The tribunal thus formed, and directed to hold its sittings at Rouen, was also attended by nearly one hundred doctors of theology, who had not, like the Bishop and vicar-general, votes in the decision, but who gave their counsel and assistance when required, under the title of assessors.

Unjustifiable as this trial appears in its general scope and design, it was further darkened in its progress by many acts of fraud and violence, and an evident predetermination to condemn. A private investigation, similar to those at Poitiers, and with the same result, having been appointed, the Duke of Bedford is said to have concealed himself in a neighbouring apartment, and looked on through a rent in the wall. A priest, named Nicolas L'Oiseleur, was instructed to enter the prison of Joan, to represent himself as her countryman from Lorraine, and as a sufferer in the cause of King Charles; thus, it was hoped, gaining upon her confidence, giving her false counsels, and betraying her under the seal of confession into some unguarded disclosures. A burgher of Rouen was sent to Domremy to gather some accounts of her early life; but, as these proved uniformly favourable, they were suppressed at the trial. In like manner, many answers tending to her vindication were garbled or omitted in the written reports. She was allowed neither counsel nor adviser. In short, every artifice was used to entrap, every threat to overawe, an untaught and helpless girl.

* Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. x., p. 408.

It will, we trust, be acknowledged that, in our statement of this trial, we have neither denied nor palliated its evil deeds. But when we find them urged by some French writers, even at the present day, as an eternal blot upon the English name—as a still subsisting cause of national resentment—we may perhaps be allowed to observe, in self-defence, that the worst wrongs of Joan were dealt upon her by the hands of her own countrymen. Her most bitter enemy, the Bishop of Beauvais, was a Frenchman; so was his colleague, the vicar-general of the inquisition; so were both the malignant Estivet and the perfidious L'Oiseleur—the judges, the accuser, and the spy! Even after this large deduction, there will still remain a heavy responsibility against the English authorities—both civil and religious—against the Duke of Bedford and the Cardinal of Winchester.

On the 21st of February, 1431, Joan was brought for the first time before her judges. She underwent, nearly on successive days, fifteen examinations. The scene was the castle-chapel at Rouen; and she appeared clad, as of yore, in military attire, but loaded with chains. Undepressed, either by her fallen fortunes or by her long and cruel captivity, she displayed in her answers the same courageous spirit with which she had defended Orleans and stormed Jargeau. Nor was it courage only; her plain and clear good sense often seemed to retrieve her want of education, and to pierce through the subtle wiles and artifices elaborately prepared to ensnare her. Thus, for example, she was asked whether she knew herself to be in the grace of God? Had she answered in the affirmative, then arrogance and presumption would forthwith have been charged upon her; if in the negative, she would have been treated as guilty by her own confession. 'It is a great matter,' she said, 'to reply to such a question.' 'So great a matter,' interposed one of the assessors, touched with pity—his name deserves to be recorded, it was Jean Fabry—'that the prisoner is not bound in law to answer it.' 'You had better be silent,' said the Bishop of Beauvais fiercely to Fabry: and he repeated the question to Joan. 'If I am not in the grace of God,' she said, 'I pray God that it may be vouchsafed to me; if I am, I pray God that I may be preserved in it.'

Thus again she was asked whether the Saints of her visions, Margaret and Catherine, hated the English nation? If the answer was that they did, such partiality would ill beseem the glorified spirits of heaven, and the imputation of it might be punished as blasphemy: but if Joan should reply that they did not, the retort was ready;—'Why

then did they send you forth to fight against us?' She answered, 'They love whatever God loves, and hate whatever he hates.' 'Does God then hate the English?' pursued the inexorable Bishop of Beauvais. 'Whether God may love or may hate the English, I know not; but I know that they shall be driven forth from this realm by the King of France—all but those who shall die in the field.'

The two points on which Joan's enemies and judges (the terms are here synonymous) mainly relied were—first, the 'Tree of the Fairies,' near Domremy: and, secondly, the banner borne by herself in battle. Both of these it was attempted to connect with evil spirits or magical spells. As to the first, Joan replied, clearly and simply, that she had often been round the tree in procession with the other maidens of the village, but had never beheld any of her visions at that spot. With regard to the banner, she declared that she had assumed it in battle on purpose to spare the lance and the sword; that she wished not to kill any one with her own hand, and that she never had. But she was closely pressed with many other questions:—

'When you first took this banner, did you ask whether it would make you victorious in every battle?' 'The voices,' answered she, 'told me to take it without fear, and that God would help me.'

'Which gave the most help; you to the banner, or the banner to you?' 'Whether victory came from the banner or from me, it belonged to our Lord alone.'

'Was the hope of victory founded on the banner or on yourself?' 'It was founded on God and on naught besides.'

'If another person had borne it, would the same success have followed?' 'I cannot tell; I refer myself to God.'

'Why were you chosen sooner than another?' 'It was the pleasure of God that thus a simple maid should put the foes of the King to flight.'

'Were not you wont to say, to encourage the soldiers, that all the standards made in semblance of your own would be fortunate?' 'I used to say to them, "Rush in boldly among the English;" and then I used to rush in myself.'

The clearness and precision of her replies on these points stand forth in strange contrast to the vague and contradictory accounts which she gives of her first interview with the King. On this topic she at first refuses to answer altogether, saying that she is forbidden by her Voices. But afterwards she drops mysterious hints of an angel bringing a crown to Charles from heaven; sometimes saying that the King alone had beheld this vision, and sometimes that it had been before many witnesses. In other examinations she

declares that she herself was this angel; in others again, she appears to confound the imaginary crown of the vision with the real one at Rheims.* In short, this was clearly one main-spring of her enthusiasm, or a morbid point in her mind, where judgment and memory had been overpowered by imagination.

No proof or presumption, however, to confirm the charges of sorcery could be deduced from her own examinations or from any other. So plain and candid had been the general tenour of her answers, that it being referred to the assessors whether or not she should be put to the rack, in hopes of extorting further revelations, only two were found to vote in favour of this atrocious proposal, and of these two one was the traitor-priest L'Oiseleur! It is said that one of our countrymen present at the trial was so much struck with the evident good faith of her replies, that he could not forbear exclaiming, 'A worthy woman—if she were only English!'+

Her judges, however, heedless of her innocence, or perhaps only the more inflamed by it, drew up twelve articles of accusation upon the grounds of sorcery and heresy, which articles were eagerly confirmed by the University of Paris. On the 24th of May, 1431—the very day on which Joan had been taken prisoner the year before—she was led to the churchyard before Saint Ouen, where two scaffolds had been raised; on the one stood the Cardinal of Winchester, the Bishop of Beauvais, and several prelates; the other was designed for the Maid, and for a preacher named Erard. The preacher then began his sermon, which was filled with the most vehement invectives against herself; these she bore with perfect patience, but when he came to the words, 'Your King, that heretic and that schismatic,' she could not forbear exclaiming aloud, 'Speak of me, but donot speak of the King; he is a good Christian. . . . By my faith, sir, I can swear to you, as my life shall answer for it, that he is the noblest of all Christians, and not such as you say.' The Bishop of Beauvais, much incensed, directed the guards to stop her voice, and the preacher proceeded. At his conclusion, a formula of abjuration was presented to Joan for her signature. It was necessary in the first place, to explain to her what was the meaning of the word abjuration; she then

* De Barante, vol. vi., p. 121; and Quicherat, *Procès de Jeanne d'Arc*, vol. i., *passim*. This is a recent and well-edited collection of the original documents referring to the trial. The second volume has not yet appeared.

† 'C'est une bonne femme—si elle était Anglaise!' (*Supplément aux Mémoires*, Collection, vol. viii., p. 294.)

exclaimed that she had nothing to abjure, for that whatever she had done was at the command of God. But she was eagerly pressed with arguments and with entreaties to sign. At the same time the prelates pointed to the public hangman, who stood close by in his car, ready to bear her away to instant death if she refused. Thus urged, Joan said at length, 'I would rather sign than burn,' and put her mark to the paper.* The object, however, was to sink her in public estimation; and with that view, by another most unworthy artifice, a much fuller and more explicit confession of her errors was afterwards made public, instead of the one which had been read to her, and which she had really signed.

The submission of Joan having been thus extorted, the Bishop of Beauvais proceeded to pass sentence in the name of the tribunal. He announced to her, that out of 'grace and moderation' her life should be spared, but that the remainder of it must be passed in prison 'with the bread of grief and the water of anguish for her food.'† Joan heard the sentence unmoved, saying only, 'Well, then, ye men of the church, lead me to your own prisons, and let me no longer remain in the hands of these English.' But she was taken back to the same dungeon as before.

Nor was it designed that her life should indeed be spared. Her enemies only hoped, by a short delay and a pretended lenity, to palliate the guilt of her murder, or to heap a heavier load upon her memory. She had promised to resume a female dress; and it is related that a suit of men's apparel was placed in her cell, and her own removed during the night, so that she had no other choice next morning but to clothe herself again in the forbidden garments. Such is the common version of the story. But we greatly fear that a darker and a sadder tale remains behind. A priest, named Martin l'Advenu, who was allowed to receive her confession at this period, and to shrive her in her dying moments, was afterwards examined at the trial of revision, and declared that an English lord (*un millour d' Angleterre*) had entered her prison and attempted violence; that on his departure she was found with her face disfigured and in tears; and that she had resumed men's apparel as a more effectual safeguard to her honour.‡

But whether the means employed in this infamous transaction were of fraud or of force, the object was clearly the same—to find a pretext for further rigour. For, according to the rules of the Inquisition, it was not heresy in the first instance, but only a relapse into heresy, that could be punished with death. No sooner then was the Bishop of Beauvais apprised of Joan's change of dress, than he hastened to the prison to convict her of the fact. He asked her whether she had heard 'her Voices' again? 'I have,' answered Joan; 'St. Catherine and St. Margaret have reproved me for my weakness in signing the abjuration, and commanded me to resume the dress which I wore by the appointment of God.' This was enough; the Bishop and his compeers straightway pronounced her a heretic relapsed; no pardon could now be granted—scarce any delay allowed.

At daybreak, on the 30th of May, her confessor, Martin l'Advenu, was directed to enter her cell, and prepare her for her coming doom—to be burned alive that very day in the market-place of Rouen. At first hearing this barbarous sentence, the Maid's firmness forsook her for some moments; she burst into piteous cries, and tore her hair in agony, loudly appealing to God, 'the great Judge,' against the wrongs and cruelties done her. But ere long regaining her serene demeanour, she made her last confession to the priest, and received the Holy Sacrament from his hands. At nine o'clock, having been ordered to array herself for the last time in female attire, she was placed in the hangman's car, with her confessor and some other persons, and was escorted to the place of execution by a party of English soldiers. As she passed, there happened another touching incident to this touching story: the forsworn priest, the wretched L'Oiseleur, who had falsely sought her confidence, and betrayed her confession, now moved by deep remorse, threw himself in her way to own his guilt and implore her forgiveness.* At the market-place (it is now adorned by a statue to her memory) she found the wood ready piled, and the Bishop of Beauvais, with the Cardinal of Winchester and other prelates, awaiting their victim. First a sermon was read, and then her sentence: at this her tears flowed afresh, but she knelt down to pray with her confessor, and asked for a cross. There was none at hand, and one was sent for to a neighbouring church; meanwhile an English soldier made another by breaking his staff asunder, and this cross she devoutly clasped to her breast.

* Deposition, at the trial of Revision, of Massieu, a priest and rural dean, who had stood by her side on the scaffold. (Quicherat, *Procès*, vol. i., p. 8.)

† 'Au pain de douleurs et à l'eau d'angoisse.' (Collection des *Mémoires*, vol. viii., p. 304.)

‡ Compare Sismondi, vol. xiii., p. 190, with the *Supplément aux Mémoires* (Collection, vol. viii., p. 304.)

* 'Depuis il s'enfuit à Balç, où il mourut subitement.' (Quicherat, *Procès*, vol. i., p. 6.)

But the other soldiers were already murmuring at these long delays: 'How now, priest,' said they to L'Advenu; 'do you mean to make us dine here?' At length their fierce impatience was indulged; the ill-fated woman was bound to the stake, and upon her head was placed a mitre with the following words inscribed:—

HERETIQUE RELAPSE, APOSTATE, IDOLATRE.

The Bishop of Beauvais drew nigh just after the pile was kindled; 'It is you,' said she to him, 'who have brought me to this death.' To the very last, as L'Advenu states in his deposition, she continued to protest and maintain that her Voices were true and unfeigned, and that in obeying them she had obeyed the will of God. As the flames increased, she bid L'Advenu stand further from her side, but still hold the cross aloft, that her latest look on earth might fall on the Redeemer's blessed sign. And the last word which she was heard to speak ere she expired was *JESUS*. Several of the prelates and assessors had already withdrawn in horror from the sight, and others were melted to tears. But the Cardinal of Winchester, still unmoved, gave orders that the ashes and bones of 'the heretic' should be collected and cast into the Seine. Such was the end of Joan of Arc—in her death the martyr, as in her life the champion, of her country.

It seems natural to ask what steps the King of France had taken during all this interval to avert her doom. If ever there had been a sovereign indebted to a subject, that sovereign was Charles VII., that subject Joan of Arc. She had raised the spirits of his people from the lowest depression. She had retrieved his fortunes when well nigh despaired of by himself. Yet no sooner was she captive than she seems forgotten. We hear nothing of any attempt at rescue, of any proposal for ransom; neither the most common protest against her trial, nor the faintest threat of reprisals; nay, not even after her death, one single expression of regret! Charles continued to slumber in his delicious retreats beyond the Loire, engrossed by dames of a very different character from Joan's, and careless of the heroine to whom his security in that indolence was due.

Her memory on the other hand was long endeared to the French people, and long did they continue to cherish a romantic hope that she might still survive. So strong was this feeling, that in the year 1436 advantage was taken of it by a female impostor, who pretended to be Joan of Arc escaped from her captivity. She fixed her abode at Metz, and soon afterwards married a knight of good

family, the Sire des Armoises. Strange to say, it appears from a contemporary chronicle, that Joan's two surviving brothers acknowledged this woman as their sister.* Stranger still, other records prove that she made two visits to Orleans, one before and one after her marriage, and on each occasion was hailed as the heroine returned. The Receiver-General's accounts in that city contain items of expenses incurred: 1st, for the reception of the Maid and her brother in 1436; 2dly, for wines and refreshments presented 'à Dame Jehanne des Armoises,' in July, 1439; 3dly, for a gift of 210 livres, which the Town Council made to the lady on the 1st of August following, in requital of her great services during the siege.† These documents appear of undoubted authenticity; yet we are wholly unable to explain them. The brothers of Joan of Arc might possibly have hopes of profit by the fraud; but how the people of Orleans, who had seen her so closely, who had fought side by side with her in the siege, could be deceived as to the person, we cannot understand, nor yet what motive they could have in deceiving.

The interest which Joan of Arc inspires at the present day extends even to the house where she dwelt, and to the family from which she sprung. Her father died of grief at the tidings of her execution; her mother long survived it, but fell into great distress. Twenty years afterwards we find her in the receipt of a pension from the city of Orleans; three francs a month; '*pour lui aider à vivre.*'‡ Joan's brothers and their issue took the name of Du Lis from the Lily of France, which the King had assigned as their arms. It is said by a writer of the last century that their lineage ended in Coulombe Du Lis, Prior of Coutras, who died in 1760. Yet we learn that there is still a family at Nancy, and another at Strasburg, which bear the name of Du Lis, and which put forth a pedigree to prove themselves the relatives—not as a modern traveller unguardedly expresses it, the descendants!—of the holy Maid.

The cottage in which Joan had lived at Domremy was visited by Montaigne in his travels. He found the front daubed over with rude paintings of her exploits, and in its vicinity beheld '*L'Arbre des Fées*,' which had so often shaded her childhood, still flourishing in a green old age, under the new

* Chronique du Doyen de St. Thiebault à Metz finissant en 1445; cité par Calmet, Histoire de Lorraine, vol. ii., p. 702.

† Collection des Mémoires, vol. viii., p. 311.

‡ Compte-rendu face de Buchon, p. 66; and Sismondi, vol. xiii. p. 193.

name of '*l'Arbre de la Pucelle*.' Gradually the remains of this house have dwindled to one single room, which is said to have been Joan's, and which in the year 1817 was employed as a stable. But we rejoice to learn that the Council-General of the Department has since, with becoming spirit, purchased the venerable tenement, and rescued it from such unworthy uses.*

From the preceding narrative it will be easy to trace the true character of Joan. A thorough and earnest persuasion that hers was the rightful cause—that in all she had said she spoke the truth—that in all she did she was doing her duty—a courage that did not shrink before embattled armies, or beleagured walls, or judges thirsting for her blood—a serenity amidst wounds and sufferings, such as the great poet of Tuscany ascribes to the dauntless usurper of Naples:—

'Mostrommi una piaga a sommo 'l petto
Poi disse SORRENDENDO: Io son Manfredi!'

—a most resolute will on all points that were connected with her mission—perfect meekness and humility on all that were not—a clear, plain sense, that could confound the casuistry of sophists—an ardent loyalty, such as our own Charles I. inspired—a dutiful devotion, on all points, to her country and to God. Nowhere do modern annals display a character more pure—more generous—more humble amidst fancied visions and undoubted victories—more free from all taint of selfishness—more akin to the champions and martyrs of old times. All this is no more than justice and love of truth would require us to say. But when we find some French historians, transported by an enthusiasm almost equal to that of Joan herself, represent her as filling the part of a general or statesman—as skilful in leading armies, or directing councils—we must withhold our faith. Such skill, indeed, from a country girl, without either education or experience, would be, had she really possessed it, scarcely less supernatural than the visions which she claimed. But the facts are far otherwise. In affairs of state, Joan's voice was never heard; in affairs of war, all her proposals will be found to resolve themselves into two, either to rush headlong upon the enemy, often in the very point where he was strongest, or to offer frequent and public prayers to the Almighty. We are not aware of any single instance in which her military suggestions were not these, or nearly akin to these. Nay, more, as we have elsewhere noticed, her want of knowledge and of capacity to com-

mand were so glaring, that scarce one of the chiefs, or princes, or prelates, who heard her in council or familiar conversation, appears to have retained beyond the few first days the slightest faith in her mission. At best they regarded her as a useful tool in their hands, from the influence which they saw her wield upon the army and the people. And herein lies, we think, a further proof of her perfect honesty of purpose. A deliberate impostor is most likely to deceive those on whom he has opportunity and leisure to play his artifices, while the crowd beyond the reach of them most commonly remains unmoved. Now the very reverse of this was always the case with Joan of Arc.

The fate of Joan in literature has been strange,—almost as strange as her fate in life. The ponderous cantos of Chapelain in her praise have long since perished—all but a few lines that live embalmed in the satires of Boileau. But, besides Schiller's powerful drama, two considerable narrative poems yet survive with Joan of Arc for their subject,—the epic of Southey, and the epic of Voltaire. The one, a young poet's earnest and touching tribute to heroic worth—the first flight of the muse that was ere long to soar over India and Spain;* the other full of ribaldry and blasphemous jests, holding out the Maid of Orleans as a fitting mark for slander and derision. But from whom did these far different poems proceed? The shaft of ridicule came from a French—the token of respect from an English—hand!

Of Joan's person no authentic resemblance now remains. A statue to her memory had been raised upon the bridge at Orleans, at the sole charge—so said the inscription—of the matrons and maids of that city: this probably preserved some degree of likeness, but unfortunately perished in the religious wars of the sixteenth century. There is no portrait extant; the two earliest engravings are of 1606 and 1612, and they greatly differ from each other. Yet who would not readily ascribe to Joan in fancy the very form and

* '*The Vision of Kehama*,' and '*Roderick the Last of the Goths*.' We have lately read '*Joan of Arc*,' revised, in the collected edition of Mr. Southey's poems, of which it forms the first volume. In his preface, dated May 10, 1837, he has these words,—and few, indeed, are they who will read them unmoved:—'I have entered upon the serious task of arranging and collecting the whole of my poetical works. What was it, indeed, but to bring in review before me the dreams and aspirations of my youth! Well may it be called a serious task, thus to resuscitate the past. But serious though it be, it is not painful to one who knows that the end of his journey cannot be far distant, and, by the blessing of God, looks on to its termination with a sure and certain hope.'

* *Collection des Mémoires*, vol. viii., p. 214.

† Dante, *Purgatorio*, Canto iii.

features so exquisitely moulded by a young princess? Who that has ever trodden the gorgeous galleries of Versailles has not fondly lingered before that noble work of art—before that touching impersonation of the Christian heroine—the head meekly bended, and the hands devoutly clasping the sword in sign of the cross, but firm resolution imprinted on that close-pressed mouth, and beaming from that lofty brow!—Whose thoughts, as he paused to gaze and gaze again, might not sometimes wander from old times to the present, and turn to the sculptress—sprung from the same Royal lineage which Joan had risen in arms to restore—so highly gifted in talent, in fortunes, in hopes of happiness—yet doomed to an end so grievous and untimely? Thus the statue has grown to be a monument, not only to the memory of the Maid, but to her own: thus future generations in France—all those at least who know how to prize either genius or goodness in woman—will love to blend together the two names—the female artist with the female warrior—MARY OF WURTEMBERG and JOAN OF ARC.

ART. II.—*Organic Chemistry, in its Applications to Agriculture and Physiology.* By Justus Liebig, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Gießen. Translated from the German MS. of the Author by Dr. Lyon Playfair. 8vo. London. 1840.

PROFESSOR LIEBIG has long enjoyed an European reputation as one of the most profound and sagacious of chemists; and in particular has taken the lead, both by his personal labours and by those of the admirable school which he has formed in Germany, in those researches into the chemistry of the animal and vegetable kingdom, which have, within the last fifteen years, created a new science, that of Organic Chemistry.

‘Agriculture,’ he says, ‘is the true foundation of all trade and industry—it is the foundation of the riches of states. But a rational system of agriculture cannot be formed without the application of scientific principles; for such a system must be based on an exact acquaintance with the means of nutrition of vegetables, and with the influence of soils, and action of manure upon them. This knowledge we must seek from chemistry, which teaches the mode of investigating the composition and studying the characters of the different substances from which plants derive their nourishment.’—*Preface*, p. vii.

When Sir Humphrey Davy wrote on agricultural chemistry, Organic Chemistry was almost unknown. That happy genius did as much as could be done with the materials at his command, and established some principles of the highest importance. The work before us is an attempt to pursue the same path of inductive inquiry, with the aid of the more extended means which the present state of science affords.

Most of our readers are aware that the greater part of all vegetables consists of but four elements—namely, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen; very often of the first three alone; while the remainder is composed of certain saline, earthy, and metallic compounds, which form the ashes that remain when vegetables are burned. The former are called the organic, the latter the inorganic elements of plants. Professor Liebig has demonstrated that the latter, although occurring in very small quantity, are yet as essential to the development of the plant as the former; and it is obvious that the first inquiry, in such a work as his, must be as to the sources from which all these necessary constituents are derived, and the best means of supplying them.

With regard to the carbon of plants, the general opinion of writers on vegetable physiology, and of practical agriculturists, attributes its origin to the substance called *humus*, or vegetable mould, which is present in all fertile soils, and which is merely the remains of former vegetables in a state of decay. This substance, either alone or in combination with lime and other alkalies, is believed to be absorbed by the roots, and thus directly to furnish carbon for the plant. But this view has been shown by M. Liebig to be quite untenable; and he has demonstrated by a most ingenious and convincing train of argument, that the carbon of plants is derived from the carbonic acid of the atmosphere. We are tempted to quote pretty largely on this point, both because this section affords an excellent specimen of our author's reasoning, and also because, in the economy of nature, the supply of carbon to plants is beautifully associated with the restoration to the atmosphere of the oxygen removed from it by the respiration of animals and other processes, and thus preserves the air constantly in the same state of fitness for the life of animals.

After proving, from the analysis of the properties of *humus*, that it cannot yield to vegetables, in the most favourable cir-

cumstances, more than a mere fraction of their annual increase of carbon, he proceeds:—

‘Other considerations, of a higher nature, confute the common view respecting the nutritive office of humic acid (humus) in a manner so clear and conclusive, that it is difficult to conceive how it could have been so generally adopted. Fertile land produces carbon in the form of wood, hay, grain, and other kinds of produce, the masses of which, however, differ in a remarkable degree.’—p. 13.

Here follows a calculation of the average annual produce of one Hessian acre of average land, in the different shapes of wood, meadow-hay, corn, and beet-root: the land in the two latter cases being manured; in the two former, the forest and the meadow, not manured. Notwithstanding the vast difference of bulk, weight, and shape, in these different forms of produce, the quantity of carbon in each is almost exactly the same; viz. about 1000 lbs. per acre. This interesting result, in the case of the forest, is derived from an account, on the best authority, of the quantity of wood annually cut for fuel in the admirably managed forests of Germany, without injury to the future value of the forest. This quantity may fairly be considered as the equivalent of the annual crop of an annual plant, such as corn, where the soil is judiciously cropped, and not unfairly exhausted. In the cases of hay, corn, and beet-root, the crop was simply weighed, and the amount of carbon ascertained by analysis.

‘It must be concluded from these incontestable facts that equal surfaces of cultivated land, of an average fertility, produce equal quantities of carbon; yet how unlike have been the different conditions of the growth of the plants from which this has been deduced!

‘Let us now inquire whence the grass in a meadow, or the wood in a forest, receives its carbon, since there no manure—no carbon—has been given to it as nourishment;—and how it happens that the soil, thus exhausted, instead of becoming poorer, becomes every year richer in this element. A certain (and very large) quantity of carbon is taken every year from the forest or meadow in the form of wood or hay; and in spite of this, the quantity of carbon in the soil augments—it becomes richer in humus.

‘It is said that in fields and orchards, all the carbon which may have been taken away as herbs, as straw, as seeds, as fruit, is replaced by means of manure; and yet this soil produces no more carbon than that of the forest or meadow, where it is never replaced. It cannot be conceived that the laws of the nutrition of plants are changed by culture—that the sources of carbon for fruit or grain, for grass or trees, are

different. It is not denied that manure exercises an influence upon the development of plants; but it may be affirmed with positive certainty that it neither serves for the production of the carbon nor has any influence upon it, because we find that the quantity of carbon produced by manured lands is not greater than that yielded by lands which are not manured. The discussion of the manner in which the manure acts has nothing to do with the present question, which is the origin of the carbon. The carbon must be derived from other sources; and as the soil does not yield it, it can only be extracted from the atmosphere.

‘In attempting to explain the origin of carbon in plants, it has never been considered that the question is intimately connected with the origin of humus. It is universally admitted that humus arises from the decay of plants. No primitive humus, therefore, can have existed; for plants must have preceded the humus. Now, whence did the first vegetables derive their carbon?—and in what form is the carbon contained in the atmosphere?

‘These two questions involve the consideration of two most remarkable natural phenomena, which, by their reciprocal and uninterrupted influence, maintain the life of individual animals and vegetables, and the continued existence of both kingdoms of organic nature.’—pp. 14–16.

The two phenomena here alluded to are the well-known facts that the proportions of oxygen and carbonic acid gases in the atmosphere are, and have long continued stationary; notwithstanding the enormous quantities of oxygen withdrawn at every moment from the atmosphere by the respiration of men and animals, as well as by the processes of combustion and putrefaction; the whole of which oxygen is converted into an equal volume of carbonic acid gas, and returned in this form to the atmosphere: so that we should expect the carbonic acid to increase exactly in proportion as the oxygen diminished, instead of the proportions of both remaining unchanged.

‘It is quite evident that the quantities of carbonic acid and oxygen in the atmosphere which remain unchanged by lapse of time, must stand in some fixed relation to one another: a cause must exist, which prevents the increase of carbonic acid, by removing that which is constantly produced; and there must also be some means of replacing the oxygen which is removed from the air by the processes of combustion and putrefaction, as well as by the respiration of animals. Both these causes are united in the process of vegetable life.

‘The facts stated in the preceding pages prove that the carbon of plants must be derived exclusively from the atmosphere. Now carbon exists in the atmosphere only in the form of carbonic acid; that is, in a state of combination with oxygen.

'It has already been mentioned likewise that carbon and the elements of water form the principal constituents of vegetables; the quantity of the substances which do not possess this composition being proportionally very small. Now the relative quantity of oxygen in the whole mass (of vegetables) is less than in carbonic acid. It is therefore certain that plants must possess the property of decomposing carbonic acid, since they appropriate its carbon for their own use. The formation of their principal component parts must necessarily be attended with the separation of the carbon of the carbonic acid from its oxygen, which latter must be returned to the atmosphere, while the carbon enters into combination with water, or its elements. The atmosphere must thus receive a volume of oxygen for every volume of carbonic acid which has been decomposed.'—pp. 18-20.

After some details proving, from the experiments of Priestley, Sennebie, and De Saussure, that plants when exposed to light, really possess the property of thus decomposing carbonic acid, and liberating oxygen, Professor Liebig adds:—

'The life of plants is closely connected with that of animals, in a most simple manner, and for a wise and sublime purpose. The presence of a rich and luxuriant vegetation may be conceived without the concurrence of animal life, but the existence of animals is undoubtedly dependent on the life and development of plants. Plants not only afford the means of nutrition for the growth and continuance of animal organization, but they likewise furnish that which is essential to the support of the important vital process of respiration; for besides separating all noxious matters from the atmosphere, they are an inexhaustible source of pure oxygen, thus supplying the loss which the air is continually sustaining. Animals, on the other hand, *expire* carbon (as carbonic acid) which plants *inspire*; and thus the composition of the medium in which both exist, namely, the atmosphere, is preserved constantly unchanged.

'It may be asked, is the quantity of carbonic acid in the atmosphere, which scarcely amounts to one-thousandth part, sufficient for the wants of the whole vegetation on the surface of the earth? Is it possible that the carbon of plants has its origin from the air alone? This question is very easily answered. It is known that a column of air of 2,216·66 lbs. Hessian rests upon every square foot Hessian of the surface of the earth; the diameter of the earth and its superficies are likewise known, so that the whole weight of the atmosphere can be calculated with the utmost exactness. The thousandth part of this is carbonic acid, which contains upwards of twenty-seven per cent. of carbon. By this calculation it can be shown that the atmosphere contains 3000 billion lbs. Hessian of carbon; a quantity which amounts to more than the weight of all the plants, and of all the strata of coal and brown coal, which exist upon the earth. This carbon is therefore more than adequate to all the purposes for

which it is required. The quantity of carbon contained in sea-water is proportionally still greater.'—p. 21.

Again:—

'The proper, constant, and inexhaustible sources of oxygen gas are the tropics and warm climates, where a sky seldom clouded permits the glowing rays of the sun to shine upon an immeasurably luxuriant vegetation. The temperate and frigid zones, where artificial warmth must replace the deficient heat of the sun, produce, on the contrary, carbonic acid in superabundance, which is expended in the nutrition of the tropical plants. The same stream of air which moves by the revolution of the earth from the equator to the poles, brings to us in its passage from the equator the oxygen generated there, and carries away the carbonic acid formed during our winter.

'Plants thus improve the air by the removal of carbonic acid, and by the restoration of oxygen, which is immediately applied to the use of man and animals. . . . Vegetable culture heightens the salubrity of a country; and a previously healthy country would be rendered quite uninhabitable by the cessation of all cultivation.'—p. 23.

Although the above extracts are much compressed, we trust they will convey to our readers some idea of the cogency and beauty of the arguments by which Professor Liebig has established his propositions. They leave no doubt as to the sublime and perfect arrangements by which much of the economy of nature is maintained; they point directly, in the words of our author, to 'an infinite wisdom, for the unfathomable profundity of which language has no expression.' The importance of the conclusions thus established to a scientific system of agriculture is too obvious to require comment.

'How does it happen,' asks Professor Liebig, 'that the absorption of carbon from the atmosphere by plants is doubted by all botanists and vegetable physiologists, and that by the greater number the purification of the air by means of them is wholly denied? These doubts have arisen from the action of plants on the air in the absence of light, that is, during the night.'—p. 26.

These doubts and difficulties are discussed and dissipated by our author in a most masterly chapter, which, however, we cannot quote at present. He candidly acknowledges that

'The opinion is not new that the carbonic acid of the air serves for the nutriment of plants, and that its carbon is assimilated by them; it has been admitted, defended, and argued for, by the soundest and most intelligent natural philosophers, namely, by Priestly, Sennebie,

De Saussure, and even by Ingenhousz himself. There scarcely exists a theory in natural science in favour of which there are more clear and decisive arguments. How, then, are we to account for its not being received in its full extent by most other physiologists—for its being even disputed by many—and considered by a few as quite refuted?—p. 34.

This Professor Liebig attributes to two causes. First, that most botanists and physiologists have not availed themselves of the assistance of chemistry in their researches, owing to their slender knowledge of that science; secondly, that those who have experimented, in all good faith, on this very point, have made their researches in a manner totally opposed to all the principles of experimental philosophy. They were utterly unacquainted with the art of experimenting, which, as he justly says, can only be learned in the laboratory. Both accusations are true to a certain extent; it is certain that if physiologists had availed themselves of chemistry they would have advanced farther: as also that if certain experimenters had practically learned the art of research, they would never have thought of attaching any importance to the results of such experiments as Professor Liebig describes: but we venture to offer a third explanation, namely, that the arguments for the doctrines established by this writer were never till now laid down in a clear and logical manner; and the having done this entitles him to the same honour as if these doctrines had originated with him. In fact, when the illustrious philosophers whose names are mentioned above made their researches, chemistry was not sufficiently advanced to afford the same means of deciding the question as it does now. In the opinion held by our author, which indeed it is the chief object of his work to inculcate, that it is to chemistry we must look for the future improvement of physiology and of agriculture, we cordially concur. The next generation, both of physiologists and of eminent agriculturists, we confidently predict, will be men accomplished in the art of chemical research; and for this we shall be mainly indebted to Professor Liebig.

Passing over an interesting section on the assimilation of hydrogen by plants, we must briefly allude to that on the source of the *nitrogen* in the vegetable kingdom. This element is highly important, as being an essential part of those vegetable products which serve as food for man and animals. Indeed Bous-singault had proved that the nutritive

power of different species of vegetable food is in proportion to the nitrogen they contain.

Without entering into minute details, we may state that Professor Liebig has shown that all the nitrogen of plants and animals is derived from *ammonia*; and that this ammonia is furnished by the *atmosphere*, from which it is brought to the earth in every shower of rain. Its quantity in the atmosphere is relatively very small, but amply sufficient for all the demands of the animal and vegetable kingdom. Indeed, as all the nitrogen of past generations of plants and animals must, in the process of putrefaction, have been sent into the atmosphere in the form of ammonia, its presence in the air might have been anticipated. It is to Professor Liebig, however, that we owe the experimental proof of the fact. He has shown that "the ammonia contained in rain and snow-water always possessed an offensive smell of perspiration and putrid matters—a fact which leaves no doubt respecting its origin" (p. 76). From the rain-water it is absorbed into the plants; and our author has shown that, previous to its undergoing those chemical metamorphoses which cause its assimilation, it may be detected in the juices of almost all plants.

Although, in the case of land not manured, all the ammonia is derived from the atmosphere, it is otherwise in those cases where animal manure is employed. One chief use of animal manure is to yield more ammonia than the air can furnish; and for this purpose, those kinds of manure are obviously the best which contain the largest proportion of ammonia or of nitrogen. Hence the high value of liquid manure compared with solid, the former being far richer in nitrogen than the latter:—

'Agriculture differs essentially from the cultivation of forests, inasmuch as its principal object consists in the production of nitrogen in some form capable of assimilation by animals; while the object of forest-culture is confined principally to the production of carbon.'—p. 85.

Wheat, for example, is composed of two principles, starch and gluten; of which the latter alone contains nitrogen. Now an increased supply of nitrogen in the form of ammonia not only increases the number of seeds obtained from one plant, but also the proportion of gluten to starch, in other words the nutritive power, of those seeds. Thus 100 parts of wheat grown on land manured with

cow-dung, a manure containing the smallest proportion of nitrogen, afforded only 11.97 parts of gluten; while the same quantity grown on a soil manured with human urine, which is very rich in nitrogen, yielded the largest proportion of gluten yet found, namely, 35.1 per cent.

Professor Liebig, after bringing forward numerous proofs that it is ammonia which yields to plants all their nitrogen, then proceeds to explain the principle on which gypsum, burnt clay, and ferruginous earth acts in promoting fertility. All these substances possess the property of absorbing and fixing the ammonia, whether derived from the air or from manure. Many other substances have the same effect; such as powdered charcoal, diluted acids, &c., and some of these will no doubt be employed hereafter. It is easy to see why gypsum, for example, does not equally improve all soils. In some there is already a sufficient quantity either of gypsum, or of some analogous substance, to fix all the ammonia that they receive. If sterile, their sterility must depend on some other cause: for 'no conclusion,' says the author, 'can have a better foundation than this, that it is the ammonia of the atmosphere (where manure is not used) that furnishes nitrogen to plants.'

We have already seen that the carbon is furnished by carbonic acid, while water yields the oxygen and hydrogen:—

"Carbonic acid, water, and ammonia contain the (organic) elements necessary for the support of animals and vegetables. The same substances are the ultimate products of the chemical processes of decay and putrefaction. All the innumerable products, therefore, of vitality resume, after death, the original form from which they sprung. And thus death—the complete dissolution of an existing generation—becomes the source of life for a new one."—pp. 91, 92.

We earnestly recommend this section to our readers as being equally interesting with that on carbon, and argued with at least equal talent. To do it justice, we ought to have copied it entire. But we have shown, we trust, its importance; and we confidently anticipate from its practical applications of immense value to the agriculturist.

'But another question,' says our author, 'arises. Are the conditions already considered the only ones necessary to the life of vegetables? It will now be shown that they are not.'—p. 92.

This leads him to the consideration of

the *inorganic* or mineral constituents of plants. And here we have another admirable specimen of the manner in which he handles an obscure and difficult subject. He first points out that all plants contain, although in small quantity, certain mineral substances, often different in different plants, but generally the same in the same species. Thus for example, the stems and leaves of all the graminæ invariably contain silicate of potash, while phosphate of magnesia and ammonia are found in their seeds. He then shows that those alkaline or earthy bases which are found in the ashes of plants in the form of carbonates, existed originally in the plants in the form of salts, that is, combined with vegetable acids which have been destroyed by the combustion. As certain of these vegetable acids are peculiar to certain species, and constantly occur in them, he concludes that they are essential to the development of the species in which they occur; and as they occur in combination with alkaline bases, it is obvious that these bases also are essential to the plants.

In many cases—for example, in wheat—the acids as well as the bases are of mineral origin; and in others, such as opium and cinchona bark, the bases are organic, while the acids are partly mineral and partly vegetable. Further, it appears that one base or acid may, within certain limits, supply the place of another, without injury to the plant; while, in most cases, the absence of the proper mineral base or acid arrests entirely the development of the plant. Thus, opium contains variable proportions of sulphuric and meconic acids; and when there is much of the latter there is always a deficiency of the former. In cinchona bark, quinine and lime are found; and the more lime is present, the less quinine does the bark contain. Again, pine-wood in one soil has been found to contain much lime, little potash, no magnesia; in a different soil, less lime, more potash, and a certain quantity of magnesia; but in both, the power of the bases taken together to neutralize acids was almost exactly equal. Nay, a third specimen, containing potash, soda, lime, and magnesia, was still found to have the same neutralizing power. These curious facts, all taken from the researches of the most accurate observers, but observed without special reference to this point, and consequently beyond all suspicion, lead to the conclusion that each vegetable requires a

definite amount of mineral bases to combine with its proper acid or acids; and consequently that these bases have an important function to perform in the economy of the plant. In many cases this function can only be performed by one base and one acid. Thus, in wheat-straw silica is the acid and potash the base; and without these materials, happily present in most soils, wheat cannot thrive. It may be, indeed, that the silica and potash are not combined; the potash might be, and probably is, in part combined in wheat with an organic acid; but the fact is not the less certain, that silica and potash are as essential to the growth of wheat as carbonic acid, water, and ammonia.

We have already said that Professor Liebig deserves the highest praise for his manner of treating this subject, and for the clearness with which he has demonstrated the absolute necessity of the mineral constituents of plants, which have been generally viewed as accidentally present. But he has gone further, and has shown that on this principle are to be explained the good effects of many practices empirically pursued. Nay, he has proved that cow-dung, the most common animal manure, which, as already mentioned, is very poor in nitrogen, is valuable, not on account of its organic, but its inorganic contents, namely, potash and phosphates. It is not easy to imagine a more unexpected result, one more satisfactorily demonstrated, or one more capable of immediate practical application.

From the section on the inorganic elements of plants we gather the following highly important conclusions.—First, that since the carbon and nitrogen of plants are derived from the atmosphere, the causes of fertility must be sought for in the mineral or inorganic elements of the soil. Secondly, that since one plant requires different mineral elements from another, a soil may be fertile for one plant and sterile for another, or *vice versa*; or, finally, fertile for both. Thirdly, that an exact analysis of the ashes of every part of a plant will give us a correct knowledge of those mineral substances which are essential to its development, and which therefore must be present in the soil in which we wish to grow the plant. Fourthly, that a careful analysis of any soil, the composition of the ashes of a certain number of plants being previously known, will teach us at once which of these plants may be advanta-

geously cultivated in that soil, which of them cannot be so cultivated, and how the soil may be rendered capable of producing the latter as well as the former. Lastly, we learn on what the exhaustion of soils depends; on the removal, namely, in the crop, of the mineral elements contained in the plant; for if these be not restored the soil retains too little for another crop. Hence the use of allowing land to lie fallow; for during fallow the action of air and moisture extracts a fresh supply of bases from the subjacent rock, and prepares the soil for a new crop.

‘The perfect development of a plant, according to this view, is dependent on the presence of alkalis or alkaline earths; when these substances are totally wanting its growth will be arrested; and when they are deficient it must be impeded.

‘Let us compare two kinds of tree, the wood of which contains unequal quantities of alkaline bases, and we shall find that one of these grows luxuriantly in several soils on which the others are scarcely able to vegetate. For example, 10,000 parts of oak wood yield 250 parts of ashes, the same quantity of fir wood only 83, of lime wood 500, of rye 440, and of the herb of the potato-plant 1500.

‘Firs and pines find a sufficient quantity of alkalis in granitic and barren sandy soils, in which oaks will not grow; and wheat thrives in soils favourable to the lime tree, because the bases which are necessary to bring it to complete maturity are present in sufficient quantity. The accuracy of these conclusions, so highly important to agriculture and to the cultivation of forests, may be proved by the most evident facts.

‘All kinds of grasses contain in the outer parts of their leaves and stalk a large quantity of silicic acid and potash, in the form of acid silicate of potash. The proportion of this salt does not vary perceptibly in the soil of corn-fields, because it is restored to them as manure in the form of putrefying straw. But this is not the case with a meadow, and hence we never find a luxuriant crop of grass on sandy and calcareous soils, which contain little potash, evidently because one of the constituents indispensable to the growth of the plants is wanting. Soils formed from basalt, grauwacke, and porphyry are, *ceteris paribus*, the best for meadow land, on account of the quantity of potash which enters into their composition. The potash abstracted by the plants is restored by the annual irrigation. That contained in the soil itself is inexhaustible in comparison with the quantity removed by plants.

‘But when we increase the crop of grass in a meadow by means of gypsum, we remove a greater quantity of potash with the hay than can, under the same circumstances, be restored. Hence it happens that after the lapse of several years the crops of grass on the meadows manured with gypsum diminish, owing to the deficiency of potash. But if the meadow be strewed

occasionally with wood-ashes, even with the lixiviated ashes which have been used by soap-boilers, then the grass thrives as luxuriantly as before. The ashes are only a means of restoring the potash.

'A harvest of grain is obtained every thirty or forty years from the soil of the Luneburg-heath, by strewing it with the ashes of the heath-plants which grow on it. These plants during the long period just mentioned collect the potash and soda which are conveyed to them by rain water; and it is by means of these alkalies that oats, barley, and rye, to which they are indispensable, are enabled to grow on this sandy heath.'—p. 104–106.

In reference to this interesting subject we would mention the following anecdote, for the truth of which we can vouch, having heard it attested by the parties themselves. A distinguished professor of chemistry in Germany, in discussing with the author the question of the use of alkalies to plants, and in particular the necessity of potash for the growth of wheat, mentioned, as unfavourable to that view, the fact that fine crops of wheat were obtained from a purely calcareous soil, lying over limestone, in Hanover. 'Then,' answered Professor Liebig, 'you may rely upon it that the limestone contains potash.' His friend took an early opportunity to investigate the matter, and found, to his surprise, that the limestone in question did contain a very notable proportion of potash, a fact previously unknown. He found potash also in other fertile limestones, and in every specimen of clay he examined, even in the purest pipe-clay. We doubt not, therefore, that potash in some form will be found in every soil in which wheat thrives.

Intimately connected with this subject are those of the art of culture, the rotation of crops, and manures. We cannot refrain from giving our readers a few illustrations of the results at which Professor Liebig has arrived in regard to the last of these:—

'When it is considered that every constituent of the body of man and animals is derived from plants, and that not a single element is generated by the vital principle, it is evident that all the inorganic constituents of the animal organism must be regarded, in one respect or other, as manures. The earthy residue of the putrefaction of animals must be considered, in a rational system of agriculture, as a powerful manure for plants, because that which has been abstracted from a soil for a series of years (in the food of the animals living on it) must be restored to it, if the land is to be kept in a permanent condition of fertility.'—p. 174.

In like manner the author explains that during life that portion of the inorganic constituents of the food which is not assimilated by the animal must be found in its excrements. We have thus two sources of animal manure—the excrements, and the residue left after putrefaction; in other words, the earth of bones.

It is commonly supposed that cow and horse-dung act by virtue of their organic constituents, which on the one hand in decaying yield humus, or a carbonaceous residue, and on the other ammonia. Professor Liebig has shown that, admitting the value of humus (which he has proved elsewhere to consist in its yielding a slow and constant supply of carbonic acid, partly to the air, partly to the roots of plants), the quantity of humus yielded by these manures is quite trifling compared to the amount of carbon collected in the crop; and we have already seen that horse and cow-dung contain very little nitrogen. But on analyzing these manures they are found to contain another element, namely, mineral and saline substances.

'4000 lbs. of fresh horse-dung, or 1000 lbs. of dry dung, yield from 100 to 270 lbs. of salts and other inorganic substances. These are evidently the substances to which our attention should be directed; for they are the same which formed the component parts of the hay, straw, and oats, with which the horse was fed. Their principal constituents are—the phosphates of lime and magnesia, carbonate of lime and silicate of potash: the first three preponderated in the corn, the latter in the hay. Thus in 1000 lbs. of dried horse-dung we present to a field the inorganic substances contained in 6000 lbs. of hay, or 8300 lbs. of oats. This is sufficient to supply one crop and a half of wheat with potash and phosphates. . . . The peculiar action, then, of the solid excrements of animals is limited to their inorganic constituents, which restore to a soil that which is removed in the form of hay or straw, roots or grain.'—pp. 179, 181.

It is plain that, even when the dung of a farm is carefully applied with the straw as manure, a certain loss is sustained in the potash and phosphates which are carried away in the corn and cattle annually sold. This loss is partly compensated by the annual disintegration of the subjacent strata by the weather; partly, in a large farm, by the dung of animals fed on meadow-hay grown without manure: in Germany it is also partly made up by the use of wood-ashes, containing potash and phosphates, as manure; and the ultimate loss is spread over so large a surface as to become nearly inappreciable.

'We could keep our fields in a constant state of fertility by replacing every year as much as we remove from them in the form of produce; but an increase of fertility can only be obtained when we add more to them than we take away.

'It will readily be inferred that for animal manures other substances, containing their essential ingredients, may be substituted. In Flanders the yearly loss of the necessary matters in the soil is completely restored by covering the fields with ashes of wood or bones, which may or may not have been lixiviated, and of which the greater part consists of the phosphates of lime and magnesia. The great importance of manuring with ashes has long been recognised by agriculturists as the result of experience. So great a value, indeed, is attached to this material in the vicinity of Marburg and in the Wetterau, that it is transported as a manure from a distance of eighteen to twenty-four miles.'—p. 182.

Bone-manure, the effects of which have excited so much astonishment, acts on the very same principle. Every particle of the bones of cattle, like all the other parts of their bodies, has been derived from the grass on which they fed, and consequently from the soil on which the grass grew; and hence, in manuring a field with bone-earth, we are merely restoring what had been removed from it during a much longer period in the form of grass, hay, corn, or turnips. Had the true principle of manures been known, the introduction of bone-earth had not been left for the nineteenth century. Even now, of those who use it how few have the slightest conception of the reason why it is a manure at all? 8 lbs. of bones contain as much phosphate of lime as 1000 lbs. of hay or wheat-straw; and 2 lbs. contain as much as 1000 lbs. of the grain of wheat or oats: 40 lbs. of bone-dust, added to an acre of land, is sufficient to supply with phosphates three crops of wheat, clover, potatoes, turnips, &c.

M. Liebig recommends (p. 184) to powder the bones, to mix them with half their weight of oil of vitriol, previously diluted with three or four parts of water; and after maceration for some time, to add 100 parts of water, and sprinkle this mixture over the field before the plough. By this means the phosphates are brought into a soluble state, and the free acids are instantly neutralized by the alkaline bases of the soil, producing neutral salts in a state of fine division, eminently favourable to absorption. He has ascertained by experiment on a soil formed of *grauwacke*, that this treatment is perfectly safe and highly successful, both for corn and for garden vegetables.

It is here that chemistry offers so many resources to the agriculturist. 'In the manufactories of glue from bones,' says our author, 'many hundred tons of a solution of bone-earth in muriatic acid are yearly thrown away as useless.' As this solution much resembles that above mentioned, he recommends that it should be preserved, and tried as a substitute for the bones. The muriatic acid would unite with the lime of the soil and form a salt, which is already known to act favourably on soils, most probably by the fixation of ammonia, as gypsum does. There is here, therefore, a double prospect of usefulness.

'It is of the utmost importance to the agriculturist, that he should not deceive himself respecting the causes which produce the effects just mentioned as the peculiar action of certain substances. It is known that they possess a favourable influence on vegetation; and it is likewise certain that the cause of this must be that they contain a body or bodies, which, independently of the influence they exert by virtue of their form, porosity, and capability of attracting and retaining moisture, also assist in maintaining the vital processes in plants. If it be treated as an unfathomable mystery, if the veil of Isis be thrown over it, the nature of the aid they afford will never be known'—p. 186.

'It must be admitted as a principle of agriculture, that those substances which have been removed from a soil must be completely restored to it; and whether this restoration be effected by means of dung, ashes, or bones, is in a great measure a matter of indifference. A time will come when fields will be manured with a solution of silicate of potash, with the ashes of burnt straw, and with salts of phosphoric acid, prepared in chemical manufactories, exactly as at present medicines are prepared for the cure of ague and goutre.'—p. 187.

We have great satisfaction in mentioning, as a note to the preceding paragraph, that the Professor has been informed, since the publication of his book, that the ashes of straw have long been used in certain districts of Germany as the best manure for wheat. But those who used them had no idea of the cause of their superior excellence as a manure. They acted empirically; and we could not desire a better proof of the great truth, that every discovery, legitimately inferred from observed facts, will sooner or later be found to coincide with the best practice and to explain it. We may add that we have seen letters from German agriculturists, cordially appreciating the principles developed in Liebig's work, as supplying them with that which they had earnestly sought for during their

lives, but had long ceased to hope for; having found in the works of physiologists nothing but contradictory facts and baseless theories.

With reference to the subject of manures, there are one or two principles which appear to us to flow naturally from M. Liebig's researches, and which are worthy of all attention from agriculturists. The first is, that since every plant extracts from the soil, and retains in its substance, only such inorganic matters as are essential to its growth, the very best manure for a plant must be the plant itself, in the form of straw, or even in that of ashes. We have seen how the ashes of wheat straw are, and must be, the best manure for wheat; but the principle must apply universally. Potatoes, for example, will be best manured with the ashes of potato-plants, which are singularly rich in phosphate of magnesia, the characteristic salt of the potato. Of course in this case, as in all others, any other ashes containing the same salt, or any other source of it, may be employed with equal advantage. We have had the pleasure of seeing the result of the use of pure phosphate of magnesia as a manure for potatoes; and we could not previously have imagined such astonishing crops as we then beheld. Now chemistry can easily produce this salt in sufficient quantities and at a low price, when it shall be wanted. Our strata of magnesian limestone, which alone is generally hurtful to plants, will thus furnish us with the means of adding to our crops of potatoes almost without expense.

Again, when we reflect on the vast importance of nitrogen as an ingredient of grain, and on the fact that cow and horse dung contain very little of that element, we must see how essential it is not to waste any portion of liquid manure, the proper source of that portion of nitrogen which must be added to what is derived from the atmosphere before we can obtain rich crops of grain. But a still more important source of nitrogen is in the contents of our common sewers, which, from a barbarous ignorance, are commonly thrown into the sea.

When it is considered that with every pound of ammonia which evaporates a loss of 60 lbs. of corn is sustained, and that with every pound of urine a pound of wheat might be produced, the indifference with which these matters are regarded is quite incomprehensible.

The powerful effects of urine as a manure are well known in Flanders; but it is considered

invaluable by the Chinese, who are the oldest agricultural people we know. Indeed so much importance is attached to it by these people, that laws of the state forbid that any should be thrown away, and reservoirs are placed in every house, in which such matters are collected with the greatest care. No other kind of manure is used for their corn-fields.

China is the birthplace of the experimental art: the incessant striving after experiments conducted the Chinese a thousand years since to discoveries which have been the envy and admiration of Europeans for centuries—especially in regard to dyeing and painting, and to the manufacture of porcelain, silk, and colours for painters. These we were long unable to imitate; and yet they were discovered by them without the aid of scientific principles—for in the books of the Chinese we find recipes and directions for use, but never explanations of processes.

Half a century sufficed to Europeans, not only to equal, but to surpass the Chinese in the arts and manufactures; and this was owing merely to the application of correct principles deduced from the study of chemistry. But how infinitely inferior is the agriculture of Europe to that of China! The latter is the most perfect in the world; and there, where the climate in the most fertile districts differs little from the European, very little value is attached to the (solid) excrements of animals.

Were the contents of our common sewers properly treated—mixed, for example, with ashes containing phosphates and with a slight excess of diluted acids, and then dried up so as to get rid of the water they contain, without permitting the escape of ammonia—they might readily be obtained free from all offensive odour, and in a form admitting of transportation to any distance. Such a mixture would surpass all manures hitherto tried, as it would contain precisely what is required to yield the richest crops of grain. By availing ourselves in such matters of the means offered by chemistry, we feel satisfied that in less than another half century we should leave far behind the empirical agriculture of the Chinese. Some such attempts have been made on the continent; and although, from ignorance on the part of the manufacturer, a great part, nay, in some establishments, the whole of the ammonia is expelled and lost in the process of preparation, yet the manure so prepared, acting by its inorganic constituents alone, has produced amazing effects.

Our readers, we trust, are by this time convinced that the principles of rational agriculture are within the domain of science, and that from science alone, when called in to aid the zealous agriculturist,

can we hope for real and permanent improvement. In the present work, M. Liebig has pointed out the path to be pursued, and has amply vindicated the claim of science to be considered the best guide, by correcting the erroneous views hitherto prevailing of the sources whence plants derive their nourishment, by developing the true causes of fertility in soils, and, finally, by establishing on a firm basis the true doctrine of manures. We do not, any more than the author himself, consider his work in the light of a complete treatise on the chemistry of agriculture; we look on it merely as an example of the proper method to be followed in producing such a work, and in this point of view we hold Dr. Liebig to be entitled to the gratitude of mankind.

It is satisfactory to know that, of this very valuable work, the second English edition is already in the press, to be published at a cheaper rate; that two editions have been exhausted in French; that a third German edition has lately appeared, and that it has been reprinted in America. The author received the thanks of the British Association for his work; and Dr. Daubeny, the distinguished professor of agriculture at Oxford, who had undertaken to report on agricultural chemistry to the late meeting of the Association at Devonport, candidly acknowledged that he had nothing material to add to Professor Liebig's report, to which he referred. Professor Johnston of Durham has also afforded the best proof of the high opinion he entertains of it, by giving a valuable and interesting course of lectures on the subject, in which he has embodied and strongly urged on the attention of our northern agriculturists the principles established by Professor Liebig.*

The translation before us, although generally accurate, is far from being elegant, and is occasionally obscure. In a few instances there are serious errors, which we believe must be attributed to haste in printing, as the volume was with difficulty got ready in time for the Glasgow meeting of the Association. We have no doubt that the second edition, now in the press, will be free from such blemishes. It is, however, a difficult task to give in a translation the true character of Professor Liebig's German style, ardent

and energetic, often abrupt, but singularly forcible and impressive.

ART. III.—*Cola di Rienzo und seine Zeit, besonders nach ungedruckten Quellen dargestellt*, von Dr. Felix Papencordt. Hamburg und Gotha, 1841.

Cola di Rienzo and his Times, chiefly from unpublished Documents.

A LIFE of Nicholas Rienzi, the hero of history, biography, tragedy, and romance, from sources hitherto unpublished, might be supposed, after the labours of Muratori and the other Italian antiquarians, an announcement rather tending to awaken suspicion than very ardent expectation. We, however, see no reason to question the authenticity of the documents brought to light by Dr. Papencordt—and most curious they are; as our readers will acknowledge by and by. But before opening them we must say a few words on the Tribune and his age. For Rienzi can be understood only in conjunction with his times.

The succession of the popes to Avignon had not merely left an open field for an adventurer, like the Tribune, but had called forth and strengthened all those powerful sentiments and hopes on which he raised the fabric of his power. Rome all at once ceased to be the religious capital of the world. She retained, it is true, the shrines and the relics of the great apostles; and pilgrims still crowded from all parts of Europe to the city hallowed by these sacred memorials—to that which Petrarch calls the Jerusalem of the West. But the tide of homage and of tribute which flowed towards the throne of the successors of St. Peter, and constituted the wealth and the influence of Rome, now took another course. A mere delegate of the pope, usually the Bishop of Orvieto, occupied the chair of the apostle; all the ecclesiastical causes, with the authority which they tended to confirm, and the riches which they poured into the papal treasury—the constant influx of business which could not but be attended with great expenditure—the strangers from all parts of the world, thus brought together from various motives, either secular or religious—all now thronged the expanding streets of Avignon. Rome thus deserted, and degraded from her high ecclesiastical position, was thrown back, as it were, upon her earlier reminiscences. She had lost her new, and was ready to welcome whatever might

* Mr. Johnston's lectures on this subject are still, we believe, in progress; they are printed as they are delivered.

recall her old supremacy. All the circumstances of the times continued to strengthen this sentiment, which blended with the widespread impatience and jealousy of the encroachments of the ecclesiastical upon the civil power. The Ghibelline spirit, which had been sternly suppressed by the alliance of the popes, first with the Norman, and afterwards with the Angevin sovereigns of Naples, was still brooding in dangerous secrecy in every part of Italy. In many it was no attachment to a foreign, a German *Emperor*; but an earnest longing for the re-establishment of a supreme imperial power, the restoration of a *Roman* empire. This was intimately connected with splendid visions, which crossed all the nobler minds of the times, such as Dante's and Petrarch's, of the independence of Italy. And Rome might appear thus cleared as it were of the great fabric of ecclesiastical rule, in order to leave room for some new foundation of civil authority. The first dawn of the revival of classical tastes and studies which had been so publicly and so proudly welcomed in the coronation of Petrarch—the respect for the ancient monuments of Rome, which that great poet had endeavoured to inculcate, and which wrought so powerfully on the mind of Rienzi—strengthened the same tendencies.

At the same time a very strong religious reaction was working, especially in the minds of the lower orders, against the temporal power of the popes, and of the clergy in general. The absence of the popes from Italy, the unpopularity of their desertion of their old seat of empire, allowed free scope for this new fanaticism. It was immeasurably strengthened by the rumours of the vices, the abominations, the base venality of the papal court at Avignon—vices and abominations which, even when Rome was in her high ecclesiastical pride, had obtained her the name of Babylon; and that name was now transferred (without any of the nobler and national feelings which still adhered to Rome) to a foreign French city. The Franciscan order, at least an active and very powerful branch of it (the Fratricelli or Spiritualists, with whom we shall hereafter find Rienzi in intimate connexion), not merely with their bare feet, and macerated forms, with their strict adherence to their vows of poverty, and their monastic retreat to the wildest recesses of the Apennines, afforded a striking, and no doubt widely effective, contrast to the wealth, the pride, and the magnificence of the papal court: but they likewise openly denounced the unapostolic, unevangelic union of temporal with spiritual power; proclaimed the advent, if not the

actual commencement of a new period of the dominion of the Holy Ghost, in which monasticism was to prevail with all its strictest mortifications, its total self-denial, its absolute estrangement from all secular concerns. This new advent had been announced in visions and prophecies; had been preached in every quarter, and to every rank; and this religious Ghibellinism in many minds was blended with the deepest devotion to the *ecclesiastical* supremacy of the Holy See. The influence of this wide-spread enthusiasm perhaps at the commencement of his career affected but partially and indirectly the mind or the measures of Rienzi; though he subsequently plunged into it, to outward appearance, with all the ardour of a fanatic votary.

In Rome itself the papal power had constantly encountered a resolute resistance. The days indeed had passed when the fierce and turbulent nobility of the city and of the neighbourhood appointed and deposed, insulted, betrayed, and even murdered the successors of St. Peter. But the popes had more than once, even when supported by the imperial authority, been constrained to capitulate with the liberties of the Roman people. A municipal authority, sometimes a senate more or less numerous, sometimes a single senator, that senator sometimes a Roman, sometimes a foreigner, exercised civil authority within the city. To the tyranny of the old nobility had succeeded, indeed, the tyranny of the new Patriciate—the nobility who took the place of the wild barons or counts of Tusculum and Palestrina—the Colonnas, the Orsini, the Prefetti del Vico, the Gaetani, the Savelli, who each had their fortified castles and domains in the neighbourhood of Rome, and their fortress-palaces (often the ruins of some old temple or ancient building) within the walls. But though the oppressions of these nobles ground the face of the people, and their strife deluged the streets with blood, yet the burghers still claimed and asserted a kind of independence. At one period we find the Capi di Rioni (the magistrates of the several quarters) in possession of the municipal power.

However plunged in ignorance, however taught to venerate the holy names of saints and martyrs, rather than those of the consuls and the dictators, it was impossible but that dim and obscure traditions of their older liberties and older glories must have lurked in the hearts of the meanest of the Roman people. Though they could not read the language; though they felt no awe at the stupendous monuments; though they built the inscriptions of past glories into the mud walls

of their hovels, or worked upon the sites of ancient temples, as in a quarry of unhewn stone—still there was some indescribable pride in the name of Roman; there was a latent fire which was ready to be kindled; and even with them the comparative desolation and stillness of the city, from the cessation of all papal business, and the withdrawal of papal pomp, the diminished magnificence of the religious ceremonial, and the cooling of religious excitement, must have left other minds besides Rienzi's to meditate, however vaguely, on former days. At this period, it seems, from a passage in Petrarch's Latin poetry, quoted by Dr. Papencordt, that the churches were neglected and falling to dilapidation; and the remarkable want of Christian churches of the highest and richest ecclesiastical character in Rome, he would attribute with much probability to the absence of the popes from Rome at this particular time, in which, in other parts of Europe, commenced the great period of Christian architecture.

At all events this was the moment for a Rienzi. Earlier or later he would have been crushed by the united power of the pope and of the nobility, which, however jealous or hostile, would have entered into an irresistible alliance against an assertor of Roman independence. At no other time probably would purely *Roman* sentiments of liberty have struck so forcibly upon the minds of the people. Not that Rienzi at any time contemplated the independence of Rome upon the *religious* authority of the pope; his return to the seat of St. Peter was earnestly invited and desired: but it was to resume his ecclesiastical functions alone—while the civil power, in its perfect independence, or rather unquestioned supremacy, should administer the temporal concerns of Rome—of Italy—or of the world. This was the vision which had expanded on the mind of Petrarch, and with his admiration, from personal acquaintance with the man, explains his splendid poetic gratulations to the Tribune, when at the height of his power. But the patriotic ambition of the poet would have been content with the independence and supremacy of Italy on any terms. Whether it was an emperor who made Rome the centre of his sovereignty, or a young and vigorous republic, his hopes would have been satisfied; and this probably was the general sentiment of all who wished to see a strong government in Italy, and looked, as the only means of accomplishment of that great end, to the re-establishment and reintegration of a Roman power. The pope was still to hold his high court in Rome, to draw respect, wealth, influence, authority to the twice-hallowed city; and the co-ordinate supremacy of the church and of

the empire, of the spiritual and of the temporal head, was again to sway the destinies of the world. We shall hereafter see that a reformation of this kind, a reformation which should touch no point of doctrine, which should abstain entirely from any sacrilegious interference with the faith, but which should confine the papal power to its legitimate object, spiritual dominion, was constantly and actively present to the mind of Rienzi. That mind we can now contemplate in its real designs and objects, at least in those which he thought fit after his first fall, and when evidently he had not abandoned all hope of restoration to power, to represent as the lofty motives and incentives of his ambition.

The original documents produced by Dr. Papencordt relate to the period of Rienzi's residence in Bohemia after his first downfall and retirement from Italy. The most important of them are letters from Rienzi to Charles IV., Emperor, and King of Bohemia, and to the Archbishop of Prague: they enter into the whole history of his adventurous career, and throw a strong, if not a clear and steady light, upon his extraordinary character. These documents were first discovered, and made use of as far as his own purpose required, by Pelzel the historian of Bohemia. The original manuscripts cannot be found; but the copy which Pelzel caused to be made for his own use was discovered in the library of Count Thun at Tetschen, and, by the liberality of that accomplished Bohemian nobleman, placed at the command of Dr. Papencordt. The copy has been rather carelessly made, and some passages can only be restored by conjecture. Dr. Papencordt has printed the whole in the original Latin, amongst his 'Urkunde,' with the exception of one too *lengthy* paper, of which he gives an abstract. It is singular that these documents carry us up even to the cradle of Rienzi.

'In a quarter of the city which was inhabited only by mechanics and Jews, the marriage of an innkeeper and a washerwoman produced the future deliverer of Rome.' Thus wrote Gibbon, from the best authorities extant in his day. But what says Rienzi of his own parentage? He asserts himself, and the assertion is made in a letter addressed to Charles IV., to have been a bastard son of his predecessor, the emperor Henry VII. Rienzi might have used the language of Fauconbridge to his mother:—

'Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father;'

and nothing can be more strangely minute than the account of the whole transaction, as given by the Tribune. When Henry VII. went up to be crowned (May, 1312) at Rome.

the church of St. Peter, in which the coronation ought to have taken place, was in the power of the adverse party, the Roman Guelfs and the king of Apulia. Strong barricades and defences separated the two parts of the city. Henry was therefore compelled to hold his coronation in the church of St. John Lateran. He was extremely anxious, however, before he left Rome, to pay his devotions at the shrine of St. Peter, and to see the church in which the coronation of the emperors usually took place. He put on the dress of a pilgrim, and in this disguise, with a single attendant, he passed into the church of St. Peter. A report spread abroad that the emperor had passed the barriers in secret; the gates and barricades were instantly closed, and a herald was sent out to put the whole Guelfish faction on their guard, and to offer a large reward for his capture. As soon as the emperor and his attendant perceived this, they stole hastily along a street by the bank of the river, and, finding all the passages shut, under pretence of going in to drink, they took refuge in the house or small inn kept by the elder Rienzi and his wife. There they got possession of a small chamber, and lay concealed for ten or fifteen days. The emperor's attendant went out to procure provisions; in the mean time the landlady, who was young and handsome, ministered to the emperor (we use Rienzi's words), 'as their handmaids did to the holy David and the righteous Abraham.* The emperor afterwards escaped to the Aventine, retired from Rome, and died in the August of that year. 'But, as there is nothing hidden that does not come to light, when his mother found out the high rank of her lover, she could not help, like a very woman, telling the secret of her pregnancy by him to her particular female friend; this particular friend, like a woman, told the secret to another particular friend, and so on, till the rumour got abroad. His mother, too, on her death-bed, confessed the whole, as it was her duty, to her priest.† Nicholas, after his mother's death, was sent by the innkeeper to Anagni, where he remained until his twentieth year. On his return this marvellous story was related to him by some of his mother's friends, and by the priest who attended her death-bed;—the priest, we may

observe, must have heard it *sub sigillo confessionis*, but perhaps the Roman priests in those days were not very strict in such matters. Out of respect to his mother's memory, Rienzi, he says, was always impatient of the scandal, and denied it in public, but he believed it in his heart; and, the imperial blood stirring in his veins, he began to disdain his plebeian life—to dream of honours and glories far above his lowly condition. He sought every kind of instruction—began to read and to study history, and the lives of great and good men, till he became impatient to realise in his actions the lofty lessons which he read.*

This strange story of his parentage, we have said, Rienzi relates in his address to the emperor. He states further, that at the period of his greatness he endeavoured to suppress it because any kind of German connexion would have been highly unpopular in Rome; but that the rumour prevailed among persons of both sexes and all ages. The emperor might even find some traces of it in Germany. He appeals to a certain Roman noble, Onufrius de Ilpinis, who had fled from the justice of the Tribune to the court of Lewis of Bavaria, and resided there ever since. Onufrius had been his friend and the friend of his Father, and, as he understood, had spoken freely of the Tribune's birth.†—'His age,' Rienzi himself proceeds, 'to judge from his outward appearance, would tally with the period at which Henry VII. was in Rome.' This statement of his age does not precisely correspond with what he asserts in another place, though there is not above the difference of a year. Once he says, that, as he was haranguing the people in an unpremeditated speech, he broke out in what certainly to our ears would sound a most irreverent comparison,—'As Christ, in his *thirty-third* year, having overthrown the tyrants of hell, and delivered the souls of men, went up crowned into heaven, so God willed that *in the same year of my life*, I, having conquered the tyrants of the city without a blow and alone given liberty to the people, should be promoted to the laurel crown of the tribune.‡ Henry VII. was in Rome in May and June, 1312; Rienzi, if his son, would have been born in February or March, 1313. In 1347, the year of his tribunate, he would have been in his thirty-fourth or thirty-fifth year.

Dr. Papencordt objects to the truth of the whole story, the total silence of the imperial historians on this adventure of Henry

* Et præfata mater mea, quæ juvenecula erat et non modicum speciosa, gratè domino ministrabat, nec minus forsitan quam sancto David et iusto Abrabe per dilectas extitit ministratum.—*Urkunde*, p. xxxii.

† 'Muliebri ac juvenili more subducta, cuidam suæ amicæ se de Imperatore pregnantem secreto, ut credidit, revelavit; amica vero ipsa muliebri more secreta, invenit aliam amicam insectatam, cui tanquam secreta, ut mulier negotium secretavit; et sic de aure ad aurem negotium secretatum fuit diebus illis non modicum susurratum.—*Ibid*.

* 'Nihil actum fore putavi, si, quæ legendo didiceram, non aggrededer exercendo.

† 'Tam sibi, quam suis, ut audivi, domesticis hanc conditionem meam sibi consciam revelavit.'

‡ Letter to the Archbishop of Prague. *Urkunde*, p. lii.

VII. The emperor's absence from his own quarters for ten days could not but be known, and must have excited great anxiety; his wonderful escape must have been a subject of marked rejoicing. It is even more singular that, with the exception of a vague rumour which might have some connection with the story, and which was gleaned, we know not from what quarter, by De Sade,* there is no vestige of it in any of the contemporary chronicles; more particularly in the Roman life of Rienzi. The question then arises, was it altogether an audacious fiction of Rienzi's during his residence in Germany? or did he find or set afloat this rumour during the earlier years of his ambition, and encourage or suppress it as it suited his circumstances? On these questions we can scarcely hope to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion; but in either case the use which he attempted to make of it, when it was his manifest purpose to connect himself as closely as possible with the German and imperial interests—when, as appears throughout these latter documents, he was offering himself as an instrument to restate the imperial power in Italy—is a singular illustration of the tenacity of his hopes, the fertility of his resources, and the versatility of his ambition. It is clear that his spirit was unbroken by the total failure of his republican schemes for the independence and aggrandisement of Rome; but that whether, by an intimate alliance with the strong religious enthusiasm of the day, he hoped to come forth again as a deliverer foretold by prophecy and vision, among the fantastic dreamers in the Franciscan hermitages—or as the champion of the imperial power—or as the representative of the temporal sovereignty of the pope—he was fettered by no scruples, and resolved by any means to regain his lost ascendancy.

It appears from his own statement, that after the death of his mother, Rienzi lived at Anagni till his twentieth year; he then returned to Rome, and, embracing the profession of a notary, he devoted himself to those classical studies which exercised so powerful an influence on his mind. The old historian Fortifiocca gives, as his favourite authors, Livy, Cicero, Seneca, and Valerius Maximus; but the magnificent deeds (*le magnificentie*) of Julius Cæsar were his chief delight. He translated these authors into the vulgar tongue, deciphered inscriptions, and explained the marbles of antiquity. He was evidently fully impregnated with the biblical language and religious imagery of the times; though,

in a passage quoted by Dr. Papencordt, he declares that his meditations on the religious subjects of 'providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,' were not derived from the profound wisdom of Gregory or Augustine, but were droppings from the less deep but transparent springs of the Roman patricians Boetius and Symmachus, Livy, Cicero, and Seneca. He was handsome, and a peculiar smile gave a remarkable expression to his countenance: he married early the daughter of a burgher, named Francesco, and had three children, one son and two daughters. His wife's dowry was only 150 golden florins.

His classical studies had led Rienzi to contrast the miserable and servile state of his countrymen with that of their free and glorious ancestors. 'Where are these old Romans?—where their justice? Would that I had lived in their times!' The sense of personal wrong mingled with these more lofty and patriotic feelings—his younger brother was murdered, and unable to obtain redress from the partial and disdainful justice of the nobles, he vowed vengeance for the innocent blood. He seems likewise to have assumed the office of champion of the poor. As the heads of the mercantile guilds called themselves consuls, so he took the title of Consul of the orphans, the widows, and the poor.

Rienzi's first public function was his mission to Pope Clement VI., at Avignon. He appears to have been one of the representatives of the people in this embassy, which consisted of delegates from the three orders; and he is said to have so charmed the pope with his eloquence that he desired to hear him every day. Petrarch was not one of the delegates, but accompanied the mission, and in Avignon made that personal acquaintance with the future tribune which has connected their names together; and there that admiration of his character commenced, which ripened into that noble canzone, 'Spirto gentil.' That this canzone was addressed to Rienzi we have never doubted, and are glad to find our opinion confirmed by Dr. Papencordt's conclusive arguments.

Rienzi's joyful letter from Avignon to the people of Rome on the apparently favourable termination of his mission, was first published by Sir John Hobhouse from the Turin MS., in his 'Illustrations of Childe Harold.' The pope had conceded the jubilee on the fiftieth year: he had promised, when the affairs of France should permit, to revisit Rome. Rienzi calls on the mountains around, and on the hills and plains, and the whole city of Rome, to break out into joy:—

* De Sade had picked up what might be a loose reminiscence of this story. According to him, Madelena, the mother of Rienzi, was reported to be the daughter of a bastard of Henry VII.

'May the Roman city arise from her long prostration, ascend the throne of her majesty, cast off the mourning garb of her widowhood, and

put on the bridal purple. Let the crown of liberty adorn her head, and rings of gold her neck: let her re-assume the sceptre of justice, and, regenerate in every virtue, go forth in her bridal attire to meet her bridegroom. . . . Behold the most merciful Lamb of God, that confoundeth sin. The most holy Roman pontiff, the Father of the city, the Bridegroom of the Lord, moved by the cries and complaints and wailings of his bride, compassionating her sufferings, her calamities, and her ruin, astonished at the regeneration of the city, the glory of the people, the joy and salvation of the world, by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, opening the bosom of his clemency, has pledged himself to have mercy upon us, and promises grace and redemption to the whole world, and to the nations remission of sins.' . . .

After all this vague and high-flown scriptural imagery Rienzi passes to his classical reminiscences:—

'What Scipio,' he demands, 'what Cæsar, or Metellus, or Marcellus, or Fabius, can be so fairly deemed the deliverers of their country, or so justly honoured with a statue? They won hard victories by the calamities of war, by the bloodshed of citizens; he, unsolicited, by one holy and triumphant word, has achieved a victory over the present and future calamities of his country, re-established the Roman commonwealth, and rescued the despairing people from death.'

Whether the pope was conscious that he was deluding the ardent mind of Rienzi with false hopes, or whether Rienzi betrayed his suspicions of the pope's sincerity, or the Cardinal Colonna became jealous of his influence with the pope, Rienzi soon fell into disfavour. At Avignon he was reduced to great poverty, and, according to the old Roman biographer, probably from illness, was glad to take refuge in an hospital. The cardinal, however, perhaps from contemptuous compassion, reconciled him again with the pope, and Rienzi returned to Rome with the appointment of notary in the papal court, and a flattering testimonial to his character, as a man zealous for the welfare of the city.

At Rome Rienzi executed his office of notary by deputy, and confined himself to his studies, and to his profound and rankling meditations on the miseries and oppressions of the city. The tyranny of the nobles was without check; the lives of the men, and the honour of the women, seemed to be abandoned to their caprice and their lust; and all this, at least so he wrote at a later period to the Archbishop of Prague, Rienzi attributed in a great degree to the criminal abandonment of his flock by the supreme pontiff:—

'Would that our pastor had been content with this scandal alone; that he should dwell in Avignon, having deserted his flock. But far worse

than this, he nurses, cherishes, and favours those very wolves, the fear of which, as he pretends, keeps him away from Rome, that their teeth and their talons may be stronger to devour his sheep. On the Orsini, and the Colonnas, and on the other nobles, whom he knows to be infamous as public robbers, the destroyers, both spiritual and temporal, of his holy episcopal city, and the devourers of his own peculiar flock, he confers dignities and honours; he even bestows on them rich prelacies, in order that they may wage those wars, which they have not wealth enough themselves to support, from the treasures of the church. And when he has been perpetually entreated by the people, that, as a compassionate father, he would at least appoint some good man, a foreigner, as ruler over his episcopal city, he would never consent; but in contempt of the petitions of the people, he placed the sword in the hands of some madman, and invested the tyrants of the people with the authority of senators, for the sole purpose, as it is credibly known and proved, that the Roman flock, thus preyed upon by ravening wolves, should not have strength or courage to demand the residence of their pastor in his episcopal seat.'—*Urkunde*, p. XLIV.

Rienzi, thus despairing of all alleviation of the calamities of the people from the ecclesiastical power, sat brooding over his hopes of re-awakening the old Roman spirit of liberty. In this high design he proceeded with wonderful courage, address, and resolution. He submitted to every kind of indignity, and assumed every disguise which might advance his end. Once in the assembly of the people he was betrayed by his indignation at some atrocious act of tyranny into a premature appeal to their yet unawakened sympathies. He reproached his fellow representatives with their disregard of the miseries of the people, and ventured to let loose his eloquence on the blessings of good order. The only answer was a blow from a Norman relative of the Colonnas; in the simple language of the historian, a box on the ear that rang again, *in sonante gotata*.

Allegorical picture was the language of the times. The church had long employed it to teach or to enforce Christian truth or Christian obedience among the rude and unlettered people. Dr. Papencordt has indicated other occasions on which it had been used for political purposes. The reader of Dante will understand how completely the Italian mind must have been familiarised with this suggestive imagery. Many of the great names of the time, the Orsini, the Mastini, the Cani, the Lucchi, either lent themselves to, or grew out of this bestial symbolism; and Rienzi seized on the yet unrestricted freedom of painting, as a modern patriot might on the freedom of the press, to instil his own feelings of burning shame at their degradation and oppression. All his historians have dwelt on the master-

piece of his pictorial eloquence. On a sinking ship, without mast or sail, sat a noble lady, in widow's weeds, with dishevelled hair, and her hands crossed over her breast. Above was written 'This is Rome.' She was surrounded by four other ships, in which sat women, who personated Babylon, Carthage, Tyre, Jerusalem. 'Through unrighteousness,' ran the legend, 'these fell to ruin.' An inscription hung above.—'Thou, oh Rome! wert exalted above all; we await thy downfall!' Three islands appeared beside the ship; in one was Italy, in another four of the Cardinal Virtues, in the third Christian Faith. Each had its appropriate inscription. Over Faith was written, 'Oh, highest Father, Ruler, and Lord, when Rome sinks, where find I a refuge!' Bitter satire was not wanting to the piece. Four rows of winged beasts stood above, who blew their horns, and directed the pitiless storm against the sinking vessel. The lions, wolves, and bears, denoted, as the legend explained, the mighty barons and traitorous senators; the dogs, the swine, and the bulls, were the counsellors, the base partisans of the nobles; the sheep, the serpents, and foxes, were the officials, the false judges and notaries; the hares, cats, goats, and apes, were the robbers, murderers, adulterers, and thieves among the people. Above was 'God, in his majesty, come down to judgment,' with two swords, as in the Apocalypse, out of his mouth. St. Peter and St. Paul knelt on either side in the attitude of supplication. Rienzi's own account of another of his well-known attempts to work upon the populace, and to impress them with the sense of the former greatness of Rome, is contained in his letter to the Archbishop of Prague. The great bronze tablet containing the *lex regia*, the decree by which the senate conferred the *imperium* upon Vespasian (now in the Capitoline Museum) had been employed by Boniface VIII. (out of jealousy to the emperor, Rienzi asserts, at this period when it was his object to obtain favour with the emperor at the expense of the pope) to form part of an altar in the Lateran church, with the inscription turned inwards, so that it could not be read. Rienzi brought forth this tablet, placed it on a kind of high scaffold in the church, and summoned the people to a lecture on its meaning, in which he enlarged on the former power and dominion of Rome. It was in this speech that he made the singular antiquarian blunder which Gibbon takes credit for detecting, his rendering *pomarium* (of which he did not know the sense) *pomarium*, and making Italy the garden of Rome.

Gibbon has also spoken of Rienzi as 'the modern Brutus' (the expression, indeed, is Petrarch's), 'who was concealed under the

mask of folly and the character of a buffoon,' and thus was often suffered in the Colonna palace to amuse the company with his tricks and predictions. Rienzi describes his own conduct in this respect, but justifies it (he was writing to an archbishop) with different precedents:—

'I confess that, having become drunk after the parching fever of my soul, in order to put down the prevailing injustice, and to persuade the people to union, I often feigned and dissembled; made myself a simpleton, and an actor; was by turns serious, or silly, cunning, earnest, and timid, as occasion required, to promote my work of love. David danced before the ark, and appeared as a madman before the king; Judith stood before Holofernes, bland, and crafty, and dissembling; and Jacob obtained his blessing by cunning. So I, when I took up the cause of the people against their greatest tyrants, had to deal with no frank and open antagonists, but with men of shifts and wiles, the craftiest and the most deceitful.'

We shall not think it necessary to pursue the glorious history of Rienzi's rise to power; it may be read in De Cerçeau, in Gibbon, in Sismondi, or more fully in the work before us. Glorious it unquestionably was; it was the triumph of liberty, of order, of justice—even of religion—over the wildest anarchy, and the most cruel of tyrannies, that of an armed and unprincipled oligarchy; it was the establishment, for a time at least, of law and justice, of peace at home, and respect and even awe throughout Italy, almost throughout Europe. Let us, however, hear Rienzi's own account of the rapidity with which he achieved his wonderful victory:—

'By the divine grace, no king, or duke, or prince, or marquis of Italy ever surpassed me in the shortness of the time by which I rose to legitimate power, and earned a fame which reached even to the Saracens. It was achieved in seven months, a period which would hardly suffice for a king to subdue one of the Roman nobles. I (for God was with me) on the first day of my tribunate (an office which, from the time that the empire had sunk into decrepitude, had been vacant under tyrannical rule for more than five hundred years,) I scattered with my consuming breath before my face, or rather before the face of God, all these nobles, these haters of God and justice. And thus in truth on the day of Pentecost was that word fulfilled which is chanted on that day in honour of the Holy Ghost: "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered." And again—"Send forth thy Holy Ghost, and thou shalt renew the face of the earth." Certainly hitherto no pontiff or emperor had been able to expel the nobles from the city, who had in general rather triumphed than submitted to the popes and the emperors; and yet these nobles, thus terribly expelled and ex-

iled, when I cited them to appear again in fifteen days, I had prostrate at my feet, swearing obedience to my decrees.'

This was the scene which the old Roman biographer described so graphically—*deh che stavano pavorosi!*

The magic effect of the Tribune's sudden apparition at the head of a new Roman republic, which seemed to aspire to the sway of ancient Rome over Italy, and indeed over all the world, must be described, as before, in his own words:—

'Did I not restore real peace among the cities which were distracted by factions? Did I not decree that all the citizens who were banished by party violence, with their wretched wives and children, should be re-admitted? Had I not begun to extinguish the party names of Guelph and Ghibelline, for which innumerable victims had perished body and soul; and to reduce the city of Rome and all Italy into one harmonious, peaceful, holy, and single confederacy; the sacred standards and banners of all the cities having been gathered together, and, as a testimony to our holy association and perfect union, consecrated and offered with their golden rings on the day of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady?'

In another passage to the emperor—

'I received the homage and submission of the counts and barons, and almost all the people of Italy. I was honoured by solemn embassies and letters from the emperor of Constantinople and the king of England; the queen of Naples submitted herself and her kingdom to the protection of the Tribune; the king of Hungary by two solemn embassies with great urgency brought his cause against his queen and against his nobles before my tribunal; and I venture to say further, that the fame of the Tribune alarmed the sultan of Babylon. When the Christian pilgrims to the sepulchre of our Lord related all the wonderful and unheard-of circumstances of the reformation of Rome to the Christian and Jewish inhabitants of Jerusalem, both Christians and Jews celebrated the event with unusual festivities. When the sultan inquired the cause of these rejoicings, and received this intelligence about Rome, he ordered all the havens and cities on the coast to be fortified and put in a state of defence.'

It is difficult to decide whether, as he himself admits in one place, it was mere vanity, or a vague and not impolitic desire to gather round his own name all the glorious reminiscences of every period of history, and so to rivet his power on the minds of men, which induced Rienzi to accumulate on himself so many lofty but discordant appellations. The Roman Republic—the Roman Empire, in its periods of grandeur and of declension—the Church—and the chivalry of the middle ages were blended together in the strange pomp of his ceremonies and the splendid array of his titles. He was the Tribune of

the People to remind them of the days of their liberty. He called himself Augustus, and chose to be crowned in the month of August,* because that month was called after 'the great emperor, the conqueror of Cleopatra.' He called himself *Severe*, not merely to awe the noble malcontents with the stern terrors of his justice, but in respect to the philosopher, the last of the Romans, Severinus Boethius. He was knighted according to the full ceremonial of chivalry;—being bathed in the porphyry vessel, in which, according to the legend, Pope Sylvester had cleansed Constantine the Great of his leprosy. Among the banners which he bestowed on the cities of Italy, which did him a kind of homage, that of Perugia was inscribed with 'Long live the citizens of Perugia and the memory of Constantine.' Sienna received the arms of the Tribune and those of Rome, the Wolf and her twin Founders; Florence had the banner of Italy, in which Rome was represented between two other females, designated Italy and the Christian faith.

Rienzi professed the most profound respect for religion: throughout he endeavoured to sanction and hallow his proceedings by the ceremonial of the church. He professed the most submissive reverence for the pope; and—though some of his measures appeared to encroach on the prerogatives of the pontiff, and when his vicar protested against them he drowned his voice with the sound of his trumpets—he was inclined, as far as possible, to encourage the notion, that his rise and his power were, if not authorised, approved by his holiness. He asserts indeed in one place that he was the greatest bulwark of the church—'Who, in the memory of man, among all the sovereigns of Rome and Italy, ever showed greater love for ecclesiastical persons, or so strictly protected ecclesiastical rights? Did I not, before all things, respect all monasteries, hospitals, and other temples of God: and whenever complaint was made, enforce the peaceful restitution of all their estates and properties, of which they had been despoiled by the nobles? This restitution they never could obtain by all the bulls and charters of the supreme pontiff; and now that I am deposed they deplore all their former losses. I wish that the supreme pontiff would condescend to promote me, or put me to death, according to the judgment of all religious persons, of the monks, and the whole clergy. The Tribune's language asserting himself to be under the special influence of the Holy Ghost, which already awoke the jealousy of the pontiff, and

* Urkunde, xi and lxxv.

thus early cast a suspicion of heresy around his name, he explains away, with more ingenuity perhaps, than ingenuousness. 'No power but that of the Spirit of God could have united the turbulent and dissolute Roman people in his favour. It was their unity, not his words and actions, which manifestly displayed the presence of the Holy Ghost.' At all events, in the proudest days of his ceremonial, especially that of his coronation with the seven crowns, all the most distinguished clergy of Rome did not scruple to officiate. This was the day of his highest magnificence: though the seizure, imprisonment, and disdainful pardon of the nobles, their insurrection and their defeat took place after this, never, as Rienzi confesses in his humiliation, was he environed with such pomp or elated with so much pride. It was on this occasion that he made the profane comparison between himself and our Lord; and the striking circumstance took place which he relates in his letter to the archbishop of Prague. In the midst of all the wild and joyous exultation of the people, one of his most zealous supporters, a monk, Fra Gulielmo, who was in high repute for his sanctity, stood apart in a corner of the church and wept bitterly! A domestic chaplain of Rienzi's inquired the cause of his grief. 'Now,' replied the man of God, 'is thy master cast down from heaven—never saw I man so proud. By the aid of the Holy Ghost he has driven the tyrants from the city without drawing a sword; the cities and the sovereigns of Italy have submitted to his power. Why is he so arrogant and ungrateful towards the Most High? Why does he seek earthly and transitory rewards for his labours, and in his wanton speech liken himself to the Creator? Tell thy master that he can only atone for this offence by tears of penitence.' In the evening the chaplain communicated this solemn rebuke to the Tribune: it appalled him for the time, but was soon forgotten in the tumult and hurry of business.

On the causes of the rapid and sudden fall of the Tribune, these documents furnish less information. One month after his triumph, and the death of the Colonnas under the walls of Rome, Rienzi was an exile. In fact, the lofty and imposing edifice of his power was built upon a quicksand. It would indeed have been the most extraordinary moral and political miracle, if the Roman people, after centuries of misrule, of degradation, of slavery, and of superstition, had suddenly appeared worthy of liberty; able to maintain, and wisely and moderately to employ, the blessings of a just and equal constitution.

That man must be far gone in the wildest

and most irrational democracy of opinion, who will suppose that the magic name of freedom, or even the sudden consciousness of relief from the burthen of tyranny, and strongly stimulated sense of independence, could have wrought such a transmutation, not merely in *facie Romuli*, but in the burghers and in the lower orders of a Babylon such as Rome had been for centuries. It was impossible but that the malaria of that long servitude should have depressed and degraded their whole moral constitution. Of the old vigorous plebeian Roman they could have nothing but the turbulence; the frugality, the fortitude, the discipline, the love of order, the respect for law, were virtues which they certainly could not have acquired by any species of training or practice. If they were too often the victims of the profligacy of the nobles, submission to such outrages, however reluctant, is no good school of morals; and the long dominion of the Roman clergy, by the admission of all the indignant writers of the times, was little favourable to those social and domestic virtues, which are the only safeguard of free popular institutions. Rienzi himself appears fondly to have supposed that he had wrought a permanent moral as well as political revolution:—'It was hardly to be believed that the Roman people, till now full of dissension, and corrupted by every kind of vice, should be so soon reduced to a state of unanimity, to so great a love of justice, virtue, and peace; and that hatred, assaults, murder, and rapine should be subdued and put an end to. There is now no person in the city who dares to play at forbidden games, or to provoke God or his saints with blasphemy; there is no layman who keeps his concubine; all enemies are reconciled; even wives who had been long cast off return to their husbands.'* This passion of virtue—we speak from no ungenerous mistrust of human nature or of her principles—was too sudden and violent to last. Nor was the example of Rienzi, though his morals were by all accounts blameless, adapted for the enforcement of the sterner republican virtues. He wanted simplicity, solidity, and self-command. His ostentation, though in some respects perhaps politic, became puerile. His luxury was costly, burthensome to the people, as well as offensive to their jealousy. The advancement of his family (the rock upon which almost all demagogues split) unwise. Even his religion, one of the indispensable dominant

* Letter to a friend in Avignon. From the Turin MS., in Hobhouse, page 537.

impulses of the age, was showy and theatrical; at this period, at least, wanting in that depth and fervour which spreads by its contagion, and hurries away its partisans with the unthinking obedience of veneration. From the first, the papal court watched the proceedings of Rienzi with suspicious jealousy. There was a cold reserve in their approbation, and an evident determination not to commit themselves too far. As his power increased, these suspicions darkened; the influence of his enemies at Avignon became more formidable. And when the courtiers of the papal chamber, and the clergy, especially the French clergy, who preferred the easy and luxurious life at Avignon to a disturbed and dangerous residence at Rome (perhaps with a severe republican censorship aspiring to regulate their morals)—when they had strong grounds for supposing that the Tribune would refuse obedience to any pope who should not fix his throne in Rome, the intrigues became more active, and the tone and actions of the papal representative less friendly to the Tribune. Petrarch, who knew Avignon well, speaks of the poison of deep hatred which had infected the souls of the courtiers, and says they looked with the darkest jealousy on the prosperity and fame of Rome and Italy.* The nobles of Rome had likewise powerful relations at Avignon, especially the Cardinal Colonna, who brought against Rienzi dangerous charges, not less dangerous because untrue, of heresy, and even of unlawful and magical arts.

Power had intoxicated Rienzi; but it had not inspired him with that daring recklessness of mind which often accompanies the intoxication of power. In the height of his pride he began to betray pusillanimity. He had the courage to contrive but not to execute. He could condescend to treachery to bring his enemies into his power, but hesitated to crush them when beneath his feet. His own version of the seizure of the nobles (at least the version which he sent abroad) has formed one of the authentic documents in the former biographies of the Tribune. It was translated by Du Cerçeau from Hocsemius; and it is of this letter that Gibbon observes, that it 'displays in genuine colours the mixture of the knave and the madman.† No document, certainly, could be more irreconcilable with a lofty view of Rienzi's cha-

racter. Rienzi states, that having entertained some suspicion of dangerous designs among the nobles against himself and the people, 'it pleased God (!) that they fell into his hands.' (He seized them by treachery.) His suspicions being confirmed, he adopted an innocent artifice to reconcile them not only with himself, but with God! 'I procured them the inestimable blessing of making a very decent confession!!' The confessor, ignorant of the Tribune's merciful intentions, prepared them for death! It happened that just at that time the bell was tolling for the assembling of the parliament. The nobles, supposing it to be the knell of death for their execution, made their confession with the profoundest penitence and sorrow. In the Assembly of the People Rienzi not only justified the nobles, but loaded them with praises. This letter, we must remember, was addressed to an Orsini, archdeacon of Liege, nearly related, no doubt, to some of the imprisoned nobles, and intended to be submitted to the Pope. Rienzi, however, must have strangely deluded himself to conceive that he could impose upon the pope and his cardinals by this assertion of religious solicitude for the captive nobles. But, if on this great occasion he had indeed some loftier aspirations after generosity and mercy, which he marred partly by his treachery and partly by his theatrical display, they were utterly unsuited to his age. He obtained no credit for sparing his enemies, either from his enemies themselves or from the world. The former remembered only that he had steeped them to the lips in humiliation, and brooded over vengeance; both ascribed his abstaining from blood to mere timidity. The voice of the times speaks in Petrarch. The gentle and high-souled poet betrays his unfeigned astonishment that Rienzi could be so weak, that, when his enemies were at his feet, he not merely spared their lives (that his clemency might perhaps have done), but left such public parricides the ability to become again dangerous enemies of the state.*

Nor did the character of Rienzi rise with his danger during the subsequent insurrection of the nobles. He wanted military skill, and even the courage of a soldier. He was pitifully depressed by adversity, and immoderately elated by success. The defeat of the nobles under the walls of Rome was owing partly to accident, partly to their own rash imprudence; and Rienzi tarnished his victory by insulting the remains of the dead.

* Quoted in Papencordt, page 159.

† Gibbon had not seen the original. We have compared Du Cerçeau's translation with Hocsemius in the '*Gesta Pontificum Leodensium*,' by J. Chapeville (rather an uncommon book,) and can bear testimony to its general accuracy.

* See Petrarch's Letter, quoted page LXXIX. of the Urkunde.

His sprinkling his son Lorenzo with the water which was turbid with the blood of his enemies, and saluting him as 'Knight of the Victory,' was an outburst of pride and vengeance, revolting to his most ardent admirers.

According to his own account, Rienzi had dark and inward presentiments of his approaching fall. The prophecy of the coronation-day recurred in all its boding terrors to his mind; for the same Fra Gulielmo had foretold the death of the Colonnas by his hand, and by the judgment of God. This prophecy Rienzi had communicated to many persons; and when the four chiefs of that family fell under the walls of Rome, the people believed in a divine revelation. His enemies asserted that the Tribune kept an unclean spirit, who foretold future events, in the cross of his sceptre; and these unlawful dealings with devils were denounced to the pope.

'When I had obtained the victory,' proceeds Rienzi, 'and in the opinion of men my power might seem fixed on the most solid foundation, my greatness of mind sank away, and a sudden pusillanimity came over me so frequently, that I awoke at night, and cried out that the armed enemy was breaking into my palace. And although what I say may appear ludicrous, the night-bird, called the owl, took the place of the dove on the pinnacle of the palace, and, though constantly scared away by my domestics, as constantly flew back, and for twelve nights kept me without sleep by its lamentable hootings; and thus he whom the fury of the Roman nobles, and the array of his armed enemies, could not alarm, now shuddered at visions and the screams of night-birds. Weakened, therefore, by want of sleep, and these constant terrors, I was no longer fit to bear arms, or to give audience to the people.'

To this prostration of mind he attributes his hasty abandonment of his power. But there were other causes. The pope had at length declared against him in the strongest terms. During the last period of his power, Rienzi had given strong grounds for the suspicion that he intended to assume the empire. He had asserted the choice of the emperor to be in the Roman people; but in his liberal condescension he had offered a share in this great privilege to the people of Italy. The bathing in the vase of Constantine was not forgotten. When the papal legate, Bertrand de Deux, appeared in Rome to condemn his proceedings, to depose him from his power, he returned from his camp, near Marino, and confronted the legate clad in the Dalmatica, the imperial mantle worn at the coronation of the emperors, which he had taken from the sacristy of St. Peter. The

cardinal, appalled at the demeanour of Rienzi, and the martial music which pealed around him, could not utter a word. Rienzi turned his back contemptuously, and returned to his camp. Hereupon, in a letter to his 'beloved sons, the Roman people' (printed by Pelzel, but not by Dr. Papencordt), the pope exhaled his whole wrath against the Tribune. He was denounced under all those awful appellations which were perpetually thundered by the popes against their enemies. He was 'a Belshazzar, the wild ass in Job, a Lucifer, a forerunner of Antichrist, a man of sin, a son of perdition, a son of the devil, full of fraud and falsehood, and like the beast in the Revelations, over whose head was written Blasphemy. He had insulted the Holy Catholic and Universal Church, by declaring that the church and state of Rome were one, and fallen into other errors against the Catholic faith, and incurred the suspicion of heresy and schism.'

After the triumph over the Colonnas, Rienzi's pride had become even more offensive, and his magnificence insulted the poverty and necessities of the people. He was obliged to impose taxes; the gabelle on salt was raised. He had neglected to pursue his advantage against the nobles; they still kept many of the strongholds near Rome, and cut off the supplies of corn and other provisions from the city. The barons of his party were rapidly estranged; the people were no longer under the magic of his spell. His hall of audience was vacant; the allied cities seemed to waver in their fidelity. Rienzi began too late to attempt moderation. He endeavoured to associate the pope's vicar, the Bishop of Orvieto, with his power. He softened his magnificent appellations, and retained only the modest title of *Tribunus Augustus*. Amongst an assembly of clergy and of the people, after the solemn chaunting of many psalms, and the hymn 'Thine, O Lord, is the kingdom, the power, and the glory,' he suspended before the altar of the Virgin his silver crown, his iron sceptre and orb of justice, and the rest of the insignia of the tribunate. This, he says, he did amid the astonishment and the tears of his friends. All was in vain; Pepin, Palatine of Altamura and Count of Minorbino, marched into the city, and occupied one of the palaces of the Colonnas with an armed force. The bell rang in vain from the Capitol to summon the adherents of Rienzi; and he felt that his hour was come. He might, he adds, easily have resisted the sedition excited by Count Pepin, but he was determined to shed no more blood. In another public assembly he solemnly abdicated

his power, and departed, notwithstanding, he says, the reluctance and the lamentations of the people. It may well be believed that after his departure, under the reinstated tyranny of the nobles, the government of Rienzi was remembered with regret. But when the robber chief, whom he had summoned before his tribunal, first entered Rome, fortified the quarter of the Colonna, and defied the power of the Tribune, Rienzi had in vain sounded the tocsin; the people assembled not under his banner. Even with the handful of troops which he could collect around him, a man of courage and vigour might perhaps have suppressed the invasion; but all his energy was gone: he who had protested so often, says his Roman biographer, that he would lay down his life for the liberties of the people, did not show the courage of a child. His enemies were astonished at their easy victory; for three days the barons without the city did not venture to approach the walls. Rienzi remained undisturbed in the castle of St. Angelo: he made one effort to work on the people by his old arts; he had an angel painted on the walls of the Magdalen Church, with the arms of Rome, and a cross surmounted with a dove; and (in allusion to the well-known passage in the Psalms) trampling on an asp, a basilisk, a lion, and a dragon. Mischievous boys smeared the picture with mud; Rienzi, in the disguise of a monk, saw it in this state, ordered a lamp to be kept burning before it for a year, as if to intimate his triumphant return at that time, and then fled from Rome.

The retreat of Rienzi was among the wild glens of the Apennines, which border on the kingdom of Naples, among the hermits of the order of St. Francis, who dwelt in their solitary cells in the sides of the mountains. These were called the Spirituals, and the Fraticelli. They adhered to the rules of their founder in their severest austerity. They had been formed into a separate order by Peter del Morrone, afterwards Pope Celestine V., and called themselves the Poor Hermits of Celestine; the order had been annulled by Boniface VIII., but still subsisted, never completely re-united to the great Franciscan brotherhood. These hermits were men of the strongest enthusiasm, men of vision and prophecy. The predictions of the Abbot Joachim de Flore were their delight, and the bold interpretations of the Apocalypse by John Olivi. We have no space to enter into the peculiar opinions of this by no means influential fraternity. It is enough to say that they were profoundly hostile to the temporal authority of the pope, and that they generally believed in some great religious revolution

commenced or about to commence. The kingdom of sin had lasted from Adam to Christ; that of the priesthood had been established by Christ; that of the Holy Ghost was yet to come, or had but partially begun—to wit, the kingdom of monachism in all its austere superiority to the world, its seclusion, its union with God by the Holy Spirit. They had attained a perfect spirituality, entirely divested of all worldly possessions, detached from all worldly ties, altogether unoccupied by worldly concerns.* Rienzi describes, with the simple fervour of admiration, their calm, and holy and austere life. ‘Oh life,’ he exclaims, ‘which anticipates immortality! oh angelic life, which the friends of Satan alone could disturb! and these men, with this evangelical poverty of spirit, are persecuted by the pope and the inquisition.’

It is difficult to decide whether Rienzi was really possessed with this contagious enthusiasm (at one time he seriously contemplated a pilgrimage to Jerusalem), or whether the anti-papal, we should rather perhaps say the Ghibelline, tendency of these opinions woke again that impulse, which some may call ambition, others a noble devotion for the independence of Italy. But in his retirement on Monte Majella he brooded over these schemes; he listened, as he said, to those inspiring prophecies which might be the subtle and latent yearning of personal vengeance against the pope; but, if he were really touched by the infectious spirit of the fanaticism which haunted these regions, might disguise themselves to him as the hopes as well of a religious reformer as of a Roman patriot. They were days in which the minds of men had been prepared for some awful change. ‘The years 1348 and 1349’ (observes Dr. Papencordt) ‘were fearful times throughout the west, from plague, earthquakes, and terrific natural appearances; Flagellants and other fanatics had risen in great numbers. The year 1350, on the other hand, that of the jubilee, had excited all minds, and elevated them from earthly to higher considerations.’ It was in the year of the jubilee that Rienzi conceived and abandoned his scheme of pilgrimage to the Holy Land. After entering Rome in disguise, apparently very early in that year, in order to obtain the indulgence granted at the jubilee, the Tribune suddenly appeared at Prague before the Emperor Charles IV. The account of Rienzi’s appearance in Prague, in

* One of their scriptural arguments is curious enough. Their adversaries objected that our Lord and his apostles had a purse. ‘Yes,’ they rejoined, ‘but it was intrusted to Judas. Had it been intended for our example, it would have been given to St. Peter.’

the Italian of Polistore (Muratori, Script. Ital., vol. xxiv., p. 819), to which Dr. Papencordt only alludes, is so dramatic, and therefore so entirely in character with Rienzi, that we insert it:—

‘During this year, in the month of August, there came into Germany, to the city of Prague, a man in strange dress. He stopped at the house of a Florentine apothecary, and asked him to present him to my Lord Charles, elected emperor by the Church of Rome, as he wished to communicate something to his honour and advantage. This man, presented to the aforesaid emperor, addressed him in these words: “There dwells in Mongibello a hermit, called Brother Angelo, who has chosen two ambassadors. The one he has sent to the pope in Avignon, the other to you the emperor. I am he, O emperor, who am sent to you.” The emperor ordered him to deliver his embassy. Then that man began to speak in the following manner:—“Know ye, sire and emperor, that the aforesaid Brother Angelo sends me to say to you, that up to this time the Father has reigned in this world, and God his Son. The power is now taken from him and given to the Holy Ghost, who shall reign for the time to come.” The emperor, hearing that he thus separated and set apart the Father and the Son from the Holy Ghost, said, “Are you the man that I suppose you are?” And he answered, “Whom do you suppose me to be?” The emperor said, “I suppose that you are the Tribune of Rome;” and this the emperor supposed, having heard of the heresies of the Tribune. And he answered, “Of a truth I am he who was Tribune, and have been driven from Rome.” Then the emperor sent immediately for the archbishop of Treves, and two other bishops, and the ambassadors of the king of Scotland, and many other ambassadors and doctors. And the emperor caused him to repeat in the presence of these distinguished men what he had said in secret to the emperor. And he said that the messenger who had gone to the pope at Avignon would say to him the same things, and that the pope would cause him to be burnt for these sayings, and the third day he would rise again by the power of the Holy Ghost: for which cause the people of Avignon would rush to arms, and slay the pope and the cardinals; and then an Italian pope would be created, who would remove the court from Avignon and restore it to Rome. “Which pope will send for you, O emperor! and for me, who will be one with the aforesaid pope; who will crown you with the crown of gold of the kingdom of Sicily, of Calabria, and Apulia; and will crown me with the crown of silver, making me king of Rome and of all Italy.” The archbishops hearing these fables, departed, saying that he was a foolish heretic, and caused the Tribune to write all he had said with his own hand.’

It is now in our power to correct and illustrate the statement of the historian from Rienzi’s own writings. In his ad-

dress to the emperor he thus relates the motives and the object of his mission:—

‘After I had passed a year and a half in a mendicant habit amid the Apennines of the kingdom of Apulia, I was accosted by a certain brother named Angelo, calling himself the hermit of Mount Vulcanus, and to whom many other hermits, it was said, paid the highest veneration. He addressed me by my name, and this astonished me, for my name had been concealed from all the rest; and he said that I had dwelt long enough in idleness, at least for the present, in the desert. It behoved me rather to labour for the general good than for my own. He disclosed to me that my dwelling had been made known to him by divine revelation; and he added, that God was now looking to that universal reformation which had been foretold by many spiritual men, and this chiefly through the prayers and influence of the glorious Virgin; that for the many sins of the times he had already sent a great mortality and earthquakes, but that he was meditating a more appalling scourge on account of the unrighteous pastors and the people. With this scourge he had designed, before the advent of St. Francis, to chastise and terribly to wound (*sagittare*) the Church; but through the urgent prayers of the two saints, St. Dominic and St. Francis, who, preaching in the spirit of Enoch and Elias, have hitherto sustained the falling church, the judgment of God had been prorogued to the present time. But since, he said, there is now “not one that doeth good, no not one;” and the very elect’ [*meaning probably the Mendicant orders*] ‘do not retain the primitive virtues for the support of the church—God for these reasons has prepared and is preparing vengeance. New and great events will shortly take place, particularly for the reformation of the church to its state of primitive holiness; with a general peace not only among Christians, but among Christians and Saracens, whom the grace of the Holy Ghost shall enlighten under one Shepherd to come. And he declared that the day was at hand when the times of the Holy Ghost should commence, in which God should be made known to men. Further, that for the accomplishment of this spiritual purpose a holy man was chosen of God, and was to be made known to all men by divine revelation, who, with the elect emperor, should in many ways reform the earth, the pastors of the church being cut off from the superfluity of all temporal and fleeting pleasures.’

Being questioned, he subjoined—

‘that a certain person under a certain pastor of the church having been put to death, or being dead (*mortificatus vel mortuus*), should rise again on the fourth day, at whose voice there should be great terror and rout among the pastors of the church, and even the supreme pontiff should be in great personal danger. And that then that same angelic pastor should support the falling church of God, as St. Francis did before; and should reform the whole church; and out of the ecclesiastical treasures should be built a great temple of God, dedicated to the Holy Ghost, which should be called Jerusalem.

into which the infidels should come to worship. And he advised me to labour without delay in urging the Roman emperor, (the hundredth of the line of Augustus!) and in aiding him as his forerunner by my counsel and assistance, for the city of Rome was speedily to be adorned with the papal and imperial diadem, since the forty years were expired in which the ark of God had removed out of Jerusalem on account of the sins of men. It would be acceptable, he said, to the Most High if it should return to its proper dwelling during the year of the jubilee, which had been recently proclaimed according to the divine law in *Leviticus*.*

Rienzi adds, that when from doubt, and, as he says, from some remains of his old arrogance, he hesitated to present himself before the emperor, Fra Angelo showed him other prophecies of spiritual men (those of the abbot Joachim, no doubt, and Cyril and Merlin), part of which he knew to have been fulfilled. Considering that his delay would be contumacious towards God, he then undertook the journey, and now exhorted the emperor to accomplish that peacefully and without bloodshed, which on former occasions had been a cause of desolation to Rome and to Italy. No one, he said, could be of so great service as himself in this great work, for his return was eagerly and anxiously expected by Rome and by all Italy. He offered his son as a hostage—he was prepared to sacrifice his Isaac, his only begotten son, for the welfare of the people. He asked no favour, but that his government should receive the imperial sanction—‘for every Roman ruler in temporal affairs is an adulterer, who, when the empire is not vacant, shall assume without imperial licence the office of a ruler.’

Such was Rienzi’s first address to the emperor. It was heard by Charles with courtesy, but, as might be supposed, with astonishment. At a second interview his language appeared to the emperor so dangerous, and to touch so close on heresy, that he was committed to safe custody, under the guardianship of the archbishop of Prague; and intelligence was sent to the pope of his imprisonment. From his prison he wrote another address to the emperor, in which* he entered at much greater length into his former exploits and his future views. He began by protesting that he was not actuated by any fantastic or delusive spirit; that he was compelled by God to approach the imperial presence; he had no ambition; he

scorned—would that he had ever done so!—the vain glory of the world; he despised riches; he had no wish but in poverty to establish justice, to deliver the people from the spoilers and tyrants of Italy. ‘But arms I love, arms I seek and will seek, for without arms there is no justice.’ ‘Who knows,’ he proceeds, ‘whether God of his divine providence did not intend me as the precursor of the imperial authority, as the Baptist of Christ?’ For this reason, he intimates, he may have been regenerated in the font of Constantine, and his baptism may have been designed to wash away the stains which adhered to the imperial authority. He exhorts the emperor to arise and gird on his sword, a sword which it became not the supreme pontiff to assume. He concludes by earnestly entreating his imperial majesty not rashly to repudiate his humble assistance; above all, not to delay his occupation of the city of Rome till his adversaries had got possession of the salt tax, and other profits of the jubilee, which amounted to a hundred million of florins, a sum strictly belonging to the imperial treasury, and sufficient to defray the expenses of an expedition into Italy.

The answer of the emperor was by no means encouraging to the magnificent schemes of the Tribune. It was a grave homily upon humility and charity. It repudiated altogether the design of overthrowing the papal power, and protested against the doctrine of a new effusion of the Holy Ghost. As to the story of Rienzi’s imperial descent, he leaves that to God, and reminds the Tribune that we are all children of Adam, and all return to dust. Finally, he urges him to dismiss his fantastic views and earthly ambition; no longer to be stiff-necked and stony-hearted to God, but with a humble and contrite spirit to put on the helmet of salvation, and the shield of faith.

Baffled in his attempts to work on the personal ambition of the emperor, Rienzi had recourse to his two most influential counsellors, John of Neumark, afterwards his chancellor, and Ernest of Parbubitz, archbishop of Prague. John of Neumark professed a love of letters, and Rienzi addressed to him a brief epistle, on which he lavished all his flowers of eloquence. It is impossible to conceive anything in worse taste. John of Neumark repaid him in the same coin. Rienzi had been committed to the custody of the Archbishop of Prague, as suspected of heresy. The archbishop was a prelate of distinction

* Urkunde, xxix.

and learning, disposed to high ecclesiastical views, well read in the canon-law, and not likely to be favourable to the wild predictions, or to the adventurous schemes of Rienzi; yet to him Rienzi fearlessly addressed a long 'libel,' in which he repeated all his charges against the pope, of abandoning his spiritual duties, leaving his sheep to be torn by wolves, and of dividing, rending, and severing the church, the very body of Christ, by scandals and schisms. The pope violated every precept of Christian charity, while Rienzi alone maintained no dreamy or insane doctrine, but the pure, true, sound, apostolic and evangelic faith. It was the pope who abandoned Italy to her tyrants, or rather armed those tyrants with his power.

Rienzi contrasts his own peaceful, orderly, and just administration with the wild anarchy, thus not merely unsuppressed but encouraged by the pope: he asserts his own more powerful protection of the church, his enforcement of sound morals:—

'And for these works of love the pastor of the flock calls me a schismatic, a heretic, a diseased sheep, a blasphemer of the church, a man of sacrilege, a deceiver, who deals with unclean spirits kept in the cross of the Lord;* an adulterator of the holy body of Christ; a rebel and a persecutor of the church.' "But whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." As naked I entered into power, so naked I went out of power, the people resisting and lamenting my departure.'

A little farther on he gives us this piece of history:—

'We read in the Chronicles that Julius, the first Cæsar, angry at the loss of some battle, was so mad as to raise his sword against his own life; but Octavianus, his grandson, the first Augustus, violently wrested the sword from his hand, and saved Cæsar from his own frantic sword. Cæsar, returning to his senses, immediately adopted Octavianus as his son, whom the Roman people afterwards appointed his successor in the empire. Thus, when I have wrested the frantic sword from his hand, the supreme pontiff, when his madness is passed, will call me his faithful son.'

He reiterates his magnificent offers to the emperor for the subjugation of Italy:—

'If on the day of the exaltation of the holy cross I ascend up into Italy, unimpeded by the

emperor or by you—before the Whitsuntide next ensuing I will surrender up all Italy in peaceable allegiance to the emperor, excepting the islands of Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica, &c.'

For the accomplishment of this he offered hostages, whose heads were to be cut off if his scheme was not fulfilled within the prescribed time; and if he failed, he promised and vowed to return to prison, to be dealt with as the emperor might decide! He repeats that his mission, announced by the prophetic hermit, is to prepare the way for the peaceful entrance of the emperor; to bind the tyrants in chains, and the nobles in links of iron:—

'So that Cæsar, advancing without bloodshed, not with the din of arms and *German fury*, but with psalteries and sweet-sounding cymbals, may arrive at the feast of the Holy Ghost, and occupy his Jerusalem, a more peaceful and securer Solomon. For I wish this Cæsar, not secretly or as an adulterer, like his ancestor of old, to enter the chamber of my mother, the city of Rome, but gladly and publicly, like a bridegroom! not to be introduced into the chamber of my mother by a single attendant, in disguise and through guarded barriers; not as his ancestor, by Stephen Colonna, by whom he was betrayed and abandoned, but by the whole exulting people. Finally, that the bridegroom shall not find his bride and my mother an humble hostess and handmaid, but a free woman and a queen; and the house of my mother shall not be a tavern, but the church!'

The tribune goes on to relate many of the wonderful interferences of Divine Providence in his behalf. He alludes to the changeable decrees of the pope. Boniface imprisoned and put to death Celestine, whom his successor canonised: Benedict XII. punished his seneschal, and denied him Christian burial; and that same seneschal had been taken up from the shore of the Rhine, and interred with the most splendid funeral rites.

The reply of the archbishop was short and dry. He could not but wonder at his correspondent's protestations of humility, so little in accordance with the magnificent titles which he had assumed as Tribune; or with his assertion that he was under the special guidance of the Holy Ghost. 'By what authority,' he demands, 'did Rienzi assert for the Roman people the right of electing the emperor?' He wondered that Rienzi, instead of the authentic prophecies of the Holy Scriptures, should consult the wild and unauthorised prophets, Methodius and Cyril. The archbishop ends with the words of Gamaliel,—'that if the Tri-

*We have already had an allusion to an evil spirit which Rienzi was said to consult, called Florino, and which he kept in the cross on one of his insignia of office.

bune's schemes are of God they will succeed, however men may oppose them.'

There are several more letters from Rienzi to the Archbishop in the same tone and spirit, the Tribune indefatigably urging his cause, and answering the objections of the prelate: he acknowledges that, like Moses and David, he had sinned through pride, and that God had visited him for his offence; he asserts that he does not ground his great work of love to mankind on the prophecies which he alleges; the work itself is the evidence of its divine sanction, and he was only *encouraged* in its accomplishment by these inspired visions; 'he is not the first who has run the danger of being stoned for a good work!—or who has been accused of working good works through the devil!'

'Finally you conclude that, if my plans are of God, they cannot be prevented by the counsels of men. By your favour, you tempt God in this, as though you said, if I am acceptable to God I shall be freed from prison by his power. I know that not only I, who am a very great sinner, but even the prophets of God, appointed by God himself, even in Jerusalem the city of God, were taken and slain. Yet, although that evil was permitted, the authors of that evil were not without sin. But ye perhaps derive glory from my captivity, and expect a reward from *another*, not from God. I know, if I had come with two or three thousand horsemen, and with a gift in my hand of a good squadron of cavalry; if I had come to salute the emperor, not as a poor man, but as a very rich one, I should have been received at a banquet, not in a prison; nor would these defenders of the faith, if I had been gorgeous in gold or steel, have entered upon an examination of my belief; no, not even had I created an anti-pope, as did these Roman nobles, who are received on such good terms by the emperor, and promoted by the pope himself.'

He proceeds to inveigh against the vices of the ecclesiastics, which he had rigidly repressed.

'When, as tribune of Rome, out of my veneration for the holy body of Christ, by rigorous but just punishments I put down their concubines with whom they lived in sin, a cry was raised against me to the pope, that I was an oppressor of the clergy! Oh angel, expected by all just men, by whose glory the earth shall be illumined, come quickly, scatter the clouds.

A mighty power must be given thee from on high, for thou wilt find, when thou wouldst scatter the clouds, strong and mighty adversaries. . . . Finally, I will in no way put an end to my life, for my soul is prepared for everything, and by the blessing of God, instead of being cast down, rejoices rather. And since I am wont to use strong language, bear with me if I have not spoke so humbly as I

ought: for among men of the world humility is become a rare virtue: since the days of St. Francis it has been gradually wearing out, and no one has ventured to sow it again, so that its seed is not now found upon the earth.'

We add one further extract from this correspondence, because it relates to the person of Rienzi, and the imprisonment to which he was subjected, which does not seem to have been wantonly severe. It appears that he was subject to fainting fits; for which he says that, even under the warmer climate of Italy, a fire was a necessary with him—how much more in this cold northerly region! He requests therefore to be indulged with a fire by night as well as by day, and with the visit of a priest, in case his disorder should turn out dangerous. 'I have endeavoured long enough to mitigate my malady by feigned cheerfulness, which now avails me no longer.' He also entreats that his servants may be clad more warmly at his expense. 'For the rest, I turn to Him, who by the will of the Father was sent into the world to atone for the sins of men, to redeem the afflicted, to free the captives, to console the afflicted and the mourners, to gather together the dispersed, to heal the contrite hearts, and to answer for all who suffer wrong and violence.'

Besides this correspondence with the Emperor and the Archbishop of Prague, Dr. Papencordt's collection of original documents contains copies of one or two letters which show that Rienzi still really kept up his connection with leading persons at Rome. There is a copy of a very curious one, addressed to the prophet Fra Angelo. It not merely leaves a strong impression of Rienzi's sincere belief in the strange prophecies of Angelo and the other monkish seers, but enters into some details about his family.

In one passage there is a strange enigmatic allusion to his domestic Luna (Moon) i. e. his wife. We insert the Latin for the benefit of those who can construe it:—

'Quam. . . . inveni juxta prenunciatam à Britannico (sc. Merlino) seriè ab ipsa bestia furtivà doloissimè ac nefandissimè maculatam; quam sine crimine meorum et mei audiivi nuper juxta eandem seriè miserabiliter in sua glorià defecisse.'

The prophecy and its fulfilment seem equally obscure. It seems to intimate that his wife had really been corrupted by some of his enemies among the Ro-

man clergy, and had lost her glory: but, as we find that she had put on the dress of a sister of Santa Clara, we will hope for the best.

'My son, whom I left, if he has not been corrupted by the bad manners of others, chaste, humble, and well-instructed, I pray you to withdraw from the perils of the world into the light, and, since his disposition is like mine, allow him not to drink of the stream which I have drunk. All my books, except those on Theology, (Ecclesiasticos), my arms, and the rest of my property, which are in a place well known to you, let him sell with the assistance of my uncle, and when some one of the brethren shall visit the sepulchre at Jerusalem, let him take the money to complete an oratory, which a certain queen began to build there. If the Infidels prevent this, let him divide the money among the priests and the other Christians resident at Jerusalem. My Moon has taken the dress of St. Clara; I would wish both my daughters and my sisters to enter the same religious Order. Let all this be secret to others: to you and to the brethren, farewell.'

During all this time the pope had been in constant communication with the emperor, and demanded the surrender of this 'Son of Belial,' to be dealt with as a suspected heretic, and a rebel against the holy see. The emperor at last complied with this demand.

Rienzi's arrival at Avignon is thus strikingly described in a letter of Petrarch:

'There came lately to the court—I should not say came, but was brought as a prisoner—Nicolas Laurentius, the once formidable tribune of Rome, who, when he might have died in the Capitol with so much glory, endured imprisonment, first by a Bohemian [the emperor], afterwards by a Limousin [the Pope Clement VI.], so as to make himself, as well as the name and the Republic of Rome, a laughing-stock. It is perhaps more generally known than I should wish how much my pen was employed in lauding and exhorting this man. I loved his virtue, I praised his design, I congratulated Italy; I looked forward to the dominion of the beloved city and the peace of the world. . . . Some of my epistles are extant, of which I am not altogether ashamed, for I had no gift of prophecy, and I would that he had not pretended to a gift of prophecy; but at the time I wrote, that which he was doing, and appeared about to do, was not only worthy of my praise but that of all mankind. Are these letters, then, to be cancelled for one thing alone, because he chose to live basely rather than die with honour? But there is no use in discussing impossibilities: I could not destroy them if I would; they are published, and no longer in my power. But to my story. Humble and despicable that man entered the court, who, throughout the world, had made the wicked tremble, and filled the good with joyful hope and expectation: he who

was attended, it is said, by the whole Roman people and the chief men of the cities of Italy, now appeared between two guards, and with all the people crowding out and eager to see the face of him of whose name they had heard so much.'

Petrarch proceeds to state that a commission of three ecclesiastics was immediately appointed to examine what punishment should be inflicted on Rienzi. That he deserved the utmost punishment, the poet declares, for having basely abandoned his enterprise when he had conducted it with so much success—for having betrayed the cause of liberty by not crushing the enemies of liberty when in his power. Part of this passage we have already quoted, as an illustration of the general sentiment of Europe concerning the Tribune. Petrarch's whole letter is a singular mixture of his old admiration, and even affection, for Rienzi, with bitter disappointment at the failure of his magnificent and poetic hopes; not without some wounded vanity, and more timidity, at having associated his own name with one who, however formerly glorious, had sunk to a condition so contemptible. One of the first acts of Rienzi on his arrival at Avignon was to inquire if his old friend and admirer was in the city. 'Perhaps,' says Petrarch, 'he supposed that I could be of service to him; he knew not how totally this was out of my power: perhaps it was only a feeling of our former friendship.'

But, after all, as everything in this extraordinary man's life seemed destined to be strange and unexpected, Rienzi owed his safety chiefly to the influence of Petrarch; and of Petrarch, as a poet. He could scarcely look for any sentence but that of death or perpetual imprisonment. He had few friends and many enemies at Avignon. He was even denied the assistance of an advocate. His trial, however—it does not seem clear for what reason—was not pursued with great activity. The most dangerous charge, that of heresy, seems to have dropped quietly to the ground. Petrarch began to feel increasing interest in his fate: he even ventured to write to Rome to urge the intercession of the people in his behalf. We translate from Dr. Papencordt, of whose style of composition we have as yet given no fair example, the close of this act in the drama:—

'We know not whether the Romans did anything in favour of the tribune. Cola himself

had acknowledged himself guilty of the crimes imputed to him, and was condemned to death. Nothing, it seemed, could save him from execution or a perpetual and ignominious imprisonment, when a movement in his favour began to show itself in Avignon. The greatest passion for poetry and for poets, prevailed in the papal court and in the whole city. Petrarch applies the passage in Horace, "*Scribimus indocti doctique poemata*," to the whole place, and complains of his melancholy lot in having so many acquaintances who rained poems and letters upon him every day from all sides: lawyers, physicians, husbandmen, and builders neglected their work to make verses; he was followed home, and could scarcely set his foot in the street without being environed with people, asking him questions about poetry. As the rumour spread abroad that Rienzi was a celebrated poet, a general clamour arose, that it would be a sin to put to death such a man, who was skilled in that sacred art. Petrarch, indeed, says that Cola had read all the poets, but he was not aware that he had written a single poem; yet this report saved the prisoner's life. He was imprisoned in a tower, and fettered with a single chain, fastened into the vault of the dungeon; in other respects kept in honourable custody, and had his meals from the remnants of the papal table, which were distributed to the poor. He could pursue his beloved studies: the Bible, and the history of the ancient Romans, particularly the books of Livy, were his companions in his prison, as formerly at the height of his prosperity.'—pp. 259, 260.

Who could have supposed that this man, hardly escaped from death as a dangerous usurper of the papal authority, suspected as a heretic, the assertor of the liberties of Rome, and who had endeavoured to incite the emperor to reduce the papal power to the strict limits of spiritual jurisdiction—the writer of those stern and uncompromising invectives against the desertion of Italy by the popes—this unsparing castigator of the vices of the clergy—this heaven-appointed reformer, as he declared, of the church—this harbinger of the new kingdom of the Holy Ghost—should emerge from his prison, to reappear in Italy as the follower of the papal legate, and reassume the supreme government in Rome with the express sanction of the pope. Such, however, were the unparalleled vicissitudes in the life of Rienzi. On this last act of his life, the researches of Dr. Papencordt have not furnished much original matter; we hasten therefore to the close. A new pope, Innocent VI., had succeeded to the pontificate; he was the best perhaps, of the prelates who ruled at Avignon. The affairs of Italy called imperatively for his interference. Since the fall of the Tribune, Rome had returned to its miserable

anarchy. Sometimes two senators chosen out of the nobles—for a short period a popular leader named Cerroni—held the government.

A second tribune had arisen, named Baroncelli, who had attempted to found a new republic on the model of that of Florence; but the fall of Baroncelli had been almost as rapid as his rise. Plague and earthquake had visited the city; and, though the jubilee had drawn thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the world, and poured wealth into her bosom, this wealth had been but a new object of strife, faction and violence. Innocent delegated the affairs of Italy to Cardinal Ægidius Albornoz, Archbishop of Toledo. Albornoz descended into Italy to re-establish the temporal dominion of the popes; he was a man of great ability and experience. Rienzi had been released from prison; and the papal court considered that, under the judicious guidance of Albornoz, Rienzi's advice and knowledge of Italy and Rome might be of use to the papal cause.

He seems to have embraced the offer without reluctance. The more immediate object appears to have been to employ him as an opponent to Baroncelli, who had usurped his office and title of tribune. The vice-legate in Rome, Hugo Harpagon, represented that sufferings had no doubt taught Rienzi wisdom, that he had abandoned his old fantastic dreams of innovation, and might be of service to counteract by his activity and prudence the dominant impiety and evil. He requested that he might be sent to Rome. 'So,' observes Dr. Papencordt, 'was the tribune now to share in that work which he had said in one of his addresses to Charles IV. would be much more easy, more safe, and more congenial with his disposition, to reduce distracted Italy to unity and peace in the name of the Holy Mother the Church, rather than in the interests of the Empire.' On the fall of Baroncelli, however, Albornoz, who perhaps had formed a sounder estimate of Rienzi's character, retained him in his own camp. There Rienzi cast the spell of his eloquence over two distinguished youths, Arimboldo, a lawyer, and Brettone, knight, brothers of the celebrated and formidable Fra Morcale, the captain of the great Free Company. Out of the Bible and out of Livy he filled them with lofty notions of the greatness of Rome, and allured them by splendid promises of advancement. They lent him considerable sums of money, and they enabled him to borrow more. He appeared, accompanied

by these youths, and in a magnificent dress,* before the legate, and requested to be invested in the dignity of senator of Rome. At that time the papal authority in Rome was still unacknowledged by the factious nobles. It seemed a favourable opportunity; and in the name of the Church Albornoz appointed Rienzi senator of Rome. With a few troops Rienzi advanced; and in a short time was once more master of the scene of his former power and glory. But Rienzi had not learned wisdom. The intoxication of power again bewildered his reason; he returned to his old pomp, his old luxury. He extorted the restoration of his confiscated property, and wasted it in idle expenditure. He was constantly encircled by his armed guard; he passed his time in drunken banquets.† Again called on to show his military prowess against the refractory Colonnas, he was again found wanting. The stern and equal vigour which had before given an imposing majesty to his wild justice, now seemed to turn to caprice and wantonness of power. His great measure, by which he seemed determined, this time at least, to escape the imputation of pusillanimity as shrinking from the extermination of his enemies, was tainted with treachery and ingratitude. The execution of Fra Morcale, the brother of the youths to whom he had been so deeply indebted, revolted rather than awed the public mind. The second government of Rienzi was an unmitigated tyranny; and ended by his murder in a popular insurrection. With the cry of 'Long live the people,' was now mingled 'Death to the tribune, to the traitor Ri-

enzi!' His body was treated with the most shameful indignities.

There is much good sense in Dr. Papencordt's simple expression, that Rienzi was an extraordinary rather than a great man. His vigour of action fell short of his vigour of conception. He was a lofty idealist. That he could not accomplish his glorious visions, his times were partly in fault, and partly his own character. As long as his career was brilliant, imaginative, theatrical, he played his part with majesty; and even his magnificence might, as we observed, not have been impolitic; but when he had to strive with the rough realities of faction, to act on unimagined emergencies with vigour and promptitude, his mind seemed to give way—*dignus imperii nisi imperasset*. In a warlike age, his want of military skill, and even of a soldier's courage, was a fatal deficiency. But if in action thus occasionally pusillanimous, his imaginative resources were inexhaustible. To his visions of political freedom, the supremacy of the dominion of Rome, and the independence of Italy, succeeded his religious dreamery, the predicted kingdom of the Holy Ghost. And we may give him the benefit of supposing that, even in his latter enterprise, when an instrument of the ecclesiastical power, he might honestly conceive himself labouring in the only practicable scheme for the peace and prosperity of Italy. Dazzling as was the course of Rienzi, and awakening all the generous sympathies, especially at the commencement of his career, even now arresting our attention amid the tumult and confusion of the dark ages in Italy, he bursts upon us, in our youth perhaps, even as he did upon his own age, as a hero and a patriot. And like his own age, and like Petrarch, the voice of that age, we are inclined to revenge, as it were, our disappointment at the failure of the hopes which he has excited by injustice to the lofty parts of his character. We do not allow him credit for what he did achieve under such adverse circumstances, from a kind of resentment that he achieved no more. We depreciate the good, the very transitory good which he did, because we justly feel that he was not a man who produced any permanent effect on the condition or destinies of man, but a fleeting and ephemeral pageant.

Of the merits of Dr. Papencordt's work we have not yet spoken. The expressions of our praise, we are sorry to say, must be mingled with those of regret.

* The Roman biographer, who might appear to have been an eye-witness, describes his splendid attire with the most minute particularity.

† The Roman biographer is again our authority. 'Before,' he says, 'he was sober, temperate, abstemious; he was now become an inordinate drunkard.' * He was always eating confectionery and drinking. It was a terrible thing to be forced to see him—'horribile cosa era potere patire de vederlo,'—they said that in person he was formerly quite meagre, he had become enormously fat (*grasso sterminatamente*); he had a belly like a tun, jovial, like an Asiatic abbot!—'habea una ventresca tonna, trionfale, a modo de uno abbate *Asiano*!' Another MS. reads *abbate Asinino*, which decorum will not allow us to translate. 'He was full of shining flesh (*carbuncles*?) like a peacock. Red, and with a long beard, his face was always changing; his eyes would suddenly kindle like fire. It was as changeable as his opinions. His understanding lightened in fitful flashes like fire—'così se mutava son intellecto come fuoco.' *Apud Murator. Antiq. Ital.* iii., p. 524.

We have heard, since the commencement of our paper, that this promising pupil in the Berlin school of history has been suddenly cut off in the dawn of his literary reputation. Dr. Papencordt seemed likely to unite industry and diligence, general qualifications of German historians, with the virtues of judgment and skill in composition—which are not quite so common among them. We fear that his premature decease will deprive us of the work which he meditated, and of which the present monograph is, as it were, a chapter,—the history of the city of Rome from the fall of the Western Empire to the commencement of the sixth century. But—*his saltem donis*—we would honour the memory of a writer who promised to attain to high eminence; and condole with the friends of, as we learn, a modest and estimable man.

ART. IV.—1. *Russia under Nicholas the First*. Translated from a Supplement to the *Conversations Lexicon*, by Captain Anthony C. Sterling. London. 12mo. 1841.

2. *Notes of a Half-pay in Search of Health; or, Russia, Circassia, and the Crimea in 1839–40*. By Captain Jesse. 2 vols 8vo. London, 1841.

3. *Petersburg in Bildern und Skizzen*. Von J. G. Kohl. Dresden und Leipzig. 2 vols. 8vo. 1841.

NARRATIVES of travels through Russia, and residences in various portions of that empire, all conveying, with more or less pretension, accounts of its present policy and prophecies of its future destiny, have been of late so plentifully supplied to the reading world, that general opinions of some kind must, we should think, be beginning to take shape and form. At all events, there must be a very general curiosity on the subject: the reporters in this department bid fair to become as numerous and multifarious as those from the Transatlantic shores. This time last year we noticed a cycle of Russian tourists—at Christmas we introduced the 'Letters from the Baltic,' which have since run through two editions—and now, aided by our friends the Germans, we again muster strong. However differing in country, character, principle, prejudice, and capacity, all these explorers seem to profess the same main object and end—namely, to ascertain what the actual progress of

civilisation in Russia has been: by what influences it has been most forwarded; and in what departments of life its results are most apparent.

Ever since the advent of Peter the Great, the great-great-grandsire of his present majesty, who breathed a species of animation into the vast colossus, but bequeathed to his successors the far more difficult task of wakening intelligence and stimulating conscience, civilisation, like the unknown god of the ancients, a something they acknowledged yet knew not how to approach, has been more or less the aim or the pretension of each succeeding sovereign. But no matter how they founded cities, or raised temples, or endowed institutions, ostensibly in her name, so long as the worship of the heart was wanting—so long as she was sought: not for herself, but for her concomitant gifts—civilisation in her real worth remained, as a matter of course, far from their grasp. Even granting their motives to have been pure, their devotion real, the object—in the degree they affected to secure it—was equally unattainable; for in the words of a great writer of the day, 'To think of engrafting, at once, on an ignorant people the fruits of long knowledge and civilisation—of importing among them ready-made those advantages and blessings which no nation ever attained but by its own working out, nor ever was fitted to enjoy but by having struggled for them—to harbour even a dream of the success of such an experiment implies a sanguineness almost incredible.'

Nevertheless, all these gigantic efforts—this enormous expenditure—these innumerable ukases in pen and ink—in brick and mortar—cannot have remained barren. Something good or bad must have accrued from such combined and continued exertion; and in our humble opinion the result is very much what from such premises might fairly have been anticipated: in a word, that after the lapse of more than a century—in the course of which the Russian power has been developed and extended in a degree unmatched in modern European history—throughout the country itself, as it stands, the work of corruption is found far a-head of that of civilisation, and both gradually reversing in position—the one, through all the glare and parade of advancement, visibly undermining the structure borrowed from other nations—the other slowly impregnating the barbarous elements of the soil.

Impressed with this latter fact, we feel disposed to approach the Russian peasant with somewhat of the same respect as we should his czar—convinced that in these ranks lies that quarry of sterling materials from which alone the stepping-stones to Russian progression may be securely hewn. It may seem strange to say this of a class still in bondage, and more strange to speak openly of a system of serfage without as openly condemning it; but, even if Russia did not show us at every step the danger and futility of hasty changes and forced adoptions, we should be inclined to advocate the most cautious grant of that liberty which will only assimilate the serfs with other classes which have hitherto turned superior advantages to far inferior account. The peasantry of Russia are now strongly characterized by those qualities which legislators would be glad to retain in some more civilized countries, or infuse into others. At once active and tractable, intelligent and confiding—their affections more developed than their reason, their ingenuity far in advance of their knowledge—the voiceless and voteless worth of this estate in the political balance of Russia is as little suspected by the world in general as it is by themselves. Nevertheless it is to this class, almost exclusively, that Russia must look for the preservation of the sounder portions of her nationality—through this class it is that the sap of civilisation must rise; and it is worthy of remark that more has been done to waken the self-consciousness and moral energies of the people by their unanimous repulsion of the French invasion—(and the further we are removed from the barbarous features of this exertion the more shall we perceive its true dignity)—and more to humanise their habits and raise their ideas, by the return of the Russian troops from the allied armies—more, in short, to civilise them by these two national impulses, than by all the grafting and patching and mere outward applications upon the other classes of the empire, ever since the time of Peter the Great.

We thought it fair to state this general impression of ours on the threshold; but our immediate object is to make our readers acquainted with three very interesting books on Russia. And certainly whoever wishes to prepare himself for studying with advantage either the new travellers on our list, or any other work of their class, ought to begin by master-

ing the skilful Essay compiled from the rich pages of the 'Conversations Lexicon,' for which we are indebted to Captain Sterling.

Its first chapter opens with a few general remarks on the tardiness of Russia in the career of improvement; on the manner in which 'she has been obliged to rush through or skip over many degrees of civilisation in order to march in the same line with her rivals;' proceeding with a short survey of the events which preceded the reign of the Emperor Nicholas; the vexations which met him on his ascending the throne; with a few allusions to his personal character, and a short sketch of the motives for his policy—to which we shall advert more at length. To these succeed a list of the administrative and diplomatic officers; the history of the *Svod*, or systematic collection of civil laws—a gigantic work, which dragged its weary length through the reigns of Catherine the Second, Paul, and Alexander, and was reserved for the youth and vigour of the present sovereign to recommence and finish;—and a comprehensive sketch of the state of trade, the condition of the peasants, and the increased facility of intercourse, &c. One of the most interesting portions is contained in the chapter on the war with the Circassians, the inefficiency of all the varied modes of battery which Russia has hitherto brought to bear upon them, and the little present prospect there appears of terminating this contest in the usual Russian sweeping mode. These remarks are followed by a masterly analysis of the relations of Russia with the various states of Europe—including a review of the alternate progress of Russian and British influence on the affairs of Turkey, and the yet more obscure doings in the interior of Asia. We have then elaborate summaries of the revenues and resources of the empire—the force of the army and navy—the acquisitions of territory, and actual area of European and Asiatic Russia—the proportion of inhabitants to each district, and gross sum of the population—with reports of the various modes of education, from the six universities, down to the 426 district, 884 parochial, and 508 private boarding-schools—and, finally, an immense deal of positive and extraneous information which has crept into no other work, altogether rendering this little volume a complete manual of the present statistics of Russia. In the close research requi-

site for the condensation of so much varied knowledge, we recognise the patient hand of the German; while the arrangement of the materials does credit to Captain Sterling's clearness of head, and the unaffected plainness of his general style sets off many lively and even graceful turns and passages.

It is well to have this on the table for ready reference while one is going through Captain Jesse's more amusing work, which abounds in puns, jokes, anecdote, and quotation more than enough for both. In the two volumes by this gentleman the public are presented with the first fruits of a happy convalescence—a period when the spirits no less than the appetite are generally found to be in most mercurial condition. For only thus can we account for the many off-hand trivialities in a work which wants neither manly thought, nor solid information, nor some real liveliness.

In his first chapter Captain Jesse is kind enough to give us an account of his youthful doings in India—in the course of which he takes us through two fevers and one cholera morbus—with a sufficiency of snipe-shooting under a meridian sun, and up to his knees in water, &c. &c.: he then transports us back to England, and stations us for six years at monotonous country-quarters, where he, unfortunately, had little else to think of but the maladies he had imported from the land of jungles and paddy-fields: he allows us a peep into his journal of that period so full of dyspeptic memoranda as would in all probability have made him ill, had he not been so already—and being now come to that wretched pass when, in his own words, he no longer knows 'his favourite Amati from his regimental spit,' he thinks it high time to give the enemy the slip by a complete change of climate. Accordingly, at the end of the chapter we find our patient at Corfu.

He now steams on through classic waters, anchors in the roads of Patras, and thence, wind and weather permitting, finds himself in sight of the Pyræus, and quickly after approaching Athens in a hack-carriage amid clouds of dust. A sojourn of six weeks beneath the Athenian porches produces some sharp remarks upon the present state of Greece; but, strange to say, the soul-stirring antiquities of the place give occasion to little more than a somewhat peevish philippic at the annoyances which had long before

encountered him on visiting those of Rome!

We regret to be obliged to hurry through his interesting tour to Nauplia, his return to Athens, and passage in company with Prince George of Cambridge to Constantinople—a city which he describes in tempting colours. Not so, however, the Turkish bath; to the equivocal enjoyment of which he reconciles himself with a few puns in careful italics—a precaution not altogether superfluous—consoling himself, after being 'flayed, parboiled, and steamed, half-drowned and half-suffocated,' with the discussion of a pipe—to which, under various forms, the gallant captain appears so addicted, that it is only to be hoped his fair fellow-traveller in no way objected to the practice. With the exception, however, of the bath, our author, with his Oriental habits, appears perfectly at home among the Moslems. A passage on the exquisite beauties of Constantinople has a picturesqueness of manner which is of rare occurrence in the work, so we the more willingly transcribe it:—

'The sunsets here are not so fine as those of Greece, but moonlight over the City of the Sultan is indeed beautiful, and to enjoy it perfectly I frequently retired to my divan, which commanded a view of the Golden Horn, and with my pipe and sherbet at my side [cross-legged also?] remained there watching for her beams. As the night advanced the numerous lights of the city gradually disappeared, the hum of voices died away, the breeze of evening was hushed, and the Horn, which during the day had been covered with boats engaged in all the noise and tumult of traffic, now lay in hazy obscurity beneath me. The pale light in the horizon soon ushered in the "bark of pearl in that cloudless sky," the shadows became more evident, the golden crescents of the Sulimani mosque and Seraskier's tower then appeared, the slender minarets followed, and at last the whole city and the Horn were lighted up in colours more chaste though less splendid than those of sunset. I felt that this was the hour to enjoy the City of the Plague, and I thought my opinion was confirmed by the numerous caiques which stole quickly yet noiselessly across the moonbeams, returning to Stamboul from the Sweet Waters at the extremity of the Horn. If it were possible for anything to increase the beauty and interest of this scene, it was so increased by the planet Venus being in conjunction with the moon, exhibiting the emblem of the Moslem's empire over his own capital. This divan was my bed, but the sleep that succeeded was far more generally interrupted by the loud and continual yells of the mongrel curs of Pera than by dreams of Mahomed's Houris.'—*Jesse*, vol. i., p. 42.

But we now share in the author's impatience to enter Russia, and must therefore land him, after three days' voyage through the Black Sea, at Odessa, where, immediately on reaching *terra firma*, he was subjected by the jealous sanitary laws to a purifying process, which, after all, is no very inappropriate sequel to the Turkish bath. To this succeeds the unutterable dullness of a fortnight's quarantine; a period of gentle durance which some graceless author has likened to the English honeymoon—though Captain Jesse has managed to make it amusing enough to his readers, and which affords him the opportunity—not seldom repeated throughout his pages—of contradicting Marshal Marmont's statements *in toto*. If Captain Jesse fared worse than most during quarantine, he had at all events the comfort of faring better than most in the custom-house, his baggage being helped through by the friendly intervention of a brother epaulette. But no military pass-word could be extended to a pocket edition of Byron—a name so sternly banned in the Russian empire that we rather wonder at the captain's attempt. To be sure, we have known the prohibition successfully evaded by simply cutting out a leaf; for like the human countenance itself, a title-page is here considered as the sure index of the soul within; and, while, under a smooth face, the most desperate sinner may securely creep into a Russian book-case, a suspicious head-piece will condemn the most innocent production that ever issued from the press. A ludicrous instance of the latter occurred to a passenger entering Petersburg, who, among the usual complement of guide-books and hand-books, happened to possess a small astronomical work, entitled 'Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies.' No sooner had the censor cast his eyes upon the title-page than its doom was sealed. The first word was enough for a loyal Russian—no matter where the scene of action—and, not content with confiscating the book, the police had orders to keep a strict watch over its audacious importer.

Leaving his lady at Odessa, Captain Jesse now proceeds upon a tour in the Crimea, a change of scene by which the reader profits as well as the author; for the 'Month's Leave of Absence' constitutes one of the most agreeable portions of his work. His investigations of the historical reminiscences and antiquarian remains of this region, though somewhat too diffuse, are conducted with the zeal of a scholar; his

descriptions of the works and docks of Sevastopol are given with the technical precision of a military man; while all that can be objected to (with the exception of his view of Cape Matapan from the *Black Sea*) is not so much his having dwelt too long upon the artificial ugliness of the Macrocephali, but too little upon the natural beauties of the Crimean paradise, of which beyond a festooning vine or creeping geranium we catch but few glimpses. He mentions, it is true, one grand and sublime view from the top of a high mountain, to which he ascends by a route significantly called the 'Devil's Staircase,' and where he particularly alludes to 'a sensation of loneliness which I always experience at a great height.' But in this respect Captain Jesse is not singular; the sensation he alludes to being a natural consequence to which most people are subject in any very elevated position, whether physical or social.

His account of the war in Circassia (though, despite an intimation in the title-page, our traveller does not appear to have entered that territory) conveys most exciting matter for those who take interest in the fate of these gallant 'Highlanders of the Caucasus,' heathens though they be, while, in those who do not, a glance in the accompanying map at the narrow gap which alone remains free from the embrace of the Russian fortresses might be sufficient to induce it. The temptations to serve in this cause are succinctly stated by Captain Sterling. An ukas of the 20th May, 1838, promises to such officers as volunteer for this service a whole year's pay in advance, double pay during the war, and their travelling expenses.' 'Upon this,' adds Sterling, 'there were numerous applications;' but how disproportionate all the advantages are to the risk incurred may be told by a few extracts from the 'Notes of a Half-pay.'

Speaking of the Russian fortresses in Circassia, of which a river always forms one side,—

'This face,' says Captain Jesse, 'is protected by a gun-boat when there is sufficient depth of water, an intrenchment, and traverses. If there is no river, a small stream will always influence the choice of situation, as the garrisons cannot leave the fort to get either wood or water without some casualties taking place. Sometimes the Circassians turn the stream above the fort, and the Russians are then under the necessity of sending to a considerable distance for their supplies of those articles absolutely necessary to their existence. In doing so they are obliged to traverse thick underwood and other obstacles,

which their opponents well know how to take advantage of, and, by posting themselves behind trees and pieces of rock, the escort, generally composed of a company, seldom returns without severe loss. It was in allusion to this that I once heard a Russian officer remark "that a glass of water was very often purchased by a glass of blood." Of course the difficulties are greater in keeping up the communications between the forts themselves. But this is not the only misfortune under which the troops suffer, for malaria prevails in all the low situations, and the men are decimated by fevers for which they have neither preventive nor cure. Their supplies of food, always scanty and indifferent, are sometimes cut off by the gales, which blow with great violence on this coast; and as they cannot obtain provisions in the country, they are sometimes reduced to the greatest possible distress. Fresh meat is rarely seen, and, being very dear at all times, is never given to the men. In the winter of 1839 the communications with Sevastopol and Kerch had been so interrupted that rye-flour was sixty-five rubles, nearly sixty shillings, the chetvert. Thus wretchedly off for food, they are worse off for medicine, and, when suffering under intermittent fever, are left to cure it with a salt herring, a cheap, and in this part of the world popular, remedy.—vol. i., p. 272.

Being detained till too late in the season for travelling to Moscow, Captain Jesse resolves, having indeed no other alternative, on spending the winter at Odessa. Of this city, as a residence, he speaks bitterly and contemptuously. Knowing that an English gentleman, so accustomed to the highest luxuries of society as Lord Alvanley, is now spending for choice his *second* winter there, many may be somewhat puzzled. The 'Half-pay,' however, gives a catalogue of unmitigated miseries. According to him, the climate, to begin with, has all the inconvenience of the two opposite extremes. It is Siberia in the winter, and the coast of Africa in the summer, without the steadiness of the one or the luxuriance of the other. In winter the snow-storms are so heavy that ladies bound for ball or theatre used to yoke oxen on to their equipages, and 'even now the servants announce the shovel before their carriage.' In spring they are stuck fast, knee-deep in mud, so that maid-servants go to market in their master's boots—(at least so Captain Jesse's did);—in summer they are dried up for want of water, of which the town does not furnish a single drinkable spring,—suffocated with columns of dust, and tormented by 'eight billions of flies?' neither more nor less. In addition to this, the pavement is execrable, and the principal thoroughfares intersected with deep drains, in which people break

their legs; the streets are wretchedly lighted, or rather not lighted at all; the ment is bad, the servants infamous, the shopkeepers all rogues, and the society of the town by no means a compensation for all these evils. Surely Captain Jesse must have been particularly unfortunate—or particularly difficult. Even his puns flag here. But we are inclined to think with him that in all Russia he could not well have pitched upon a place more devoid of advantages. Banishment to Tobolsk (with exemption from the mines) would decidedly, in point of society, have repaid him much better, and in other respects no worse. Odessa is by much too new in the list of autocratical creations to offer a fair standard of Russian society; the upper classes are more artificial, and the lower less national, than they would be found elsewhere,—while habits of constant intercourse with the crafty Greek, the indolent Turk, and the demoralized Pole, have produced an amalgamation which, unlike some counterfeits, has not the recommendation of being good in itself.

Captain Jesse is an honest writer; and enables us to measure his opinions by giving a fair account of the opportunities he had for forming them. We did not expect from so rapid an observer accurate representations of things that do not immediately and everywhere meet the eye; but we confess our disappointment in not discovering throughout these pages any thing like a real picture of the Russian peasant. He everywhere, under Captain Jesse's delineation, stands forth a miserable creature, with slavery on his brow, superstition in his heart, thieving at his fingers' ends, and a clean shirt only once a twelvemonth to his back! This may be true in part: but of the two sides there are to everything our author has decidedly taken and stuck to the worst; and a foreigner who should come to England and report that all our lower classes were drunkards or poachers, and—of which these late distressed times have furnished too many instances—all without a bed to sleep upon, would be just as near the truth. According to our own observation of *the class*, the Russian serf, with his loyalty, courtesy, and filial piety, his intelligence, shrewdness, and wit,—who stands like a hero, who is proverbially as far removed from all vulgarity in manner as from all grammatical inaccuracy in speech, who venerates his czar, loves his lord, and believes his priest—(we will say

nothing about the clean shirt)—is about one of the most interesting specimens of peasant humanity the present world affords.

‘There is no *gaieté de cœur* or hilarity about a Russian; and unless they are tipsy, or otherwise much excited, they are a tranquil, not to say a stupid people.’ What! no *gaieté de cœur* about the *Français de Nord*? No hilarity about him whose voice may be heard singing from the roof of every house, or laughing in the most contagious tones from the ice labours of the canal below;—whose national sports are the gayest in the world; whose very choice of colours bespeaks the tone of his mind; whose joke is always ready, always new, always good; who looks as happy as if all the world were his equals—and rather more so, we should fancy! Certainly, as respects a true judgment of the real sturdy Russian peasant—and we do not, like the author, see anything objectionable in the application of this term to them—our ‘Captain bold’ is as far removed from the right mark as if he had never stirred from his ‘country quarters.’ His chief opportunities for observation appear, as he confesses, to have been derived from the mixed population of Odessa, and from the wretched road-side beggars of the Steppes. Unacquainted with the Russian language, their inner life was of course a sealed book to him; and because they bow low with their bodies like a nobleman of the old English school, and dispersed on the emperor’s birthday without a cheer, like the Scotch at George IV.’s visit, he interprets these as so many signs of crushing slavery. Nay, even their national food—their kvass and black bread—are in his eyes only specimens of brutal fare, and symbols of utter degradation. Though Captain Jesse did not relish either, they may not be the worse for that. There are many articles besides kvass and chleba on which tastes are found to differ. Some persons detest olives; others positively loathe the best Tenby oysters (the Russians prefer the latter a little tainted); some strange people do not like real turtle-soup, and some, stranger still, do; and one respectable individual we could mention has even an antipathy to roast mutton! The truth is, that strictly national dainties rarely find favour with foreign palates, until after repeated experiment.

To return to our serfs—the Captain’s feelings are wounded by the little efforts

made by the nobility to emancipate or improve their condition. This painful impression is natural to an individual living in an age so entirely opposed to that of feudalism, and where the last poetry of that system is now fast fading from view; but if there be one country more than another in which the introduction of liberal principles, so misnamed, is to be deprecated, that country is Russia. Our author himself owns that ‘those who talk most of the imperative duty of kindness to them are most deficient in the performance of it.’ In considering the act of enfranchisement, every other contingent influence must be taken into account; and we have little doubt, if Captain Jesse had spent a few years in the country, he would have come to our conclusion—that, while the estimation of liberty in the breast of a Russian noble remains such as it now is—while the enfranchised classes next above the serf are in bondage to a system infinitely more degrading than the feudal tenure—while the laws with which, by an extension of civil rights, he would come into collision, are so different in practice from what they are in theory—the peasant is subjected to the lesser evil of the two in being left to work out his own civilisation in his own way, and within the prescribed bounds of his tether. Nor is this by any means so confined as a posting ‘Half-pay’ may have supposed. Seen under average fair circumstances, the serf is the most active tradesman in the empire; while the fact of his being little disposed to spend his gains upon himself is some proof that he is but little anxious about their security. If neither the fire of his patriotism nor the activity of his speculation has been damped by his servitude, and if with increasing prosperity the serf does not stumble on the rock of *improvidence*, we fancy we can hardly be far wrong in drawing the inference that serfage, such as it is in Russia, does not necessarily debase the moral man. But we cannot do better than quote the Captain himself:—

‘Some of Count Chérémétieff’s serfs are merchants, and very wealthy. The riches of a serf are generally obtained by procuring his master’s permission to leave his estate, and follow some trade in a town where he can, without interruption, turn a small capital and his natural shrewdness to account. This boon is well paid for if he is successful. In the country, in cases where the landlord’s cupidity does not interfere with the provisions made by the law for the serf’s benefit, they sometimes accumulate large

sums; for they spend but little upon themselves, and an increase of wealth does not make that alteration in their habits which might be expected. The custom is to allow the serf three days of the week to cultivate the portion of land assigned to him by his master, for whom he works the other three; and in this case, also, he sometimes reaches a state of comparative affluence. . . . Many of Count Chérémétieff's serfs could of course, if permitted, purchase their freedom; but this nobleman has no idea of allowing them to take advantage of their own industry: on the contrary, it is a subject of self-gratulation with many to possess rich serfs, and it is affirmed that Chérémétieff is so proud of his that no sum would tempt him to give them their liberty—a worthy descendant, truly, of his ancestor in the days of Catherine! With this man there is no plea of necessity, but it gratifies his vanity, for it has an effect when he invites foreigners to to his country-seat. On these occasions the Count is received by one of his rich serfs, in a mean hut, built in the usual style of a Russian log-house, and fitted up with the rudest furniture; the table is covered with the coarsest linen, and a black loaf, with some salt and a wooden bowl of borsch, are placed upon it. The party merely taste this humble refreshment, when the door leading to another house at the back is opened, and the noble proprietor and his friends are then ushered into an apartment handsomely furnished: the table here is loaded with plate, glass, fruit, and a profusion of viands, in the arrangement of which little taste is displayed; and champagne, quass, and vodka are served, one as freely as the other. The guests leave the house astonished by such an entertainment given by a Russian serf, fancying perhaps that, under the circumstances, the man is as well pleased to be a slave as free; and, in some cases, they are likely to be right. In all probability the serf who has thus feasted his master and his friends can scarcely read, knows nothing of figures, counts with beads, and has a beard of enormous length: he makes, however, large sums of money, for he is shrewd, cunning, and saving. His moments of extravagance are when, as in this case, he receives his lord, or at one of his own children's weddings.'—vol. ii., p. 282.

We must frankly own that we do not share the author's feelings on this occasion: we see infinitely more to deprecate, and more to commiserate, in that false system, arising from an opposite extreme of civilisation, which compels the freeman to enslave himself. We deeply lament, with Captain Jesse, the recklessness and tyranny of the nobles in too many instances; but what will he say to the late disturbances in Livonia, where the oppressed were freedmen, and their oppressors enlightened German barons? All public accounts of the real nature of this insurrection were carefully suppressed or qualified by the Russian government, but we know through private sources that no abuses of the feudal

power were ever more crying than those which urged the free Livonian peasant to violence. This is only another proof that, till the upper classes be more enlightened, the simple fact of enfranchisement is not accompanied by that benefit which the word suggests, and that the peasant, though nominally made free, only exchanges in point of fact one master for many; to say nothing of the annihilation of that feeling on the part of the serf which may be compared to what the Highland clansman *had* for his chief, and which forms one of the few elements yet to be respected in the Russian nation. It is to be hoped that the legislature will proceed with much caution before they subject the yet healthy peasant to that moral pestilence which everywhere marks the progress of a spurious civilisation in the other classes of the empire; it is the easiest thing in the world to rail at 'the feudal bond'—but ugly as the word may look, the *thing*, in Russia as she still is, implies at least as much of protection as of oppression.

We have much less quarrel with Capt. Jesse's views about some other orders of Russian society—for example, the so-called middle classes, whom, in the vain idea of suddenly reclaiming those awful moral steppes which lie between the serf and his lord, the State has fostered into being. From a variety of causes—but from none more than the absence of a law of primogeniture among the nobility, and the consequent depreciation of every walk of life except the military—it follows that posts of honour and responsibility, involving some of the most complicated machinery of this vast empire, fall to a body of men in whom ideas of honour are neither entailed by descent, implanted by education, nor encouraged by example. These individuals are in general termed *Chinovniks*, or the *betitled*; there being no class in Russia on whom—for want of something better—a more liberal shower of orders and medals descends. The evils which these *Chinovniks* entail upon the country receive a double impulse from the nature of the laws themselves, which, though frequently excellent in the abstract, can be with wonderful ease perverted to serve the turn of all but the innocent. Emanating probably from the military ideas which pervade everything, a drill-sergeant system of minutiae, an absurd multiplication of forms is insisted upon, which too often operates as if it had been expressly de-

signed to encumber truth and screen error; and in a State where the form of justice is in itself so new, and its administration so absolute, it is doubly revolting to find it already clogged by abuses which the most venerable age could not justify, and thwarted by a venality which the most violent party-spirit could not excuse. In the suspicious temper of the government, which starts by presupposing no man honest, half-a-dozen base-born hirelings, intended, beside their avowed vocation, to act as spies on each other and all around them, are thrust into a department which cannot honestly occupy more than one functionary, and there kept on wretched stipends, the sum total of which would not maintain more than one of the party. Nor need it be supposed that these worthies sit with their hands before them—why should they? The crown makes its own paper; pens and ink, such as they are, are cheap; sand is plentiful; and all things in Russia being valued according to their numerical amount, it follows that the greater the number of stamped sheets on which a decision can be spread out, the more just and satisfactory, arithmetically speaking, must that decision be. But the pay of his paltry office is not what the Russian subaltern even affects to regard as the mainstay of his existence: where he receives one rouble from the government he reckons on ten from the public, who know that their slender hope of justice, or better chance of evasion, depends on 'the gift' they bring. But Captain Jesse has given us so lively a picture of the true *Chinovnik* that we cannot do better than introduce it:—

'I was now recommended to bestir myself about my passport, which, from its being for the interior, would take some time as well as trouble to procure. In applying for it I had an opportunity of observing one of the numerous methods adopted by the government of raising the wind through the medium of stamped papers. All business in the public offices and courts of justice is carried on in writing, and no communication is received by the head of a department unless the document has the imperial eagle upon it. The price of the lowest stamped paper on which official business is transacted is about seven pence of our money; and when the extent to which the system of "bureaucratie" is carried is carefully considered, it will be evident that the sums raised in this manner must form an important item in the revenue. The vexatious delays I had experienced in procuring my Crimean passport were few in comparison with what I encountered on this occasion. The first step it was necessary to take in so intricate an affair was to go to the police-

office with my "carte-de-séjour." Before this document, however, could be forwarded to the police-master, it was requisite that it should be accompanied by a petition, and, as I could not write Russ, I had to look about the office for one of the numerous scribes who make a livelihood by inditing these official "billets-doux." This was of course drawn out upon a stamp; and having given in the two papers I departed, with an intimation that I might "call again to-morrow." Three hours were consumed in this preliminary step. The next morning, at the appointed hour, I was again at the office; and after having had the satisfaction of seeing the hand of the cuckoo-clock describe two circles, an understrapper announced to me the agreeable intelligence that I might follow him. Keeping close to his heels, we threaded, or rather pushed, our way through a crowd of petitioners, all of the lower orders, until my companion confronted me with a man in a green coat with brass buttons—the civil uniform. 'This was only a *Chinovnik* (i. e. an under-clerk); though, judging by his important manner, he might have been Count Benkendorf himself. I now observed that a third document had been appended to the two I left the day before; this being, as usual, on a stamp, I paid for it; and, in the official catechism that followed, the gentleman in green was so pre-occupied, that he forgot to give me my change. The official jackal now took me to at least ten different persons, who signed and counter-signed each paper; and, after wheeling in and out of almost every room but the one I wished to get into, the principal one, I was brought back to my absent friend with the brass buttons; here I had to pay for another stamped paper, and have the "change taken out of me" again: my silent submission to this roguesy procured me a low bow, with a request to leave the papers with him, and "call again to-morrow." Before I left the office I was informed that this delay was to give the police time to inquire whether there were any claims against me in the town for debt. The following day I was once more at my post; but this time it was evident that the legal (though not the illegal) forms and demands had been complied with. My papers lay duly arranged upon the table, but the man in green paid no attention to me; and though many applicants were successful, the crowd around him appeared to increase rather than diminish. I soon saw how matters stood; and feeling certain that, unless I followed the example of those who had retired, I should again be desired to "call again to-morrow." I put my hand into my pocket, a sign manual which this purveyor of signatures perfectly understood, and we effected an amicable exchange. Handing me the papers, he pocketed the silver with the most perfect "sang froid," telling me, as he dropped the fifty-two-copek pieces into his pocket, that the "imperial salary would not keep him in boots."—vol. ii., p. 2.

He adds, shortly after, 'the person in the present instance had accumulated a fortune that his net salary for one hundred years never would have amounted to.'

If such was the annoyance and exertion experienced by a passing traveller in obtaining a mere every-day formula, some idea may be gathered of the miseries suffered by those whose whole existence is at the mercy of these creatures. Many indeed are the unfortunate individuals who have been stripped of the very fortune it was their object to save, in the vain attempt to pay their way up the ladder of Russian justice, at every round of which a higher fee, in proportion to the rank of the official, is exacted. Such also is the awful majority of those who 'turn aside after lucre, and take bribes, and pervert judgments'—such the bond of iniquity between them—that many a *wrongheaded* exception has been known to throw up his sole means of maintenance, rather than remain to witness practices of which he can in no other shape manifest his detestation.

But though the general aspect of judicial administration be thus bad, there is no one portion so bad as that immediately connected with the affairs of the Crown. For in proportion to the loyalty assumed does the spirit of dishonesty prosper. Hence the extensive and peculiar department of procedure originating in the immensity of the Imperial domains, and the numerous monopolies in which the Crown is engaged, may be considered the very school and pattern of all other abuses. In every government of the empire will be found individuals of good birth and standing, who, either as administrators of estates, superintendents of factories, or in some other relation of dependence or partnership, are induced to enter into immediate connection with the Crown. Nevertheless, the instances of those who have suffered in this unequal league are so numerous that the caution, 'Beware of having anything to do with the Crown,' now amounts to a current proverb, and is among the first counsels a prudent father will give his son upon entering life. For a time such alliances may prosper; but sooner or later, a word of offence, a just reprimand, or an indignant reprehension to any one of the myriads of subalterns who tread on each other's heels in the zeal to scan the conduct of others, is too surely followed by some new application of the same old trickery—a scheme which can hardly ever fail to succeed where ostentatious loyalty is the usual veil for the grossest malignity, and where suspicion exposes its object to as much inconvenience as elsewhere conviction. An *information* once laid, however hitherto unimpeachable the party, the Russian law, which supposes all men to be guilty till they prove themselves innocent, obliges the accused at any cost to await the

issue. The first announcement of hostilities is in the shape of a sequestration of all the real property of the individual denounced—for in such matters the Crown is understood never to lose a kopeck—which done, its myrmidons are let loose to investigate the facts. Now is the time to improve their opportunities, and to probe how much the victim will endure before he makes up his mind to compromise the matter upon such terms as *their* consciences may fix. Their business, as we said, is to investigate the facts and report on the case; and in Russia this can be no otherwise accomplished than by quartering themselves in the house of the accused—in the very heart of his family. At first a mask of courtesy and civility is worn; nay, even a friendly compassion for the hardship of the case is assumed—as the best plan, if there be anything to conceal, to throw the party off his guard. Even while the smooth deceit is kept up, it is not the most agreeable thing in the world to have a couple or more of coarse-minded and coarse-bodied fellows stationed at your board, mixing with your friends, and intruding on your privacy whenever they may think proper. But this does not last long. If the individual *in question* be so obstinate as not to criminate himself by fair means, foul are quickly resorted to. If cajolery will not catch him, provocation may. The veil of courtesy, therefore, is discarded for a demeanour of the utmost insolence. The control over the house is assumed—the substance is wasted—the orders countermanded—the retinue insulted—the family itself is expelled from one apartment after another, to make room for the caprices, or even the *vices*, of their persecutors; while, with the double trial of annoyance for the present and anxiety for the future, the wretched host, who knows that both are equally at their mercy, has only the prospect of endurance *ad libitum*, or the alternative of a bribe, which, if not up to the measure of *their* extortion, will serve as the most direct evidence of *his* guilt.

Meanwhile all the farce of business is carrying forward by those whose interest it is to spin out the investigation, and with it the enjoyment of comfortable board and lodging, as long as possibly may be contrived. To give some idea of the pace at which they proceed, we need only say that a couple of these menial despots will spend more than *six months* in making merely an inventory of the stock in trade or farming implements, with descriptions of the various buildings and fixtures. It is true the length and breadth, the height and thickness of every wall and roof are measured, and compared with the equally

conscientious official bequest of the last spies who equally persecuted the last occupant. And here, if a tile be wanting, or a morsel of cement be displaced—and Russian cement is not so tenacious as Roman—each is regularly entered as a matter of complaint. Every implement, down to the billet-wood in the yard, is formally counted, examined, and reported. A chopping-block is 'large in circumference, rough at the edges, and to all appearance solid,' (very much like our good friend the 'Conversations Lexicon'): a stable bench is described as 'so many feet, so many inches long and broad, with *four legs and no ears*;' and milk-tubs as '*little machines with ears and no legs*.' Some little *pitchers* with *long ears* of our acquaintance, not specified in this catalogue, would have known better.

Not to take a leaf out of their book by lengthening our story, such cases are sometimes known to drag on through seven years!—a sure proof that the defendant rests on his own innocence, and will adopt no short cut to release; during which time he has to dance an expensive attendance at St. Petersburg—is referred from court to court—banded from one great man to another—knows that his family are in distress, and has no money to send them—that a child is dead, and dares not quit his post of vexation to console the mother—lies down every night on his weary pillow with the dispiriting conviction that his cause is not advanced one iota, and that the longer the issue is protracted, the less will it compensate for his detention; till, embittered in mind, aged with care, and broken in fortune, he receives an acquittal which comprises neither indemnification for the wrong, nor punishment for the wrong-doer. Not seldom the whole matter terminates with a formal declaration—for Russian justice does not hesitate to convict herself—signed by the highest court in the empire, *that there were no grounds whatsoever from beginning to end for the accusation.*

We have no occasion to asseverate the truth of this case: we have drawn the picture from life; and those who know Russia will recognize every line. Such instances as these, which are seen repeating themselves with more or less aggravation throughout the empire, enable the spectator to account in some degree for the deadly and growing hatred with which this misnamed middle class is regarded; while the sacred name of loyalty being taken in vain by a set of rogues who spend their lives and mend their fortunes in uttering base moral counterfeits, infinitely more destructive to the interests of the community than any adulteration of the coin of

the realm, has well nigh debased the quality itself to the level of those who thus abuse it. By an edict of his present majesty—who, in his policy towards this class, is with his eyes wide open following up that mistake of which Peter the Great could not foresee the result—the *éclat* of a personal nobility has been conferred upon the higher steps of his official hierarchy—a more extended and less discriminate distribution of orders has been introduced—thus strengthening every incitement to paltry ambition and show of petty dignity, without any increase of those means which might maintain either. That a measure tending thus directly to give them ideas to which their fortunes bear no relation—to foster a miserable pride, the very antithesis of an honest independence, and moreover calculated to excite the most dangerous unkindness between these *parvenus* and the old nobility of the land—that such a measure should have been the deliberate act of a monarch whose interest and professed aim it is to consolidate the middle ranks of his empire, must seem perfectly incomprehensible. But though the higher Russians are fond of talking of their growing middle class, and boast of the enactments made in its favour, as if they were some compensation for those still wanting—the autocratical devices attach to this estate none of the qualities which elsewhere constitute its greatest power and pride—of which indeed the utter exemption from all the parade of outer rank is not the least. Nor is this evil redeemed by any benefit, present or future, to the serf. As Captain Jesse remarks, 'The new nobility have gained by the common routine of army promotion the same titles and immunities as are possessed by the old, and the State knows no difference between them. These men are certain to stand by the system that has made them, and oppose every question of reform regarding the tenure of land, emancipation of the serfs, or any other modification of their newly-acquired privileges which the others might be willing to advance.' (Vol. ii., p. 224.)

Regarding orders, Voltaire says, 'It is a badge they carry about them, that commands the veneration of the populace—a mark of honour, which costs the sovereign nothing, and which flatters the vanity of subjects, without adding to their power.' This would be all very well, if Russia were a patient which required to be lulled into torpor, instead of braced into energy. As it is, we should be inclined to suggest the difficulty of flattering the vanity of a nation without undermining a better feeling, and that a badge which commands the veneration of the popu-

lace must effectually add to the power of the possessor. 'It is an ill wind that blows no good;' and Russia is a warning to other nations, that the satisfaction of bestowing rewards which cost the giver nothing is a dear pleasure in the end. But in truth the very honesty of the motive at the outset may be questioned, when it is known that the sum paid into the treasury, where brass medals are more plentiful than silver roubles, at each investiture, is such that many decline the expensive distinction.

Whoever has partaken of that dead-hearted feeling, that positive dejection of spirit which must follow any considerable observation of the social system in Russia, finds it refreshing to turn to the sturdy masses of the peasantry, whose position places them, no matter whether above or below, at all events without the pale of such influences as these. Safe by the very fetters they wear from the artificial experiments of the crown—enjoying, as far as it goes, a healthy sphere of expansion, and removed, by their dependence on their lords, from any frequent contact with the laws of the State, we repeat that in this class alone the elements of loyalty and promise of civilisation are found in vigour. But at the same time we cannot allow the nobility the full benefit of this argument: for it is an incontrovertible fact, that in other qualities, equally as in these, they are beneath their boors. Unlike his serf, the Russian noble rarely respects anything that is national. He depreciates the real merits of his country—apostatizes from her real virtues—abjures her rich and energetic language—and, in short, glories in nothing that belongs to her, except her domination. His aim in rebellion has no reference either to her wants or her resources. His help, when obedient, is not the co-operation of conviction. Profiting generally of the imperial rage for the outer semblance of civilisation, to graft only its sapless branches, its mere fashionable luxuries, upon his own barbarity—the Russian noble, even if not tainted by the all-pervading corruption of *place*, is too ignorant to form any schemes of real benefit to the country. Of what materials are the Russian rebellions composed? Of the most villanous designs, or the most impracticable visions—of men whose sole aim is self-aggrandisement, or whose philanthropy is but a name or a disguise for imbecile folly?

Again, the crown invariably heaps upon its ministers and superior servants more vocations than any one individual can possibly fill; and thus, whilst the drudges of office have leisure in plenty for their machinations, their *chef* has not a moment for the barest

circumspection. Hence also arises that inveterate disorder which characterizes every department of public business. One noble personage, for example, unites in his weather-beaten person as many functions as would amply occupy half-a-dozen stronger officers. Commander-in-chief of the Army, Aide-de-camp General, head of the whole *gens-d'armes* of the empire—head of the whole police of the empire—head of the secret police of the crown—member of the council—member of the senate,—all the noble count's spare moments are further ingeniously filled up with the office of censor to the theatres, which includes the obligation of reading every play before acting; and, lastly—we lose our breath in the enumeration—with the charge of the emperor's person, including not only participation at every *fête*, review, parade, and masked ball, but corporal attendance in the emperor's carriage or kibitka, in his majesty's 'whirlwind expeditions' from Tobolsk to Warsaw, from Finland to the Black Sea. When, besides all this, it is remembered that the military service is one of ceaseless punctilio and immense bodily fatigue, that the civil one is encumbered in the way we have described, and that in Russia there are no such things as *sinecures*, some faint idea may be gathered of how much there is to do, and how little there can be done by the most responsible officers.

Those who, like the excellent nobleman to whom we have alluded, endeavour by the devotion of their whole time and energies to master their many-headed employments, soon become as dispirited in mind as they are exhausted in body: for not only does the sum total of their duties surpass their powers, but, in that which they might accomplish, they find themselves sore let and hindered by the negligences and perversions of other bureaux. '*On nous perd le sens, tantôt avec des méchancetés, tantôt avec des bêtises,*' was the remark of one of the highest in birth and talents in the empire. To this false standard of exertion the emperor's own unremitting but injudicious efforts have not a little contributed: for, instead of remedying an evil obvious to the simplest observation, he has lent the whole weight of his own Herculean frame and will to uphold and justify a measure of personal taxation which his Majesty, perhaps, is alone qualified by Nature to fulfil.

The character of the present Czar—for having crept through the various steps to the throne, we find ourselves on a level with that pedestal which sustains the awful Majesty of Russia—is one which must excite

lively curiosity, and will repay careful investigation; but the result, we think, must be, that he is remarkable rather in the stern exercise of a few sound moral qualities than from the possession of any extraordinary powers or talents. His firmness is unalterable—his industry unflinching—his justice, as it emanates from himself, strict—his preferences steady—his consistency rigid. He brought with him to the throne 'a strong will and a mind of activity.' Not a few will say, here are already the prime materials of a great man! But we have added neither the cultivation of mind that should lead to clear views and sound judgment, nor the native intelligence that might supply their place. And both these necessary qualities being failing, those we have enumerated are as often seen violently impelled in a wrong direction as in a right—as often expending their strength in the rectification of mere non-senses, as in wrestling with deep-rooted errors. As was said of him by one of the most enlightened and, moreover, loyal of his own nobility, '*Pour bien faire du bien il y a trois qualités essentielles—la puissance, la bonne volonté, et la connaissance—il possède les deux premières, mais il lui manque la dernière—en un mot, il est IGNORANT.*'

The emperor's chief characteristic is power of will—not that firmness upon principle and conviction which bears gentleness and repose as its outer synonyme, but that absolute inflexibility of persistence and purpose which under one aspect shows itself majestic, under another puerile. In the one light we may view his conscientious, however ill-directed, desire to promote the good of his people—his own intense application, both mental and physical—his undaunted perseverance through all obstacles; and last, though not least, his control over a nature in which all the rude violence of his ancestors appeared originally to be revived and embodied. In the other, we cannot but consider the degrading frivolity and extravagance of his court—the emptiness and vanity in which his own family have been educated—the child's play of his military tastes—the immense importance attached to the length of a spur or the breadth of a button; strange diversity of symptoms, but the source still the same!

It is matter of surprise among the Russians themselves, who are not much in the habit of reasoning on such subjects, that the strength of will and frequent excellence of purpose which now distinguish his Majesty should have remained altogether unmanifested down to the time of his accession. When Grand Duke Nicholas, the latent

Emperor was little suspected. No one indeed disputed the morality of his domestic life; but the irascibility of his temper, and the abruptness of his manners, held out inducements neither to the worthy nor to the unworthy to approach him, and he was, in fact, popular in no circle. With regard to his temper, no Revolution in Russia was ever more unforeseen than that which took place in the bosom of the new Monarch, who, impressed with a religious sense of his responsibilities, felt an inducement to self-control which had never before existed. Not that the comparative moderation of this august personage would be greatly appreciated by those who are unacquainted with the real brutality of hasty passion which is so common among the higher classes of Russia; nevertheless, it is a noble thing to say of him, that the strength of his absolute will was first exercised upon himself.

After all, it is very questionable whether an infusion of gentler virtues would benefit the community, such as it now is. Hitherto, with one exception, the Russian monarchs have been as barbarous as their age, and with the same exception, as corrupt. But it may be doubted whether the soft heart of *Alexander the Blessed* did not entail as many vital mistakes as the wilful head of his brother. Both evince the same thorough devotion to their people—with this difference, that the one's aim was to enfranchise them, the other's is to discipline them. Alexander's character was highly Christian and chivalrous—his successor's is rather that of a stern self-denying pagan hero. Alexander was pre-eminently in advance of his age, and therefore *not* national—Nicholas is the ideal type of his people, the most faithful representative of their virtues and their vices. The same love of exhibition which characterizes the Russian nation is nowhere seen stronger than in the person of their Emperor; and while he astounds all strangers, and captivates most, by the dazzling splendour of his court, they little suspect what filthy rags compose the under-garments of the State. Moreover, misled by the very system of parade he himself upholds, no one is a firmer believer than his Majesty—we question whether any are so firm—in the magnificent statements set forth by the official estimates respecting the increased prosperity and multiplying production of the empire—one-half of which, were it strictly true, would preclude the necessity, and well nigh the possibility, of a much greater advance. So far from this being the case, there is no department of Russian industry, the humble range of the peasant always excepted, where the element

of spontaneity is traceable. On the contrary, the present commercial activity seems rather a prescribed part which the nation has learnt by rote—a fountain supplied by artificial means, whose waters will dry the moment those cease.

It is truly pitiable to see so much power and zeal thus misspent, though it need hardly be repeated that his Majesty himself gives the chief impulse to this factitious system by the prodigies he attempts; which, as a necessary consequence in such a state, are repeated with more pretension and less success by all the subordinate rulers. Such were the truly righteous intentions with which Nicholas ascended the throne, that he formed the resolution, easier made than kept, of himself inspecting the reports of every criminal case. The number of which proved to be such, that had his Majesty given his attention to this department exclusively, and that without intermission for the four-and-twenty hours round, there would have remained to him only an average of two minutes and a half to devote to each document. At best, till more confidence can be placed in the working departments, the office of chief can be but superficially performed. We are far, indeed, from questioning the sincerity of devotion which so many millions recognize in his majesty's fiery-paced journeys and forced marches through all parts of his dominions. The thorough purification of any one channel of the legislature would, however, work more beneficially upon the whole, than the present slovenly brushings-up which alone the most zealous subdivision of his time can permit him to bestow on the many distant sinks in the empire. 'Driven by the necessity of seeing things with his own eyes, he spends,' so says Captain Sterling's little offset from the tree of knowledge, 'a great portion of his time on the wing, in rapid journeys through the provinces.' Very true; but he at most succeeds in seeing the mere externals of things, which in nine cases out of ten have nothing beyond that to recommend them. His national foible, that love of exhibition we have mentioned, multiplies itself in numberless aspects through a people who are proverbially fonder of show than of substance; and, we believe, the thought that his Majesty himself may at any time pop in, or pass through, excites far more of the parade of obedience than the principle of honesty. We all know that in every situation of authority, whether public or private, a generous willingness to place confidence in those beneath us is an absolute *sine quâ non*. Were there twenty Czars of Russia, and those all as active as Nicholas, it would not obviate

the necessity of confidence, and consequently for honesty. These two qualities are so nearly allied that it is difficult to decide which begets the other. Now there may be much latent honesty in the people, but it is obvious that there is not one grain of confidence in the government. The state keeps its subordinates poor, in order to secure their dependence—a very grievous mistake. If all the money spent in these ineffectual journeys—but a tithe of that lavished in the most reckless court extravagance—were applied in augmenting the salaries of an ill-paid middle class, a different principle would immediately arise. A Russian proverb says, '*Skupost ne glupost*,' i. e. 'covetousness is no foolishness,'—but, however its immediate application in certain splendid palaces overlooking the Neva may be justified, it is plain it works but badly in the humbler lodgings of public business.

It is true the sudden apparition of the Emperor in the uttermost parts of his empire, and the knowledge that, like the lowest of his subjects, he minds neither heat nor cold, fatigue nor hunger, excites a magnificent enthusiasm amongst those very classes, and tells well in other lands; but, as to the more immediate practical ends he has in view, the good results are but skin-deep—nay, even the very abuses which his Majesty sees with his own fine eyes, and rectifies with the *vivâ voce* ukas of his own tongue, are reinstated before the post-horses that whirled him away are returned to the same station. The contempt attending his orders, the number of instances of officers either not fulfilling or exceeding their instructions, is more than would be credited beneath the terror of an absolute government. Where the subject is likely to meet his attention at every turn, there, of course, the most scrupulous fulfilment takes place; but where the grievance is remote from sight, and, above all, where the rectification has already lashed the imperial temper into certain alarming indications, there the transgression may be renewed with impunity.

A flagrant instance of this kind may be cited in the conduct of M. Oubaroff—a minister whom even the Russians do not scruple to call '*un grand Bavard*'—towards the University of Dorpat, of which Captain Sterling makes mention. On this occasion the venerable Baron Bruning, then Marshal of the Livonian *noblesse*, himself repaired to St. Petersburg, and there, in the Imperial presence, pleaded the rights of the University as openly, and denounced M. Oubaroff as boldly, as if he had been haranguing his brother barons in the Ritter-Haus at Dorpat. At last the Emperor, much annoyed at the ex-

posure, assured to him the restitution of their rights, and, reprimanding the Minister of Public Instruction in no measured terms, broke up the conference with some temper. Upon this, the Russians, who had hitherto looked upon Bruning's heroic expostulation as a piece of fool-hardiness only calculated to make bad worse, now hailed the venerable patriot with respect, and began to doubt whether after all, honesty might not be the better policy. But alas!—scarce was the old Baron returned to his countrymen, who almost deified him as their successful champion, than the identical obnoxious measures were re-enforced. It may be easily credited that, after the promises made to Bruning, no one could be encouraged to a second trial. Nevertheless, there is not an individual in the province who does not exonerate his Majesty from all participation in this breach of faith.

It is impossible to withhold respect from a monarch who in no way spares himself—who, as the expression goes, '*se met en quarre pour son devoir*,' and often excites the astonishment of the hardest soldiers by his immense powers of activity and endurance. Like a second Saul he soars above his subjects 'from the shoulders upwards,' or like his better prototype Agamemnon—

'Majestically tall,
Towers o'er his armies and outshines them all—'

(and the moral similitude with both monarchs might be further carried out,) while his strength appears to be of an equally colossal standard. His Majesty can sleep anywhere, and eat anything; or he can watch and he can fast if needful; till, measuring the powers of others by his own, the health of the officers immediately under him is frequently sacrificed to their over-exertions. At the same time ludicrous instances have occurred of gentlemen of highly apoplectic inclinations, whose lives have been considerably lengthened by the anti-plethoric requirements of the Emperor's service.

With this frame of strength, and utter absence of all sentiment in the mental structure also, there is no fear that the health of Nicholas should be affected by the same causes which undermined that of the more sensitive Alexander. For we are not of those who believe that the life of the latter was cut short by the hand of a Taganrog assassin:—we blame the slow poison of perpetual disappointment, which turned to gall and bitterness a mind naturally overflowing with the milk of human kindness. This did not display itself so much in his private relations, as in the public acts of the last years of his

reign, which were marked by a spirit of great severity. Throwing himself into the army, where he well knew all sympathies to be swallowed up in discipline, he there by the most rigid regulations appeared to revenge himself upon the wilfulness of Russian mankind, who had returned him evil for good, and 'would none of it.' Different as are the characters of the two brothers, we should be inclined to impute somewhat of the same soured motives to the present Emperor in his increasing and most senseless military mania—a mania which seems ominous, for it has marked the last days of both his predecessors. Unlike his brother, however, Nicholas's affections are engrossed in his domestic circle—or at least have been. Her Majesty, indeed, was never known to meddle in state affairs; but the circumstance of her being the first's king's daughter who ever mounted the throne of Russia, and that king the late King of Prussia, was considered in some small degree to supply the absence of that essential element—public opinion.

As to any influence upon the tone of society in general, her present Majesty's domestic habits have been about as beneficial to the cause of morality in Russia, as the Empress Elizabeth's repugnance to shedding blood was to the cause of humanity. Not that the private example of an Imperial Russian matron is unavailing upon the classes immediately around her; on the contrary—it is all-despotic; but her Majesty, not considering that all that is sin in appearance is sin in reality, and that it is infinitely less harmful to public morality that vice should assume the mask of virtue than that virtue should sport in the garb of vice, has spread over Russian society a mantle of frivolity, wide enough to screen the vices as well as the follies of her female subjects. The Empress Catharine II., and the present, stand in strange conjunction and opposition—the one was all vice, the other is all purity; yet who may say that she who rendered vice less odious has done more harm to the women of Russia than she who renders virtue less lovely? Catharine II. 'drew sin as it were with a cart-rope;' but alas! the present illustrious matron has hooked the 'cords of vanity' on to the car of virtue. The one deserves the execrations of her fellow-creatures, but the other gives matter to make the angels in heaven weep! It is no paradox to say that had the present Empress been less virtuous, her example had been less pernicious.

Enough, perhaps, of a subject which 'it better suits you to conceive than us to speak of.' No one can give a glance at the state of the high society in Russia without deeply

deploring that, in borrowing all the extravagance and vanity—in short all the empty froth which everywhere encumbers the cup of civilisation—they have managed to appropriate so little of the precious elixir beneath.

But in our investigation of the various strata of Russian soil most congenial to the growth of civilisation, we have hitherto omitted one of the most important—the only sound national element, indeed, that intervenes between the sovereign and the serf—viz. the ancient national church. It is absurd, nay, worse, profane, to ascribe solely to the ignorance or indifference of the people the sturdy maintenance of the national religion throughout all ages and all changes. That the Greek church has never taken the lead in temporal affairs is matter of gratulation in a country where liberty has suffered, and still suffers, persecution under every form save that of religion; but that it should at all have impeded the country in the race of advancement is an idea utterly without foundation. On the contrary, as the progress of the nation, to be safe, must be strictly *national*, the church, in her passive immobility, may be looked upon as a fortunate dead weight, to counterbalance that restless, fermenting irritation which so many imprudent ‘skips and bounds’—attempts to run before they could walk—have excited. Besides this, to say nothing of the moral value of her existence, she has been the faithful guardian of those stores of language and history which increasing intelligence and civilisation will duly appreciate.

It is a pleasing fact, that the Russian clergy are among the most improving classes in the empire, and that the present generation (like our own) are entering upon their duties with much more enlightened and solemn views. On occasion of the crown-prince attaining his majority, the emperor, as another specimen of the deficiency of the last of those three qualities we referred to a few pages back, directed that his heir should take his place in the deliberations of the Synod, in order to acquaint himself with the forms of their business. But tacitly reprimanding the absolute monarch for the assumption of rights not his to confer, the Synod peremptorily refused to admit the young prince. There is no doubt but that the Russian Greek church is encumbered with a crust of superstitions and non-essential observances which greatly obscures its light: nevertheless, among its enemies, the most embittered will be found those whose vehemence against its errors is only equalled by their indifference for its truths. And we refer especially to the most

loud of its denunciators, viz. the Russian Lutheran church, whose own spiritual condition unfortunately offers the strongest argument in favour of its antagonist. For who will not prefer a soil choked with rubbish, to one too sterile for even the weeds of faith to find nourishment? Is it more painful for the scriptural believer to view the genuflections—triple crossings, shifting of garments, &c., in the Greek service—all of which *have* a spiritual meaning—or even the prostration to saints; or, the most absurd of all, the spitting into a pan of charcoal at a baptism, to exorcise the devil—than to attend a church where not the least symptom of outward reverence is observed—where not a syllable of Scripture is introduced in the Liturgy—where the Ober-pastor, or head-minister, mounts the pulpit only to extinguish any stray gleams of faith in his audience, by a sermon of very questionable moral benefit, and of worse than Socinian tendency—and where, to close the scene worthily, that same Ober-pastor, that same Sunday evening, receives from his partner across the card-table his honorarium for the administration of the Sacrament, together with the gains of his last rubber!

The history and state of the Greek church are so deeply interesting, that it would have been a great acquisition to his work if Capt. Jesse had applied himself, even at the expense of a page or two on the *Macrocephali*, to a closer investigation of a subject on which his conclusions are hastily drawn and carelessly expressed.

Upon the whole, we rise from the perusal of this work, as from that of most of its predecessors, with the firm impression, that the motives and policy of the Russian government may be summed up under two principles. The one, that of ascertaining what every individual of the empire is about—the other, that of supplying that gorged leviathan, the Russian army, with a perpetual succession of human victims. Whatever the *ukas*, or institution, however ostensibly humane, religious, or politic, one or other of these aims is distinctly traceable. The rules for registering and reporting births—the legal obligation of taking the Sacrament once a year—the difficulties in obtaining a *pass*, were it only for a native family to move into the next government—the civil formalities which accompany the mere changing of a servant—the very entries in the post-houses—with a host of other regulations, all cloaked, more or less, beneath the specious garb of public security—will be found to bear upon the first;—while the insatiable thirst for soldier-making is so obvious, that to illustrate it we need only mention the mainte-

nance of the foundling hospitals both at St. Petersburg and at Moscow, upon a scale unprecedented elsewhere—all consideration of their immoralizing tendency yielding to that of the constant recruitment thus supplied to the army.

Captain Jesse, having mixed very little in the native society, has reserved to himself the privilege of unrestrained speech; and his is the only recent book of any importance on Russia in which such is the case; but the advantage here is less than may be at first glance surmised. The sacrifices and suppressions to which the traveller, who domesticates himself with the nation, is compelled, by his sense of private friendship, are amply compensated by the light he is enabled to throw on other subjects; while the very sense of isolation in a multitude, which an opposite system entails, is apt to fill the note-book with details of those petty discomforts to which, under these circumstances, the stranger is doubly exposed. Nor is this independence by any means the guarantee for right impressions or right reports. On the contrary, there are in every country a number of false anecdotes current like bad coin, which the foreigner thus situated runs the risk of pocketing, without any suspicion of their having been rejected by all others. We overheard a worthy German, who had shortly before made a journey through England, lecturing an untravelled circle on the tenacity of forms in this country, and seriously stating, among other facts, that a gentleman actually refused to help a lady out of a piece of water, where she ran every risk of being drowned, not because he could not swim, or was afraid of wetting his feet, but because he had not been introduced to her! We fancy we can detect sundry anecdotes of the same class in Captain Jesse's work; and here is one which, not being the fruit of his own observation, we have less hesitation in noticing. Speaking of the terrors of the secret police, he relates the following circumstance,

'which happened to a Swedish ambassador at Petersburg a few years ago. This gentleman, meeting the Benkendorf of his day in the street, asked him, in a casual way, whether he had heard anything of a Swede lately arrived in the capital, whom he was anxious to see on business. "I do not know his name," said the ambassador, "but he is of such an age, height, and appearance." The *chef de police* knew him not, but promised to make inquiries. About three weeks after this they met again. "Ah, bon jour," said the *mouchard*; "I have got your man; we have had him in prison a fortnight." "My man!" said the astonished diplomat; "what man?" "Why, the one you inquired after three weeks ago? did you not want him arrested?"—Jesse, vol. ii., p. 217.

If any Swedish ambassador ever gave the head of the secret police so minute a description of an individual, there could be little doubt what his intentions were; in fact, the only part of the anecdote which we must at once reject is its *point*; to wit, the reality of his astonishment.

These volumes conclude with some careful tables of Russian measurements, weights, and money; and what may prove to some a useful vocabulary of those Russian words of most frequent occurrence; though the unceremonious amalgamation of many words into one reminds us of a similar liberty taken in a Russian-Anglo dialogue-book, where what are supposed to be our national terms of greeting are thus compactly rendered:—"Howdodo, makeshakehans, toyorhell, gub-bye."

We cannot part with Captain Jesse without once more thanking him for much interesting information—more especially on the military system of Russia. It is to be hoped that, on future occasions, he will learn to keep his mess-table propensity to eternal merriment under better restraint; and if so, we think him not unlikely to earn a very respectable rank among the living classics of the United Service. Meanwhile we must turn to another author, whose name we have not yet mentioned; but who, nevertheless, has been much in our thoughts ever since we began our article.

If some writers, from the minute accuracy of their details, have been likened to such painters as Mieris, Jan Steen, &c., M. Kohl's work on St. Petersburg is nothing less than the *Daguerreotype* itself. He has really given us St. Petersburg by winter and by summer—by day and by night—with its Neva, canals, quays, markets, shops, and houses—each swarming with its respective population, not stiffly drawn, as if sitting for their picture, but caught in full life and movement, song, laugh, and talk—hit off in every shade and grade of mind, habit, speech, and costume—under every aspect of feasting and fasting, buying and selling, driving and walking, idling and working, teaching and learning, baptising, marrying, and burying—and all with a truth and vivacity which it would be impossible to surpass. No doubt, when M. Kohl departs from his happy delineation of nature, he indulges in a few profound speculations regarding the destination of a cannon-ball, &c., and occasional elaborate exemplifications of everyday truisms, which sufficiently betray his nation; but these are of too rare occurrence to injure the interest of the work even with us, and, of course, they will give it an additional value in the

eyes of his own countrymen. At all events, he has richly redeemed the promise of his title-page, 'Petersburg in Pictures and Sketches,' for the work is truly a succession of the most lively pictures, all agreeing in general truth and style, and yet each so distinct with individual character, that we can imagine no reader likely to be so deeply interested and gratified with its pages as a Russian himself—which is more than can be said of most modern books relating to Russia. In such a varied and extensive field the only difficulty becomes that of selection—especially as in a large octavo work of above seven hundred pages of the closest German print, we find every third page marked with our own hieroglyphics, as worthy of a second reading. We must, therefore, content ourselves with translating such passages as bear more especially on the peculiar locality of St. Petersburg, with the addition of a few specimens from its street life. But, be it observed, that as M. Kohl, like a true painter, has drawn chiefly from the unsophisticated masses of the people, without being led aside to dwell upon the composite and artificial features of upper life; and, as St. Petersburg is not the home, but the passing refuge, of his favourite Mougiks and Istvostchicks, his lively description of these classes may be regarded as the standard of low life throughout all the *national* portion of the empire.

Upon the Pindaric principle we commence with the Neva:—

'For half the year the Neva nymph is wrapped in bands of frost. Not till the middle, rarely at the beginning, of April, are the waters sufficiently warm and vigorous to burst their yoke asunder. This moment is awaited with the greatest impatience, and no sooner have the dirty ice-masses urged themselves forward, and laid bare a sufficient space of the stream's smooth surface to give passage to a boat, than the event is announced to the inhabitants by the roar of cannon from the fortress.

'That instant, be it night or day, the commandant of the fortress, in full uniform, and accompanied by all his staff, steps into a richly-decorated gondola, in order to proceed across to the Palace, bearing with him a magnificent crystal goblet filled with the fresh Neva water, as an offering in the name of the Spring from the river-god to the Czar. The commandant announces to his sovereign that the might of the winter is broken, and that a prosperous navigation may be expected; and then pointing to his gondola moored at the quay—the first swan upon the waters—he presents the Neva goblet, which his Majesty immediately drains to the health and prosperity of his capital. This is the dearest glass of water drunk on the whole surface of the globe—the Emperor, according to established custom, returning it to the commandant filled with gold. Formerly it was

literally heaped to the brim with the precious metal, but as, in process of time, the goblets were observed gradually to increase in capacity, so that his Majesty had always more and more water to drink, and more and more gold to pay, the sum was fixed at 200 ducats—an imperial price, after all, for a glass of water.'—*Kohl*, vol. i., p. 37.

Taking us back a few weeks previous to this ceremony, and describing the various stages of thaw and symptoms of decay, he says—

'Large holes may now be seen in the ice, while the whole surface is covered with dirty snow-water. The frozen Neva, which, when animated with passing sledges and busy pedestrians, was lively enough to witness, now becomes an oppressive sight to the city, and everybody seems impatient to be rid of its foul crust. Weeks of fine and mild weather now elapse, and still the Neva lies immovable. Compared with wind and rain, the sun has but little influence upon it—one smart shower, an occurrence hailed with joy by all Petersburg at this time, will do more than three days of sunshine. So long as the water remains standing upon the ice, even when deep enough to swim a horse, passengers still venture over—its disappearance is a sign of the ice having both loosened itself from the shore, and become too porous to sustain the water, and is a sure forerunner of a speedy breaking-up. . . . The Neva usually breaks up between the 18th and 26th of April—the oftenest altogether on the 18th of April—i. e. ten times in a hundred years. The latest period known was on the 12th of May—once in a hundred years—the earliest on the 18th of March—also once in a hundred years. On the other hand, the Neva generally closes for the winter towards the end of November, generally on the 20th of that month—i. e. nine times in a hundred years. In 1826, it did not close till the 26th of December, and in 1805 it was frozen over as early as the 28th of October.'—*Ibid.* p. 38.

M. Kohl, being, as a North German, familiar with the phenomenon of the ice-passage, does not describe it here. Though attended with the utmost grandeur of sound and movement, its duration is but short, the river being usually cleared in about twelve hours. But the departure of the river's own ice by no means clears away the troubles of the city. On the contrary, by far the greatest danger and interruption now arise from the enormous masses of ice from the Lake Ladoga, in the interior, which rush down the Neva, and, passing through St. Petersburg on their way to the gulf, block up the river for days and even weeks together. Lake Ladoga embraces a space of about 400 square miles. A great portion of its frozen surface is of course absorbed and melted in the lake, but much still remains to be discharged down the

Neva, while, the mouth of the lake being contracted and hemmed in with adhesive ice, large masses are kept back, and only detached down the river long after the lake itself is cleared. Our author sets before us, with his peculiar felicity of picture, how, when all St. Petersburg is green with fresh spring and mild with balmy airs, and the Neva speckled with countless boats of pleasure, masses of ice from Lake Ladoga will be seen slowly wending their way along, bearing on their surface the fragments of a peasant's sledge, or the skeleton of some poor horse that had perished in the winter.

His details as to the bridges are very curious. Hitherto all plans for erecting a stone bridge strong enough to resist the violence of the ice, and yet not so heavy as to sink into the swampy foundation, have failed. The Neva is, therefore, only passed by bridges of boats, which in the winter, in order to facilitate the crossing at the main points of traffic, are placed upon the ice itself. Each bridge has its appointed officer and detachment, and during the period of thaw their labours are incessant. Such is the immense traffic over these links of the city, and the necessity of communication with the islands on which the Exchange and other important edifices stand, that the Isaac's Bridge has been known to be taken up and put down three times in one day, and as many as three-and-twenty times in one spring! Each of these occasions is of course attended with great expense, so that M. Kohl reckons that the Isaac's Bridge, in the short period of its existence, has already cost more than the massive stone bridge at Dresden, during its 300 years' span.

As a proof how wisely national wants and tastes are adapted to the means most plentifully supplied them, our author dwells upon the enormous consumption of ice for household purposes in Russia:—

'The Russians cool all their drinks with ice—iced beverages of various descriptions are commonly sold in the streets throughout the summer—and, not satisfied with their iced water, iced wine, and iced beer, they even drink *iced tea*, substituting for a lump of sugar a similar portion of ice. Their short but astonishingly hot summer would spoil most of their provisions, were it not for the means the winter bequeaths them for counteracting this evil. Ice-houses [or *ice-cellars*, as the Germans more properly call them] are therefore indispensable appendages to every house, and as common with the simple peasant in the country as with the luxurious citizen of Petersburg. In this capital there are no less than 10,000 ice-cellars, and the amount of labour requisite to fill them during the winter may be therefore imagined.'

Reckoning fifty loads of ice as the mini-

mum amount for each ice-cellar, our author gives a return of 500,000 loads, or a load apiece for each inhabitant of the metropolis. Upon the whole he estimates that the consumption of ice does not cost St. Petersburg less than from two to three millions of rubles (*i. e.* from 40,000*l.* to 60,000*l.*) annually—an expense, he adds, which no other capital knows.

The dangers which at all times beset the imperial city, and the chances that the awful powers of nature which lie in ambush around it will one day prevail, are thus stated:—

'The Gulf of Finland stretches in its greatest length in a straight line from Petersburg westward. The most violent winds blow from this quarter, and the waters of the gulf are thus driven direct upon the city. Were the gulf spacious in this part, there would not be so much to apprehend; but unfortunately the shores contract immediately towards Petersburg, which lies at its innermost point; while close to the city the waters lie hemmed in and pent up in the narrow bay of Cronstadt. In addition to this, the Neva, which flows from east to west, here discharges its waters into the gulf, thus encountering the violent waves from the west in a diametrically opposite direction. The islands of the Neva delta, on which the palaces of Petersburg take root, are particularly flat and low. On their outer and uninhabited sides towards the sea they completely lose themselves beneath the waters, and even those parts which lie highest, and are consequently most peopled, are only raised from twelve to fourteen feet above the level of the gulf. A rise of fifteen feet is sufficient, therefore, to lay all Petersburg under water, and one of thirty or forty feet must overwhelm the city.

'To bring about this latter disaster nothing more is requisite than that a strong west wind should exactly concur with high water and ice-passage. The ice-masses from the gulf would then be driven landward and those of the Neva seaward, whilst, in this battle of the Titans, the marvellous city, with all its palaces and fortresses, princes and beggars, would be swallowed in the floods like Pharaoh in the Red Sea. Scarce may we speak thus lightly of the future, for in truth the danger lies so near that many a Petersburg heart quails at the thought. Their only hope lies in the improbability of these three enemies, west wind, high water, and ice passage combining against them at one and the same time. Fortunately for them there are sixty-four winds in the compass.

'Had the old Finnish inhabitants of the Neva islands made their observations and bequeathed them to their successors, the average chances would have warned them how often in a thousand years such a combination *must* occur. In short, we shall not be astonished to hear any day that Petersburg, which like a brilliant meteor rose from the Finnish marshes, had just as suddenly been extinguished in the same. God protect it!'—*Ibid.* p. 49.

The hand of man, he adds, can do nothing

here. New moles for keeping out the water, and new canals for carrying it off, are talked of and tried, as it were only to show the fruitlessness of such plans, and meanwhile St. Petersburg lies utterly defenceless. So insidious and unforeseen is the rise of the waters, that public means are adopted to warn the city of the danger :—

‘When, after a continuation of westerly winds, the water of the Neva is observed to creep round the outermost points of the islands, a cannon is fired from the admiralty, and water-floats hoisted on all towers, to apprise the inhabitants that their city is besieged by the Nereids. As the water increases, the cannon is fired once an hour. As it advances further, and inundates the lower outskirts of the city, the alarm is sounded every quarter of an hour; when it steals into the city itself, signals are repeated every five minutes; and in the last extremity minute guns summon, with desperate cries, every boat to help.’

Our author proceeds to give an account of the dreadful inundation of the 17th November, 1824, the worst the city had ever experienced, and the horrors of which are still in every mouth. The waters rose so gently and innocently (*‘unschuldig’*) that, in those portions of the city too remote to hear the signals, the inhabitants had no suspicion of what was going forward, and only wondered to see the clear shining pools of water lying in the street: thousands, therefore, continued their usual avocations, and hundreds paid for this day’s work with their lives. But as soon as the waters had fairly gained possession, they threw off the mask of peace. Lashed into fury by a strong west wind, and bearing all opposition before them, they shot in lengthened currents through the streets, filling the cellars and lower stories, and dashing upwards from the sewers under ground in violent columns. Every minute now increased their force and volume. The vehicles on the public stands were lifted from their wheels; those horses which were deserted by their owners perished miserably in their harness, and many owners who stopped to save their horses perished themselves. Stone houses fell, and wooden buildings were lifted entire from their foundations, and with all their contents went driving about the streets. The trees in the squares hung thick with fugitives; cattle and horses were dragged up stairs, on to a second story, and stood in landings and ante-rooms; and many families, whose members the waters had surprised when apart, were doomed never to be reunited. The flood rose for twenty-four hours; and the horrors of the night, with every public lamp extinguished, and no moon,

may be faintly conceived. But the distress of this day was surpassed, if possible, by that of the ensuing, when the retreat of the waters showed the extent of the misery. Thousands of human beings had perished; whole rows of houses which had resisted their first fury, now fell down, as their foundations were drained from beneath them;—the loss of cattle, furniture, and other property, is estimated at upwards of a hundred millions of roubles, or almost five millions sterling. As a sequel to this, the public distress was wound up to its last pitch by the wasting pestilence which ensued. Dreadful as was this visitation, it was nevertheless tempered with mercy. Had the inundation happened in the spring, the shock of the ice-masses, which no building could have withstood, would have been superadded to the violence of the waters, while the steaming exhalations from the heat of the ensuing summer, would have incalculably multiplied the diseases of the survivors. The height of this inundation is designated upon the principal houses, with the date annexed; and our author quaintly observes, ‘God grant that the Petersburg house-painters may never earn another rouble by such a job. For every inch higher that they place their mark, the city will have had to pay millions more of roubles, and hundreds more of families will have been thrown into mourning.’

But now, though the Neva is far from being exhausted, we must turn to another source and species of mutation.

‘The population of this city, from the highest to the lowest classes, is in a state of incessant ebb and flow. The nobility of the land come and go; foreigners arrive, settle for a period, and then return to spend their gains in their own countries, leaving new comers to supply their places. The garrison is constantly shifting, the Chinovniks are perpetually transferred from one government to another; while of the lower classes, comprising hundreds of thousands of servants, workmen, carpenters, stonemasons, manufacturers, &c., most are serfs, who, having only a temporary leave of absence from their masters, swarm in the capital for a time, and are then as surely succeeded by hosts of others. Even the *istvoschiks* (the hack drivers) share in the general spirit of circulation which pervades the empire from one end to another, and every few months the droshky-seats will be found occupied by new faces from the Don, the Volga, and the Dnieper—who after a time thither disappear again. In one word, Petersburg, like every other city in Russia, is merely a place where, for the better convenience of trade, the various tribes of the population appoint a rendezvous, and not, like our towns, a home where men live and die, and families vegetate, like the house-leek on their roofs, for centuries together. Every ten years the main mass of the

population may be considered as quite new.'—*Ibid.* p. 119.

He devotes a whole chapter to the *Istvoschiks*. It is calculated that in London there is one driver of a public vehicle for every sixty of the population; and that at St. Petersburg there are 600 for the same number. M. Kohl gives the aggregate at pretty nearly this ratio—namely, 8,000; and in no city, truly, is their help more requisite. The Russians are not a walking people, and, even if they were, it would help them but little in this great city, where the length of three buildings alone, separated one from the other by a narrow canal, will take a quick walker above five-and-twenty minutes—all, we need not add, on level ground. An individual, therefore, who should make a morning call in one portion of the city, take dinner in a second, and spend his evening in a third, would, without at all diverging from the regions of fashion, spend most of the day on foot. On this account, as well as from the heavy walking occasioned by the dust-like snow in winter, the real dust in summer, and the wretched pavement at all times of the year, there is no wonder that the words, '*Davai, istvoschik*,' i. e. 'Give here, istvoschik,' are so common a sound:—

'This "*Davai*" need scarcely be repeated. In most cases it is sufficient to think it, with a searching glance from the trottoir, to have half-a-dozen sledges shoot towards you. In a moment the nose-bags are pulled off, the horses reined up, and each istvoschik sits ready on his box, each alike confident of being engaged.

"Whither, *Sudar*?" "To the admiralty?" "I'll take the *Sudar* for two roubles," cries one. "I for a rouble and a half," shouts another; and before you can answer, a third is at your service for half a rouble. Of course you take the cheapest; generally the worst, and resign yourself to a volley of jokes and sarcasms from the party.

"How now, *Batuschka*! why so stingy? what, just for the sake of a few kopeks, to be driven by a ragged old fellow like that!—you'll stick fast by the way with his three-legged horse. Don't trust to him; the old greybeard is a regular drunkard; he's so tipsy now he can't sit straight. He'll drive you to the butchers' shambles, and swear they are the admiralty!" Meanwhile the object of your choice laughs in his beard, and grumbles out "*Nitchevoss*—Nothing at all, *Sudar*; we shall get on very well."

Most of these istvoschiks are Russians from different governments of the empire. The rest of the number are made up of Finns, Estonians, Livonians, Poles, and Germans. They generally come to Petersburg little fellows from twelve to fourteen years of age; engage themselves to some master istvoschik; and when they have earned so much money for their masters' purses

that a little stays behind in their own, they purchase a cheap set-out for themselves, and start forthwith on their own foundations. Their craft, like every other craft in Russia, is a free one, and, if hay becomes too dear in Petersburg, they pack their few goods together, make off to the south, and re-appear in the streets of Moscow. Thus they drive on, trying their luck first in one town and then in another, till they have laid by sufficient to remain stationary. In the provincial towns, where hay costs next to nothing, they sport two horses, but in Petersburg their customers must be content with one. With the first approach of winter they gladly draw forth their favourite equipage, the sledge, which they drive on through all the mud of spring as long as a morsel of frozen foundation remains; and not till this is no longer to be felt or imagined do they bring out their summer vehicle, the rattling, clattering droschky. No istvoschik drives a covered vehicle; the cloaks of the passengers are supposed to afford that protection which elsewhere a carriage-head supplies.

'As there is no police regulation for the fares of the istvoschiks, the passenger is obliged to make an agreement every time. Upon the whole, however, they are very reasonable, and will drive you a number of werts for little money. The weather greatly affects their charges, and according also as the day is marked black or red in the Greek calendar are they more or less extortionate. On a feast-day (red) they will not abate a kopek. At noon-tide also, when business is at its height, and the whole population seems driving about, they will hardly take you for two roubles where they would otherwise take you for half a one. But morning and evening they are the most obliging creatures in the world, and will often, out of sheer good temper, put you across the muddy street, from one trottoir to another, for nothing.

The different nationalities of the istvoschiks are easily recognisable in their different modes of driving and managing their horses. The German is the most rational—[of course]—he speaks seldom, and only communicates with his horse by means of reins or whip. The Finn sits as quiet and immovable on his box as if he were part of it himself, repeating, in long drawn-out tones, "*Nah, nah*," and varying the intonation of this monosyllable according to the exigencies of the case. The Livonian's word of command is "*Nua, nua*," uttered only on desperate occasions, when the horse either will go the wrong way, or won't go at all. The most restless is the Pole, perpetually working up and down on his seat, whistling, hissing, and howling, cracking his whip and jingling his reins. But the most eloquent of all is the Russ. His whip he seldom uses, and generally only knocks with the handle upon the dashing-board, to forewarn his horse, whom he apostrophises as "Brother—little father—my beloved—my little white dove," &c., and with whom he carries on a continual conversation. "Come, my dove, use your feet. What's the matter? are you blind? cheer up, cheer up. There lies a stone—mind what you are about—don't you see it?—all right—bravo—hop—hop—keep to the

right—don't look about you—straight on—*Hurra! Fuch!*"—*Ibid.* p. 89.

These *istvostchiks* scarcely ever enter a house. Their own few wants are supplied by the bread, kvass, and tea sellers in the streets; hay for their horses is furnished bundle-wise in the markets and shops; and the nearest canal gives water. Speaking of the great gaiety of this class, he says, that wherever a number meet together, generally at the corner of a street, all kinds of play, snow-balling, wrestling, and practical jokes go forward, till the '*Davai*' of the pedestrian converts them in a moment into the most zealous rivals. It has a singular effect, he says, to hear the *istvostchiks* singing the songs which they learned in their native woods and steppes unconcernedly beneath the windows of the St. Petersburg palaces; 'and it is worthy of remark that on great public occasions, and in presence of the emperor and his nobles, the jokes, songs, and witticisms of the lower classes are indulged in with greater freedom than they would be with us. There can be no doubt that the Petersburg police is strict, annoying, and despotic; but in the first place it is not so in the degree, and secondly not in the manner, which we suppose.'

Nothing, he says, is more striking to a foreigner who at all mingles with the lower classes, than the delicate, biting, and ready wit they display on all occasions:—

"The merest boy and the lowest peasant is never at a loss for an answer; and in this respect offers a striking contrast to the awkward, embarrassed, and boorish manners of the German peasantry. The Russian detects in a moment the weak side of another, and no one can with fewer words turn it to ridicule. If, on the one hand, there is no country where fewer *bons-mots* are perpetrated than in our good Germany, there is certainly none where they occur more frequently than in Russia. In the streets and market-places, no less than in the highest society,* a number of *bons-mots*, old and new, of Russian origin, are perpetually circulating."—*Ibid.* p. 167.

But to return to the *istvostchik*. In spite of the freedom of his life, he is subjected, like every other being who mounts the box, public or private, in the empire, to severe laws. In consequence of the universal rage for driving, and the reckless rate at which they indulge it, all the laws of the street and *chaussée* tend to favour the pedestrian. 'Whoever touches a foot-passenger with carriage or horse, even without throwing him

down, is liable to "flogging and fine." Whoever drives over him, even without hurting him, is liable to "flogging, confiscation of the whole equipage, and Siberia." A pedestrian, consequently, if he possess the requisite nerve, will insolently cross the street at a leisurely pace, through the most crowded whirl of carriages. 'Take care,' shouts a driver, coming at full speed. 'Take care of yourself—Siberia, *Istvostchik!*' retorts the pedestrian.

And now a few words upon the *istvostchik's* other, if not better half, his horse:—

"The Russian horse, of which thousands may be seen in the Petersburg horse-market, is the truest representative of the nation. Like his master, neither very tall nor slender, but pliable and dexterous in his movements—wearing a long mane, as his master does a long beard—like him, tough in constitution, though delicate in form—lazy in the stable, but active and willing in harness—untiring in the course, and playful and frisky with the hardest work—hardy as possible—caring neither for wind nor weather, heat nor cold, hunger nor thirst, and happier upon mouldy straw than his German brother upon golden oats: it must at the same time be admitted that, like his master also, he puts but little real energy into his labour, overcomes no difficulties which he cannot carry by storm, and sticks fast in the mud if the hill cannot be mounted at full gallop. No one can say that a Russian uses his horse cruelly: on the contrary, he rarely loses his temper, and spends more persuasions and caresses than menaces and blows upon him; but he tends him little, and indulges him less—just as little as he himself is tended and indulged by those under whose rein and curb he stands."—*Id.* p. 143.

Speaking of the enormous consumption of brandy among the Russians, from the sturdy old fellow of a century's standing down to his great-great-grandchild in the cradle, M. Kohl remarks, that so entirely does it seem adapted to the constitution of the people that in no country does less drunkenness appear—in no country are men healthier, stronger, and with fewer bodily deformities—and in no country do the inhabitants attain to such an enormous age with fewer attendant infirmities. He then gives the following striking table of longevity. 'In the whole Russian empire there die annually 20,000 men above 80 years of age (*i. e.* the third part of the yearly obituary), 900 above 100 years of age, 50 to 55 above 120 years old, 20 above 130, 8 above 135; while, upon the average, two or three may be annually reckoned to attain the age of 145 to 155, and upwards!' In this calculation only men are included, but the ladies appear to be no less tough. This extraordinary longevity he ascribes not so much to the simplicity of their diet and healthiness of their climate, as to the inher-

* The late Emperor Paul, and his son the present Grand Duke Michael, are celebrated for their puns.

ent strength and durability of the Russian-Sclavonic race.

The reader has by this time observed that M. Kohl is peculiarly fond of backing his assertions by incontrovertible figures, and accordingly we generally find his quaint little calculations introduced at the close of some lively scene, like the painter's monogram at the corner of a picture. In this spirit he demonstrates that, reckoning the whole area of St. Petersburg, inclusive of the second stories of the houses, (few have more than two), at 600,000,000 square feet, there remains for each of its 500,000 inhabitants—man, woman, and child—no less a space than 1200 square feet, or a square of 36 feet.

Speaking also of the great manual dexterity which characterizes the commonest Russian, he proposes, by way of experiment, to take so many Russian peasants, and as many German, and give them each the contents of a glass shop to pack up and transport to a distance, in order, from the mean difference of breakage, to give to a *fraction* (as Captain Jesse would say) the respective dexterity of either nation.

Either from his not recognising in them any national qualities, or from the conviction that rogues are peculiar to no country, M. Kohl has devoted no particular attention to the Chinovniks: nevertheless, one little fable among a few he translates from Kruilloff—deservedly called the *Æsop* of Russia—excellently illustrates their system of magnifying trifles and overlooking essentials:—

‘A Chinovnik, who had been looking through a museum of natural history, was giving a friend an account of what he had seen. “Such wonderful things!” he exclaimed; “birds of the most exquisite colours—foreign butterflies—moths, gnats, and beetles of every possible colour—but so small! so small! you can hardly see them with the naked eye.” “But what did you think of the great elephant and the enormous mammoth?” asked his friend. “Elephant! mammoth! why, bless my heart, I never observed them at all!”’—*Ibid.* p. 168.

If the thing were not a national impossibility, one would say that the sharpest arrow of this sarcasm was levelled at the highest head in the empire, who, though quick enough to detect a straw's-breadth error, too often lets the gaunt form of public corruption stalk past him unperceived. But the diadem of Russia is a galling crown—who shall envy it him?

With this parting thrust at the Chinovniks we must draw to a close—an extent of forbearance which none, without having read M. Kohl's book, can appreciate.

ART. V.—1. *An Account of the Improvements on the Estates of the Marquess of Stafford in the Counties of Stafford and Salop, and on the Estate of Sutherland; with Remarks.* By James Loch, Esq. 8vo. London. 1820.

2. *The New Statistical Account of Scotland.* No. XXX. 8vo. Edinburgh and London. 1841.

3. *Report from the Select Committee of Salmon Fisheries, Scotland; together with the Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index.* 1836.

WE resume, according to promise, a subject which, dry as it may seem in some of its details, is one of paramount importance, affecting most materially the general prosperity of the kingdom, and the comfort of all classes.

The success of any scheme for enlarging the sphere of our fisheries must depend, as we observed, upon the steady demand for the article to be supplied, so as to secure the flow of skill and capital into the channels through which the supply is to be increased. And there is reason to believe that the demand for fish is becoming more general. During the past winter a very great portion of the food of the poorer classes of the metropolis was furnished from the sea. Sprats were never finer nor in greater abundance, and they were often sold in the streets at the rate of a halfpenny for as many as would fill a plate. Devonshire pilchards, cured dry, and looking most invitingly plump and silvery, were to be seen in the shops ticketed, ‘four-pence a dozen.’ Nor has the supply of other sorts been wanting. Haddocks, in particular, never were larger, better-fed, nor more plentiful. In our early walks through the by-ways of this great modern Babel—for he who would study the annals of the poor with anything like success must go and see—we have not seldom during this last season observed really good fresh fish, especially plaice, skate, and soles—better than falls to the lot of those who are rash enough to order fish at some of the clubs—brought to very humble dwellings, and there sold at very low prices; and few sights could have given us more satisfaction.

But in this paper we would beg the attention of our readers to the Scotch fisheries, to the union of agriculture with fishing, and to the removal of the people from the inland to the maritime districts, where circumstances make such removal necessary. This last experiment has been

made on the northern estates of the Duke of Sutherland upon a great scale.

That the coast of Sutherland abounded with fish of different species, not only sufficient for the home consumption, but ready to yield a supply to any extent for more distant markets, or even for exportation in a cured state, had long been known. Sir Robert Gordon, in his 'History of the Earldom of Sutherland,' thus writes in 1630:—

'The country is fitter for pasturage and store than for cornes, by reason there is little manured land there. The principal commodities of Strathnaver are cattle and fishing, not only salmon (whereof they have great store) but also they have abundance of other kynd of fishes in the ocean, that they apprehend great numbers of all sorts at their verie doores; yea, in the winter season, among the rocks, without much trouble, they take and apprehend every day so much fish onlie as will suffice them for the tyme, and do care for no great provision or store. . . . If the inhabitants were industrious, they might gane much by these fishes, but the people of that country are so far naturallie given to idleness, that they cannot applie themselves to labour, which they esteem a disparagement and derogation unto their gentilitie. There is no doubt but that country might be much bettered by laborious and painfull inhabitants.'

The candid manager and historian of the recent experiment states that though these observations are applied by Sir Robert exclusively to the inhabitants of Strathnaver, they are equally true of the whole country, except that the people on the Moray Firth never made any exertion of any sort to avail themselves of those supplies which the ocean conveyed to their very thresholds. (Loch, p. 72.)

This disdain of labour, exquisitely portrayed in Rob Roy's dignified contempt for weavers and spinners, presented a formidable obstacle to those who felt that it was become a matter of necessity to bring the people to industrious habits. But let us take a glance at the theatre of the experiment.

The estate attached to the earldom of Sutherland (one of the oldest dignities in this empire) was supposed, at the time when the late Countess married Lord Gower, afterwards Marquis of Stafford, and finally created Duke of Sutherland, to comprise no less than 800,000 acres—a vast possession, but from which its owners had never derived more than a very small revenue. The Countess, a woman of remarkable talents, was enthusiastically attached to her ancestral district; and

felt for its inhabitants of all orders, as was natural after a connection lost in the night of ages, during which her house had enjoyed the support of their clansmen and vassals in many a struggle and danger. She had the spirit and heart of a genuine chieftainess; and the name of the *Ban Mhoir-fhear Chattaibh*—the Great Lady of the Country of the Clan-Chattan—will be proudly and affectionately remembered in the Highlands of Scotland, many a year after the graceful Countess and Duchess is forgotten in the courts and palaces of which she was for a long period one of the most brilliant ornaments. To her English alliance, however, her lasting fame in her own district will be mainly due. Her lord inherited one very great fortune in this part of the kingdom, and ultimately wielded the resources of another not less productive; and though, as Mr. Loch's book records, no English nobleman ever did more for the improvement of his English estates, he also entered with the warmest zeal into his lady's feelings as to her ancient heritage: he added to it, by purchase, various considerable adjoining estates, which fell from time to time into the market, and finally, in 1829, one neighbouring mass of land, the whole estate or *country* of Lord Reay, which alone comprised not much less than 500,000 acres. It appears that from 1829 the whole northern territory of the Duke must have amounted to nearly, if not quite, 1,500,000 acres—a single estate certainly not in these days equalled in the British empire, and this in the hands of the same peer who enjoyed also the English estates of the Gowers and the Levesons, with the canal property of the Bridgewater. It was in consequence of the Scotch estates being connected with this command of English capital, that those northern regions have been, within living memory, advanced in productiveness beyond, we may safely say, any other example that could be pointed out in the history of British territorial administration; but no command of capital could have insured results so beneficial to the Sutherland family without inflicting terrible evils on the mass of the population, unless there had been a most rare combination of prudence and courage, with generosity and tenderness, in the conduct of the affair. No woman, in all likelihood, could ever have had nerves for the deliberate adherence to a fixed purpose, in spite of clamour and prejudice from without, such as alone sufficed for

the successful accomplishment of the Sutherland experiment; for it involved the alteration of the whole business and habits of a great Highland population, removing them from their accustomed hills in the interior, and converting them into agriculturists and fishermen, or both combined, upon the coast; and there was no region of the North in which, down to the date of this experiment, the old feelings and customs seemed to be more firmly rooted, than throughout this then savage and poverty-stricken wilderness of mountain, lake, and morass.

Those who had to temper the *perferendum ingenium* of such a race, and to lead it to arts of industry and peace, had no easy task to perform. Perversion and misrepresentation eagerly availed themselves of the interest with which the most popular author of our time had invested the Highlanders—a people whose alteration of condition and manners could not indeed be viewed without natural regret even by those who felt that the change was for the advantage of the individual and the general prosperity of the country. The most unfounded and unwarrantable statements were put forth to create a prejudice against the improvements in this district, and in some small degree they succeeded. These efforts, however, were wisely left to time, for though the people are liable to be led away for a period by artful and designing agitators, who thrive upon their gullibility, and leave them to bear the consequences of any outbreak, the said people have, in the main, a shrewd notion of their own interest; and fortunately for society, the spread of education and the diffusion of sound knowledge is rendering the demagogue's 'noisy hate' more powerless every day. The improvements went on, through evil report and good report, guided by Mr. Loch, and supported by the calm, cool judgment and unflinching justice of the late Duke of Sutherland; and the result has been a large addition not only to the revenues of the noble family, but to the sum of human comfort and happiness.

'It seemed,' said Mr. Loch, 'as if it had been pointed out by nature, that the system for this remote district, in order that it might bear its suitable importance in contributing its share to the general stock of the country, was to convert the mountainous districts into sheep-walks, and to remove the inhabitants to the coast or to the valleys near the sea.'

'It will be seen that the object to be obtained by this arrangement was two-fold: it

was, in the first place, to render this mountainous district contributory, as far as it was possible, to the general wealth and industry of the country, and in the manner most suitable to its situation and peculiar circumstances; this was to be effected by making it produce a large supply of wool for the staple manufactory of England, while, at the same time, it would support as numerous and a far more laborious and useful population than it hitherto had done at home: and, in the second place, to convert the inhabitants of those districts to habits of regular and continued industry, and to enable them to bring to market a very considerable surplus quantity of provisions for the supply of the large towns in the southern parts of the island, or for the purpose of exportation. A policy well calculated to raise the importance and increase the happiness of the individuals themselves who were the objects of the change, to benefit those to whom these extensive but hitherto unproductive possessions belonged, and to promote the general prosperity of the nation. Such was the system which was adopted. In carrying it into effect, every care was taken to explain the object proposed to be accomplished to those who were to be removed, and to point out to them the ultimate advantages that would necessarily accrue to them from their completion.

'It was distinctly admitted, that it was not to be expected that the people would be immediately reconciled to them. Such was to expect more than it was possible to hope for. But it was represented that, if this was so fully felt, and so clearly admitted, the landlords must have been strongly and conscientiously impressed with the necessity and propriety of the measures adopted, as tending directly to the happiness of those placed under their protection. These representations had the desired effect, and nothing can deserve more to be applauded than the conduct of the people on quitting their original habitations; for, although they left them with much regret, they did so in the most quiet, orderly and peaceable manner.

'If, upon one occasion, in the earlier years of these arrangements, a momentary feeling of a contrary nature was exhibited, it arose entirely from the misconduct of persons whose duty it was to have recommended and enforced obedience to the laws, in place of infusing into the minds of the people feelings of a contrary description. As soon, however, as the interference of these persons was withdrawn, the poor people returned to their usual state of quietness and repose. All the statements giving a different account of their conduct are absolutely false, and a libel upon their conduct and character.'—*Loch*, p. 75.

This is great praise. Nowhere is the love of country more ardent than in a Scotchman's bosom; his heart warms at the sight of the tartan. Is it to be wondered at that the Highlander should have felt this uprooting severely, or that when the plough-share passed over the site of the cottage of his sires, the iron entered into his soul—that he, with all his manhood,

‘Every pleasure past,

Hung round the bowers, and fondly look’d his last,
And shudd’ring still to face the distant deep,
Return’d and wept, and still return’d to weep?’

But, in truth, the misery to which the old system led was hideous—and would soon have become intolerable.

‘These arrangements commenced in 1807, and have been carried on from that period, as the different tacks expired, and afforded an opportunity of doing so; bad years and the failure of crops continuing to produce the same miserable effects they had constantly occasioned to that portion of the population which still continued to reside among the mountains. This calamity fell with great severity upon them in the seasons of 1812-13 and 1816-17.

‘During the latter period they suffered the extreme of want and of human misery, notwithstanding every aid that could be given to them through the bounty of their landlords. Their wretchedness was so great, that after pawning everything to the fishermen on the coast, such as had no cattle were reduced to come down from the hills in hundreds for the purpose of gathering cockles on the shore. Those who lived in the more remote situations of the country were obliged to subsist upon broth made of nettles, thickened with a little oatmeal. Those who had cattle had recourse to the still more wretched expedient of bleeding them and mixing the blood with oatmeal, which they afterwards cut into slices and fried. Those who had a little money came down and slept all night upon the beach in order to watch the boats returning from the fishing, that they might be in time to obtain a part of what had been caught. . . . In order to alleviate this misery every exertion was made by Lord Stafford. To those who had cattle he advanced money to the amount of above *three thousand pounds*. To supply those who had no cattle he sent meal into the country to the amount of nearly *nine thousand pounds*. Besides which Lady Stafford distributed money to each parish on the estate.’—p. 76.

This was princely; and we are happy to be able to add from the best authority, that no relief of the sort has since been required. Similar means were taken by Lord Reay to alleviate the distresses of his people. But now mark:—

‘While such was the distress of those who still remained among the hills, *it was hardly felt by those who had been settled upon the coast*. Their new occupation as fishermen rendered them not only independent of that which produced the misery of their neighbours, but enabled them at the same time in some degree to become contributors towards their support, both by the fish they were able to sell to them and also by the regular payment of their rents; while it need hardly be stated that these wretched sufferers not only required to be relieved, but failed entirely in the payment of what they owed the landlord.’—p. 78.

The result of the arrangements, down to 1820, is thus stated:—

‘1. The whole of the population of Strathnaver, from Altnaharrow to Invernaver, with a small exception, have been settled on the sea-shore, extending from the mouth of the Naver to the boundary of the estate near Bighouse. They are settled in small towns as near to the various creeks as it was possible to arrange. These people are in general of most excellent character, and have begun to cultivate their lots with much industry. Many of them, having been accustomed to the herring-fishery, have with great boldness taken to catch cod and ling, under the guidance of the fishermen of Armadale and Portskerra. These latter had been removed some years previous to this period, by the former proprietor of this estate, from whom it was purchased by Lord Stafford in 1812. *They have become as expert boatmen as any in the world*. This example tempted many young men who had never been before at sea to engage, with success, in this daring occupation.

‘2. The people of the Strath of Kildonan, and of the other valleys connected with Strath Helmsdale, are settled on the coast near to the thriving village of Helmsdale, with the exception of those people who have emigrated from the heights into Caithness.

‘3. The people of Strathbrora, and such of those of the parish of Loth as were moved, have been fixed upon lots in the vicinity of Brora, where a harbour with every convenience for carrying on an extensive fishery had been constructed. From vicinity, besides, to the coal and salt works, and being in the centre of the great agricultural improvements, these people have the means of constant and immediate employment, whether they become fishermen or not.

‘4. In Assynt the lots for the removed people have been placed along the shores between Rhustore and Loch Inver, amidst a population brought up to fishing within the last fifteen years, and in one of the best situations for the prosecution of that occupation in the west Highlands of Scotland. This extensive barony has, with the exception of the small districts of Knockin and Elphin, been arranged.’—p. 99.

Mr. Loch’s volume was published in 1820. Let us now see what the state of things is after the lapse of another score of years. That there should be partial failures in so widely spread an experiment was perhaps inevitable. Thus, in Clyne, the people have taken less to the sea than was expected, probably from being rather too much up the firth: they annually send hands to Helmsdale and Caithness, and a few boats; but the deep-sea fishing they as yet eschew. Their lots, however, are capably cultivated, and they have done wonders in bringing the muirland into culture, largely taking advantage of the supply of sea-weed. But in Loth the experiment has succeeded to the utmost. Here *all* are herring-fishers—many, deep-sea fishers—and the Leith and Dundee curers have left, or are leaving, the thriving town of Helmsdale—their place being supplied by the sons of those brought from the hills, who,

beginning as coopers and fishermen, have raised themselves to the station of curers, building excellent houses and curing-yards, while their fathers and brothers have carried their cultivation up to the top of the lower range of hills. Portskerra on the north coast, and Armadale, can now show a regular set of fishermen, who have also done much to their land; but the early herring-fishing having failed, they are driven to the autumn herring-fishing at Wick,* which is less advantageous to them. They are, therefore, less prosperous. Kirktonie and Farr afford fewer good seamen than the other two stations. The population of Strath is large and very poor; some have boats but many hire themselves to boats and go to the fishing. The early herring-fishery has failed at Tongue for some years, and some of the boats go to Wick, whilst others have an autumn-fishing of their own, as they have at Kirktonie and Armadale. There are few except the Portskerra and Armadale men who go to the cod and ling fishing, though there is abundance of both off the coast.

In the vast parish of Durness a gentleman once prosecuted the cod-fishing on an extensive scale, giving employment to the people of Rispond and other places on the north coast, and of Oldshores and Keanlochbervie on the west; but by and by the plan was given up, and considerable distress ensued. On the west the town of Shegra, part of his tenure, had been entirely cleared of people, some having gone to

America and others having been put into other lots. The people of Oldshores and Keanlochbervie, however, have of late caught cod and ling for some Billingsgate salesmen and two native curers. At Scowrie and in Assynt, in the latter especially, the people are crowded; some fish, and others fish not at all. The herrings, unfortunately, have left them, and the demand for their white fish has not as yet been sufficient. The activity and judgment of the local factor, Mr. Stewart, was directed to meet this, when his useful career was suddenly arrested by death more than two years ago, to the equal loss of landlord and tenant.

Where the lots are large, with considerable cattle-grazings, the people do not take readily to the sea; having the land to fall back upon, there is not much suffering among them—but *they never become independent*. Where the lots are small, if the holders of the land take to the sea, they become excellent fishermen, and enjoy great comparative comfort, as in Armadale, Portskerra, and part of Assynt: if they do not take to the sea, they suffer much, as in Farr, Strath, and, occasionally, in parts of Assynt; but they obtain a good deal of money notwithstanding. The absence of a market is the great want, and to that the attention of the managers of the property is now directed.

This we believe to be a fair unvarnished statement of an experiment full of difficulty, but made absolutely necessary both to the landlord and tenant by the great change of manners consequent upon advanced civilisation. The result appears to have been the utmost success in several districts, a more qualified degree of it in others, and a failure in some. The subletting system is happily now almost extinguished in Sutherland: the contrast between the condition of tenants still living under that system and that of those who hold under the landlord is most striking.

And here we take our leave of Mr. Loch's 'Account,' hoping to see it brought down to the present day; for sure we are that it will be a valuable guide-book for landlord and tenant generally, and in Scotland especially.

We now turn to the useful and agreeable 'Statistical Account of Scotland, No. XXX;,' and if what has been already advanced want corroboration, it is here largely to be found. This manual contains a fund of valuable local information—the whole digested and drawn up in a manner most creditable to the parochial clergy of this remote province and to the factors of its noble proprietor.* Nor is it a little

* We have on various occasions alluded to this important work, which has now for several years been advancing under the enlightened patronage of the Highland Society of Scotland, and will, when completed (as it will soon be), form by far the most valuable repertory of statistics at the command of any country in Europe. In general its superiority

* The Statistical Account of Caithness says that the population of Wick was trebled between 1807 and 1840, and gives the following as the state of the herring-fishery there in the latter year:—

Native boats	428
Strange boats	337
Total of boats	765

Crews of said boats	3,828
Coopers	265
Women employed as gutters, &c.	2,175
Labourers	46
Carters	127
Other labourers employed about the fishing	150
Seamen in coasting-vessels, supposed	1,200
Fish-curers entered	91

Total of persons employed	7,882
Total of barrels cured	63,495

The same authority says, 'At all seasons of the year whiskey is drunk in considerable quantities; but during the fishing season enormous potations are indulged in. It may seem incredible, but it has been ascertained that during the six weeks of a successful fishing not less than five-hundred gallons a-day were consumed. Let it be remembered, however, that at that period 10,000 strangers, as boatmen, gutters, &c., were crowded into the town of Wick. Of late years the people have been more temperate. Snuffing is almost universal among the men, and both it and smoking are very common among the women. About 3,500 *h*-year are spent in the parish of Wick on tobacco.'

gratifying to mark in it the progress of natural history within the few last years. The *fauna* and *flora*, as well as the geology of some of the places, are given: and, but that our space is limited, we could not but quote some specimens of really masterly description of external nature. The parish of Edderachillis, with its Norwegian aspect, intersected with arms of the sea, and chequered with lakes, rivers, glens, and ravines, has perhaps as much of the wild and the wonderful as any district in the

‘Land of the mountain and the flood.’

In this quarter the great Reary forest or *Diru-moir* has of late been restored by the Duke of Sutherland to its original grandeur. No less than 60,000 acres, half in this parish and half in Durness, give harbour to thousands of the antlered race—among which are still to be recognised the Arkill ‘deir with forked tails,’ recorded as inhabitants of the ‘Diru-more’ by Sir Robert Gordon. ‘This relieves the whole neighbouring sheep-walks of the greater part of the deer that roamed over them, the maintenance of which was a considerable burden.’ Agriculture and fishing go hand in hand in Edderachillis: and we would earnestly call the attention of landlords to the simple plate with which the account of this parish is illustrated. It merely consists of a representation of the modern house of the small tenants of the Reary country contrasted with the old habitation. That is enough, and speaks volumes for what has been done on the Sutherland estates. The modern house breathes of neatness and comfort; the old habitation fills the imagination with such musty proverbs and sayings as ‘The clartier the cosier,’ ‘It did very well for my father before me, and will do well enough for me;’ apophthegms involving precisely that species of content that leads to degradation, disease, and beggary. London now knows the Edderachillis lobsters well. The island of Handa, with its myriads of sea-fowl, and basaltic, Staffa-like character, ‘rising on the north-west side to a height of 600 feet or thereby,’ is tenanted by twelve families, who add to their fishing the *dreadful trade* of fowling among its precipices. More than one

to the former ‘Account’ is very decided; indicating a great expansion of curiosity and information in the clerical order of the North. Of course, in so large a collection, there are some poor enough contributions—and if we were to remark on any prevailing deficiency, we should point to the historical and antiquarian departments of the inquiry. But in most cases the task has been sensibly and sagaciously performed; and in not a few—we may mention in particular the accounts of Dundee, Greenock, and Glasgow—the result could hardly be overpraised. Several parishes of Sutherland are done by the same hand, a layman, Mr. Sutherland Taylor, Goldspie; and he is evidently a man of superior talents—we presume a factor to the Duke.

cragsman has here paid the penalty of his life for his daring enterprise. We hope her gracious Majesty receives a regular tribute from this isle; for certain it is that they have established a Queen among them; such at least is the title conferred on the eldest widow; ‘and her prerogative is recognised not only by the islanders, but by visitors from the mainland.’ The only thing that we have to regret here is, that the cod and ling fisheries are not more prosecuted. A cluster of about twenty islands lies between Edderachillis and Assynt, with its inland lake haunted, like many other wild Highland lochs, by a strange bear-like figure of an amphibious animal, which in some of the localities is called by the shepherds a water-bull, but in which—at least in the Assynt case—Dr. Buckland, with his usual felicity in accounting for phenomena, and perspicacity in solving doubts, detected the *Ursus mendax*.

But delightful as the ground is, we must leave it without entering into the details of the several districts; yet we cannot quit it without giving a picture of the departure and return of the herring-fishers. The scene is off Latheron, in Caithness-shire:—

‘The boats used in this parish may contain from 30 to 50 crans or barrels (for both are nearly alike) of herrings; and it is difficult to say which of the sights is most pleasingly interesting to a stranger, that of beholding on a fine evening the whole coast, as far as the eye can reach, covered with human beings in their little barks, as they issue forth from every creek, and disperse in different directions, full of life, or that of attending at one of the stations in the morning, and witnessing the return of 40, 60, or 100 boats, all crowding into one creek, most of them, perhaps, laden with fish to the gunwale, and then the scene of bustle and animation that succeeds and continues till night! And what ought not to be omitted as being still more delightful to a seriously contemplative mind, it is not unusual, where there are boats having individuals of acknowledged piety, for the crew to engage in worship after shooting their nets. On these occasions a portion of a psalm is sung, followed with prayer, and the effect is represented as truly solemn and heart-stirring, as the melodious strains of the Gaelic music, carried along the surface of the waters (several being similarly engaged,) spread throughout the whole fleet.’—*New Statistical Account of Scotland*, No. xxx., p. 102.

Nor can we omit the darker fate of these “nurselings of the storm”:—

‘But not unfrequently the scene is sadly reversed, for in the midst of the joys of life we often are in death. A storm suddenly arises during the night. The boats are all riding quietly at their nets and unprepared to meet it. Some endeavour to haul their nets, others cut from them, and make for the place of greatest shelter, whilst others, afraid to put up sail and encounter it, abide by their nets in the hope of the storm’s

abating. In proportion to the danger at sea are the confusion and anxiety on land. The shores are instantly crowded by inquiring relatives, hurrying from place to place in search of husbands, brothers, or sons. Astonishing instances of preservation often occur; but no season passes without serious losses to individuals, either of boats or nets, and sometimes of lives. The risks are very great, and the employment, even when successful, most trying to the constitution.'—*Ibid*, p. 102.

We quit this part of the subject with a very satisfactory summing up of the great Sutherland change, and, we believe, just character of the Scotch Highlander:—

'There is no district of country in Scotland where such an entire change has taken place in the habits, character, and pursuits of the inhabitants as in this and the other parts of the county forming the estate of Sutherland. They were quite a rural, a moral, and a happy population, inhabiting beautifully romantic and sequestered glens in the interior, far removed from the bustle of the world. Strangers to its allurements and luxuries, they passed their lives, generation following generation, in the same localities, but without ambition to better their circumstances, or a desire to improve their possessions. All passed happily and without care, so long as the seasons proved propitious, and that the produce of their stock was sufficient to pay the landlord and to afford the means of subsistence on their simple fare: but when the winter storms lengthened into spring, and the mildew and the early frosts destroyed the hopes of the harvest, then indeed came the period of distress; and it is not too much to say that they suffered the very extreme of want, which often produced contagious fevers and other mortal diseases. This was submitted to, however, in silence and with pious resignation: no tumults nor risings against the constituted authorities, who, they well knew, could not ward off the general calamity. Thus situated, helpless and without resources, their only course was an appeal to the compassion of their natural protector, the landlord, and this was never done in vain. He required often to import meal equal in value to the rent of two or more years, and generally leaving a large balance never to be recovered. This state of things could not continue, whilst the rest of the world were moving a-head, and making rapid advances in improvement; consequently the great and deeply important measure was resolved on to remove the population to the coast-side, where they would be placed near the sea—become fishermen or artificers, and thus be able to benefit by the many and inexhaustible resources which Providence has placed within their reach. At this time there were but few bred tradesmen in the country. When a man found it necessary to renew his rude dwelling, he called the neighbours to his assistance, and it was only the work of a few days to complete it. Every man was his own carpenter, for few implements were required, and he had little to do with them. One blacksmith served a district. The shoemaker

and tailor migrated from house to house, receiving their victuals and a small pittance of wages in return for their labour. There was scarcely a cart or a plough in the country, excepting on the larger farms. No man thought of increasing or improving his tillage or pasture lands by trenching or draining. But let any one with an impartial and unprejudiced eye examine the present condition of the inhabitants. Their well-built and neatly-kept cottages and inclosed gardens far exceed what many taksmen in former days paying from 50*l.* to 100*l.* possessed. Every individual in the family has some resource in a trade or other manual labour—all is a stirring scene of industry and positive comfort. The father and the sons cultivate the lot, if not tradesmen; while the females are engaged with household work, or preparing nets for the next herring season.

'Persons who are ignorant of the character of the Highlanders, and many who have never seen the country, have ventured to describe them as indolent, idle, and unprofitable members of the community. A more gross fallacy has never been uttered. They are a quiet, sober, brave, and moral race: attached and confiding while kindly and honestly dealt by; but reserved, stern, and unbending as their mountain rocks, wherever they suspect injustice, or lose faith in the acts and professions of their superiors. The extensive and perfect improvements on the estate of Sutherland bear evidence of their activity, industry, and confidence in their landlord, when their energies are properly directed. Those who reside in the country can testify that it is a rare occurrence to meet with an individual the worse of liquor, except occasionally at markets. The naval and military annals of the nation record their bravery where they have distinguished themselves in many a desperate onset. The faithful labours of our clergy have been blessed by Providence in rendering them pious and moral; and their character may be summed up in these few words,—that they fear God and honour the Queen.'—*Ibid*, p. 162-164.

Hoping we have not dwelt too long on Sutherland, we proceed to another branch of our subject—one, however, in which Sutherland too has its share.

In 1836 the select committee made their report on the salmon fisheries of Scotland—in as far as related to the altering the close times in different districts; the laws for the observance of the Saturday's *slap* or opening in all cruives, engines, &c., of whatever description used in salmon-fishing; the construction and regulation of cruives; the regulation of mill-leads or courses, and the removal of dams and obstructions in all rivers, streams, or waters. They were also instructed to inquire into the increase or decrease in the numbers and weight of salmon, grilse, and sea-trout taken in the several rivers, &c., of Scotland, since the passing of the act 9 Geo. IV. c. 39.

The committee commence by observing that the only object of the close season being to afford protection to the fish when they are breeding, and during the state of exhaustion consequent thereupon, the legal close time ought to be so regulated as to coincide, as nearly as possible, with the period so defined by nature; and it having been established in evidence before them, that in different rivers the periods at which the salmon ascend the rivers for the purpose of spawning and afterwards descend towards the sea vary considerably, they express their opinion that it would be advantageous to the general interests of the salmon fisheries in Scotland to have the fence months or close time regulated according to the various circumstances of the respective rivers or districts, instead of having one uniform season, as was the case when they made their report. The witnesses were not all in favour of this proposal. None of them indeed disputed the facts on which the recommendation was founded; but several enlarged on the facilities which they apprehended might thereby be afforded to poaching.

The committee shrewdly remark on this point, that although, by the statute 9 Geo. IV. c. 29, a uniform season was, for the first time, applied to the whole of Scotland—with the exception of the Tweed and the rivers running into the Solway Firth, which are regulated by particular acts of parliament—yet in all the other parts of the United Kingdom, and especially in Ireland, there are, and always have been, various seasons suited to the different natures of the several rivers: nevertheless the evils apprehended by the objectors to the system proposed by the committee had not been proved to result from its adoption in those places. The duration of the close seasons ought, in their opinion, in no case to be less than 139 days, that period being the extent of the close time adopted at the date of their inquiry. This was a good beginning: there were, fortunately, on that committee some good observers of the habits of fish, and many practical men, and the whole body appears to have been convinced of the folly of the old system. With their recommendation every physiologist must concur. He who follows nature on such occasions can hardly go wrong.

The *Saturday's slap* or *weekly close time* next engaged the attention of the com-

mittee. This important regulation had from an early period formed part of the Scottish law as to salmon-fishing, but the novel modes of fishing, not indeed in rivers themselves, but upon the sea-coast and near the mouths of rivers, had led to the evasion of it, under the impression that it was not strictly or technically applicable to such cases. It appeared quite clear from the evidence given as to the habits of salmon that this regulation was applicable with equal force to engines placed in rivers and in all other situations; and therefore the committee strongly recommended that all doubt on the point should be removed by the legislature, and that the observance of the *Saturday's slap* should be strictly enjoined in the use of all engines, machines, and devices lawfully used in salmon-fishing, whether in rivers or lakes, or upon the sea-coast. The committee could not but see that in particular situations on the sea-coast and estuaries, especially the more exposed parts, the stormy state of the weather or roughness of the sea might sometimes render it impossible or dangerous to open and re-set nets or other engines during the hours of the weekly close time; they therefore add that no penalties should be recoverable in such cases. The committee of 1825 had recommended in their fourth resolution a measure coinciding in principle with that just adverted to; but, as the committee of 1836 remark, that recommendation, as well as some others made by the committee of 1825, was not carried into effect by the statute 9 Geo. IV.

The committee next advert to the great complaints made by the river proprietors of the encroachments practised by the owners of fixed engines, in stationing them within or so close to the mouths of rivers as materially to prevent the run of fish up the rivers. The evidence convinced the committee that increased facilities should be given for enforcing the law upon this point.

But the *cruives*? We are coming to them, for there lay the villany. The committee were led to the conclusion that very extensive abuses prevailed in the construction and regulation of these engines—abuses attended with serious injury to the general interests of the fisheries, and to the proprietors of upper fishings more especially. The committee well remark that the only legitimate object in the construction of a *cruive* is to adapt it to the taking of fish above a cer-

tain size, and to the free run of the Saturday's slap :—

'It ought to be so formed that fish of all sizes can easily enter it at all times; and that fish under a certain size may easily pass through it, and ascend the river. It is of the greatest importance that fish should enter it with facility, because where they cannot do this, the provisions in favour of the smaller fish and the Saturday's slap become inoperative; and the cruive acts merely as a barrier for detaining the fish in the river immediately below it, where they are destroyed by nets or other means. The fish are thus effectually prevented from reaching the upper parts of the river, even although the Saturday's slap may be in form observed.'—*Report*, p. 5.

The committee were justified in stating that this crying abuse prevailed to a very great extent in many of the Scotch rivers where cruives were used. The Deveron and *Rapid Spey*, in particular, were famous, in the *famosus* sense of the word, for maleasances of this description.

After adverting to the cases of the Duke of Queensberry *v.* Marquis of Annandale and Dirom *v.* Little (the former decided by the Court of Session in November, 1771, the latter in February, 1797) for the illegality of the use of devices expressly for the obstruction of the ascent of the fish, and to the cases of the Town of Banff *v.* the Earl of Fife, and of Sir James Grant *v.* Duke of Gordon, decided in the same court in 1774 and 1777, for the application of that equitable principle to the construction of cruives, the committee, well aware of the glorious uncertainty of the law and its quite certain delay, quietly added,—

'As, however, the authority of the decisions in the cases above cited, and any similar special cases (in which the principle has been enforced in the construction of the cruives), may be thought to operate as legal precedents only in reference to the rivers to which they severally relate, they strongly recommend that *general regulations*, founded upon that principle, for the formation and management of cruives, should be framed and made applicable to all rivers on which more than one proprietor has a right of salmon-fishing.'—*Report*, p. 5.

And they proceed to give sound practical instructions for these legislative regulations.

The subject of *mill dams* next secured the attention of the committee. They conclude that much might be done by the owners of such dams and mill-leads in favour of the fishing interests, without any injury whatever to any manufacturing establishments dependent upon water-power; that mill-leads or courses should be kept shut *at all times when the mill is not at work*; and the iron grating or fender, so strongly recommended by the committee of 1825, should be used so as to prevent the entry of fish or fry :—

'There is no reason to doubt that mill-dams, as at present constructed in numerous salmon-rivers, form most serious obstacles to the ascent of the breeding fish, and also occasion the destruction of vast quantities of the fry. Your committee are fully alive to the great importance of the interests which are thus brought into apparent conflict with the interests of the salmon fishery; and they have therefore much satisfaction in reporting their opinion that these may be reconciled, and the evils suffered by the one party in a great measure obviated at a trifling expense, without subjecting the other to any real injury. Mr. Smith, of Deanston, in the county of Perth, who is connected with extensive manufacturing establishments employing water-power on different rivers, has explained to your committee a contrivance called "a salmon stair," which he finds to be perfectly successful in facilitating the passage of salmon over dams, which were previously almost insuperable barriers to them. This device may be applied at a small expense to existing dams; and in the original construction of any dam hereafter to be erected, a form and arrangement may be easily prescribed, and ought to be enjoined, to secure the same beneficial end. On this point the statements of Mr. Smith are amply confirmed by the testimony of Mr. Thom, an eminent engineer, much interested in certain extensive manufacturing concerns driven by water-power.'—*Report*, p. vi.

Figures of these ingenious devices for helping the fish up are given at the end of the Report: though Mr. Thom's is good, we humbly think Mr. Smith's is better; and we can imagine how interesting it must be to see it with the fish in full action—'Such a getting up stairs!'

To this same Mr. Smith the committee were indebted for a hint which might be most satisfactorily applied to our southern rivers, and to none more so than our no-longer silver Thames.

'The committee in 1825 reported, as their seventh resolution, "That it is indispensable to guard against the admission into all rivers, streams, estuaries, and lakes, in which salmon exist, of any matter proceeding from manufactories of any description which is known or deemed to be poisonous or deleterious to fish." Your committee are fully persuaded that this opinion is well-founded; and although it is thought by some that any general and unqualified regulation on the subject might be productive of some degree of practical inconvenience in its bearing upon some manufactories of lesser extent, yet, with regard to gas-works (the number and magnitude of which are so rapidly increasing), and some other manufactories, they are led to believe that no serious difficulty would prevent the resolution of 1825 from being carried into effect. Mr. Smith, of Deanston, has stated, from his own experience, not only the practicability but the advantage to the owners of the work to be derived from the process which he details for separating the deleterious matter from the water of gas-works

before it is allowed to reach the river.'—*Report*, p. vi. ; *Evidence*, p. 274.

The committee next—Heaven's blessings on them for it!—thought of the patient brother of the angle, and recommended that, after the termination of the ordinary fishing-season, a further term of fourteen days should be allowed, during which it should be lawful, under certain restrictions, to fish for salmon and fish of the salmon kind with the rod. There was, in truth, an angler or two among them; but, without allowing our tendency rod-ward to affect our judgment, we give them full credit for the absence of selfish feelings, and are disposed to think with them that such a privilege will have a material effect in interesting in the improvement of the fishery the heritors upon the upper parts of the rivers, who chiefly possess the opportunity and power of protecting the fish during the breeding-season.

But how were these regulations recommended to be enforced?—

'The committee are of opinion that the heritors should have power to appoint and pay inspectors, in addition to the water-bailiffs and other officers authorised by existing acts, the duty of all persons so appointed being to see the various provisions and regulations carried into effect. They further recommend that summary powers should be vested in the proper authorities for enforcing the various regulations, and imposing the penalties which may be annexed to the violation of them.'—*Report*, p. vii.

All these summary powers are wormwood to a profession which we hold in the highest respect; but which seems occasionally a little too much given to hug its own interests at the expense of the public. The last government professed anxiety to put substantial justice within every man's reach: we all know that law is so expensive a luxury in this land of freedom, that an indulgence in litigation is reserved for the opulent; but if these reformers were sincere on this point, they found the consequences of having lost the faith of the nation in general. The men of the gown bestirred themselves boldly and successfully—and the sacred cry of *trial by jury* was profaned by raising it as a barrier against the cry of the poor for justice. The number of martyrs is now, we think, complete; and, notwithstanding the obtrusive Jeremiahs of some self-seekers—'Soles melius nitent.'

But to come back to our committee. The returns of the produce of river-fishings were, in some instances, withheld from them, whilst those of the coast-fishings were readily given. The committee could of course only judge from the returns furnished to them. In those instances where returns were given the produce of the coast-fishing had increased, while

that of the rivers had declined, even to the extent of causing the abandonment of the station in the river. The committee concluded their labours by instructing their chairman to bring in a Bill to alter and amend the Act 9 Geo. IV., c. 39,* in conformity with their report: of which we now take leave, not without regret, for it is useful and entertaining, and illustrated with maps and plates of nets—the *pay-sole-net*, the *bag-net*, the *sole-net*, the *fly-net*, the *cleek-net*, *cruires*, and other devices fatal to fish: so that any one who was not aware of the multitudinous roe of the salmon would wonder that salmon-kind is not altogether extinct; the stairs for their accommodation, and the *Saturday's slap*, notwithstanding.

But Dame Nature is inexhaustible; and should she ever require a little aid, we beg to call the attention of those interested in freshwater fish and fishing to the following interesting paper, by Sir Francis A. Mackenzie, of Conan, Rosshire, containing brief and practical instructions for the breeding of salmon and other fish artificially:—

'In the autumn of 1840, having chosen a brook flowing rapidly into the river Ewe, a hollow spot adjoining to it was selected and cleared out, of the following dimensions—length, 28 yards—breadth, from 12 to 18 feet; and all large stones having been taken away, the bottom was covered, one foot thick, with coarse sand and small gravel, the largest stones not exceeding the size of a walnut. A stream from the brook was then led into this hollow, so as to form a pool of about eight inches in depth at the upper and three feet at the lower end, thus giving it one uniform gentle current over the whole pool: whilst the supply of water was so regulated by a sluice as to have the same depth at all times; and a strong stone wall excluded all eels or trout, so destructive both to spawn and fry.

'On the 13th of November, four pair of salmon, male and female, were taken by net from the Ewe, and carefully placed in the pool; on the 18th they showed a disposition to spawn, but on the 20th the whole were carried away by some ill-disposed persons; and, on examining the pool, only a small quantity of ova appeared to have been deposited. On the 23d of November four

* What became of this Bill heaven knows: it seems to have been one of the multitudinous good intentions with which Whiggery is paved. We have searched the statute-book from 1836 to 1841, both inclusive, and can find nothing relating to Scotch salmon-fisheries, except the Acts relating to the Tweed and the Annan in Dumfriesshire (local and personal). Whilst we write, however, we see that Mr. H. Drummond has brought in a Bill to alter the close-time of the salmon-fisheries in Scotland. The Bill we have not seen, but Mr. Drummond's reputation for fairness as well as acuteness is very high, and we trust we shall find that he has kept his eye steadily fixed on this Report.

pair of salmon were again caught and placed in the pool, which were observed to commence spawning on the day following: caught them carefully—squeezed gently about 1200 ova from a female into a basin of water, and then pressed about an equal quantity of milt from a male fish over them; stirred the two about gently but well together with the fingers, and, after allowing them rest for an hour, the whole was deposited and spread in one of the wicker-baskets recommended by Professor Agassiz, having about four inches of gravel below them, and two or three inches of gravel above. A similar quantity of ova, treated in the same way, was also deposited in one of the copper-wire bags as used by Mr. Shaw; and both were then immediately placed under water in the pool: a little of the ova was buried in the open gravel at about three inches in depth. In another basket, and also in another copper-wire bag, two or three inches of gravel were placed over the bottom of each, and both basket and bag laid in the pool, covered with about four inches of water. The ova of a female and milt of a male were then successively squeezed from two fish on the gravel in both basket and bag, and spread over it regularly with the hand, one after the other; and, after leaving them exposed in this state to the water for a few minutes, the whole was covered with two or three inches of gravel, and left in the pool. These four pair of fish afterwards emitted voluntarily a small quantity of spawn which had been left with them; and, on the 1st of December, they were all turned out into the river. On the 3d of December, caught three pair of salmon which had already partially spawned in the Ewe: used another basket and also another wire-bag, treating the spawn in the same manner as last described; these fish were then also allowed to deposit voluntarily the little spawn of which they had not been deprived, and afterwards turned out into the river. On the 19th of February, examined the ova, and life was plainly observed in the baskets, wire-bags, and unprotected gravel, both were placed artificially and where deposited by the salmon themselves.

19th of March, the fry had increased in size, and went on gradually increasing, much in proportion to the temperature of the weather.

22d, the eyes were easily visible, and a few of the ova had burst, the young fry having a small, watery, bladder-like sac attached to the throat.

18th of April, the baskets and bags were all opened; the sacs had become detached from their throats, the fry measured about three-quarters of an inch in length, and they swam about easily, all marked distinctly as par. The baskets recommended by Professor Agassiz proved superior to the wire-bags of Mr. Shaw. In the latter only about twenty per cent. came to maturity, whilst in the former not above ten per cent. proved barren, and in the baskets used 5th December not above five per cent. was unproductive. It is impossible to say exactly the proportion of ova which came to life either of that artificially impregnated and deposited in the open gravel, or of what was spawned by the fish themselves naturally, but, so far as

could be judged, they succeeded equally well with that in the baskets. Perhaps the baskets may have a preference over the other methods tried, as affording more certain protection to the spawn during winter; and it is proper to state that the last-described mode of depositing the ova and milt was most successful. There can be no doubt, from the success which has attended these experiments, that the breeding of salmon or other fish in large quantities is, comparatively speaking, easy, and that millions may be produced, protected from every danger, and turned out into their natural element at the proper age, which Mr. Shaw has proved by repeated experiments on a small scale to be when they have attained about two years of age. When the par marks disappear they assume the silvery scales of their parents, and distinctly show a strong inclination to escape from confinement and proceed downwards to the sea.

Professor Agassiz asserts, and I fully believe with truth, that the ova of all fish, when properly impregnated, can be conveyed in water of a proper temperature even across the Atlantic, as safely as if it were naturally deposited by the parent fish; so that any quantity of salmon or other spawn can (after impregnation on the banks of a river) be carried to other streams, however distant, which may be favourable for hatching. It may be right to observe, that as the fry are to remain two years in the artificial pools where hatched, fresh places must be used every second year for the spawn, as even one-year-old fry will destroy spawn, or their more infantile brethren, if left together: old spent salmon are also destructive both to spawn and fry.

It can only be ascertained by experience what kind or quantity of food will be required for the fry. Carrion hung at the top of the pool in which they are would, in the opinion of Professor Agassiz and Mr. Shaw, supply them with maggots; but in this there are difficulties, and when tried by me this season, a few of the fry were found dead round the carrion given to them. The droppings of cattle allowed to rest till half dry, and occupied by worms and the ova of insects, appear to suit them best. About the first of September last, when on an agricultural tour of Belgium, I visited an establishment belonging to King Leopold, and adjoining his new palace of Ardennes, on a much more extensive scale than that now described, where the breeding of trout had been tried for the three previous seasons, though with but little success. A very few small trout bred 1839-40 were still alive, but the ova of 1841 were a complete failure, chiefly from not properly covering the spawn with gravel, and other errors. Bread made of brown and white flour mixed was the food found best suited to the few living, who, judging from their shape as seen swimming about in a small pool, were in excellent condition. The trout-breeding establishment of Ardennes, however, proves that their spawn, if treated in the same way as that of salmon above described, will produce the same successful results, and that any one possessing a convenient pond or stream may stock it with the

best kinds of trout or other fish in one or two years, and by good feeding have them in high condition. Where trout already exist of small size and inferior quality, I would recommend wholly destroying the breed by saturating the water with quick-lime or any other mode more advisable, and procuring spawn or fry from lakes where the best kinds of trout are found, in Scotland or elsewhere. The same may be said of grayling, pike, or any other kind of fish suited to ponds or brooks and rivers as may be desired by their owners, which renders the discovery now made known of value to all, and in all quarters, as well as to salmon-fishing proprietors. In conclusion, I hope that the above brief account may not only be well understood, but that the ease and comparatively trifling expense at which the breeding of fry can be accomplished may induce many this season to try this novel but successful mode of increasing our stocks of salmon and other fish, and consequently adding largely to the wealth of our country.—*Annals of Natural History*, Nov., 1841.

Sir Francis adds that, should any further information be wanted, he will gladly reply to inquiries; and he expresses a hope that those who may be successful in this spring will communicate to him any account of breeding, feeding, &c. Sir Francis, however, has proved enough to put it in the power of anybody infested with a poor breed of trout to fill their places with such fish as glitter on the rustic dish borne by the lowly but lovely hand-maiden in Edwin Landseer's exquisite *Bolton Abbey*, if he will only attend to their food. We know Sir Francis to be a practical man, and we consider this experiment of no slight importance. Elsewhere* we have shown that the principle is not new; but not the less praise is due to the practical experimentalist who has brought it into successful action. We have also dwelt on the advantages of naturalising good species in our fresh waters, and we cannot close this imperfect sketch without alluding to two which are entirely within our reach: one is still an inhabitant of some of our rivers. We will first speak of the foreigner.

No one has ever tasted the *Lucioperca Sandra*—or in other words visited Berlin—without pronouncing it delicious. This pike-perch is caught in the Danube, the Elbe, and the Oder. The genus is said to be found in the Baltic, Caspian, and Black seas, and to occur abundantly in the Volga. There appear to be several species, one American, and all are desirable for the table: but the *Lucioperca Sandra*

might be easily introduced into the streams of this country. It is true that this species is more tender than the perch, and will not bear carriage as that fish will; and this tenderness, Cuvier thought, had prevented its introduction into France. In these days of steam, however, the fish themselves might with a little care be brought to us alive, to say nothing of the transportation of the impregnated ova. The fish, which is perch-like in its general appearance and markings, but much longer in proportion to its depth, grows to the length of three or four feet, and sometimes weighs twenty pounds. The flesh when well cooked flakes out snow-white, and is rich and sapid. Excellent is the pike-perch plain-boiled; and good any how. Yet, as far as we know,* neither Lucullus nor Phagon ever tasted it, although the latter swallowed almost everything; and on one occasion, after discussing a wether and a pig by way of *entrées*, ate up an entire boar at a single dinner, an accomplishment which would be invaluable at our modern tables, where that stubborn piece of resistance so often remains untouched. The ancients were, however, up to the artificial breeding of fish, apparently, for it is related that Octavius bred gilthead in the sea 'like corn upon the ground.'

The neglected fish of our own waters is the burbot, or eelpout, *Lota vulgaris* of authors, *Gadus Lota* of Linnæus. Our ancestors knew its value well. Many of our readers have doubtless revelled in the *matelote* prepared from the *Lote* of Lake Lucerne. That is our burbot—confined to a very few rivers (of which the Cam, the Trent, the Ouse, and the Derwent are the principal), and now very little known. As it is common in the Swiss lakes, where it is taken in eel-pots, there is no doubt that it would thrive equally well in ours, and amply repay those who might breed it for the market, where its superiority would soon be recognised.

ART. VI.—*Arundines Cami*.—Collegit atque edidit Henricus Drury, A.M. 8vo. pp. 261. Cantabrigiæ. 1841.

THIS elegant volume carries us back to the days of youth: it awakens recollec-

* Such is the opinion of the learned, who have been unable to trace its presence at the tables of the ancients, notwithstanding its excellence and its wide European range.

* Quarterly Review, vol. lviii.

tions of cricket-matches in green summer fields, and boatings on blue and quiet waters. We are again roaming among meadows by the river side, or loitering in our idle skiff along the stream with friends, some of whom have reached the irrevocable bourn, some wandered far from us along the devious paths of life; some have risen to eminence and fame, others have sunk or retired into peaceful obscurity. It awakens less tender, perhaps, but more calmly pleasurable emotions, the dim reminiscences of those days (for they belong, we think, rather to the public school than the University), when the world of poetry and of letters opened before us; when, the drudgery of grammatical instruction being over, our minds began to have free intercourse with the poets, orators, and historians of Rome and Greece; when we studied with fresh and unexhausted wonder the inimitable art of Virgil, the fervid passion of Catullus; Lucretius, with his unrivalled skill in painting with words; and Horace, whose grace and art we could feel, but whose shrewd views of human life it requires more mature experience in life fully to appreciate: when with not less ardent, but, at first, less confident enthusiasm, we lifted the curtain of the Greek theatre, penetrated awe-struck into the gloom of Æschylus, admired the finely-constructed fables of Sophocles, or enchanted our ears with the music of Aristophanes: when, at length, as our minds approached their stature, we could comprehend the majestic simplicity of Homer. To those in whom such remembrances either arise not or arise without delight and without gratitude, this book will have no interest, and our pages no attraction—let them pass on, we assure them, unenvied, to severer or more stirring matters. For our own parts, we can look back on the time, wasted, as some would say, on the composition of Greek and Latin verse, not merely with these soft and pleasing admonitions of the past, but with deliberate and, we are persuaded, rational satisfaction.

We are not disposed to argue the point at length, but we have used the expression of *gratitude* to such pursuits not carelessly or inadvertently, but in perfect sincerity. If scholarship be in itself a gift and privilege of the highest value, we know nothing which contributes so powerfully to this end—nothing which promotes this part of the æsthetic cultivation of the mind, so much as composition in the learned languages; and since experi-

ence shows that, in the season of youthful imaginativeness, where one boy will labour to write well in prose, many will be ambitious of trying their strength in verse, this form of composition will always awaken the most earnest emulation, and call forth the powers of the ripening understanding. It is invaluable, considered merely as a key to the learned languages, as enabling us to comprehend and feel all the nicer shades of meaning and expression, the delicate turns of thought, the curious felicity and harmony of compositions—the writers of which studied numbers even in prose, and in verse are full of the finest metrical artifices, the liquid flow, the solemn pause, the alternating strength and softness. We may not possess the accurate pronunciation or intonation of Greek or Latin verse—we feel nevertheless the exquisite beauty; the rhythm has that correspondence with the thought, the modulation is so nicely adapted to the feeling, that though the great secret of ancient metre be still in some respects a mystery, to the well-organised and disciplined ear it is full of music—and the best discipline of the ear is the practice of composition in verse. Even where the Greek or Latin verse is a mere cento of classical thoughts, images, or expressions, it cannot be unprofitable to sound scholarship to be frequently reproducing in different form and order, if with intelligence and propriety, the conceptions and the language of the great writers. This is the lowest view. Where the mastery over the language is more complete, and our own thoughts and the creations of our fancy are embodied in words perfectly true to the genius and idiom of the ancient tongue, the exercise is at once the discipline, the test, and the triumph of consummate scholarship. Arguments, however, we conceive, even if conducted with the utmost calmness and impartiality, on such a subject, would have little effect. Those who think with us are already confirmed in their tastes—they are experimentally convinced of the value of such studies: those who are against us may perhaps give us credit for ingenuity in support of a falling cause—but will still smile superior at our antiquated prejudices. Who would try to convince a deaf man into the love of music? or prove syllogistically to a man who cares not for bodily grace and activity, that gymnastic exercise gives strength, and pliancy, and dexterity to the limbs?

An appeal to authority will, perhaps,

meet with no better reception in adverse quarters. Yet it is remarkable how many of our greatest men in every rank and profession have, at some period of their lives, sought either an exercise of their scholarship, or sometimes a distraction from weightier cares, in the composition of *Latine* verse. This may be attributed in a great degree to the importance long attached to these studies in our great public schools and in our Universities; but it would not have been so frequently reverted to in after life, if it possessed not some intrinsic value, something congenial with lofty and cultivated minds;—that which having adorned the youthful eloquence, and certainly not enfeebled the high and statesmanlike character of men like Fox, Grenville, Canning, and Wellesley, has become the graceful and manly amusement of their declining years, will still, we are persuaded, command the lively interest of many, and justify our devoting some pages of our journal to this somewhat exclusive subject.

The editor of this volume bears a name long, intimately, and honourably connected with two of our great public schools; and his own compositions show that he has not degenerated from his race. His collection consists entirely of translations: they are chiefly, we apprehend, contributed by young friends, his contemporaries at school or in the University. There appears, indeed, some capriciousness in the admission of a few poems by older men;—probably the editor has given such as he could command: but if Porson's well-known version of 'Three children sliding on the ice' is repeated—(we cannot, indeed, have it too often)—and verses included (certainly among the very best in the volume) by that excellent scholar, the late Bishop of Lichfield, Dr. Butler—we naturally look for other names not less distinguished in the art. One or two such we find indeed, but not always affixed to things worthy of the signature. We cannot, for instance, but wish that the good Archdeacon Wrangham, instead of condescending to jingling and unmetrical versions of some of the least meritorious effusions of Mr. Haynes Bayley, would have adhered to the really classical style of his own youth.

Some of the copies of verses here given, we must confess, are but indifferent, and there is far too large a proportion, as we shall presently observe, of a certain class; but many are very elegant, and though on the whole, even as *Latin* compo-

sitions, they may be treated as trifles, and aspire to no loftier praise, there is a skill and grace in trifling with ease and felicity of language and of numbers, which to the experienced ear shows at once the well-instructed and accomplished scholar.

The ingenuity of scholarship, the command of purely classical language, the felicity of expression, and the facility of versification, are perhaps displayed in the highest degree in translations from modern poetry: there is the difficulty of seizing the nearest equivalent phrase, of transfusing the full spirit of the conception or the liveliness of the image, without offending against the genius of the older tongue; the close adherence to, the slight departure from the sense—the substitution, where absolutely necessary, of a kindred form of thought or word: all this puts to the severest test the resources of the writer; gives the measure at once of his fertility, taste, and judgment; and—especially in the shorter pieces—seems to demand that perfect polish, that blending of the ease of original composition with fidelity of translation, that blameless correctness both in expression and in versification, which invites, and even defies the most rigorous criticism: it admits no negligence, and but sparingly poetic licence; it must be tasteful as well as scholarlike.

We confess we have endeavoured, with malicious diligence, to detect that great capital offence against the only laws with which innovation has not yet dared to tamper, those of prosody; that high treason, that sin which comprehends all sin, a false quantity; that which discovered in an Etonian copy of verses—(and we have before our court no less a person than the head-master of Eton, and, as our ear, we think infallibly informs us, many of his pupils)—would disturb departed provosts in their cerements, turn the reflux Thames upwards towards Surley Hall, and make the Long Chamber tremble to its foundations. Whether the tall spire of Harrow would bow in conscience-stricken sympathy with an offender from its precincts, or the Wykehamists be disturbed by any such awful portents, we presume not to say: lower down the Thames such charges, it is said, are born with greater equanimity. We have searched, however, in vain; but we are forced to add that we cannot acquit all our authors of certain minor offences, forgery of phrases without the endorsement of a respectable authority, and the

uttering of base coin, words not of the better age; to say nothing of small larcenies and petty thefts; the stripping other people's children of their fine and well-fitting clothes, and dressing them in mean and unseemly rags—inadequate versions of beautiful originals; the abduction of rich and elegant epithets, and marrying them to worthless and unsuitable substantives; with sundry instances of contempt of court, in introducing unseasonable and indifferent jokes.

We must begin, however, by pointing out some of those copies of verses which

'MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

'Where these rude rocks on Bernard's summit nod,

Once heavenward sprung the throne of Pen-
nine Jove,

An ancient shrine of hospitable Love,
Now burns the altar to the Christians' God.

Here peaceful Piety, age on age, has trod
The waste; still keeps her vigils, takes her
rest;

Still as of yore salutes the coming guest,
And cheers the weary as they onward rove,
Healing each way-worn limb; or oft will start,
Catching the storm-lost wanderer's sinking
cry;

Speed the rich cordial to his ebbing heart;
Chafe his stiff limbs, and bid him not to die.
So tasked to smoothe stern winter's drifting wing,
And garb the eternal snows in more eternal
spring.'

The word *medela*, we apprehend, is not used by any writer of the better ages. The second is from Coleridge's pretty epigram, ascribed, we know not why, to Donne:—

'Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The temptation bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.'

We shall find presently some of the cleverest of the comic verses bearing the same signature.

Of the younger candidates for honour, we cannot but distinguish Lord Lyttleton. Of his compositions we should perhaps prefer that from the 'Deserted Village' to the one which we select; we quote this, however, for the sake of variety, an example of hexameter verse. The translator has caught very happily the wild and

appear to us the most elegant and pleasing; and we cannot but assign the place of honour to the accomplished prelate whom we have already named. There are two short pieces of Dr. Butler's, with the exception of one word, excellent, combining the ease of original composition with close faithfulness of translation. Perhaps some of our readers may never have happened to meet with the original of the first, which strikes us as well deserving preservation. It is by Δ, i. e., Dr. David Moir of Musselburgh:—

'SCRIPTUM IN MONTE BERNARDI.

'Hæc ubi saxa vides Bernardi in monte, viator,
Pennini quondam templa fuere Jovis,
Hospitium vetus, et multis memorabile sæclis,
Nunc colitur veri sanctior ara Dei.
Scilicet his olim voluit sibi ponere sedem
Religio, et notis gaudet adæsse jugis;
Utque prius blandâ venientes voce salutât,
Deque viâ fessis alma ministrat opem,
Et fractas reparat vires, reficitque *medelâ*,
Et fovet Alpino membra perusta gelu.
Aut quos obruerit subitâ nix lapsa ruinâ,
Eripit ex altâ mole, vetatque mori.
Temperat et Boreæ rabiem, mollitque pruinas,
Et facit æterno vere tepere nives.'

'Ante malum quam te culpâ maculaverat, ante
Quam poterat primum carpere cura decus,
In cælos gemmam leni mors transtulit ictu,
Inque suo jussit sese aperire solo.'

fanciful tone of Mr. Tennyson's poem, and quietly dropped its affections. He has not, perhaps, quite subdued it to classical purity: it still reads considerably below the Virgilian age. We must be considered, indeed, as quoting Lord Lyttleton, not Mr. Tennyson, who, however, might study with advantage how much his language must be filtered, and its exuberance strained off, before it can be transfused into classical verse:—

'CENONE.

'O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Aloft the mountain-pine was dewy dark,
And dewy dark aloft the mountain-pine;
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
Leading a jet-black goat, white horned, white
hooved,
Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

'CENONE.

'Me miseram exaudi scatebroso e culmine
mater!
Ida, meam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Desuper Eco montanus rore madebat
Tractus, et in dubio stillabant lumine pinus,
Cum Paris heu! nimium pulchri sub tegmine
vultus
Turpia corda fovens, altis et cornibus hircum
Insignem et pedibus deducens, cætera nigram,
Soluta arundinea venit Simoentis ab undâ.

'O mother Ida, hearken ere I die:
 I sate alone: the golden-sandalled morn
 Rose-hued the scornful hills: I sate alone
 With down-dropt eyes; white-breasted, like a
 star
 Fronting the dawn he came: a leopard skin
 From his white shoulder drooped: his sunny
 hair
 Clustered about his temples like a god's;
 And his cheek brightened, as the foam-bow
 brightens
 When the wind blows the foam, and I called
 out,
 "Welcome, Apollo; welcome home, Apollo:
 Apollo, my Apollo, loved Apollo."
 'Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 He, mildly smiling, in his milk-white palm
 Close held a golden apple, lightning bright
 With changeful flashes, dropt with dew of
 heaven,
 Ambrosially smelling. From his lip
 Curved crimson, the full-flowing river of speech,
 Came down upon my heart.

'My own Ceanone,
 Beautiful-browed Ceanone, mine own soul,
 Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind engraven,
 "For the most fair," in aftertimes may breed
 Deep evil-willedness of heaven, and sere
 Heart-burning toward hallowed Ilium;
 And all the colour of my after life
 Will be the shadow of to-day. To-day
 Here and Pallas, and the floating grace
 Of laughter-loving Aphrodite, meet
 In many-folded Ida, to receive
 This meed of beauty, she to whom my hand
 Awards the palm. Within the green hill-side,
 Under yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,
 Is an in-going grotto, strewn with spar,
 And ivy-matted at the mouth, wherein
 Thou un beholden mayest behold, unheard
 Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of gods.'

As a contrast to this overflorid piece,
 we select one from a different school of

'EUPHELIA AND CHLOE.

- 'The merchant, to secure his treasure,
 Conveys it in a borrowed name;
 Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
 But Chloe is my real flame.
- 'My softest verse, my darling lyre,
 Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
 When Chloe noted her desire
 That I should sing, that I should play.
- 'My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
 But with my numbers mix my sighs;
 And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
 I fix my gaze on Chloe's eyes.
- 'Fair Chloe blushed, Euphelia frowned;
 I sung and gazed; I played and trembled;
 And Venus to the Loves around
 Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.'

'Ida, meam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe
 vocem.

Aurea per montes roseo fulgore superbos
 Ridebat veniens Aurora; ego sola sedebam,
 Triste tuens; illum mox albo pectore, ut
 astrum

Dissipat obscuras adversâ fronte tenebras,
 Vidi incandentem. Lateris gestamina pulchri
 Exuvie pardi pendebant, diaque flavis
 Fluctibus undantes velabant tempora crines;
 Fulgebantque genæ, qualis cum ventus aquosam
 Fert agitans spumam, nitet arcus in ætheris
 auras.

Tunc ego, "Mi tandem salve mihi, dulcis Apollo,
 Exoptate diu, salve mihi, dulcis Apollo!"

'Ida, meam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vo-
 cem.

Ille mihi flavum, quem lactea dextra tenebat,
 Splendore insolito, divini fulguris instar,
 Purique ambrosios expirans roris odores,
 Porrexit malum, suavique arrisit amore.
 Protinus e roseo manantia verba labello
 Cor pepulere meum: — Speciosam candida
 frontem,

'Ceanone, mea vita, hujusne in cortice mali
 Inscriptum, "Capiat quæ sit pulcherrima"
 cernis?

Hoc gravis a pomo surget coelestibus ira;
 Invidaque incumbent sacratæ numina Trojæ;
 Et mihi venturos animi vitæque colores
 Hæc dabit una dies. Hodie cum Pallade et
 Hæra,

Adveniet, liquidæ mirâ dulcedine formæ,
 Et lepido risu Cytherea, ubi devia surgit
 Ida, venustatis magna ad certamina nostrâ
 Decernenda manu; viridem tu monte sub ipso
 Speluncam insideas, ubi desuper alta susurrant
 Pineta, et varios spargit natura lapillos,
 Præterditque hederas: ibi mox celata videbis
 Me Paridem magnas divarum solvere litea.'

English poetry, rendered, in our opinion,
 with peculiar grace and neatness:

'LAVINIA ET CHLOE.

Trans mare mercator falso sub nomine currit,
 Ut vehat intactas dissimulator opes;
 Non male perjuram decorat Lavinia musam,
 At mihi lux vera est, veraque flamma, Chloe.

'Molle meum in thalamo cultæ Lavinia mense,
 Addiderat carmen dulcisonamque lyram;
 Quum me blanda Chloe, quod erat, cantare ro-
 gavit,
 Et non indoctâ verrere fila manu.

'Solicito chordas, vocemque e pectore misto;
 Sed gemitus inter carmina triste sonant;
 Dumque audit falsam de se Lavinia laudem,
 Totus adorato figor in ore Chloes.

'Erubuit formosa Chloe; Lavinia frontem
 Contraxit; cecini contremuique simul;
 Et Venus ipsa suo ridens clamavit Amori,—
 En tria facundis prodita corda genis!"

To this elegant version of Prior we find attached the signature of another young nobleman, Lord John Manners; and we observe by the same hand a not less happy translation of Cowper's 'Shrubbery,' page 182.

We should not do justice to Mr. Drury, nor show our gratitude for the amusement which his collection has afforded us, if we did not select some specimen of his

own verse. He has by no means usurped to himself a disproportionate share of the volume, nor overloaded it with his own compositions.

Of his serious pieces we prefer those that are brief: we shall, therefore, give two or three of these rather than one of his longer and more sustained efforts. William Spencer's very *pretty* verses are turned with much grace:—

‘ TO A LADY.

‘ Too late I stayed, forgive the crime;
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers.

‘ What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of the glass,
When all the sands are diamond sparks
That dazzle as they pass ?

‘ Ah ! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
Their plumage to his wings ?

‘ THE TOYS OF LIFE.

‘ Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
A livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Gold, garters, scarfs, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age;
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tired he sleeps, and life's dull play is o'er.’
POPE.

‘ THUS EVER.

‘ Oh ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well
And love me, it was sure to die.’—MOORE.

The following is rather longer, but well done; except, perhaps, that it is somewhat drawn out:—

‘ THE FIRST GRIEF.

‘ Oh call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone ?

The butterfly is glancing bright
Along the sunbeams' track;
I care not now to chase its flight—
O call my brother back.

The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed
Around our garden tree:
Our vine is drooping with its load—
O call him back to me.

‘ AD LYDIAM.

‘ Da veniam fasso; puduit, te absente, teneri,—
Oblitus horarum fui;
Quam tacito, incedit Tempus pede, nil nisi molles
Cum calce flores proterit !

‘ Quis, sensim ut refluit, ita grana fidelis ocellus
In vitreo notat globo,
Si gemmis splendet simul omnis arena minutis,
Nitore quæ fallunt suo ?

‘ Quis quod amat metitur opus, celeremque vo-
latum
Inter serena Temporis,
Cum paradisiacæ plumæ suffuderit alis
Tempus colores aureos ?

‘ NOSTRUM ILLUD VIVERE.

‘ Ecce modo infantem—sic Dii voluere benigni—
Gaudeat ut crotalo, stramine captus hiet !
Acrior oblectat juvenilia pectora ludus,
Aucto, sed pariter futilis ille, sono;
A rumque et procerum phaleras maturior ætas,
Votivas sequitur balba senecta nuces;
Idem amor his nugis idemque recurrit in illis:
Dum dormit ludo fessus, et—exit homo.’

‘ SIC SEMPER.

‘ Sic mihi de teneris spes infeliciter annis,
Et vota et cupidæ præteriere preces !
Arbusta in silvis, in aprico flosculus orto—
Sub manibus pereunt omnia pulchra mea.
Si forte effusi (qu. ?) mirantem fulgur ocelli
Jam me surpuerat cara capella mihi,
Cum sciret vocem, peteret mea basia, necum
Luderet—ad certam mittitur illa necem.’

‘ O revoca mihi fratrem, et eris carissima, mater !
Solut enim nequeo ludere, fessus ero.
Cum pictis apibus, venit cum floribus æstas—
Dic quibus in cæcis additur ille locis ?

Trans jubar aurati volitans mutabile solis,
Alâ papilio versicolore micat;
Et micet incolomis: per me volitabit inultus—
O redeat nostram frater, ut ante, domum.

Intonsi exultant flores—quem sevimus hortum:
Arbore sub patulâ quæ rubere rosæ:
Vitis dependet crassis onerata racemis—
Si revocas fratrem, tu mihi mater eris !

"He would not hear my voice, fair child;
He may not come to thee;
The face, that once, like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see.

A flower's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given:
Go, thou must play alone, my boy—
Thy brother is in heaven."

And has he left the birds and flowers,
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?

And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er?
O while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more."—HEMANS.

In the third stanza, we would suggest
'quos sevimus una,' as preserving a
thought which should not be lost.

We must not omit a specimen of the

'FIDELE'S GRAVE.

'With fairest flowers

Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose;
nor

The azure harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, which, not to slander,
Out-sweetened not thy breath: the ruddock
would

With charitable bill (O bill, sore shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furred moss beside, when flowers are
none

To winter-ground thy corse.'

Since the days when the author of the
Pursuits of Literature brandished his sa-
tiric rod over the 'seventh form boys,' who
had ventured to translate Gray's *Elegy* into
Greek, the same passion seems always
to have prevailed, and still prevails, of
accomplishing this, in either language we
are persuaded, hopeless task. Besides an
attempt to render this poem into Latin
elegiacs, in Mr. Drury's volume, we have
before us another recently printed by the
Rev. William Hildyard. How many more
have passed before us, and flitted into the
shades of oblivion, we do not pretend to
recollect. We cannot congratulate either
of our present translators on their suc-
cess; but we are disposed to examine the
general causes of failure in all who have
made the attempt, rather than to assume
the ungracious office of pointing out the
defects (except so far as to illustrate our
views) of these two recent productions.

It seems to us that it is not merely the

"Heu! non audiret matrem, formose, vocantem,
Quem poterunt nullæ sollicitæ preces:
Ille oculus ridens, faciesque simillima veri,
Et nos et nostrum destituere diem.

"Sole sub aprico quid si breve carpserit ævum?
Splendida decidui tempora floris habet.
I puer! et ludos tecum meditare novellos,
Nec geme quod cælis gaudeat ille suis."

Ergo abit, et volucres et gemmea prata reliquit?
Et mea necquicquam vox repetita sonat?
Immemor et nostri, per tædia longa dierum,
Per totam æstatem non venit usque mihi?

Nec rursum in viridi reduces errabimus umbrâ?
Ad nemus, ad fontes incommutatus eam?
Dure puer, qui tot dulces neglexeris horas,
Nec dederis fratri basia plura tuo!

present Provost of Eton, whom, to say
the truth, we like much better in his se-
rious than his playful mood.

'FIDELES TUMULUS.

'Tuum, Fidele, floribus pulcherrimis,
Dum durat æstas, incolamque me vident
Hæc rura, funus contegam; pallentium
Tui instar oris, primularum copia
Haud deerit, aut colore venas æmulans
Hyacinthus, aut odora frons cynosbati:
Quæ, nec calumniamur, haud erat tuo
Odora quamvis, spiritu fragrantior.
Tibi hæc vetustæ more mansuetudinis
(O mos pudori prodigis hæredibus
Inhumata patrum qui relinquunt corpora!)
Rubecularum vilis hospitalitas
Afferret: imo plura: namque mortuis
His omnibus, cubile musco sterneret,
Brumæque te curaret, ut viresceres.'

exquisite beauty of the original, but the
peculiar cast of its beauty, which defies
translation, especially into a dead language.
Where the excellence of a poem consists
entirely in the grandeur, boldness, or
grace of the thoughts, those thoughts may
find an adequate expression in another
tongue; and beautiful images may be re-
presented by beautiful images, if not pre-
cisely the same, yet with a close analogy:
even peculiar forms of language, though
more rarely, may be rendered, if not by
equivalent, yet by what we may call
kindred or congenial terms—familiar, by
familiar, refined by refined, and even re-
condite phrases by phrases equally remote
from ordinary use. But where the beau-
ty consists in the perfect balance and har-
mony between the thought and the lan-
guage, and where the versification is in
keeping with the same general expression;
where there is at once consummate art and
perfect ease; every hue of language in

its proper gradation, every word in its proper place; where all the thoughts, words, and numbers are, as it were, tones in the general harmony—then it is that the slightest transposition mars the effect; the slightest substitution forces an invidious comparison: the least omission makes a void, and a superfluous word is felt as a clog and a burthen. Even if the copy could be perfectly like, with no feature lost, no lineament misplaced, we demand the life, the expression of the original. But perfect fidelity is indeed almost impossible, from the different idiom of the languages, the closer or more diffuse forms of speech, the different length of the correspondent verses; we always have too much or too little; the version is in one place inadequate, in another spun out beyond the proper extent. What is the unspeakable charm of this ‘Elegy,’ which has fixed it in the memory of every lover, we may almost say every reader, of poetry, since its first publication, and even forced reluctant admiration from the surly critic, who partly from prejudice against the man, partly from mental temperament which could not appreciate its peculiar excellence, trod rough-shod over the rest of Gray’s poetry? There is nothing very profound or original in the thoughts; they are those which might occur under such circumstances to minds of but ordinary strength or cultivation: the language, though sometimes wrought out with unsurpassed felicity, is more simple and equable than is usual with Gray: the scenery is quiet and domestic, neither strikingly picturesque nor romantic; the imagery is pleasing, but neither very bold, nor at all luxuriant; even the moral tone has nothing of that religious depth and earnestness, which some might think inseparable from the subject. It is, we are persuaded, this wonderful harmony and correspondence of thought, imagery, language, and verse; the exquisite finish, which betrays nothing of elaborate or toilsome artifice, but which seems to have been cast at once in the mind of the poet; everything in his creation seems to have taken spontaneously its proper place; nothing is otiose or unnecessary, yet nothing obtrusive or insubordinate; the language though perspicuous is suggestive, though suggestive neither vague nor diverting the imagination into a different train of thought; it is a study, in short, of composition, which might be of the greatest use to the young poets of the present day,

who with abundant fertility of imagery, liveliness of conception, and often great command of picturesque and musical words, contrive to produce no lasting effect, either leading us through a succession of thoughts and images pleasing enough in themselves, but without coherence, mutual dependence, or harmony—or bewildering us in rich and sparkling language, in which we idle away a short time agreeably enough, but of which nothing whatever adheres to the memory.

For the same reason Gray’s ‘Elegy,’ like the prose of Plato—and if we did not remember the versions of Lady Dacre, we should have added the poetry of Petrarch—is untranslatable. This will appear from the comparison of a few stanzas of these versions, selected with no disrespect to the attainments of the authors—the writer in the ‘Arundines,’ the Rev. I. H. Macaulay, is occasionally very neat and scholarlike—but under the conviction that this comparison will illustrate our meaning. Take the first stanza:

‘The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o’er the sea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.’

Here is the version in the ‘Arundines Cami:’

‘Depositi sonat exequias campana diei,
Incedit lentum per vaga rura pecus;
Carpit iter, repetitque domum defessus arator,
Sublustrique moror vespere solus agris.’

What sense the translator would give to the word ‘depositi’ we are at a loss to guess, but in no way can it represent ‘parting day.’ In the second line we lose the ‘lowing’ herd; and with submission, the transference of the wandering, or winding of the herd to the country (*vaga rura*), is very like nonsense. How flat for ‘plods his weary way,’ the double phrase ‘carpit iter, repetitque domum,’ and though the fourth line is correct enough, yet how inadequate to the quiet melancholy of the original. Mr. Hildyard is not more fortunate; not one line gives half the slight but happy touches of the poet; the last adds an image, and that a false one:

‘Audin’ ut occidæ sonitum campana diei
Reddit, et a pratis incipit ire pecus;
Jam proprios petit ipse lares defessus arator,
Et passim, extinctis ignibus, omne silet.’

The knell of day, the winding and lowing herd, the slow step of the ploughman, the poet himself, all are gone; and the fire is put out exactly when Molly is putting on her kettle:—

'For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.'

We might have expected these familiar and universal images to have fallen more easily into any language: Mr. Hildyard, however, is so poor, that we shall not quote his version; in the other, though we miss much, the last expression is very happy, and compensates in some degree for what necessarily escapes:

'Illis haud iterum [we should prefer "*amplius haud illis*"] refovebitur igne caminus,
Sponsave quod propriæ est sedula partis aget;
Non balbo proles gratabitur ore parenti,
Curret in amplexus, præripietve genas.'

We turn to the well-known stanza, of which the author of the 'Pursuits of Literature' produced in such triumph Dr. Cook's version; and though, as Greek, it may by no means bear the severity of modern criticism, it is certainly fine and spirited.

'Α χάρις ἐνγενέων, χάρις ἡ βασιλίδος ἀρχας,
Δῶρα τόχας, χρυσᾶς Ἀφροδίτας κάλα τὰ δῶρα,
Πάνθ' ἅμα ταῦτα τέθρανε, καὶ ἤρθεν μόρσιμον
ἄμαρ.
'Ἡρώων κλέ' ὄλωλε, καὶ ὄχετο κοῖνον ἐς Ἄδαν.'

Mr. Macaulay's copy is here singularly neat and ingenious; what we miss is the life of the original.

'Stemmata longa patrum, magnæque potentia
famæ,
Quicquid forma potest addere, quicquid opes,
Expectant pariter non evitabile tempus—
Scilicet ad tumultum ducit Honoris iter.'

Mr. Hildyard makes strange work of Hampden, Milton, and Cromwell. We question whether the Latin or the verse is the worst. The sense is entirely mistaken. It is a curious illustration to what straits a man is reduced who attempts what is beyond his powers.

'Forsitan, inter avos, Hampdeni hic ossa quiescent
Qui sæva intrepida frerit acta [qy. Acts of Parliament?] manu—
Qui sacer ante alios, Miltonus, πρῶτος, adsit,
Cromwellusve, vacans proditione fera!'

The translator in the 'Arundines' converts with more classical feeling, but with the sacrifice of propriety, Hampden into Brutus, Milton into Ovid, Cromwell into Cæsar. The last line runs—

'Nec patriæ temerans fœdera Cæsar aqua.'

What is the meaning of this? Crossing the Rubicon? But it is in stanzas like these exquisite ones that the failure is most complete and evident—

'For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?
On some fond heart the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.'

What word can be spared here, or changed for another?—what thought either more strongly or more feebly given; how can we expand or compress? Even if every thought and word were embalmed without change or decay in another language, the fine music of the verse must escape; a change in the place of any word would do violence to the effect of the whole. Let any one construe literally the following fair verses, and find how much the Latin reproduces, or even suggests, of the original—how much is absolutely lost, or diluted, or perverted.

'Nam quis pervigilis, sic immemor usque pri-
orum,
Delicias animæ deposuisse velit?
Ecquis deseruit lætæ confinia lucis,
Nec tulit ad superas ora reflexa plagas?

Sese anima in gremium fugitiva receptat ami-
cum,
Ultima lachrymulam flagitat hora piam;
Vel de ferali clamat natura sepulchro,
Vel calet effuso fax rediviva rogo.'

The comic part of this volume we do not think equal to the serious; and it bears far too large a proportion to the whole. We are absolutely overrun with Gammer Gurton rhymes, we do not think in general very happily executed. The merit and the fun of such translations may be of two different kinds. It may consist in rendering comic and modern thoughts into purely classical language, so that they should read like genuine bits of old Latin or Greek verse. It is this quiet humour, this quaint contrast between the childish absurdity of the English verses and the very turns of language and expression of the Greek tragic drama, which constitutes the excellence of Porson's 'Three Children sliding on the Ice.' To the ear it sounds like a fragment of an old Greek drama—every word and idiomatic term is purely Attic—and yet every thought and image of the nursery rhyme is represented with perfect accuracy.

'Three children sliding on the ice,
All on a summer's day,
It so fell out they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

Now had those children been at school,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drowned.

You parents that have children dear,
And eke you that have none,
If you will have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.'

The other manner is broader and certainly less legitimate in its humour. It renders the most completely modern thoughts, usages or sentiments—the most remote from classical ideas—as best it may, into Latin or Greek. The ludicrousness arises from the odd contrast between the thoughts and the language—the ingenuity with which the nearest analogous term is substituted—the mastery over the language, which alone can fully exhibit its pliancy and call forth all its resources. In this consists the drolery of some of the better Westminster epilogues: we envy not the severe scholar who cannot laugh at the whimsical incongruities which these spoken caricatures often exhibit; and the cleverness with which phrases, if not always of the purest Latinity, yet chosen with sufficient regard to the genius of the language, are found for things which it would have puzzled a Roman to name or comprehend. And these subjects of low humour test the knowledge which is most rare in the finished scholar, that of the more familiar and vernacular language of the ancients. The more utterly incongruous, therefore, the original with classical thought, the more apparently untranslatable—the better, if the translator can succeed at all. The vulgar ballad, the childish ditty, may be an amusing trial of skill; but then it must remain vulgar and childish in the translation—mock heroic, if the translator will—but never, like some of the versions

'Billy Tailor was a brisk young fellow,
Full of mirth and full of glee,
And his heart he did discover
To a maiden fair and free.

Four-and-twenty press-gang fellows,
Dressed they was in blue array,
Laid cruel hands on Billy Tailor,
Him they caught and sent to sea.

But his true-love followed a'ter
By the name of Robert Carr;
Her lily-white hands were daubed all over
With the nasty pitch and tar.

Χρυστάλλεσθαι τρεῖς κότες κότες
Ὅρα θύρου ψαύοντες ἐν τῷ ποταμῷ,
Δυναίς ἐπικτον, διὰ τὴν πικτεῖν φιλίαι,
Ἀπαντες εἰς τὸν ποταμὸν ἐλθόντες.

Ἄλλ' ἔπερ ἦσαν ἐκκαλεῖσθαι μοχλοῖς,
Ἡ ποῖν ὁλοσθάνοντες ἐν τῷ ποταμῷ,
Χρυσῶν ἂν ἠθέλησα περιδύσθαι σταθμῶν,
Εἰ μὴ μέρος τι τῶν νῶν ἐσώζετε.

Ἄλλ' ὦ τοκεῖς, ὅσοι μὲν οὐτα τυγχάνει,
Ὅσοι δὲ μὴ, βλαστήματ' ἐν τῷ ποταμῷ,
Ἡν εὐτυχίς ἐν τῷ ποταμῷ τὰς θυρὰς ἴδοις
Τοῖς παῖσιν, εὐ σφῶν ἐν δόμοις φυλάσσετε.

before us, refined into inappropriate elegance, or so gravely transposed into correct Latin as to leave neither point nor jest. The translation of the 'Elegy on a Mad Dog' is cleverly done by Mr. Hodgson of Trinity College, and this in its quiet irony perhaps admits of being turned into pleasing elegiacs: still we miss the quaintness of the original; we are not compelled to smile at every fourth verse, as by honest Goldsmith. This form of composition is a favourite with the editor. He has given us Billy Tailor and Miss Bailey. Now we protest against a new version of the latter. Glasse's inimitable doggrel is in possession of the field, and we assert his right against all intruders. Tune and all is preserved.

'Seduxit miles virginem, receptus in hibernis,
Præcipitem quæ laqueo se transtulit Avernis;
Impransus ille restitit, sed acrius potabat,
Et conscius facinoris per vina clamitabat,
Miseram Balam, infortunatam Balam,
Proditam, traditam, miserimamque Balam.'

Billy Tailor was, as far as we know, open ground; and Mr. Drury has succeeded much better: nor do we so much object in this instance to the half-sentimental turn of the Latin, which here perhaps aids rather than softens the absurdity. We do not, however, much like the comparison with Penthesilea—it was enough to turn Sukey into an Amazon.

'Fortis in apricæ Gulielmus flore juventæ
Oris erat lepidi lætitiæque satur;
Celatamque diu flammam detexit amicæ,
Quæ pulchra atque animi liberioris erat.

Sex quater insiliunt Caci (?) crudeliter illum,
Cærulea oceani veste notante gregem,
Vigue coegerunt celsam conscendere navim,
Proh scelus! et rigidis imposuere foris.

Sed sua de cunctis longe fidissima nautis,
Susanna est habitu pone secuta mari;
Candida in imberbi maculantur lilia vultu,
Et manus in nigram vertitur alba picem.

And in the very first engagement
Manfully she fought among the rest,
Till a bullet blew her jacket open,
And discovered her snow-white breast.

Which, when the captain saw, "What equall,
pray,
Hath blown you hither, Ma'am?" says he;
"Sir, I seeks my Billy Tailor,
Whom you pressed and sent to sea."

"If you seeks your Billy Tailor,
Know he's inconstant and severe,
(Poor Sukey's heart beat high and heavy,
And she dropped one very big tear.)

"Rise up early in the morning,
At rise of sun and break of day,
And you'll see your Billy Tailor
Dancing with a lady gay."

Then she called for sword and pistol,
Which did come at her command,
And she shot poor Billy Tailor
With his lady in his hand.

Which when the captain came for to know it,
He very much applauded what she had done,
And he made her first lieutenant
Of the gallant Thunder bomb.'

We know not whether from the strong-
er contrast, which makes the incongruity
more amusing, the still greater apparent
remoteness of English nursery nonsense
from Attic Greek, and the severer test to
which scholarship appears to expose it—

‘THE MAN OF THESSALY.

‘There was a man of Thessaly,
And he was wondrous wise,
He jumped into a gooseberry bush,
And scratched out both his eyes.

And when he found his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again.’

The living scholar's trifle strikes us as
extremely clever: the quiet gravity of
the supposed scrap from Athenæus reads
like a genuine excerpt from that chroni-
cler of amusing nothings, as well as of
valuable anecdote and excellent poetry,

‘Athenæi Fragmentum in palimpsesto bibliothecæ Ambrosianæ ab Angelo Maio inventum,
antehac vero non editum.

— περί δὲ τῶν κοσμήτων, ὡς ἐκ κριβάνου τοῖς δειπνοῦσι παρατεθέντες ἄουσιν, περί δὲ ὀρνιθίων τιμῶν, ὡς τῶν
παιδικῶν τὰς εἴρας καταπτόμενα ἀρπάζει, τῶν κωμικῶν τις δοτὺς γράφει·

—ἀλλὰ νῦν ἰδόντες, ἄνδρες, “ῥαμα τοῦ τετραβολοῦ”
βασιλικῶς τ.ς ἦν ἐν οἴκῳ θάλακτος ζειῶν πλείως·
ἀποσσοφοὶ δὲ κριβανῶν τετρακίς ἐξ ἐν πύματι·
τοῦ δὲ περματος κοκίνους, ἡστώμεσαν τῶνρεα·
οὐ τόδ’ ἦν ἔδεσμα δειπνοῦς καὶ κυρνοῦς κρένον;

illa, virum ritu, furit in certamine primo,
Obsita sulphureis, nec tremefacta, globis,
Horrisonos ignes inter; dum, veste soluta,
Purior intacta est prodita mamma nive:

Qua visâ Ductor, “Quisnam huc te ventus ade-
git,”
Postulat: “Ereptum quærimus,” illa, “pro-
cum,
Quem tu prendisti fecistisque ire per altum!”
“Huncine amas? cheu quam tibi læsus
amor!”

Nam scito, infelix, inconstantem atque severum,
Pro quo tot tuleris semivir, esse virum.”
(Vix se continuit Susannæ pectus anhelum,
Lacrymaque ex oculis repperit una viam.)

“Surge age, et auroræ primo sub lumine flavæ,
Desere pendentem, sole oriente, torum;
Quem sequeris, cantu et fidibus saltasse videtis,
Ad dominæ motus, candida et illa, sum.”

Continuo sibi tela furens letalia poscit;
Itur—et in digitis ignis et ensis erant;
Stravit et atroci plumbique et sulphuris ictu
Prensantem, interitus quæ sibi causa, manu.

Virtutis Dux magnanimæ non immemor illi
Plausus, quos cuperet Penthesilea, dedit.
Nec mora: fulminæ præfecit Amazona puppi,
Ut Legatorum de grege prima foret.’

self; or simply, perhaps, from the more
happy execution, unquestionably the best,
after Porson's, of the comic versions, are
two into iambs and Aristophanic tro-
chaics—the former by Bishop Butler—
the latter by the head master of Eton.

‘Ἐξ οὗ τουχόντων Θέτταλος τις ἦν ἀνὴρ,
ὃς ἔργον ἐπεχείρησε γληρονίστατον·
ἀκαιοχρηνοκακίβωτον ἐκρήκασε,
δίσσας δ’ ἀνελώρυξεν ἐφ’ ὁδῶν κέρας.

ὡς οὖν τὰ πρᾶχθόντ’ ἔβλεπον, τυφλὸς γυνῶς,
οὐ μὴν ἐκίπτετ’ οὐδὲν, ἀλλ’ ἰσκαρδίως
βῆτον τιν’ ἄλλην ἤλατ’ εἰς ἀκαιοχρη-
νὴν, καὶ τοῦδ’ ἐγίνετ’ ἔξασθις ἐκ τυφλοῦ βλάτων.

that diner-out of celebrity, and faithful
reporter of ancient small-talk. We have
the advantage of quoting Dr. Hawtrey
from a corrected copy in his privately
printed ‘Trifoglio’:—

‘Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie:
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing,
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the King?’

ἐν μυχῷ δόμων ὁ βασιλεὺς τ' ἀργυρί' ἐλογίζετο,
 ἀναβάδων δ' ἱερῶς χάρις πορεύειν ἔργον καὶ μέλι
 ἡ βασιλὶς ἡ παῖς δ' αὖτ' αἰὲν βύσσιν' ἐξήρτα λίου
 σπία· κάτω γὰρ ἦλθεν ἀπὸ τείχους ὀρνίθιον
 τὴν τε εἶνα τῆς καλαίνης ὤχετ' ἐν βόγγει φέρον.*

The King was in the parlour
 Counting out his money,
 The Queen was in the Kitchen,
 Eating bread and honey;
 The Maid was in the garden
 Hanging out the clothes,
 Down came a blackbird *
 And carried off her nose.*

We cannot quit the 'Trifoglio,' as we have thus already trespassed on the privacy of a volume printed only for limited distribution among the author's friends, without expressing our admiration at the singular versatility of talent, and command of various languages, displayed in its pages. It contains translations of short poems—with a few original pieces in Greek, Italian, and German (we have a Latin composition in the 'Arundines' by Dr. Hawtrey, which our space allows us not to quote). The versions are from French and English into Greek—from Latin, English, and German into Italian—

and from English into German—all executed, if we may venture to judge on all these points, not merely with surprising accuracy of phrase, but with a graceful felicity in catching the turn and genius of each tongue.† We have given a specimen of the accomplished author's command of Greek: though perhaps out of place, we will venture to gratify our German and Italian readers with an instance of his skill in each of these languages. We hesitate between the 'Burial of Sir John Moore' and those perhaps less familiar lines of Byron:—

'When we two parted
 In silence and tears,
 Half broken-hearted,
 To sever for years;
 Pale grew thy cheek, and cold,
 Colder thy kiss,
 Truly that hour foretold
 Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
 Sunk chill on my brow—
 It felt like the warning
 Of what I feel now.
 Thy vows are all broken,
 And light is thy fame;
 I hear thy name spoken,
 And share in thy shame.

They name thee before me,
 A knell to mine ear;
 A shudder comes o'er me;
 Why wert thou so dear?
 They know not I knew thee,
 Who knew thee too well:—
 Long, long shall I rue thee,
 Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met,
 In silence I grieve,
 That thy heart could forget,
 My spirit deceive.
 If I should meet thee
 After long years;
 How should I greet thee?—
 With silence and tears.*

Als ich weit von dir in Schmerzen
 Schweigend, weinend, mußte gehn,
 Und mit halbgebrochenen Herzen
 Manche Jahre ferne stehn,
 Bläß und kalt war deine Wangen,
 Kälter noch dein Liebeskuß,
 Dann, o dann es wird mir bange
 Für den heutigen Thränenfluß.

Und des Morgenthau's Schauer
 Kalt auf meine Sterne fiel—
 Und es ahndte mir die Trauer,
 Die ich jetzt in Busen fühl'.
 Hin ist Ehre; hin ist Treue;
 Hin ist deiner Liebe Pfand;
 Rebet man von dir—mit Reue
 Nehm' ich Theil an deiner Schand.

O wie oft, mit Schredentönen,
 Kommt dein Name in's Gehör!
 Bittern alle meinen Sehnen—
 Warum liebt' ich dich so sehr?
 Niemand glaubt' ich könnt dich kennen,
 Und doch betet ich dich an;
 Lang wird's mir im Herzen brennen,
 Tiefer als ich sagen kann.

Heimlich scheidend beide schwiegen;
 Schweigend leid' ich meinen Schmerz,
 Denn du konntest mich betrügen,
 Mich vergaß dein falsches Herz.
 Dürften wir nach manchen Jahren
 Noch einmal uns wieder sehn;
 Dann, o dann wie wird es fahren?
 Schweigend, weinend möcht' ich stehn.

We select the Italian translation of Horace's famous ode, as most appropriate to the present article: the closeness and

fidelity of the translation, as well as the spirit, appear to us remarkable, even though the languages are so nearly allied:—

* *Pessimè*, codd., refrag. *Lego*, meo periculo, "little bird." *Bentley*.

† 'Il Trifoglio; ovvero Scherzi Metrici d'un' Inglese. Londra, 1839.' 8vo. pp. 92.

HORATIUS.

'Donec gratus eram tibi
Nec quisquam potior brachia candida
Cervici juvenis dabat;
Persarum vigui rege beator.

LYDIA.

Donec non aliam magis
Armisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloen,
Multi Lydia nominis
Romana vigui clarior ilia.

HORATIUS.

Me nunc Thressa Chloë regit
Dulces docta modos, et citharæ sciens,
Pro qua non metuum mori,
Si parcent animæ Fata superstiti.

LYDIA.

Me torret face mutua
Thurini Calais filius Orniti,
Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcent puero Fata superstiti.

HORATIUS.

Quid si prisca redit Venus,
Diductosque jugo cogit aeneo,
Si flava excutitur Chloë,
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

LYDIA.

Quamvis sidere pulchrior
Ille est, tu levior cortice et improbo
Iracundior Adria,
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libena.'

'Mentr' era io sol piacevole,
Nè al collo tuo diletto
Stringea le braccia candide
Più vago giovinetto;
Sprezzai del re di Persia
Il fasto e le ricchezze,
Più cari fur di Lidia
L' amore e le dolcezze..

Quando per me sol fervido
Arse 'l tuo petto ognora,
Ne Cloë più di Lidia
Ti fu gradita ancora;
Allor chi fu di Lidia
Illustre più, più chiara?
Della Romana Silvia
Trovai la sorte amara.

Al suo talento or reggemmi,
Cloë, di Tracia il vanto,
Col' tremolare armonico,
Del' arpa, e col suo canto.
Di lei felice e intrepido
Saprei morire allato;
Ad alma tanto amabile
Se perdonasse il fato.

Con flamma vicendevole
Or regna nel mio petto
Calat, d' Ornito figlio,
Turino giovinetto:
Due volte e più con gioja
Saprei morirgli allato,
A quel fanciullo amabile
Se perdonasse il fato.

Ma—se l' antica Venere
Il regno suo ripiglia,
E a giogo ancor più rigido
I destrier sciolti imbriglia:
Se a Cloë la porta chiudent,
Ne l' arpa ne l' cantare
San disputare a Lidia
Sprezzata già l' entrare?

Benchè del sol più lucido
Foss' egli e più fedele,
Tu lieve più di buccia,
Dell' Adria più crudele;
Teco vorrei ben vivere,
Di te morire allato;
Chè insiem la vita serbici!
Chè insiem ci trovi il fato!'

Under the guidance of a master gifted with such varied accomplishments, and of such cultivated tastes, our great public school is neither likely to degenerate from its ancient fame, as the nurse of fine classical attainments, and the genuine love of ancient literature, nor to refuse to admit the study of modern languages, as far as they can be advantageously introduced, into the general system of education.

To return, however, to the Arundines. The third part consists of religious pieces, some of which are very pleasingly executed—in all we cannot but approve of the devotional and Christian spirit. But the imitation of the

old monkish hymns, with their barbarous phrases and barbarous rhymes, appears to us carrying the prevailing passion for mediæval antiquity far beyond its proper bounds.

No one can have more profound admiration than ourselves for some of the ancient church hymns, the 'Dies iræ,' or even the 'Stabat Mater,' which embody the highest and most awful truths of our religion, or perhaps more questionable poetic sentiment, in brief lines of inimitable spirit and pregnancy. Two or three of these might stand alone, even without the association of the magnificent ecclesiastical music to which they belong, and which is inseparable from them; and others, being really ancient—part of a church service

which may be traced upward to an age when Latin was still vernacular, and retained in a church in which the whole ritual is Latin—are, no doubt, with all their accompaniments, imposing, effective, and sublime; but in themselves they are surely no models for composition: at best, there is an air of *modern Gothic* about the imitations of them. If we are to have Latin verses, let them be written, as far as their latinity and their versification, after the example of the great Latin poets: if we introduce, and introduce we may and we ought, Christian thoughts and sentiments, let them be in the form and in the metres of Virgil and Horace, not even of St. Ambrose and Prudentius, far less of the monks of the twelfth or thirteenth century. Not that these compositions are without merit. Herrick's beautiful Litany to the Holy Spirit is cleverly done; but we think the thing itself a waste of skill and ingenuity. We want a chaunt to make them acceptable to the ear; which, without it, flies from them, and takes refuge in the exquisite music of well-modulated Sapphics or hendecasyllables.

After all, the present volume must be received as a very inadequate representative of Cambridge classical verse: the editor himself would hardly offer these slight pieces, elegant as some of them may be, but mixed with much inferior matter, as approaching to a selection from the odes and triposes of Cambridge, the prize poems of the sister university, or the best exercises of our great public schools. We are not likely to see, in the present day, a new '*Musæ Anglicanæ*.' But merely considered as an exercise of the talents of the young, who have afterwards risen into fame, or a blameless and graceful amusement of many of our greatest men in the decline of an useful and distinguished life, it is remarkable how much of this reflected interest is thrown on the composition of Latin and Greek verse by the characters of those with whom it has been a favourite study. It would not be difficult to form a volume called '*Pœmata illustriorum Virorum*,' which would comprehend names of the highest distinction in every profession, and in the highest walks

of public life,—the well-remembered prize exercises at school or college, as well as the '*Nugæ Metricæ*,' as they are called by more than one distinguished scholar who has indulged in this style of writing. It is curious how many of our great poets have been distinguished for their Latin verse: Milton, Cowley, May, Addison, Johnson, Cowper, and Gray, occur immediately to the recollection; and modern names would not be wanting. Composition in Latin verse has, indeed, been accused of tending to a stiff, foreign, and artificial style in poetry. We much doubt this; we suspect that it has never made or marred a poet. This, however, is a field on which we cannot enter at present; but even in modern days, if we might survey the whole of our eminent men, we should not want contributors to our '*Musæ*' from every department of literature and public life. Notwithstanding that here and there respectable places in our literature may have been reached by some, we speak it to their honour, almost self-educated men, and many more have come from quarters where little attention is paid to classical lore, and none to composition in the learned languages, there are not a few in the highest ranks (to instance Mr. Hallam alone), whose names recur constantly in the '*Musæ Etonenses*,' and who may represent the older race of our scholar-authors. But even leaving out our men of letters,—every rank and profession will furnish its contingent, and that not by conscription, but by voluntary enrolment. To represent the profession of medicine we may summon no less eminent a personage than the President of the College himself.

Sir Henry Hallford's '*Nugæ*,'* as he informs us, 'were mostly written in the carriage, and served to beguile the tedium of many a long day spent in his professional pursuits.' But his lines have none of those jolts and inequalities, said to have dislocated Sir Richard Blackmore's verses, while he rattled over the rough stones of the metropolis. The President's chariot seems to have glided smoothly over a well-constructed wood-pavement. Here are a few specimens:—

* Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you:
For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong,
For friends in all the old you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

* Si violare fidem mihi cor proclivius esset,
Crede mihi, me non posse nocere tibi:
Quamquam etenim tua verba fidem me nulla
rogassent,
Fecissent fidum forma decusque tuum.

Ergo pone metus, et fraudem parce vereri (!);
Neu timeas fictos in tua damna dolos:
Cunctos nempe senes inter numerabis amicos,
Nec juvenis, qui te non amet, ullus erit.

* '*Nugæ Metricæ*, by Sir H. H., Bt., M. D. 1839.' pp. 40 (not published).

And when they find that you have bless'd
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part.'

SHERIDAN.

Et cum te socio tandem devinxis uni,
Protinus ardentem, cætera turba, proci
Demittent æstum, stimulosque Cupidinis omnes,
Fraternæque dabunt pignus amicitiaë.'

Pope's charming lines are thus pleasingly rendered :—

'Mo let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of expiring age;
With lenient art extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smoothe the bed of
death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And save awhile one parent from the sky.'

'Sit pia cura mihi longùm invigilare senectæ,
Et matri somnos conciliare leves;
Quâ possim eluctantem animam leni arte morari,
Et dulci alloquio fallere mortis iter;
Explorare velit quid mens incerta, cavere
In cælum ut redeat senior una parens.'

Two rejected stanzas of the 'Elegy' find a more successful imitator than most of those which Gray retained have done :—

'And thou! who, mindful of the unhonoured
dead,

Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
By night and lonely contemplation led
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate;

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes
around

Bids every fierce, tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whispering from the
ground

A grateful earnest of eternal peace.'

'Tuque memor! sortem ingenuo qui carmine
narras

Functorum vitæ, temere et sine honore jacentum
Cum contemplari juvet, et crescentibus umbris
Nocte sepulchrorum solus peragrarè recessus;

Audin'? ut hic sancto afflatu, tranquillior æther
Temperet effrenos animi quoscunque tumultus;
Dum tenuè assurgens viridi de cespite murmur
Dat grata eternæ tandem præsentia paci.'

A wicked wit might insinuate that to a less experienced and skilful physician than the President, the passage of Shakspeare, so neatly rendered below, might have been suggested by some qualm of conscience at having dismissed a patient, rather prematurely, on that awful journey from which poor Claudio shrunk with such natural apprehensions :—

'Ay, but to die and go we know not whither,
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot,
This sensible, warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling! 'tis too horrible!
The meanest and most loathed worldly life,
Which age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.'—

'Attamen; heu! quam triste mori! nec quo sit
eundem

Scire prius—positum clausâ putrescere in arcâ;
Membrorum sisti motas, alacremque vigorem
In luteam solvi molem—quam triste! capacem
Lætitiaque jocique animam torrentibus uri
Ignibus, aut montis claudi glacialis in alveo:
Suspensumve dari ventis, noctesque diesque
Huc illuc, invisâ vi, turbantibus orbem.

Aut graviora pati, quàm quos cruciatibus actos
Tartareas implere feris ululatus umbras,
Anxia mens hominum, mirum et miserabile!
finxit—

Horrendum! quodcumque mali ferat ægra senec-
tus,

Pauperiesve dolorve gravis, tractæve catenæ,
Omnia quæ possunt infestam reddere vitam,
Esse voluptates lætæ Elysiumque videntur
Spectanti mortem prope, venturamque timent.'

Sir Henry was bred in a school, or at a time when the niceties of quantity were not enforced with proper regard. He indulges too often in the short final *o*, and 'antè scelus' (p. 27) is quite inadmissible.

We return to the judges of the land. We presume not to know whether some of these learned persons ever beguile the weariness of an interminable cause, or the dullness of some lengthy and remorseless argument, by relaxations of this kind. Certain Greek epigrams

are afloat which acknowledge one of the bench as their undoubted parent; but to speak the truth, remembering the youthful feats of more than one of these ermined sages, the prize poems at the school and either university which have given presage of their future distinction, we are unwilling to accept these verses as fair examples of their powers, although those powers may have been blunted by disuse, by familiarity with barbarous law Latin, and the prosaic work of the courts.

As, then, we are not aware that any of these learned personages have brought themselves recently under our jurisdiction, even by the doubtful act of printing for private circulation, we shall revert to an older hand, that of one still held in the highest traditional reverence in the profession, and who, we believe, was only prevented by his own unwillingness to receive favours from a government to which he was adverse in politics (he was a firm, consistent, and honourable Whig) from attaining the very highest rank. We happen to possess a copy of verses by Mr. Sergeant Lens (not printed in the 'Musæ Etonenses'), which, though youthful in style and subject, appears to us of such peculiar elegance, as to deserve preservation :—

‘AD AMICAM.

Grates insidiis tuis dolisque,
Vinculis jam refero lubeus solutis.
Jam flammis solitæ carent medullæ,
Languescunt veteris faces Amoris;
Jam tandem miserans meos dolores,
Arcus deposuit graves Cupido.
Si nomen referant tuum susurri,
Vultus mi solito caret rubore;
Si vultum aspicio tuum, sinumque,
Pectus mi solito caret tumultu.
Si stellæ placidum monent soporem,
Tuam non revehit sopor figuram;
Si pellit placidum dies soporem,
Tuum non revehit dies decorem.
Nunc solus sine te vagor, nec unquam
Solut te comitem viæ requiro;
Nunc tecum assideo diu, nec unquam
Quod tecum assideo placet pigetve.
Si mecum repeto tuos decores,
Non crescit tacitis amor medullis;
Si mecum refero meos dolores,
Non pectus solita tumescit ira.
Seu me lumine despicias superbo,
Seu ridens facili vocas ocello,
Inanis favor est, inanis ira.
Si curis vacuus vagor, quietus,
Vel si sollicitus, timens, dolensque,
Non est quod doleo tuum, tuumve
Quod curis vacuus vagor, quietus.
Jam sedes sine te placent amœnæ,
Nec quod tu simul es placent molestæ.
Jam visa es, fateor, satis venusta,
Sed non amplius una Gratiarum,
Sed non purpurei parens Amoris.
Nympham deserui vagam, infidelem,
Tu certa juvenem fide probumque;
Utrum plus deceat dolere? Amantem
Tu vix invenies fidiorem,
Multas inveniam brevi infideles.’

We are not quite sure that, if we were to ransack our treasures, we might not find something, if not quite so easy and graceful, yet in no severer tone, bearing the name of one or other of our right reverend prelates. But we are checked by the still higher reverence due to the lawn above the ermine;

in these days especially, when (in theory at least, we cannot say much for the practice) the celibacy of the clergy being so strongly urged, any reminiscence of such juvenile weakness, even in poetry, might shock the austerity of the modern Novatians; and even call forth an anathema from the cloisters of Magdalene, no longer to be contaminated by female footsteps. We will allow, then, the reverend bench to repose on the memory of Bishop Lowth, and the names which occur so frequently in all our collections of prize compositions, as well as the late Bishop of Lichfield. One specimen, however, we possess of youthful religious verse as well as youthful scholarship, by one who afterwards rose to the bench;—this versification of the ‘Te Deum’ appears to us so happy, that we venture to subjoin it. The friends of the late kind and learned Bishop Dampier will scarcely take offence at the liberty which we take with his production :—

‘Laudamus, et Dominum, Deus,
Te confitemur unicum.
Te tota gens mortalium
Patrem fatemur maximum.
Te confitentur angeli
Immensa cœlorum agmina.
“O sancte, sancte, sancte Deus,
Deus Sabaoth!” aureis
Lyris seraphim concinnunt.
Ubique quicquid est, replet
Augusta majestas tuæ,
Deus supreme, gloriæ.
Te laudat illustrissimum
Apostoli collegium;
Te laudat et pulcherrima,
Vates sacri, communitas;
Te laudat et clarissimum
Agmen, perempti martyres.
Te confitetur dissita
Totum per orbem Ecclesia;
Pater Creator, Te Deum,
Fili Redemptor, Te Deum,
Te Spiritus Paraclete, Deum.
Tu, Christe, rex es maximus,
Tu, Christe, Patris Filius,
Æternus, immutabilis.
Tu, cum bonus suscepas
Peccata nostra tollere,
Non matris aversatus es
Mortalis uterum virginis.
Victor, revulso aculeo
Mortis, Tui cultoribus
Cœli reclusisti fores.
Dextrâ Dei nunc assides
Summâ Patris par gloria.
Redibis inde, credimus,
Ut æquus orbem judices.
Ergo precamur, adjuva
Tuo redemptos sanguine;
Atque in beatis sedibus
Inter pios da vivere,
In sæculorum sæcula.
Domine, gubernâ nos tuos,

Tuere nos, nostrasque res
In majus usque promove.
Ad Te precamur indies,
Tuasque laudes dicimus.
Puros sceleris, et integros
Nos hoc, Domine, serves die.
Miserere, clementissime,
Miserere supplicantium,
Miserere tibi fidentium.
In Te repono spem meam,
Nunquam, Deus, me desere.

Whether any of our younger statesmen in the present day keep up the remembrance of their early studies by the practice of classical composition, we presume not to say; many of them on both sides of the house are good scholars, and occasionally soften the rude strife of political contention by those allusions to classical writers which delighted Pulteney and Walpole and Bolingbroke, North, Fox, and Pitt. On one side Lord Morpeth, on the other Lord Stanley, are well known to possess—even if they have ceased to cultivate—this graceful endowment. Nor are these the only recent names among our flourishing or our rising statesmen, who might be expected to contribute to our 'Latin Poems by distinguished Men.' But our limits warn us that we must confine ourselves to but a few. We have precluded ourselves indeed by our notice of the Marquess Wellesley's elegant 'Primitiæ et Reliquiæ,'* from adducing one of the more commanding illustrations of our 'Defence of (Latin) Poesy.' We cannot, however, deny ourselves the pleasure, we should say, perhaps, the melancholy pleasure, of inserting the following few lines, which appear in the copy before us, a sort of 'l'Envoy' to Lord Brougham of some additions to the small volume:—

'Accipe reliquias jam denique reliquiarum,
Graiaque mista Italæ, fragmentaque fragmen-
torum,
Quæ nocte insomni, atque inter planctusque
doloresque
Effusa (heu cassi verba imperfecta poetæ!)
Attamen et sævi solatia dulcia morbi,
Ad te confugiunt, atque in te vota reponunt.'

Whether the fame of the writer gives its interest to his Latin verses, or the Latin verses add to the fame of the writer, Lord Wellesley would supply a noble name, and occupy an ample space of our collection.

There is another volume before us, by the friend and contemporary of Lord Wellesley, which we should boldly open before our readers, as commanding this double recommendation in an extraordinary degree, if we

were not met at the threshold by the warning inscription addressed to those friends of the author whom he honoured by the gift of his 'Nugæ Metricæ:—

'At tu quicquid id est ineptiarum,
Ne prodire sinas in ora vulgi.'

We will not attempt to elude the force of this prohibition by denying, as we fairly might, the justice of the disparaging terms which the modesty of the author has applied to his compositions. We have carefully abstained from assigning any very high literary rank even to the most finished verses of this kind. Whatever may be the proper intrinsic merit of the verses to which we allude, much of their charm consists in their having afforded amusement to the declining years of Lord Grenville: they are a grave and a grateful testimony to the value of such studies from the highest authority. To those who had the advantage of witnessing the tranquil dignity of Lord Grenville's retirement, this testimony cannot but be singularly valuable. Deliberately retreating, at an earlier period than is usual, from public affairs—withdrawn from the passions of political life, with no assumption of philosophic disregard, but with an earnest though contemplative interest in all that concerned the civil and religious welfare of his country—

'With all that should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends;—

in the gardens of Dropmore, his own exquisite creation, exercising almost a parental care over the university of which he was chancellor, and overlooking from his grounds the school at which he was educated; entering into all the literature of the day, and discussing a new novel of Walter Scott's with the warmest delight and the soundest judgment,—Lord Grenville reverted to those classical studies, which he never neglected, with fresh delight, and occasionally threw off in his leisure hours these very elegant 'Nugæ.' We feel still stronger temptation to trespass on this forbidden ground, as admitting us, as it were, into more intimate familiarity with this distinguished man, and showing his strong and solid character, as it appears in his public life, touched by the softer lights of kind and amiable feelings. There is a playful correspondence, in Homeric verses, about some French lamps, with the late Lord Holland, in his pure classical tastes, no less than

* Quart. Rev., vol. lrv.

* Nugæ Metricæ.—Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.
—MDCCCXXIV.'

in other respects, the legitimate heir of Charles Fox, and worthy to take a third place in this highly-cultivated triumvirate. But there is one poem, which we are so confident that we have seen in print beyond the charmed circle, that we have less scruple in transferring it to our pages. It is an epitaph on a fine Newfoundland dog, named Tippoo, which swam on shore at Tenby, in South

Wales, from a wreck, with his master's pocket-book in its mouth. It lived for some time on the beach, but at length found a master in Lord Grenville, and accompanied him to Dropmore, where, if we remember right, these lines are inscribed on a stone in the grounds.—N. B. The town of Tenby was occupied by a Flemish colony as early, it is said, as Henry I.

Translated by a female relative.

'Tippo ego hic jaceo: lapidem ne sperne, viator,
Qui tali impositus stat super ossa cani.
Largâ mi natura manu dedit omnia, nostrum
Quæcumque exornant nobilitantque genus.
Robur erat validum, formæ concinna venustas,
Ingenui mores, intemerata fides.
Nec pudet invisi nomen gessisse tyranni,
Si tam dissimili viximus ingenio.
Naufragus in nudâ Tenbeis ejectus arenâ,
Ploravi domino me superesse meo,
Quem mihi luctanti frustra, frustra que juvanti,
Abreptum, oceani in gurgite mersit hyems.
Solus ego sospea, sed quas miser ipse tabellas
Morte mihi in mediâ credidit, ore ferens.
Dulci me hospitio Belgæ accepere coloni,
Ipsa etiam his olim gens aliena plagis;
Et mihi gratum erat in longâ spatiarier orâ,
Et quamquam infido membra lavare mari;
Gratum erat æstivis puerorum adjungere turmis
Participem ludis me, comitemque viæ.
Verum uti de multis captanti frustula mensis,
Bruma aderat, senique hora timenda mei,
Inesperata adeo illuxit fortuna, novique
Perfugium et requiem cura dedit domini:
Exinde hos saltus, hæc inter florea rura,
Et vixi felix, et tumulum hunc habeo.'

'Here, stranger, pause, nor view with scornful eyes
The stone which marks where faithful Tippoo lies.
Freely kind nature gave each liberal grace,
Which most ennobles and exalts our race.
Excelling strength and beauty joined in me,
Ingenuous worth, and firm fidelity.
Nor shame I to have borne a tyrant's name,
If so unlike to his my spotless fame.
Cast by a fatal storm on Tenby's coast,
Reckless of life, I wailed my master lost,
Whom long contending with the o'erwhelming wave,
In vain, with fruitless love, I strove to save.
I, only I, alas! surviving bore
His dying trust, his tablets to the shore.
Kind welcome from the Belgian race I found,
Who once in times remote, on British ground
Strangers like me, came from a foreign strand.
I loved at large along the extended sand
To roam, and oft beneath the swelling wave,
Though known so fatal once, my limbs to lave;
Or join the children in their summer play,
First in their sports, companion of their way.
Thus, while from many a hand a meal I sought,
Winter and age had certain misery brought;
But fortune smiled, a safe and blest abode
A new-found master's generous love bestow'd;
And midst these shades, where smiling flowrets bloom,
Gave me a happy life, and honoured tomb.'

We cannot refrain from one further trespass. There is something to us in the contemplation of the quiet dissolution of a good and religious man, as described in the following verses, suggested by the exquisite

lines of Webster and of Milton, so characteristic—so nearly approaching, if we may so say, 'to the prophetic strain'—as to give even a most solemn and affecting tone to the composition:—

'Salve, quæ placidi gratâ sub imagine somni,
Subrepens, vitæ claudis amica diem,
Mors purè tranquilla, in quam matura senectus
Præscriptâ rerum sorte soluta cadit.
Non tibi faidici exardent diro igne comete,
Non tremit adventu conscia terra tuo.
Nec præsaga canit ferali carmine bubo,
Nec rabidæ auditur vox ululare lupæ.
Verum ubi, terrestri mens functa labore, quietem
Expetit, inque suas gestit abire domos,
Corporeis lente vinclis exsolvitur, et se
Vix sentit vitâ deficiente mori;
Ut levis arboreos autumnus sidere fructus
Molliter in patrium decutit aura solum.
Tum sociâ composta manu, notosque Penates
Inter, habet facilis lumina fessa sopor.
Quin et amicorum curæ lacrymæque sequuntur,

WEBSTER.

'O thou soft natural death, that art joint twin
To sweetest slumber! no rough-bearded comet
Stares on thy mild departure; the dull owl
Beats not against thy casement; the hoarse
wolf
Scents not thy carrion: pity winds thy corse.
While horror waits on princes.'

Vittoria Coromb., Act V.

Et modica instaurat funera justus honos.
Alta petant alii, et peritura laudis amore
Sanguineum insistant ambitionis iter;
Hac mihi sit, tacitæ decurso tramite vitæ,
Hac demum in cælos scandere posse viâ.

We must, however, before we conclude, still more strongly enforce upon our readers, that these slight, however elegant and finished pieces, must not be considered, any more than the selection from the 'Arundines,' as representing the highest excellence attained even in very modern times by our Latin poetry. We should not otherwise be doing justice either to the 'illustrious men,' who might contribute things written in a far loftier vein to our proposed collection, or to the intrinsic value of the poetry itself. We are admonished to repeat this caution by a small volume, printed two years ago, containing some most remarkable specimens of Lucretian verse, which would not have been disowned, the editor boldly asserts, by Lucretius himself.* The editor holds them forth very judiciously as an encouragement and example to young Eton scholars, as they all belong to that school. The volume includes Gray's fragment 'de Principiis Cogitandi;' two Eton or Cambridge exercises by the late master of Eton, Dr. Keate, and Mr. William Frere, the late master of Downing College; with the three triposes of Mr. Robert Smith—the friend of Canning, and brother of Sydney—on the Cartesian, Platonic, and Newtonian systems. Though we should doubtless have rather wished that Gray should have finished his Agrippina, or his English Didactic Poem—yet we would willingly have prolonged his life for the completion likewise of this noble Latin fragment. There is something in this kind of poetry singularly congenial with Latin verse: the three greatest productions of Roman poetry partake more or less of this character—the poem of Lucretius, the Georgics of Virgil, the Epistles of Horace. The somewhat elaborate and artificial diction of Roman verse, even in the best poets, contrasts with the easy simplicity of Greek: it wants freedom (we are warned by the name of Catullus not to speak too strongly) for the expression of fervent passion: it had not, it might seem that it was incapable of, tragedy. But Latin verse is the noblest vehicle for subjects which admit of study, and skill, and elaborate finish—where the expression should be condensed or expanded, either to enforce moral truth by some pregnant and apophthegmatic line, or

MILTON.

'Till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly plucked, for death mature.'
P. L., xi. 535.

to invest a dry and barren subject with foreign hues of picturesque beauty: here it moves in its own element; its masculine majesty and its suggestive richness have full scope. Nor can the young scholar be put to a severer test than in this kind of composition. It tries at once the acuteness of his intellect, which must clearly comprehend the philosophic thoughts, whether physical or moral, which he would array in words; his intimate acquaintance not merely with the whole texture of Lucretian language, or language which Lucretius would have used if necessary, but with all its finer, evanescent shades of meaning; and his fertility of illustration, which must be at once clear and precise, lest his meaning should evaporate into the vague and unintelligible; imaginative, lest he should be dry and barren; and still, while his fancy lets itself loose in this kind of illustrative comparison, it must be regulated and kept within the bounds of propriety and of natural association by the purest taste. The Latin poet (and a poet he must be, to succeed in this kind of composition) will have constantly to summon to his service unusual words, which must be genuine Latin, and of which he must know the very nicest and most intimate signification; and all this requires a complete mastery over a foreign and dead language, rarely attained, but, if attained, too intrinsically valuable to be allowed to wear out for want of exercise. We know not whether Mr. Robert Smith has continued to cultivate this remarkable talent: if he has, we could look to no quarter for such valuable contributions to a collection of Anglo-Latin poetry. Nor can we refrain from enriching our pages with one passage (we take it from the 'Cartesii Principia'), as a specimen of poems which, however their fame may have been great among their contemporaries, and may have descended in the direct line of Etonian celebrity to their revival in the small volume from which we quote, may be unknown to many scholars, both able and willing to appreciate their extraordinary excellence:—

'Principio passim spatia indigesta tenebat
Lubrica materies, crudique trementia mundi
Semina; nec vacuum illud erat, sed plena volabant

Corpora. Tum assiduus inter se motibus acta,
Liquida ramenta, et teneri coespere vapores
Diffuere, et vastum sese labyrinthum in aëor

* Fasciculus carminum stylo Lucretiano scriptum; auctoribus doctis quibusdam Viris, in sinu regis Scholæ Etonensis, Musarum Disciplinæ olim institutis. Etonæ. 1839.

Explicuit, fecitque viam, quā præcipitantes
Confluerent atomi, et solidus coalesceret orbis.

Major abhinc rerum facies, et sanctior usus
Exoritur; voluitque animatam fœdere fixo
Ire Deus naturam, et iustis volvere sese
Imperiis: ipse in medio, certissimus auctor,
Intus agit, pascitque effuso numine mundum.

Idcirco levis ille fluor circum ambit opacos,
Ætheris oceano cingens, atque occupat orbis;
Vividus, alta tremens, æterno turbine raptus:
Qualem etiam æstivo sub sudo sæpe videre est,
Cum flammæ ardentes radii, tensesque superne
Lympharum rores, atque auræ intactilis humor
Miscuerunt sese, et cœlo luctantur aperto,
Æstu pura quati loca cernimus, et tremere om-
nem
Aëra per campum, rapidâque liquescere luce.

Sol autem maris immensi spatia aurea circum
Vorticibus trahit, et rutilo rotat axe planetas.
Illæ indefessæ peragunt per inania cursus
Quæque suos; una erranti symphonia cœlo
Scilicet, et rerum consentit mobilis ordo.

Arduus ante omnes agitur Cyllenius Hermes;
Credibile est illum tenebris et nocte carentem
Æterno radiare die, tam fervida torret
Temperies, rapidique urget vicinia Solis.
Gratas quippe vices aliis, requiemque calorum
Alternam natura dedit, jussitque vagari
(Floridis unde foret vigor et sincera facultas)
Nubila per cœlum et gelidos erumpere fontes,
Diffudique cavis liquidum in convallibus æquor.

Proxima deinde tenet magni spatia ampla
sereni

Dia Venus, tibi, Terra, soror, tibi, prima diei
Nancia, cum teneram jaculatur roscida lucem
Mane novo, noctisque hyemalia claustra resolvit.
Æstivis eadem illa comes surgentia ducit
Sidera temporibus.
Nec tu, 'Terra, tui mediâ in testudine mundi
Figeris, astrorumque sedes regina, sed unâ
Rapta volas, usque assiduâ vortigine tranans
Ætheris apices, liquidique volumina cœli:
Sicut odoratam cum Pinaron aut Calycadni
Prætervecta sinus, aut ostia divitis Indi
Labitur indulgens zephyro ratis; omne cubanti
Sternitur æquor aquâ: læves illa usque per undas
It tacita, et specie labentia littora linquit.

Ultiora autem læva torrentia luce,
Martis, et ignito crudescunt concava vultu.
Deinde Jovem circum fulgenti quatuor ardent
Astra satellitio: gelidos Saturnus oberrat
Extremus fines, et tardo lumine lustrat.
Quos ultra innumeri Soles, et candida currunt
Sidera, sive ea sunt magni flammantia mundi
Mœvia, seu vastum diffusa per infinitum
Ultra animorum aciem, et nostræ confinia mentis.

Ergo umbras sequimur tenues, et inania rerum
Semina: nec mœstæ flerunt Phaethonta sorores,
Stillantes vitreum foliis lacrymantibus imbrem,
Curribus excussum patriis: nec conscia Latmi
Luna videt nemora: aut stellatæ Atlantides ar-
dent
Virginis habitare animis:—apparet in alto

Pura quies cœlo, liquidisque innantia mundi
Sidera vorticibus, et latè lucidus æther.

Felix qui placidum sophiæ libaverit anmem!
Cui secura suos aperit sapientia fontes!
Pluribus illa quidem: sed enim circumstat
acerba
Dirarum facies, prohibetque attingere ripam;
Anxietas, vacuoque ferox Insania risu,
Et quæcumque fatigato comes addita cordi
Hæret inexplerum, atque animo febricitat ægro.

Quid tibi tantopere est, mortalis, multa que-
rentem
Ducere, sollicitamque gravi formidine vitam?
Quid cæcum studio vivendi deterere ævom?
Necquicquam; quoniam brevia atque incerta
labescunt
Tempora, et infectâ jamjam ad caput adstitit
hora
Mors operumque quies, et respiratio curæ.
Nos autem lucis non intellecta cupido
Alligat, atque animum dulcedine pascit inani.'

ART. VII.—THE LIBRARY OF ANGLO-CATHOLIC THEOLOGY. Oxford, 1841.—Vols. I. II. III. *Ninety-six Sermons.* By the Right Honourable and Reverend Father in God Lancelot Andrewes, sometime Lord Bishop of Winchester.

It is not with any intention' of entering into the personal controversy which is now prevailing in the Church, that we have taken up the present publication, however closely connected with it. Controversy, indeed, must arise, whenever truth is to be defended in the world; especially under any sound system, which, like the Church of England, holds its course steadily beneath the guidance of a higher power, swerving neither to the right nor to the left, presenting two fronts to two different antagonists, and embracing in its wise and tolerant moderation two different classes of minds, the two great recognised divisions of human nature. The very function and condition of the Church is to battle for the truth. And when the battle is earnest, however mixed with human errors, then we may be sure that men's minds are at least interested in the subject of religion; and that the Church is not paralysed, nor sleeping. A cloud of dust may be raised, but the dust is a proof of life and motion underneath.

The real evil to be feared and avoided religious, even more than in any other controversy, is personality. It is the gathering a contest round living individuals; the making their works a standard of opinion; their names a watchword. It is the division of private and party jealousies and interests into discussions, which above all

should be approached in charity, though they must be decided in truth. By this intrusion, not only half instructed and unchastend minds, but the worldly and unholy, are drawn into the conflict; subjects of 'which angels fear to speak' are profaned irreverently in common mouths and places; religion becomes part of the scandal of the day; until all men are ashamed to seem ignorant of it, and therefore speak of it with the boldness of ignorance. They take up the nickname, or the jest, or the calumnious tale forged probably by those who have an interest in distracting the Church, and thus drive the timid into violent opposition, the strong into obstinacy, leaders into exasperation, followers into a blind servility, and all into party: while those who have the strength or the coolness to keep themselves aloof, look on; a few, as Christians, with sorrow; but the many, as worldly spectators gaze on a contest of gladiators.

Yet we must not try to escape from the evil of such controversies by affecting indifference to them, or treating them as questions of 'words and names.' They are words, and names, but only as symbols of deep truths within them; and Christians must be interested in all that interests the Church. The alternative is, to clear them in our own minds, as much as possible, from all considerations of the day and of persons; and to examine them, where it can be done, in some past time, where, as we study, we may possess our souls in quietness and humility; conversing rather with the dead than with the living; and sobered at the sight of even occasional harshness by the remembrance, that the hands which gave vent to it are now mouldering in the dust.

With these feelings it may be satisfactory and interesting, without speaking of modern theories and writers, to look back to the old standard Theology of the English Church, and to ascertain the sentiments of our acknowledged great Divines on some of the debated questions of the present day. If we are afraid of party in the Church—that at least cannot be called a *party* which collects itself round those whom the Church has so long regarded as her own especial teachers. If we desire in any matters to resort to sounder principles than prevailed in the last century; no reform can be safe which does not proceed in a track already marked out—and we shall find one here. If peace and unity are to be sought; it must be by rallying round authorities whom all sides may be willing to acknowledge, or at least none can repudiate. And if assistance is wanted in determining questions, apart from a formal

decision of the Church; it is wise to ask it of those whom the Church herself has so long held up to our respect, and not to permit ourselves, or others equally incompetent, to sit in judgment upon the controversy.

Among the many signal proofs of a Divine favour shown to the English Church, and of its own internal strength, is the creation within it, since the Reformation, of this body of standard Theology, formed principally in the seventeenth century. It is peculiarly her own. And the value and authority of it are to be estimated, scarcely more by its doctrinal soundness in particular points, than by certain *à priori* marks of truth, which give weight and character to a witness previous to any examination of his testimony.

It pleased God that in England two distinct developments of two seemingly distinct principles should be brought close together, and exhibited to the eyes of the Church—the excesses of Popery which brought on the Reformation; and the excesses of Puritanism which produced the Rebellion; and that from the oscillation thus caused both the Church and the State should right themselves at the Restoration.

Not only this spectacle, but the lengthened struggles of our Church against the Jesuits on the one side, and the Nonconformists on the other, placed full before her view both the extremes which endanger truth and goodness, whether in religion or any other duty. They placed her also in the position most favourable for the formation of a sober, watchful, and discriminating temper; where, instead of leading on a charge and attack in one direction, at the risk of intemperance and incaution, she was compelled to defend a post; maintaining her ground against opposite adversaries, and so brought to scrutinize every weak point, and to weigh every movement, lest success in one part should hazard loss in another. Her great theologians of that day were also matched directly with the most learned and acute defenders of popery. (1) They came to the contest, not, as too many of the present day must come, from a life of thoughtlessness, armed only with weapons snatched up in haste for the emergency, with fragments of Fathers picked up in pamphlets and reviews, but from years of deep and patient study. There is no appearance of shifting their ground, as if they began the controversy in twilight views of truth, and changed as it dawned upon them farther. On the

(1) See a particular account of the Controversy and its chief managers in Lindsay's Preface to Mason's Vindication of the Church of England, p. xxxvii. *et. seq.* Fd. 1728.

contrary, the uniform definiteness and consistency of their teaching throughout is most remarkable. Again, there is no symptom of combination, as if they derived their opinions from some one modern teacher, instead of by independent study from the great fountain-head of Scripture and antiquity. They were, almost without exception, placed in high official stations in the Church; where every word was open to attack, and required to be weighed; and every act was to be determined under a most solemn responsibility; and in which their prayers and holiness may well entitle us to believe that they were blessed with no common guidance from their Lord and Master. All were, to a singular degree, practical men, (1) not pledged to any theory; and, by the circumstances of the times and of their lives, brought into contact with the realities of life; and saved from the infection of that 'disease,' which Lord Bacon has so well described as naturally seated in Universities; by which one kind of persons are led to delight 'in an inward authority, which they seek over men's minds, in drawing them to depend upon their opinions, and to seek knowledge at their lips;' and another sort, 'for the most part men of young years and superficial understanding,' are 'carried away with partial respects of persons, or with the enticing appearance of godly names and pretences.' (2)

And if they defended the system of the Church of England with their understandings, they realized it in their lives. There is a longing in this day for the rise of some light of surpassing holiness within the Church of England, such as we are wont to dream of in the monasteries of former times: and this would be willingly accepted as a proof that, amidst all the dangers which seem to threaten our Church as a system, and the defects which may disgrace some of its individual members, yet we still have life within us,

(1) Thorndike seems to have partaken least of this practical character, and to have been most wedded to a theory. And although his learning is always spoken of with respect by his fellow Divines, it is not without doubt as to his soundness. 'I have not seen his book,' says Bishop Taylor,—(Life by Heber, p. lxxxviii.) 'You make me desirous of it, because you call it elaborate; but I like not the title nor the subject; and the man is indeed a very good and learned man, but I have not seen much prosperity in his writings: but if he have so well chosen the questions, there is no peradventure but he hath tumbled into his heap many choice materials.' Stillingeft (vol. vi. p. 61) seems to accord in the same view; and Barrow wrote his Treatise on the the Supremacy expressly to meet Thorndike's theory.

(2) On Church Controversies, vol. vii. p. 41. 8vo.

and need not seek for any outward change to assure us of the favour of God.—'What!' exclaims Bishop Hall—referring to the lives and actions of those 'eminent scholars, learned preachers, grave, holy, and accomplished divines,' such, and so many, as no one clergy in the whole Christian world did yield—

'What! could you see no colleges, no hospitals built? no churches re-edified? no learned volumes written? no heresies confuted? no seduced persons reclaimed? no hospitality kept? no great offenders punished? no disorders corrected? no good offices done for the public? no care of the peace of the Church? no diligence in preaching? no holiness in living?' 'It is a great word that I shall speak,' he says elsewhere, 'and yet I must and will say it, without either arrogance or flattery; *stupor mundi clerus Britannicus*: the wonder of the world is the Clergy of Britain. So many learned divines, so many eloquent preachers, shall in vain be sought elsewhere this day, in whatever region under the cope of Heaven.' (1)

And we may well bless God, who gave us such models to imitate. Think of Laud's patience under martyrdom, a martyrdom not of one stroke but of many years, passed under 'barbarous libellings, and other bitter and grievous scorns' (2)—of Hammond's fastings and prayers, fastings for six-and-thirty hours, and prayers more than seven times a day (3)—of Hooker, the profound and philosophical Hooker's childlike meekness—of Whitgift's 'solace' and 'repose' amidst the grandeur which he maintained for his office, 'in often dining at his hospital at Croydon among his poor brethren' (4)—of Sanderson's abstinence and temperance, so that during the whole of his life he spent not five shillings upon himself in wine (5)—of Bramhall's noble exertions for the Church of Ireland (6)—of Morton's daily alms, his single meal, his straw bed at eighty years of age, his maintenance of scholars and hospitality to all, his intense studies, like those of so many others of the same writers, begun daily, to the end of his life, at four o'clock in the morning (7)—of Jackson's charity and generosity, (8)—of Patrick's devotional spirit—of Cosin's 'princely magnificence' to his 'first-born, the Church' (9)—of Usher's

(1) Vol. x. p. 284, 354, vol. xi. p. 17. Compare Clarendon's account of the visitation of Oxford, 1647, b. x.; and Bishop Nicholson's Apology, p. 172.

(2) History of Troubles, p. 225.

(3) Fell's Life of Hammond, Works, vol. 1. pp. 25, 27.

(4) Wordsworth's Eccl. Biog., vol. iv. p. 392.

(5) Walton's Lives, by Zouch, pp. 289, 295.

(6) See Life prefixed to his Works.

(7) Biograph. Britann.

(8) Life prefixed to his Works, p. 6.

(9) Life by Basire.

'dove-like simplicity, his slowness to take offence, and readiness to forgive and forget'(1)—of Beveridge's pastoral zeal(2)—of Nicholson's 'episcopal gravity' 'legenda scribens, et faciens scribenda'(3)—of Taylor's 'total forgetfulness of self'(4)—of Bishop Wilson, whose mere fame for piety procured from the King of France, in time of war, an order that no French privateers should pillage the Isle of Man(5)—of Ken's Sunday feasts with his twelve poor parishioners(6)—of Andrewes's 'life of prayer,' and his book of private devotions, found 'worn in pieces by his fingers, and wet with his tears.'(7) And remember that these lights of holiness and goodness were not kept burning, as in a monastic system, under an artificial shelter, and fed with extraordinary excitements, but exposed to the blasts of persecution, and to the chilling atmosphere of the world; that they are not as accidents and strange phenomena in the system of the English Church which make us wonder how they could be found in such a place under such principles of government; but true and faithful portraiture of her character and doctrines—and then ask, whether personal holiness be wanting to that Church as a test of her truth—whether we need any other outward system to make us as holy as they were, than the system in which they were bred.

One Father of our Church has been reserved, that he may be spoken of separately—spoken of, as these his brethren always spoke of him, turning aside whenever mention of him occurred, as if their pious humility would not allow them to pass without some token of gratitude and reverence,—the recognised defender of the Church of England, Bishop Jewell. If one fault be enough to blot out a whole 'angelic life,' a life spent in the service of the Church, between his chapel and his study; if some hasty words are to condemn as unworthy of confidence the man who set an example to all, that in treating of holy things he did not 'set abroad in print twenty lines, till he had studied twenty years,'—then we may presume to speak lightly of Bishop Jewell.(8) But not so the true and grateful and humble-minded sons of the Church of England. They will

reverence him with Hooker, as 'the worthiest divine that Christendom hath bred for the space of some hundreds of years;'(1) with Bilson as 'that learned father;'(2) with Laud, as 'that painful, learned, and reverend prelate;'(3) with Usher, as '*ὁ Μακάριος* Juellus, ille nunquam satis laudatus Episcopus;'(4) with Bancroft, as 'a man to be accounted of as his name doth import, and so esteemed, not only in England, but with all the learned men beyond the seas, that ever knew him or saw his writings;'(5) with Morton, as 'that admirable doctor in God's Church,' 'that godly bishop,' 'whose name we acknowledge to be most worthily honourable in the Church of Christ;'(6) with Montagu, as 'that Jewel of England;'(7) with Cosin, as 'that worthy and reverend prelate' ('*præstantissimus præsul*');(8) with James, as 'one of the most precious and peerless Jewels of these later times, for learning, knowledge, judgment, honesty, and industry;'(9) with Bramhall, as 'that learned prelate;'(10) with Carleton, as 'Master Jewel, the reverend Bishop of Salisbury, for piety and learning the mirror of his time;'(11) with Hall, as 'that precious Jewel of England,' 'whom moderate spirits may well hear;' 'who alone with all judicious men will outweigh ten thousand separatists;'(12) with Field, as 'that worthy Bishop;'(13) with the martyr Charles, as one 'whose memory he much revered, though he never thought him infallible;'(14) with Heylin, as 'that most reverend and learned prelate, a man who very well understood the Church's meaning;' that 'reverend prelate, of whom I would not have you think but that I hold as reverend an opinion, as you or any other, be he who he will;'(15) with Godwin, as '*felicissimæ memoriæ*;'(16) with Bishop Bull as '*clarissimus*;'(17) with Sancroft, as 'our reverend and learned Jewel;'(18) with Stillingfleet, as 'that incomparable bishop'—'that great light and ornament of this Church, whose memory is

- (1) Eccles. Pol. ii. s. 6.
- (2) Survey of Christ's Sufferings, p. 82.
- (3) Speech at the Censure of Bastwick.
- (4) De Eccles. Success., Pref.
- (5) Survey of Discipline, p. 336.
- (6) Defence of Ceremon, pp. 241, 242.
- (7) Appeal to Cæsar, p. 159.
- (8) Hist. of Transub. p. 9.
- (9) Treatise of the Corrupt. of Scripture, p. 78.
- (10) Works, p. 472.
- (11) Thankful Remembrance, p. 219.
- (12) Works, vol. x. pp. 73, 74.
- (13) Of the Church, p. 749.
- (14) King Charles's Works, p. 176.
- (15) Heylin on the Creed, p. 475; Antidot. Linc. p. 214.
- (16) De Præsul. Angliæ, p. 22.
- (17) Bull's Works, vol. iv. p. 130.
- (18) D'Oyly's Life, vol. ii. p. 337.

- (1) Bramhall's Works, p. 937.
- (2) Memoir prefixed to Works, vol. i. p. xxvi.
- (3) Epitaph by Bishop Bull, Heber's Life of J. Taylor, p. cccxiv.
- (4) Heber's Life, p. cxxvii.
- (5) Life by Stowell, p. 243.
- (6) Life of Ken, p. 8. Prose Works, by Round.
- (7) Preface to Andrewes's Private Devotions, translated by the Rev. P. Hall, p. xv.
- (8) Wordsworth's Eccles. Biog., pp. 62, 69, 70.

preserved to this day with due veneration in all the Protestant Churches;’(1) and, lastly, with Whitgift, as ‘that so notable a bishop, so learned a man, so stout a champion of true religion, so painful a prelate.’—‘Pardon me,’ he concludes, as we will conclude also, ‘though I speak somewhat earnestly; it is in the behalf of a Jewel that is contemned and defaced.—He is at rest, and not here to answer for himself.—Thus have I answered in his behalf, who both in this, and other like controversies, might have been a great stay to this Church of England, if we had been worthy of him. But whilst he lived, and especially after his notable and most profitable travails, he received the same reward of ungrateful tongues, that other men be exercised with, and all must look for that will do their duty.’(2.)

Such are some of the considerations which entitle the judgment of our old Divines to the highest respect from every true member of the Church; and the more they are studied, the more there will be found in them those marks of discretion and temperance that absence of partial views, renunciation of self as an authority, adherence to primitive antiquity, dislike of needless change, and yet willingness to change for good; refusal to compromise truth for peace, and yet earnest struggles after peace; patient and laborious pursuit of accurate information, strict and accurate reasoning, and largeness of comprehension, which, as was said before, when a witness is summoned to give evidence, compel respect to his testimony, even without reference to his statements.

One point more is deserving of attention. It is their profound and extensive knowledge of Popery in all its bearings. They did not shape their judgment of it by some imaginary hope of effecting an impossible reconciliation; nor from some favourable specimen of the Gallican Church, the least popish of all popish communions; nor from the face which Popery can assume when addressing itself to an educated mind; nor from the Catholic portions retained in it, and by some confounded with the Papal. They saw it before them, practically engaged in its real and characteristic work; that work which it has been about from the beginning, and which constitutes the very charter and essence of its existence,—the acquisition of power—power of all kinds, at all hazards, by all means, over all minds;

using for this purpose all instruments, whether of good or of evil; professing reverence for all holy things, that it may win the holy, and practising indulgence to all sin, that it may retain the sinner.(1) Moreover they had before their eyes, and were brought into immediate contact with, that final and matured development of Popery, its great engine and full representative, the system of Jesuitism; of which we in this day know little, and believe less; but which, though expelled from every country where it had settled, as if its very existence was incompatible with either society or religion, had been created, and is now again restored, unchanged and uncensured, by the Romish Church, to wield in her service a machinery of such gigantic power, and such atrocious principles, that the best and greatest men, not only of our own, but of the Roman communion, have been compelled to confess that, if the foreshadowed form of the Antichrist, which is still to come, can anywhere be traced, it must be here.

All this must be borne in mind, when we approach the writings of our divines of the seventeenth century; and especially it will prepare us for many facts which must strike a student, when he inquires into their mode of managing that controversy with Popery and Puritanism, which the English Church, now, as throughout the whole of her existence, will in some shape or other be obliged to sustain.

I. There is a disposition in the present day to shrink from all strong and harsh expressions, when speaking of Popery. It may be that the general tone of our mind is relaxed in regard to strict lines of religious truth; or the infection of a spurious liberalism has crept in, even where it is most repudiated; or we think little of the sins of Popery, as compared with those of Dissent; or so much of our own sins, that we dare not condemn the sins of others. Or we overvalue the preservation of many outward apostolic ordinances in the Church of Rome, till we undervalue its departure from an apostolical spirit; as if succession without Doctrine was not rather a curse than a blessing. Or, what is most probable, we know little of its real nature; or we are shocked by the unthinking abuse and calumny, which have

(1) Works, vol. ii. pp. 439, 457.

(2) Defence of the Answer to the Admonition, pp. 423, 435.

(1) See the masterly Survey of the Popish System by Sir Edwin Sandys, Hooker's pupil, in his *Europæ Speculum*, an account which is as accurate at this day as ever, and well deserves to be reprinted. See also J. Taylor's Letter I., to One seduced to the Church of Rome, Works, vol. xi. p. 187; and Bishop Bull's Sermon on the Necessity of Works of Righteousness, vol. i. p. 9, *et seq.*

been too often heaped on it by men who would equally revile our own Church; or are perplexed in drawing the line between the good and evil of the Romish system, and so fear to censure at all; or are unwilling that one sister Church (much less an individual) should sit in judgment upon another. Whichever of these reasons prevails (and many of them are symptoms of an humble and amiable spirit,) it is certain that the tendency of our modern theologians on all sides is, to use a language in respect to Rome far milder than that of our old divines.

All these do, indeed, write, as Bishop Morton, one of the most eminent among them, wrote, adopting the words of St. Augustine :—

‘Although they be divided from our body, yet we, confessing one head, Christ, let us deplore them as our brethren; for we will not cease to call them brethren, whether they will or no, so long as they say “Our Father” in invocation of one God, and do celebrate the same sacraments which we do, and answer, although not with us, the same “Amen.”’(1)

Nor, although nearly the whole of their labours were, from the necessity of the times, controversial, was it any harsh spirit of controversy that animated them to their tasks.

‘Far more comfort it were for us,’ says Hooker, and Bishop Nicholson with him, ‘(so small is the joy we take in these strifes,) to labour under the same yoke, as men that look for the same eternal reward of their labours, to be enjoined with you in bands of indissoluble love and amity, to live as if, our persons being many, our souls were but one; rather than in such dismembered sort to spend our few and wretched days in a tedious prosecuting of wearisome contentions: the end whereof, if they have not some speedy end, will be heavy, even on both sides.’(2)

Nor should we forget a remark of Bishop Taylor, where he employs the very words which the Fathers used in condemning the doctrine of tradition as now held by Popery :—

‘Now let any man judge whether it be not our duty, and a necessary work of charity, and the proper office of our ministry, to persuade our charges from the “immodesty of an evil heart,” from having a “devilish spirit,” from doing that “which is vehemently forbidden by the Apostle,” from “infidelity and pride;” and, lastly, from that “eternal woe which is denounced” against them that add other words and doctrines than what is contained in the Scriptures,

and say, “Dominus dixit,” the Lord hath said it, and he hath not said it. If we had put these severe censures upon the Popish doctrine of tradition, we should have been thought uncharitable; but, because the holy fathers do so, we ought to be charitable, and snatch our charges from the ambient flame.’(1)

There is therefore in all a sternness of warning against what Hooker calls ‘the gross and grievous abominations’ of Popery, even while yet he gladly acknowledges that Papists may be ‘of the family of Jesus Christ’(2)—which may prove of salutary example to those who have the same battle to fight, and the same watch to exercise over the fold intrusted to their care, against the seductions of a most subtle enemy.(3)

Thus Field, ‘in his time esteemed a principal maintainer of Protestancy, and so admirable well-knowing in the controversies between the Protestants and Papists, that few or none went beyond him—and one that much laboured to heal the breaches of Christendom, and whose desires, prayers, and endeavours were for peace, not to widen differences, but to compose them,’(4) sums up his great work on the Church :—

‘We are well assured that all these (apostolical traditions, general councils, and primitive fathers) do witness against her, that she is an erring, heretical, and apostatical church; that she hath forsaken her first faith; departed from her primitive sincerity; plunged those that adhere unto her into many gross and damnable errors, and defiled herself with intolerable superstition and idolatry, so that, as well in respect of her errors in faith, superstition and idolatry in divine worship, as of her slanderous, treacherous, bloody, and most horrible and hellish practices, to overthrow and destroy all that do but open their mouths against her abominations, we may justly account her to be the synagogue of Satan, the faction of Antichrist, and that Babylon out of which we must flee, unless we will be partakers of her plagues.’

Thus Jackson, speaking of Jesuitism, which he, like the rest, most justly identifies with Popery, as the creature and instrument of its policy :—

‘Our purpose is not to charge them with forgery of any particular, though grossest Here-

(1) Preface to *Dissuasive from Popery*, vol. x. p. cxviii.

(2) *Eccles. Pol.* book iii. s. 1.

(3) See the remarkable Epilogue to Bishop Hall’s *Old Religion*, vol. ix. p. 385, where he sums up his admonitions thus: ‘Shortly, let us hate their opinions, strive against their practice, pity their misleading, neglect their censures, labour their recovery, pray for their salvation.’

(4) *Wood’s Athen. Oxon.*, by Bliss, vol. ii. p. 184.

(1) Preface to *A Catholic Appeal for Protestants*.

(2) Preface to *Eccles. Pol.* s. 9. *Apology*, p. 240.

sies; or Blasphemies, though most hideous; but for erecting an entire frame, capacious of all Villanies imaginable, far surpassing the hugest mathematical form human fancy could have conceived of such matters, but only from inspection of this real and material pattern, which by degrees insensible hath grown up with the *Mystery of Iniquity* as the bark doth with the tree.' (1)

Again :—

'If all such particulars [speaking of papal dispensations] were duly collected, and examined with the circumstances, we might refer it to any heathen civilian, to any whom God hath not given over to a *reprobate sense* to believe lies, whether the supposed infallibility of the Romish Church, of the prerogative given to the Pope by his followers, be not, according to the evangelical law and their own tenets, worse than Heresy, and worse than any branch of infidelity whereof any Jew or Heathen is capable; yea, the very *ακμή* or period of Antichristianism'... because 'it makes sin to be no sin.'

So even Thorndike, a little before his death, giving his judgment of the church of Rome :—

'I do not allow salvation to any that shall change, having these reasons before him. . . . How can any Christian trust his soul with that Church which hath the conscience to bar him of such helps' [service in a known tongue, and the Eucharist in both kinds] 'provided by God?' (2)

So Hickes :—

'If false and dangerous, or absurd and impossible, nay, pernicious and impious doctrines, contrary to Scripture expounded by Catholic tradition, derogatory to the honour of Jesus Christ and the Christian religion, and destructive of the rights and liberties of the Catholic Church, be damnable heresies, then your religion, by which I mean *the Popery of it*, is a multifarious damnable heresy: as we doubt not but a truly free and general council, could such a one be had, would soon determine; and to such a council we are ready to appeal.' (3)

So Barrow blesses God,

'who rescued us from having impious errors, scandalous practices, and superstitious rites, with merciless violence obtruded upon us by that Romish zeal and bigotry—(that mint of woeful factions, and combustions of treasonable conspiracies, of barbarous massacres, of horrid assassinations, of intestine rebellions, of foreign invasions, of savage tortures and butcheries, of

holy leagues and pious frauds through Christendom, and particularly among us)—which, as it without reason damneth, so it would by any means destroy all that will not crouch there-to.' (1)

Even Laud, who pleads so strongly against the use of 'ill language against an adversary' (2)—that is, of coarse words, which imply only abuse without discriminating truth—yet, when truth is to be spoken, speaks out :—

'For a church may hold the fundamental point literally, and as long as it stays there be without control; and yet err grossly, dangerously, nay damnably, in the exposition of it. And this is the Church of Rome's case.' 'All Protestants unanimously agree in this, "that there is great peril of damnation for any man to live and die in the Roman persuasion."' (3)

So Bishop Montague, 'esteemed one of the most indulgent among them;' (4) 'I do not, I cannot, I will not deny that idolatry is grossly committed in the Church of Rome.' And, though he would not allow 'that the Bishop of Rome personally was that Antichrist,' the individual man of sin,—'an Antichrist,' he adds, 'I hold him or them, carrying themselves as they do in the Church.' And, in another place,—

'Surely if the general of the Jesuits' order should once come to be Pope, and sit in Peter's chair, as they call it, I would vehemently suspect him to be the party designed "the Antichrist;" for out of what nest that accursed bird should rather come abroad than out of that sephraphical society, I cannot guess.' (5)

So Bishop Bull :—

'I look upon it as a wonderful both just and wise providence of God, that he hath suffered the Church of Rome to fall into such gross errors, (which otherwise it is scarce imaginable how men in their wits, that had not renounced not only the Scriptures, but their reason, yea, and their senses too, could be overtaken with,) and to determine them for articles of faith.' (6)

So Brett :—

'The Bishop of Rome, the grand subverter and confounder of the true primitive and apostolical discipline, as well as doctrine of the Christian church, in all places where he could at any time usurp an authority and find the means to execute it.' (7)

(1) Sermon on Gunpowder Treason, vol. i. p. 113.

(2) History of the Troubles, p. 398.

(3) Conference with Fisher, pp. 197, 208.

(4) Bramhall, Just Vindice, tom. i. Dis. iii. p. 358.

(5) Appeal to Cæsar, pp. 249, 145, 159. Answer to the Gagger, p. 75.

(6) Works, vol. ii. p. 187.

(7) On Church Government, p. 443.

(1) Vol. i. p. 365; vol. iii. p. 899.

(2) Hickes, Several Letters, vol. i. Appendix, Pap. i.

(3) Several Letters, vol. i. p. 174.

So Stillingfleet :—

'We charge them [the Romanists] with those reasons for separation which the Scripture allows, such as idolatry, perverting the gospel and institutions of Christ, and tyranny over the consciences of men in making those things necessary to salvation which Christ never made so. But none of these can with any appearance of reason be charged on the Church of England—since we profess to give religious worship only to God; we worship no images; we invoke no saints; we adore no host; we creep to no crucifix; we kiss no relics. We equal no traditions with the gospel; we lock it not up from the people in an unknown language; we preach no other terms of salvation than Christ and his apostles did; we set up no monarchy in the Church to undermine Christ's, and to dispense with his laws and institutions. We mangle no sacraments, nor pretend to know what makes more for the honour of his blood than he did himself. We pretend to no skill in expiating men's sins when they are dead; nor in turning the bottomless pit into the pains of purgatory by a charm of words and a quick motion of the hand. We do not cheat men's souls with false bills of exchange, called indulgences; nor give out that we have the treasure of the Church in our keeping, which we can apply as we see occasion. We use no pious frauds to delude the people, nor pretend to be infallible, as they do when they have a mind to deceive. These are things which the divines of our Church have with great clearness and strength of reason made good against the Church of Rome; and since they cannot be objected against our Church, with what face can men suppose the cases of those who separate from each of them to be parallel?' (1)

So Bramhall says :—

'That church which hath changed the apostolical creed, the apostolical succession, the apostolical regiment, and the apostolical communion, is no apostolical, orthodox, or catholic church. But the Church of Rome hath changed the apostolical creed, the apostolical succession, the apostolical regiment, and the apostolical constitution. Therefore the Church of Rome is no apostolical, orthodox, or catholic church.'

And again :—

'The Church of Rome resolves its faith, not into divine revelation and authority, but into the infallibility of the present church, not knowing, nor according, what that present church is. Therefore the Church of Rome hath not true faith.' (2)

There is no pleasure in multiplying such passages, nor is it necessary. That

Popery, considered as a system, without reference to individual members of it, is not only 'in error,' and 'superstitious,' but 'heretical,' 'in schism,' 'rebellious,' 'idolatrous,' (1) 'an Antichrist,' if not *the* Antichrist; that it is 'a wonder how any learned man can with a good and quiet conscience continue in it;' (2) and that, notwithstanding the validity of its ordinances, it risks the salvation of those who trust to it—is the uniform language of the men who have always been held up by our Church as her greatest ornaments and pillars, and as the firmest defenders of her catholic and apostolical character, especially against Popery—those eminent and learned bishops of our Church, that have stood up in the gap, and fought the battles of the Lord against that Goliath of Rome; 'that have borne the burden and heat of the day, and have beaten these Philistines at their own weapons;' (3) and who, in the judgment of Laud, laid grounds in their works, 'from which, whensoever the Church of England shall depart, she shall never be able, before any learned and disengaged Christians, to make good her difference with, and her separation from the Church of Rome.' (4) And when called to answer for this language before God, they will have a noble defence to make—that they spoke, not as enthusiasts of the day now speak, condemning what ought to be praised, and substituting abuse for reason, but thoughtfully and deliberately; (5) with discrimination of truth from falsehood; with the records of Catholic antiquity as their guide; and with a deep insight into the whole mystery of iniquity. They condemned Rome, not for exalting, but destroying episcopacy; not for magnifying, but degrading sacraments; not for reverencing, but despising antiquity; not for honouring saints, but for dishonouring God through them; not for observing forms, but for converting religion into forms; not for retaining, but for abandoning tradition, and setting up a religion of novelty; not for preserving scriptural truth in apostolical creeds as well as in Scripture, but for tampering with those

[1] See the Testimonies of our divines against the idolatry of Rome, collected by Stillingfleet. Preface, vol. v.

[2] Bull, Corrupt. of the Church of Rome, vol. ii. p. 311.

[3] Bishop Nicholson, Apology, pp. 156, 172.

[4] History of Troubles, pp. 160, 418.

[5] See for instance, Hickes, Cont. Lett. v. ii. pp. 92, 172.

(1) Works, vol. ii. p. 649.
(2) Works, tome i. Disc. i. pp. 43, 44. See also tome i. Dis. iii. p. 165.

creeds and adding to them; not for severity of discipline, but for laxity and licentiousness. They will plead with Hooker, with Sanderson, with Stillingfleet, with Hall, that they did not confound the persons of Papists with the system which oppresses them—that they rejoiced and blessed God for all the good and holy men within it whom He had saved from its pollutions, as men escape the plague in a pest-house.⁽¹⁾ They spoke as members of a Church who had spoken strongly also. As her children, they were called on to justify her acts before Christendom—under her, as the only representative of the Catholic Church capable of raising her voice with effect, to protest in behalf of Catholic truth, though all around were silent, and to ‘speak none but their mother’s tongue.’⁽²⁾ With her they warned both those who refused to come within her fold, and those whom a most subtle enemy was seducing from her, of the peril of defection; warned them with no uncertain sounds—by bold words—not putting bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter, or drawing subtle lines which common eyes could not discern—not ‘doing small benefit to the Church of God by disputing with them according unto the finest parts of their dark conveyances, and suffering that sense of their doctrine to go uncontrolled, wherein by the common sort it is ordinarily received and practised;’⁽³⁾ nor yet presumptuously, from their own private passion, but as men set in authority and answerable for the souls which might be lost, either by blinding papists to their danger, or offending weak brothers by provoking their suspicion. And they might add, what in this day of weak indulgence would be heard with most excuse, that to speak with words of the utmost severity of the system, but in the spirit of charity to individuals, is found, by experience, the surest mode of awaking attention without provoking bitterness. To speak softly is to exasperate the more, because, if there is little evil in Popery why needlessly oppose it?

II. There is another remarkable feature in this body of divines. It is their

deep, hearty, unshaken affection and devotion to their ‘dear Mother Church of England.’ They did not contemplate it as perfect. No institution that passes through human hands can be perfect. They felt, in the spirit of the martyr Charles, that, ‘the draught being excellent as to the main, both in doctrine and government, some lines, as in very good figures, may haply need some sweetening or polishing.’⁽¹⁾ With Laud, they would not deny that, if the liturgy of the Church were ‘well’ as it is, and might ‘easily be made worse,’ it might in ‘the order of the prayers’ also ‘be made better.’⁽²⁾ They prayed with Bishop Andrewes ‘that its deficiencies be supplied.’⁽³⁾ But deficiencies—‘defectus’⁽⁴⁾—with Bishop Andrewes did not mean faults and vices in the constitution of the Church, but the want of means for carrying on its work and practising its principles—the wants which we all feel at this day—of more bishops, more clergy, more learning, more individual piety, more alms, more developed organisation for missionary exertions, more institutions for the nurture and education of souls at home—more blessings from heaven to rain down its dew upon us, and bring out in full perfection all the seeds of holiness and power which are lying in the womb of our Church ready to spring forth.

Still less did they condemn the Church for the faults of her individual members, or for the evils of the times with which she had to struggle. If such a principle of judgment be once admitted—if the existence of sin, and anarchy, and dissension, be an argument against the goodness of that government under which they may break out—let men look to the very grounds of their faith, and think how they can stand to defend (with all reverence let us venture to speak) the government of God himself.⁽⁵⁾

If anything could have tempted them to waver in their faith and allegiance, it must have been the state into which Eng-

[1] See a noble passage in Sanderson’s VI. Sermon ad Pop. s. 17, quoted by Stillingfleet, Works, vol. vi. p. 51. Hooker, book iii. s. i.; and Life of Hooker, by I. Walton. See also Usher’s Sermon on the Universality of the Church of Christ.

[2] Bishop Hall, Christ. Mod. Works, vol. vi. p. 446.

[3] Hooker, b. iii. s. 7.

(1) Icon Basil, p. 138.

(2) Troubles, pp. 115, 208.

(3) Prayers, Monday, Intercession.

(4) This word ‘defectus’ has been sometimes referred to as if it implied in the mind of Bishop Andrewes distrust and dissatisfaction at the system of the Church of England. How far this was from his meaning may be seen in the concluding passage, too long to be quoted, in his *Concio in Disceamu Palatini*, 1613.

(5) See this whole question admirably argued in Hicker’s *Apologetical Vindication of the Church of England*.

land fell when the yoke of Popery was shaken off—fell, by the weakness which that yoke had caused—and which has been perpetuated on it, more or less, directly or indirectly, by the same agency, ever since. They had seen a time, in which one of the greatest favourers of the Reformation could say of it, ‘no kind of blasphemy, heresy, disorder, and confusion, but is found among us.’ (1) They did not witness, as we witness, a new spring-tide of piety dawning among them, churches rising on all sides, the clergy multiplying their duties, the laity returning to their allegiance, dissent becoming weaker; the irregular movements of religious feeling reorganising themselves spontaneously under the Heads of the Church; every day more demands upon men’s alms for purposes of religion and charity, and those demands every day more willingly complied with. The movement with them seemed all to retrograde—communions to become less frequent—confirmations disregarded (2)—discipline more abused and despised (3)—the prayers of the Church more neglected—the divisions of schism more multiplied—devotion more cold, and faith more faint;—everything but the life within the Church—within a small and despised portion of it—dead or dying—and yet *they* never despaired. (4)

‘He is pleased,’ exclaims Bramhall, ‘to style it a *dead church*, and me the advocate of a *dead church*: even as the trees are dead in winter when they want their leaves; or as the sun is set when it is behind a cloud; or as the gold is destroyed when it is melting in the furnace. When I see a seed cast into the ground, I do not ask where is the greenness of the leaves? where is the beauty of the flowers? where is the sweetness of the fruit? But I expect all these in their due season: stay awhile and behold the catastrophe. The rain is fallen, the wind hath blown, and the floods have beaten upon their church; but it is not fallen, for it is

founded upon a rock. The light is under a bushel, but it is not extinguished.’ (1)

Side by side with the most melancholy pictures of the conduct of individuals, there are to be found, throughout them all, the most glowing defence of her *System*, and the most earnest protestations that it was not the Church, but her sons, who were to blame. It was

‘when the Church was pestered with a generation of godless men, and with all other irregularities; when her lands were in danger of alienation, her power at least neglected, and her peace torn in pieces by several schisms, and such heresies as do usually attend that sin; when the common people seemed ambitious of doing those very things which were attended with most dangers, that thereby they might be punished, and then applauded and pitied; when they called the spirit of opposition a tender conscience, and complained of persecution because they wanted power to persecute others; when the giddy multitude raged, and became restless to find out misery for themselves and others; and the rabble would herd themselves together, and endeavour to govern and act in spite of authority;—in this extremity, fear, and danger of the Church and State,’ (2)—

it was that Hooker came forward to defend that ‘present form of Church government which the laws of this land have established,’ and which he declared to be ‘such as no law of God nor reason of man hath hitherto been alleged of force sufficient to prove they do ill, who to the uttermost of their power withstand the alteration thereof.’ (3)

‘This I dare boldly affirm,’ says Archbishop Whitgift, ‘that all points of religion necessary to salvation, and touching either the mystery of our redemption in Christ, or the right use of the sacraments, and true manner of worshipping God, are as purely and as perfectly taught, and by public authority established, in this Church of England at this day, as ever they were in any church since the apostles’ times.’ (4)

‘I have lived,’ says Laud, ‘and shall (God willing) die in the faith of Christ, as it was professed in the ancient primitive Church, as it was professed in the present Church of England.’

‘So (it seems) I was confident for the faith professed in the Church of England, else I would not have taken the salvation of another upon my soul. And sure I had reason of this my confidence. For to believe the Scripture and the creeds, to believe those in the sense of the ancient primitive Church, to receive the four great

(1) Dugdale’s Troubles, p. 574.

(2) Jackson, vol. iii. p. 272; Bishop Hall, vol. x. p. 464; Brett’s Church Government, p. 237.

(3) Bishop Hall, vol. x. p. 436; Andrews, Opuscula, p. 41; Mountagu, Answer to the Gagger, p. 81.

(4) For most striking passages illustrative of the state of the times in which these authors wrote, see Hickee, Controversial Letters, vol. ii. pref. 68; Nicholson’s Apology, p. 151; Wordsworth’s Christian Institutes, vol. iv. p. 580; Bishop Hall, vol. vi. p. 231; Hooker’s Eccl. Polity, book v. s. 31; Sanderson’s Sermons, vol. i. p. 129, folio. And, if it were wanted, it might be easy, from the history of the Primitive Church, as Jewel has done in his Apology, to draw a lamentable parallel.

(1) Works, p. 175.

(2) Walton’s Life of Hooker, p. 46.

(3) Preface to Eccl. Polity, vol. i. s. 1.

(4) Preface to the Defence of the Answer, fol. 1574.

general councils, so much magnified by antiquity, to believe all points of doctrine generally received as fundamental in the Church of Christ, is a faith in which to live and die cannot but give salvation.' (1)

'My conscience assures me,' says Hammond, 'that the grounds on which the established Church of England is founded are of so rare and excellent mixture, that, as none but intelligent truly Christian minds can sufficiently value the composition, so there is no other in Europe so likely to preserve peace and unity, if what prudent laws had so long ago designed they were now able to uphold. For want of which, and which only, it is that at present the whole fabric lies polluted in confusion and in blood.' (2)

'I verily believe,' says Hickes, 'that the Church of England, as it now stands without any further reformation, is apostolical in doctrine, worship, and government; and would have been esteemed by the faithful, in all ages from the time of the apostles, a pure and sound member of the Catholic Church. I heartily thank Almighty God, by whose good providence I have been bred up in her communion, and called to the great honour of being one of her priests; and I beseech Him of His infinite goodness, to give all her clergy and people grace to live up strictly to her principles of piety, loyalty, justice, charity, purity, temperance, and sobriety. I am sure it must be ours, and not her fault, if we be not the best Christians, the best subjects, and the best friends and best neighbours in the world.' (3)

For this Ken did not hesitate to pray:—

'Glory be to thee, O Lord, my God, who hast made me a member of the particular Church of England, whose faith, and government, and worship are holy, and Catholic, and Apostolic, and free from the extremes of irreverence or superstition; and which I firmly believe to be a sound part of the Church Universal.' (4)

Of this Leslie declared—

'Though the events of life have given me occasions to take a nearer view of the doctrines and worship of other Christian Churches, yet from thence I have been confirmed in my belief that the Church of England—abuses notwithstanding—is the most agreeable to the institutions of Christ and his apostles.' (5)

In this Bull resolved to die,—

'As the best constituted Church this day in the world; for that its doctrine, government, and way of worship were in the main the same with those of the primitive Church.' And he blessed

God that he 'was born, baptized, and bred up in her communion,' as 'the best and purest Church at this day in the Christian world.' (1)

'Do I anywhere,' says Bishop Mountagu, 'profess correspondency with them' [the Lutherans] 'or others beside the Church of England, the absolutest representation of antiquity this day extant? What that Church believeth, I believe; what it teacheth, I teach; what it rejecteth, I reject; what it doth not tender, I am not tied unto. I was bred a member of the Church of England, brought up a member of the Church of England—therein, by the means and ministry of that Church, I received that earnest of my salvation, when by baptism I was inserted into Christ. In the union and communion of that Church I have lived, not divided with papist, nor separated with puritan. Through the assistance of the grace of God's Spirit, which is never wanting unto any that seek him, I hope to live and die in the faith and confession of that Church; than which I know none, nor can any be named, in all points more conformable unto purest antiquity in the best times. . . . If there be in any writing, preaching, saying, or thought of mine, anything delivered or published against the discipline or doctrine of this Church, I am sorry for it, I revoke it, recant it, disclaim it—*vultu leditur pietas*—if I have done so in anything unto my Mother, in all humility I crave pardon, and will undergo penance.' (2)

'And here I do profess,' says Bishop Sanderson, in his last will, 'that as I have lived, so I desire and (by the grace of God) resolve to die, in the communion of the Catholic Church of Christ, and a true son of the Church of England; which, as it stands by law established, to be both in doctrine and worship agreeable to the word of God, and in the most, and most material points of both conformable to the faith and practice of the godly Churches of Christ in the primitive and purer times, I do firmly believe: led so to do, not so much from the force of custom and education (to which the greatest part of mankind owe their particular different persuasions in point of religion), as upon the clear evidence of truth and reason, after a serious and impartial examination of the grounds, as well of popery as puritanism, according to that measure of understanding and those opportunities which God hath afforded me. . . . Wherefore I humbly beseech Almighty God, the Father of Mercies, to preserve the Church, by his power and providence, in peace, truth, and godliness, evermore to the world's end: which doubtless he will do, if the wickedness and security of a sinful people (and particularly those sins that are so rife and seem daily to increase among us, of unthankfulness, riot, and sacrilege) do not tempt his patience to the contrary.' (2)

'The third sort of good seed,' says Bramhall, 'which King Charles did bear forth with him was a good religion. A religion, not reformed

(1) Conf. with Fisher, pp. 210, 211.

(2) Preface to *Treatise on the Infallibility*, vol. ii. p. 560.

(3) *Apologetical Vindication*, p. 145.

(4) *Exposit. of Church Catech.*, Prose Works, p. 251.

(5) *Introd. Epist.* Works, vol. i.

(1) *Life of Bull*, p. 398. Works, vol. ii. p. 229. Burton Edit.

(2) *Appeal to Cæsar*, pp. 47, 48.

(3) *Walton's Life of Sanderson*, by Zouch, vol. iii. p. 290.

tumultuously, according to the brain-sick fancies of a half-witted multitude, dancing after the pipe of some seducing charmer, but soberly, according to the rule of God's word, as it hath been evermore, and everywhere interpreted by the Catholic Church, and according to the purest pattern of the primitive times. A religion, against which the greatest adversaries thereof have no exception, but that it preferreth grace before nature, the written word before uncertain traditions, and the all-sufficient blood of Jesus Christ before the stained works of mortal men. A religion, which is neither garish with superfluous ceremonies, nor yet sluttish, and void of all order, decency and majesty in the service of God. A religion, which is as careful to retain old articles of faith, as it is averse from new articles. . . . Religion which is not likely to perish for want of fit organs, like those imperfect creatures produced by the sun upon the banks of Nilus, but shaped for continuance. . . . The terror of Rome. They fear our moderation more than the violent opposition of others. . . . The watch-tower of the Evangelical churches. . . . I have seen many churches of all sorts of communions, but never any that could diminish that venerable estimation which I had for my mother the Church of England: from her breasts I received my first nourishment, in her arms I desire to end my days. Blessed be he that blesseth her.' (1)

'Men, brethren, and fathers,' says Bishop Beveridge, 'give me leave to speak freely to you of the Church you live in; a Church, not only in its doctrine and discipline, but in all things else, exactly conformable to the primitive, the apostolical, the Catholic Church. For was that no sooner planted by Christ but it was watered by the blood of martyrs? So was ours. Did the primitive Christians suffer martyrdom from Rome?—So did our first reformers. Hath the Catholic Church been all along pestered with heretics and schismatics?—So hath ours. Have they endeavoured in all ages to undermine, and so to overthrow her?—In this also ours is but too much like unto her. And it is no wonder: for the same reason that occasioned all the disturbances and oppositions that the Catholic Church ever met with, still holds good as to ours too; even because its doctrine is so pure, its discipline so severe, its worship so solemn, and all its rules and constitutions so holy, perfect, and divine, that mankind, being generally debauched in their principles and practices, have a natural averseness from it, if not an antipathy against it.'

He concludes—

'Be but you as pious towards God, as loyal to your queen, as sober in yourselves, as faithful to your friends, as loving to your enemies, as charitable to the poor, as just to all, as our Church enjoins you; in a word, be but you as conformable to her as she is to the Catholic Church in all things, and my life, my eternal

life for yours, you cannot but be happy for evermore.' (1)

And if we at this day, with hopes revealed to us by God's providential working far brighter than ever dawned upon the eyes of these great men—with far longer experience of that wonderful strength which has supported the Church of England through so many fearful struggles, and is now rising up within her more vigorous than ever—if we, like Bishop Hall, as her 'true sons,' unto her 'sacred name would in all piety devote ourselves,' as to our 'reverend, dear, and holy Mother' (2)—if with Heylin we comfort our soul with our 'adhesion to a Church so rightly constituted, so warrantably reformed, so punctually modelled by the pattern of the purest and most happy times of Christianity; a Church which, for her power and polity, her sacred offices and administrations, hath the grounds of Scripture, the testimony of antiquity, and consent of fathers' (3)—if, with Bishop Andrewes, we point to 'that, our religion in England, ancient, holy, purified, and truly one which Zion would acknowledge' ('prisca, casta, defæcata, et vero quam Sion agnoscat') (4) if, with Bishop Cosin, we believe it to be 'no other than what we have received from Christ and his universal Church' (5)—if, in the spirit of the martyr Charles, (words which Sancroft thought 'deserve to be written in letters of gold, and to be engraved in brass or marble,') (6) we charge our children 'not to suffer their hearts to receive the least check or disaffection from the true religion established in her, as being the best in the world;' 'I tell you I have tried it;' (7)—if, with Bishop White, we feel that, in building our faith upon the Church of England, 'we are building on a rock' (8)—if, with Hooker, we regard her as the sustainer of the Churches' (9)—with Nelson, as 'the glory of the Reformation' (10)—with Bishop Nicholson, as 'every way consonant to the doctrine and discipline of the primitive times,' and in her constitutions 'nearest the apos-

(1) Sermon on 'Form of Sound Words.'

(2) *Dedic. of Common Apology*, vol. x.

(3) *The Reformation of the Church of England Justified*, General Preface, s. 1.

(4) *Concio in discessu Palatini*. 1613.

(5) *Scholast. Hist.*, Pref.

(6) *Life of Sancroft*, vol. i. p. 168.

(7) *Icon Basil.*, s. xxvii.

(8) *Reply to Fisher*, p. 588.

(9) *Book iv.* s. 14.

(10) *Life of Bull*, p. 24, s. vi.

(1) Bramhall, *Sermon on the Coronation*, 1661. Works, p. 957.

tolic church of any church in the Christian world;’ (1)—with Bishop Bilson, as ‘wholly and truly Catholic, such as the Scriptures do precisely command, and the ancient fathers expressly witness was the faith and use of Christ’s Church for many hundreds’ (2)—if, with Archbishop Bancroft, we call her ‘the most apostolic and flourishing Church, simply that is in all Christendom;’ and, like him, ‘pray unto Almighty God, with all our very souls, for the long and happy continuance of the blessed example, which it and this realm of England hath showed, in this last age of the world, unto all the kingdoms and countries on the earth that profess the gospel with any sincerity’ (3)—if, with Brett, we allow that her government is ‘modelled, as near as may be, to that which was founded by Christ and his apostles, and that there are no alterations made from the primitive constitution but what the different state of the Church made in some manner necessary’ (4)—even if, with Archbishop Sancroft in his touching expostulation to the Duke of York, we liken her to ‘that lily among thorns,’ ‘the purest certainly on earth;’ (5) or,—in language not uncommon in lips which never used irreverence,—to her blessed Lord himself, exposed to persecution on all sides, and ‘crucified between thieves’—are such words of gratitude to God, and of loyalty to the mother that bore us, to be construed into arrogance and boasting? Are they not compatible with the greatest charity to the defects of others; with the deepest penitence for our own sins, which have been committed against the warnings and example of such a parent? Are they not lessons of humility and shame, rather than vauntings of presumption?

And so, with these great men, if we do suspect defects even in this admirable system, will it not be wise to follow the law laid down by the greatest legislator of antiquity, and ‘shutting up all such questions from the young, deliberate of them only in secret with the old?’ (6) Shall we be ashamed of cherishing that ‘ancient simplicity and softness of spirit, which sometime prevailed in the world,

that they whose words were even as oracles amongst men seemed evermore loth to give sentence against anything publicly received in the Church of God, except it were wonderfully apparently evil; for that they did not so much incline to that severity which delighteth to reprove the least things it seeth amiss, as to that charity which is unwilling to behold anything that duty bindeth it to reprove?’ Alas! to continue with Hooker, ‘the state of this present age, wherein zeal hath drowned charity, and skill meekness, will not now suffer any man to marvel, whatsoever he shall hear reprov’d, by whomsoever.’ (1)

Another remarkable fact in the history of our old divines is the steadiness of their adherence to the Church throughout all her trials and afflictions. As they never confounded the excellence of her principles as a system with the sins of her children, who refused to act on them, so neither did they regard the punishment of those sins as any indication of the displeasure of God upon herself. They saw her indeed in a state in which they might well have doubted if God’s favour were with her; just as the prophets in Babylon might have distrusted his favour on Jerusalem, and have abandoned the love of Jerusalem itself, because the Jews had deserved to be exiled from it. Instead of this, they humbled themselves in sackcloth; they laid the burden on themselves, but did not deny that still their church was Zion.

‘O never let any Christian,’ says Bishop Nicholson, ‘of what rank soever, add that talent of lead to that sin which hath so highly provoked our good God to pour out the vials of his wrath against this our Church, and these three Nations, (that I mention not the others of Christendom,) as not to lay it to heart. . . . God sinking the gates, his destroying the walls, his slighting the strongholds of Zion, his polluting the kingdom, his swallowing the palaces, his cutting off the horn of Israel; God hating our feasts, his abominating our sabbaths, his loathing our solemnities; God’s forgetting his footstool, his abhorring his sanctuary, his suffering men to break down all the carved work thereof with axes and hammers, are all evidences to me, that in the indignation of his anger he hath despised *the king and the priest.*’ (2)

So Hammond with the same voice, after enlarging on the two great excellences of the Reformation—its adherence

(1) Exposit. of Church Catech., Epist. Dedic. Apology for the Discipline, p. 42.

(2) True Differ. Epist. Dedic.

(3) Preface to Dangerous Positions, b. i. p. 2. Sarvey, p. 460.

[4] On Church Government, p. 441.

[5] D’Oyley’s Life of Sancroft, vol. i. p. 166.

(6) Plato de Legib., lib. i.

(1) Eccl. Pol., book iv. s. 1.

(2) Apology, p. 151.

to antiquity and its union of faith and works:—

‘Tis but just that they which have walked unworthy of such guides and rules as these, lived so contrary to our profession, should at length be deprived of both, not only to have our two staves broken, Beauty and Bands, the symbols of order and unity, both which have now for some years taken their leaves of us; but even to have the whole fabric demolished, the house to follow the pillars’ fate, and so to be left—and abide *without a sacrifice, and without an image, and without an Ephod, and without Teraphim*, deprived of all our ornaments—left naked and bare, when we had misused our beauty unto wantonness. Thus when the Devil was turned out of his habitation, and nothing followed but the sweeping and garnishing the house, and keeping it empty of any better guest; the issue is, the devil soon returns again, from whence he came out, and brings seven spirits worse than himself, and the end of that state is worse than the beginning. And so still the taking of the ark, and the breaking the high priest’s neck, and the slaying his sons, and many more, in that discomfiture, are all far from new or strange, being but the natural effects of the profanations, which *not the ark itself* (that was built, every pin of it, according to God’s direction) but the sacrificers, *not the religion* but the worshippers, were so scandalously guilty of.’ (1)

Instead of being shaken from their allegiance by the captivity and sufferings of the Church, they clung to her the more affectionately and dutifully. They anticipated with sanguine hope the day of their restoration, when, according to Bramhall’s dream, the cathedral which he had seen fall suddenly on his head should rise up as suddenly without noise. (2) They ceased not, as Bishop Taylor prayed, ‘to love and to desire the Liturgy, which was not publicly permitted to their practice and profession,’ (3) nor felt inclined to borrow more exciting and enthusiastic forms from a breviary or missal, as if the sobriety of our own service-book were insufficient to raise the heart, and had been proved so by the defections from the Church. Bull, Sanderson, and Hammond learned from it by rote, when not allowed to use the Book. (4) They exerted themselves as strenuously as ever against Popery, when exiled from their country by Puritanism; and several of their most

valuable works against it were written under every temptation to attempt a reconciliation, and join with it against a common foe. So the recollection of their Church was their solace and hope in all their distress:—

‘I shall only crave leave,’ says Bishop Taylor, ‘that I may remember Jerusalem, and call to mind the pleasures of the temple, the order of her services, the beauty of her buildings, the sweetness of her songs, the decency of her ministrations, the assiduity and economy of her priests and Levites, the daily sacrifice, and that eternal fire of devotion that went not out by day nor by night; these were the pleasures of our peace, and there is a remanent felicity in the very memory of those spiritual delights which we then enjoyed, as antepasts of heaven, and consignations to an immortality of joys.’ (1)

They even triumphed in their afflictions for the sake of truth:—

‘Yet neither with us,’ says Hammond, ‘nor with our dearest mother the Church still (by God’s providence) of England, sorrowful as she is, yet still beauteous, and from her very humiliation more deeply to be revered, (and by us more precious esteemed, since, hung upon the cross, she hath been conformed to the image of our Lord,) is there room for complaints or discontentments. Yea, rather do we think that we may rejoice and be glad, that now for ten full years our constancy and dutiful obedience, sealed with the loss of all our fortunes, with long imprisonment, with banishment, with blood itself, being made a spectacle to God, and angels, and men, with none to support and aid but Him who appointed for us the trial, we have boldly, and like to wrestlers in the games, made good and proved. He, our most merciful Father, whom even now with constant prayers we sorrowfully resort to, will grant, as we do hope, to the other parts of the universal church, after so many vicissitudes of storm, a calm and blessed peace. He will grant unto Christendom halcyon and tranquil days. With us our sufferings, our wounds, and scars—as “spiritual pearls,” says Ignatius—yea, rather as “diadems of God’s truly elect,” says Polycarp—not to be repurchased from us by any bribe of a flattering world, by any price of deep and unbroken rest—as being that wherewith we are conformed to the death of Christ, are to be counted by us among the donatives of our king, among his favours, and our privileges. Let posterity judge of us from this, that we complain of no one; that we give thanks for all men—Father, forgive them. “Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.”’ (2)

And their voice was then as earnest and as faithful as ever in recalling wanderers to their duty:—

(1) Works, vol. vii. p. 284.

(1) Hammond, *Parænesis*, c. ii. s. 23, 26. Works, vol. i. p. 378.

(2) Life prefixed to his Works. See the same fact enlarged on in Dr. Wordsworth’s *Christian Institutes*, vol. iv. p. 578.

(3) Works, vol. vii. p. 312.

(4) Life by Nelson, s. ix. Walton’s Lives.

(2) Diss. iv. contra Blondell. Epist. s. 8. Works, vol. iii. p. 716.

'I beseech you,' says Bishop Nicholson, 'hear me speak; it may be "in voce hominis tuba Dei," God's trumpet at my mouth; and if you will but listen and suffer yourself to be roused by the shrillness of the sound, you may perhaps yet make a stand. Consider where you are, and retreat. The enemy smiles at your separation; the angels would rejoice to behold you return back to your mother the Church of Old England. She is indeed now "as the tye-tree, or as the oak, when they cast their leaves, yet the substance is in her." Her beauty is decayed through bitter affliction, and her face furrowed with sorrows, there is nothing now left about her to make her lovely; yet she is your Mother still; she washed you with water, she gave you milk when a babe, she fed you with strong meat when a man; she honoured you with orders when grown; for a Mother's sake I crave one good look, some pity, some regard! Why fly you from her? I cannot conceive you think her so dishonest as some separatists report: if you should, I should grow angry, and tell you, that in her constitutions she came nearest the apostolic church of any church in the Christian world; and this I openly profess to make good against any separatist whatsoever. Many ungracious sons I confess she had, and they brought an aspersion upon her, and the vials of God's wrath have been justly, justly I proclaim, poured upon her for their iniquities. The constitution was good and sound, the execution passing through some corrupt hands too often subject to reproof. Let not her then who had declared her mind by rules and cautions against all abuses, and taught what only she would have done, be charged with her sons' irregularities.' [1]

And few indeed there were who thus required to be recalled to the fold of their mother:—

'I cannot deny,' says Bramhall, 'but that some of us have started aside like broken bows, out of despair in this their bitter trial, wherein they have had their goods plundered, their estates sequestered, their persons imprisoned, their churches aliened; wherein they have been divorced from their nearest relation, and disabled to discharge the duties of their callings to God; wherein some of them have been slaughtered, others forced to maintain themselves by mechanic labours, others thrust out of their native countries, to wander like vagabonds and exiled beggars up and down the merciless world. But, God be praised, they are not many. If we compare this with any the like persecution in Europe, you shall never find that so few apostated.' [2]

God forbid that any different voice should be heard in the Church of England at this day! They did not despair or permit themselves to utter one faithless

or disparaging word of its system, when it had been cut down to the ground, and salt had been sown where it grew. We have seen it spring up again more vigorous than ever. It has now stood more storms and shocks than have beaten upon any other member of the Catholic Church—a Reformation, a Rebellion, a Revolution—the political conflicts and corruptions which followed them—that fearful convulsion in France, which shook popery to its centre, and led it captive in the person of its head;—and the spread of a manufacturing system which has done so much to corrupt the whole framework of society. She is now about to enter once more into the conflict with popery, her inveterate and strongest enemy, against which she has hitherto stood alone and triumphed. She is entering on this by herself, not depending on foreign aid, nor even on the arm of her own natural support, the State. Within the last ten years she has roused herself, like one that has been paralysed from a bed of sickness, and is feeling for her weapons and planting herself for the combat, and stretching out her arms to the most distant countries, with an energy and strength which have astonished all who have beheld it. The Church on all sides is gathering round her. The East is willing that she should come and help it. Germany is seeking from her the great blessing of episcopacy. Four whole continents, India, Australia, Africa, and America, are, with small exceptions, open before her, in which England may plant the truth, as in her own peculiar province, without violating any Catholic principle, or exposing herself, as popery must expose itself, to a battle with existing rights, and to ultimate expulsion. Such a field was never before opened to any Christian Church, not even in the time of Constantine. And if, as yet, she is weak, and faltering, and unable to realise such a prospect, her weakness is from past disease: it is not inherent. Had we done everything we should do, then indeed we might despair. Had we taught men to love their Church, had we cherished obedience to our bishops, had we given alms and offerings as she exhorts; had we been diligent in her service, regular in her prayers, constant in seeking at her hands the strength and nourishment which she offers—had we brought out and acted up to her principles—and then failed—then we might have doubted if God had given to her power to guide and save us. But this has been neglected: let it be tried;

(1) Bishop Nicholson's Apology, p. 42.

(2) Archbishop Bramhall, Sermon on the Restoration, Works, p. 957.

and then we shall be able to estimate the enormous strength of Catholic truth as established in our own blessed Church. And let us fight the battle manfully and honestly, without those artificial aids and unnatural excitements, by which popery endeavours to stimulate morbid imaginations, and to force a hot-house piety. Let us fight it, as God himself has placed us here to fight with the world.

It is better, it is a sign of more real and healthy strength, to be able to contend, however unsuccessfully, against myriads of enemies, than to enjoy peace without any. There is more real unity⁽¹⁾ of faith in the adherence of ten men to a definite creed like our own, than in the acquiescence of ten millions in such a lax profession as popery. There is more true unity of heart in the free accordance of a few minds, permitted to differ, than in the subjection of the whole world to a yoke which it dares not shake off. And there is more true holiness in the discharge of a single duty in the midst of the temptations of the world, than in the flight from temptations and duties alike, in the artificial atmosphere of a monastery. But, above all, let us not commit treason to our Church, by accustoming the young and the ignorant to think of her with misgiving or contempt.

When he, who knew so well how to rule and mould the minds of the Athenian people, was called to rouse them to the conflict in defence of all they loved, while the enemy was ravaging their fields, and the plague devastating their homes, he spoke to them not in words of despondency, as if they had no strength to fight; nor disparagingly of their country and its

fame, as if they had nothing worth contending for. He knew that, if one thought more than others can 'strengthen the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees'—if anything can make the bad to cast off his sins, and the coward to rush into danger, and the effeminate to steel himself for the stake, it is the sense that they are members of a body glorified in past time, full of hope to be glorified hereafter, and now beset with perils and distresses. He never turned their eye upon some dream of imaginary peace and happiness—least of all on the pleasant fields which their enemies possessed in quiet. He never thought to nerve them in the cause of their country, by telling them how much happier they might have been, if it were other than it was; or bidding them to stay by it now, merely because they could find refuge in no other. He told them rather of its greatness and its power. He bade them 'gaze on and feed their eyes with the sight of this greatness day by day;' that they might become 'enamoured of it,' as men devoted to some beloved being, and so sacrifice their lives and all to its service, like those who through suffering and toil had won for it its past glories.⁽¹⁾ And so long as this voice was heard, so long the Athenians triumphed. God forbid! let us repeat once more, that any other voice should be heard in the Church of England among us now! If indeed we are lying in darkness, under a curse from God for some sin of ourselves, or of our forefathers, let the sin be wiped out—if for sacrilege, let the sacrilege be restored—if for rebellion, let us be more earnest in allegiance—if for intemperance in asserting our Christian independence, let us pray more fervently for the peace and reunion of all Christian churches—if for neglect of the talent committed to us, in failing to bring our heathen empire into the fold of Christ, let us go forth more boldly and more heartily into that vast field of Christian labour. But let us not lay upon the parent the sins of the children; or think that Abraham is despised before God, because the Jews have been rejected. 'De ordine dico,' says Bishop Andrewes, 'non de hominibus (nihil attinet) qui quales quales sunt Domino suo stant vel cadunt.'⁽²⁾

III. There is one especial point in the constitution of the English Church, which

(1) 'What manner of peace and unity was that,' says Jackson, speaking of this boast of popery, 'any other than such as usually is found in any political Argus-eyed tyranny, before the sinews of it shrunk or the ligaments be dissolved? Where no man may move but he is seen, nor mutter but he is heard; where the least secret signification of any desire of freedom in speech, or liberty in action, is interpreted for open mutiny, and the least motion unto mutiny held matter sufficient for a cruel death. These were the bonds of your peace and unity in this point of your ecclesiastic monarchy. As for your peace in other speculative points of less use or commodity to your state, it was like the revellings or drunken concerts of servants in their night-sportings, when the master of the house is asleep in a retired room. Any schoolman might broach what opinion he list, and make his auditors drunk with it; others might quarrel with him and them, in as uncivil sort as they list, so no weapon were drawn against the Pope's peace, albeit in the mean time the Scripture suffered open violence and abuse.'—vol. i., p. 314.

(1) See the Speeches of Pericles. Thucydides, lib. ii.

(2) Concio in discessu Palatini. 1613.

requires to be guarded at present against a disposition to censure and mistrust her; which in any mind is sad, but in the young and ignorant is unspeakably unseemly. They have been awakened to a sense—a right and worthy sense—of the spiritual independence of the Church, as holding her spiritual privileges and spiritual being wholly and immediately from God. And it is difficult, without more thought and learning than it is possible for them to possess, to reconcile this always with the claims of the civil power to take a part in ecclesiastical affairs. That the line is hard to draw all must acknowledge—as hard as to distinguish the confines between mind and body; between the respective provinces of the husband and wife; between the free agency of man and the influence of external causes; between the action and counteraction of any two bodies co-operating to the same work, in the mixed circumstances of all human relations. And the jealousy has undoubtedly been fretted in many minds by recent acts of a parliament, no longer essentially bound to the communion of the Church. Into these specific cases it is unnecessary to enter. The general principle of the intimate association between the Church and the State, as maintained by the Church of England, derived from the ancient Church, and enforced by our greatest divines, is all that need be touched on. And the testimony of these last is of the greatest weight, because they spoke under circumstances far more trying than any to which we are exposed.

The Church of England is not now in a worse position with respect to the State, than when Whitgift was compelled to remonstrate with Queen Elizabeth against sacrilege; (1) when Hooker bewailed the daily bruises that spiritual promotions used to take by often falling; (2) when Jackson remonstrated against Simony; when Hacket was compelled to plead before a House of Commons, not against a re-distribution, but an alienation of cathedral property; when the whole power of Parliament was in the hands of the Puritans; when the Monarch himself, in his own person, was the author of that lax toleration, through which heresies and Atheism first, and popery under their cloak at last, established themselves in the bosom of the empire; and when the Primate, five Bishops,

and 400 clergy, were suspended and deprived for refusing the oath of allegiance. (1)

If under such trials the loyalty of the suffering Church of England, and her devotion to the State, never forsook her, how would she now grieve over any outbreak of impatience, when the throne is still established and bound to her by the coronation oath, when the great majority of the Parliament is once more with her, and mainly sins against her by officious offers of assistance; and when every day she is obtaining a deeper hold on the affections of the people, and the respect of government!

Let us remember that these great men were the firmest supporters of the spiritual independence of the Church. With Nazianzen, they magnified the spiritual authority, as 'far more ample and excellent than that of civil princes, inasmuch as it is fit the flesh should yield to the spirit, and things earthly to things heavenly.' With Chrysostom, they placed 'the priest's tribunal much higher than that of the king; who hath received only the administration of earthly things—but the priest's tribunal is placed in heaven, and he hath authority to pronounce sentence in heavenly affairs.' (2) 'Our king,' says Bishop Andrews, speaking authoritatively,

'under the name of supremacy, introduces not a new papacy into the Church. As not Aaron the priest, so not Jeroboam the king, may set up a golden calf of his own for the people to adore; or frame new articles of faith, or new forms of worship. He claims not, he does not permit himself to possess, the power of burning incense with Oziah, or of touching the ark with Uzzah. The office of teaching or of explaining the law he never assumes; nor of preaching, nor of leading in divine worship, nor of celebrating the sacraments, nor of consecrating either persons or things: nor the power of the keys or of ecclesiastical censure. In one word, nothing does he assume to himself, and nothing do we hold it lawful for him to touch, which belongs to the priestly office or to the privileges of the priestly order.' (3)

So Hooker. [4] So Bramhall. [5] So Sanderson. [6] And thus Bilson, with them, distinguished:—

'The government of princes is public, of bishops is private; of princes is compulsory, of bishops is persuasive; of princes is lordly with rule, of bishops is brotherly with service; of princes is external and ordereth the actions of

[1] Walton's Life of Hooker.

[2] B. v. s. 31.

[1] Life of Sancroft, vol. i. p. 447.

[2] Field, B. v. p. 611.

[3] Tortura Torti, p. 380.

[4] B. viii. vol. iii. p. 351; 8vo., 1798.

[5] Works, pp. 25, 190, 191, 340.

[6] Episcopacy not Prejud., s. xi.

the body, of bishops is internal, and guideth the motions of the mind. . . . And therefore, though bishops may be called governors in respect of the soul, yet only princes be governors of realms: pastors have flocks, and bishops have dioceses: realms, dominions, and countries, none have but princes and magistrates; and so the style, "governor of this realm," belongeth only to the prince, and not to the priest, and importeth a public and princely regiment with the sword, which no bishop by God's law may claim or use.' [1]

Yet, with this solemn protest against Erastianism, they never swerve from their loyal and hearty recognition of the Civil power as united with the Church. By Beveridge, side by side with the divine authority of the apostolical office, this loyalty is set as an especial proof of 'the same spirit still working in our Church, which wrought so effectually upon the Apostles.' [2] With Hooker so strong is the sense of the joint and inseparable functions of the State and the Church for the preservation and safety of God's people, that he proposes this as 'the true inscription, style, or title of all churches, as yet standing within this realm: *'By the goodness of Almighty God and his servant Elizabeth we are.'* [3] So Bishop Mountagu connects them:—

'Them, myself, whatsoever I have said or done, or shall hereafter do any way—"Libens, merito, more majorum"—now and ever I have, I do, I will refer and submit, and in most lowly, devoted, humble sort, prostrate upon bended knees unto this Church of England, and the true defender thereof, his most sacred Majesty; humbly craving that royal protection which sometime William Ockham did of Lewis of Baviera, the emperor, "Domine imperator, defende me gladio, et ego te defendam calamo." [4]

So Bishop Bilson:—

'The strife betwixt us [against popery] is not for bishoprics and benefices; but for Christ's glory and the prince's safety.' [5]

If in the convulsions of the Reformation the great blessing of episcopacy was preserved to us, it was due, according to Bishop Andrews, under God, to the fact that 'our kings were propitious. (6)—So Bishop Hall. (7) So Hicckes. (8) So Stillingfleet. (9)

[1] True Difference, p. 238.

[2] Sermon on Christ's Pres. with his Ministers.

[3] Epist. Dedicat. to Eccl. Pol. vol. i. p. 125.

[4] Appeal to Cæsar, p. 321.

[5] True Difference, p. 8.

(6) Third Letter to Du Moulin; Wordsworth's Christ. Inst., vol. iii., p. 259.

(7) Vol. x., p. 281.

(8) Sermon, 13, vol. ii., p. 216.

(9) Defence of Discourse concerning Idolatry. Epist. Dedicat., vol. v.

And this their obedience to the State was not a mere passive subjection, but a hearty reverence. They taught, with Bramhall, 'that the most high and sacred order of Kings is of Divine right, being the ordinance of God himself, founded on the prime laws of nature, and clearly established by express texts both of the Old and New Testament. Moreover, that this power is extended over all their subjects, ecclesiastical and civil.' (1) They recognized 'that absolute and sovereign civil princes, [even] while they were infidels, had true dominion, rule, and authority, holding it as immediately from God, not depending on any rule of the Church.' (2) They acknowledged with Laud, that 'great and undoubted rule given by Optatus, that where-soever there is a Church, there the Church is in the Commonwealth, not the Commonwealth in the Church:—*Non enim respublica est in Ecclesiâ, sed Ecclesia in republicâ est.*' With Laud also they alleged it as a proof against the claims of the Pope:—

'For if the Church be within the empire or other kingdom, it is impossible the government of the Church should be monarchical: for no emperor or king will endure another king within his dominion that shall be greater than himself; since the very enduring it makes him that endures it, upon the matter, no monarch.' (3)

They never took it for granted 'that the ecclesiastic power, as well directive as coercive, is entirely seated in the body of the clergy, as it is an order of men distinct from the laity.' They never invested 'the body of the clergy with all the privileges and prerogatives of an absolute independent commonwealth, able to make laws by itself; not permitting 'the body or community of the laity (no, not as it consists of prince and people, of magistrates and private men) to be any parts or members of the Church, or of that society which hath power to make laws ecclesiastic.' Knowing, as Jackson continues, and he repeats the warning more than once, that 'these be the premises, which, once granted, will necessarily bring forth that dangerous conclusion' [the formation of some visible centre of unity in the Church] 'which will inevitably draw all states and kingdoms, as well heathen as Christian, into the Romish net.' (4) They show no sympathy with Hildebrand,—that 'Firebrand,' as Brett calls him, 'both of Church and

(1) Answer to De la Militière, p. 28.

(2) Field, book v. p. 609.

(3) Optat., lib. iii., c. 3. Laud, Conference with Fisher, p. 132.

(4) Vol. iii., pp. 906, 907.

State ; (1)—Casaubon's 'Hildebrandine heresies auctor ; (2)—Usher's 'Fatale Portentum Prodigiumque Ecclesiæ ; (3)—Bishop Patrick's 'First Great Troubler of the Christian World ; (4)—'That man of admirable pride,' says Bishop Overall, 'over whose heretical novelty, and most insolent attempt, many false colours have since been cast, to cover the lewdness and deformity of it.' (5)

Still less would they hold up Becket to reverence or allow him to be a martyr :—

'We do abominate that murder, as lawless and barbarous,' says Bramhall. 'But we do not believe that the cause of his suffering was sufficient to make him a martyr; namely, to help foreigners to pull the fairest flowers from his prince's diadem by violence, and to perjure himself, and violate his oath. All his own suffragan bishops were against him in the cause, and justified the king's proceedings.' (6)

And Bishop Bilson goes still further. His quarrel, he says, was one of those

'of their own nature wicked and irreligious; his pride was intolerable; his contention with the king detestable; his end miserable. We conclude him to be a shameful defender of wickedness, an open breaker of his oath, and a proud impugnor of the sword which God hath authorized, as the Scripture teacheth. And albeit we like not the manner of his death, that private men should use the sword which is delivered unto princes, yet the cause for which he withstood the king was enormous and impious; and dying in that, though his death were violent, he could be no martyr.' (7)

If jealousy is felt of the appointment of bishops by the Crown, Bramhall pronounces that

'the nomination and investiture of bishops in England doth belong to the Imperial Crown, by law and custom immemorial; and hath been so practised both before the Conquest and since—a practice approved by the canons and constitutions of councils, of Popes, and received into the body of the law—a power which the Christian emperors of the primitive times practised both in the eastern and western empires; which the most Christian King of France and other

monarchs of the Roman Communion do in effect retain at this day.' (1)

And so Bilson sums up this question, though not without first dwelling upon the answer to be made to God, 'if hands be hastily laid on; and upon the 'burden of conscience,' which princes undertake, if in choosing those that shall guide the Church under them, they fail 'to provide, by the best means they can, that no venomous, nor unclean thing, so much as enter the House of God to defile it with his presence, or disorder it with his negligence.'

'If the allowance given at first to the ministers of each parish by the lord of the soil were matter enough in the judgment of Christ's Church to establish the right of patrons, that they alone should present clerks, because they alone provided for them, the prince's interest to confer bishoprics hath far more sound and sufficient reason to warrant it. For, besides the maintenance which the kings of this land yielded when they first endowed bishoprics with lands and possessions, to unburthen the people of the support and charges of their bishops, and in that respect have as much right as any patrons can have; the pre-eminence of the sword whereby the prince ruleth the people, the people rule not the prince, is no small enforcement, that in elections, as well as in other points of government, the prince may justly challenge the sovereignty above and without the people, God's laws prescribing no certain rule. And, lastly, though the people in former ages, by the sufferance of magistrates, had somewhat to do with the election of their bishops, yet now, for the avoiding of such tumults and uproar as the primitive church was afflicted with, by the laws of this realm and their own consents, the people's interest and liking is wholly submitted and inclosed in the prince's choice; so that whom the prince nameth the people have bound themselves to acknowledge and accept for their pastor, no less than if he had been chosen by their own suffrages. And had they not heretofore agreed, as by parliament they have, I see no let by God's law but in Christian kingdoms, when any difference groweth even about the election of bishops, the prince, as head and ruler of the people, had better right to name and elect than all the rest of their people. If they concur in judgment, there can be no variance; if they dissent, the prince, if there were no express law for that purpose (as there is with us), must bear it from the people; the people by God's law must not look to prevail against their prince.' (2)

'And this, says Field, 'can in no way prejudice or hurt the state of the Church, if bishops (to whom examination and ordination pertaineth) do their duties in refusing to consecrate and ordain such as the canons prohibit.' (3)

(1) Church Govern., c. xviii., p. 403.

(2) Ded. to King James. Wordsworth's Christ. Inst. iv., p. 63.

(3) De Eccles. Success., p. 58 et seq.

(4) Devotions of the Romish Church, p. 212.

(5) Convocation Book, b. iii., c. 8. Bishop Hall's quaint language is to the same effect, but far stronger. Works, vol. ix., p. 269.

(6) Just Vindication, p. 95.

(7) True Differ., p. 483. So, at great length, Stillfleet. Answer to Cressy, vol. v., p. 710 et seq.

[1] Tom. iv., Dis. vi., p. 989.

[2] Perpetual Govern., p. 362, 366. So Sanderson, Episcop. not Prejud., s. iii., 32.

[3] Field, b. v., p. 695.

If men, unversed in ecclesiastical history, hesitate at the deprivation of bishops, Sanderson does not scruple to pronounce that

'the king hath power, if he shall see cause, to suspend any bishop from the execution of his office, for so long a time as he shall think good; yea, and to deprive him utterly of the dignity and office of a bishop, if he deserve it.'(1)

He is speaking, of course, only of the external exercise of the episcopal office. The internal or spiritual authority he distinctly asserts to exist *jure divino*, and of this no one can deprive him but the power which conferred it. But he equally denies the principle that 'bishops living under Christian kings may exercise [even] so much of their power as is of divine right, after their own pleasure, without, or against, the king's leave, or without respect to the laws and customs of the realm.'(2)

If they scruple at the arrangement of dioceses by the Crown,

'the length or breadth of them,' says Bishop Bilson, and Cosin with him, 'must wholly be referred to the wisdom and consideration of the state.'(3)

If they would exempt the clergy from the secular jurisdiction, Field will answer

'that God hath given princes the sword to punish all offenders against the first or second table, yea, though they be priests or bishops; that neither the persons nor the goods of churchmen are exempted from their power.'(4)

'That princes may command that which is good, and prohibit that which is evil in matters of religion, as well bishops as others, is,' according to Bilson, 'an evident truth, confirmed by the Scriptures, confessed by the Fathers, reported by the stories of the Church, and infinitely repeated by the laws and edicts of religious and ancient emperors, made for persons and causes ecclesiastical.'(5)

Even in matters of faith, says Field, there is indeed

'no question but that bishops and pastors of the Church (to whom it pertaineth to teach the truth) are the ordinary and fittest judges; and that ordinarily and regularly princes are to leave the judgment thereof unto them. But because they may fail, either through negligence, ignorance, or malice, princes, having charge over

God's people, and being to see that they serve and worship him aright, are to judge and condemn them that fall into gross errors, contrary to the common sense of Christians, or into any other heresies formerly condemned. And though there be no general failing, yet, if they see violent and partial courses taken, they may interpose themselves to stay them, and cause a due proceeding, or remove the matter from one company and sort of judges to another. And hereunto the best learned in former times agreed, clearly confessing that when something is necessary to be done, and the ordinary guides of the Church do fail, or are not able to yield that help that is needful, we may lawfully fly to others for redress and help.'(1)

And so of the part which the Civil Power took in the Reformation of the Church of England:—

'It is true,' says even Thorndike, 'it was an extraordinary act of secular power in Church matters to enforce the change without any consent from the greater part of the Church. But if the matter of the change be the restoring of laws, which our common Christianity as well as the primitive orders of the Church (of both which Christian powers are born protectors) make requisite, the secular power acteth within the sphere of it, and the division is not imputable to them that make the change, but to them that refuse their concurrence to it.'(2)

And the blessing of such an interposition of the Civil Power in the work of our Reformation they fully recognised.

'Do you not now,' says Bishop Hall, 'in all this which hath been said, see a sensible difference betwixt their condition and yours [the Scotch]? Can you choose but observe the blessing of monarchical reformation amongst us, beyond that popular and tumultuary reformation amongst our neighbours? Ours, a council; theirs, an uproar: ours, beginning from the head; theirs, from the feet: ours, proceeding in a due order; theirs, with confusion: ours, countenancing and encouraging the converted governors of the Church; theirs, extremely overawed with adverse power, or totally overborne with foul sacrilege: in a word, ours, comfortably yielding what the true and happy condition of a church required; theirs, hand over head, taking what they could get for the present. And what now? Shall we, instead of blessing God for our happiness, emulate the misery of those whom we do at once respect and pity?'(3)

And, to close this head:—

'A special evidence,' says Hammond, 'which most men have used, to conclude the papacy to

[1] *Episcop. not Prejud.*, s. iii., 33.

[2] *Ibid.*, s. ii., p. 12.

[3] *Perpetual Government*, p. 320; *Cosin's Regni Angliæ Religio Cathol.*

[4] *Book iii.*, c. 25.

[5] *True Difference*, p. 206.

[1] *Field*, book v., p. 681.

(2) *Epilogue to the Tragedy of the Ch. of Eng.* p. 234.

(3) *Episcop. by Divine Right*. *Introd.* s. 5. vol. x. p. 154.

be *Antichristus*, the Antichrist, is this, that the Pope exalteth himself above all that is called God, i. e., the kings of the earth; that he, in case the king be not a Catholic, absolves subjects from their allegiance to him, that he pretends power over them in spiritual things, and n temporal in ordine ad spiritualia.' (1)

IV. One very serious evil of a departure from these Catholic principles of loyalty to the Civil Power is the disposition which it fosters to depart likewise from the true Catholic constitution of the Church itself. If in any country the Church feels herself engaged in a struggle against the Civil Power, or jealous of its authority, she will be tempted to look around for foreign help, and thus will introduce that principle, destructive ultimately even of the faith of Christianity, the establishment of some visible permanent centre of unity, for the whole of Christendom. *Permanent*, it is said; because no one contests the necessity of having such a centre occasionally, when the Church is gathered together under its true head upon earth, a General Council.

The Almighty has set the bounds of the nations, and divided the earth, not to promote wars, but to preserve peace. It is by a balance of counteracting forces that equilibrium is maintained; by the independence and separation of witnesses that testimony is guaranteed; by a chain of many fibres that durability is secured, while perpetual reparation is made easy; by the distinctness of the functions of government that tyranny is prevented; by dividing the honey into cells that it is saved from corruption. And so it is with the great body politic of men, in the State as in the Church: unity, indeed, must be preserved in both; but unity reconcilable with a multiplicity of parts, and by that very multiplicity to be preserved, 'one body with many members.'

Love of our country, therefore, is as much a Christian virtue as love of our parents; National Churches are as much an integral element in the constitution of the Catholic Church as provinces and kingdoms are in the great family of man. The Church, from the earliest times, by 'a rule' which Thorndike calls 'as evident as the common Christianity is evident,' (2) has followed the divisions of the State, and moulded herself upon its sections; and it is only when enthusiasm, or rationalism, or disloyalty, or want of faith, or some ambitious theory has crept in, that minds have been tempted to abandon this law of God, and to dream of rallying Christians

round some universal local centre of unity, distinct from the government of their country; in the place of their invisible Head in heaven; and in addition to that visible centre, which is supplied by each bishop in his own diocese, and by the patriarch in the civil province or kingdom.

Unity, indeed, an unity excluding diversity, is a tempting dream to a rationalizing mind; and the vision of a spiritual empire resorting to one local centre, bowing down to one visible head, binding together the most distant countries to the footstool of one man, and by forms all emanating from him, and so crushing all anarchy and rebellion with the rod of a priestly power—this vision is to the humble as well as to the ambitious a temptation scarcely to be resisted. It constitutes with weak minds as with strong, the great chain of Popery. And though, as Barrow has so completely shown, (1) opposed to Scripture, to apostolical sanctions, to primitive antiquity, to the analogy of God's dealings, to true reason, to expediency, nay, to the very essence and object of the Church—though it has been found that in thus building all on one plank we hazard all—'ecclesia universa corruit, si unus universus cadit' (2)—and that by forcing too great an unity we only split the body into fragments,—there are not wanting persons in all ages who are led away by the seduction. But the Church of England has always stood firm. The independence of national churches, as linked hand in hand with their sovereign—the freedom of national life—is the very essence of the English Reformation. 'God,' says Stillingfleet, 'hath intrusted every national church with the care of her own safety.' (3) That 'they are formed into a national church, and are for national churches, and detest sovereign independent communions,' is one of the chief apologies made by Hicks for the French Protestants. (4) And, as he says elsewhere,

'It is good to know what kind of Christians and Churches they were, whom the brother of James so passionately exhorts to contend earnestly for the faith. They were free episcopal churches; neither churches without bishops, nor churches under bishops who were all subject to the authority of one; but churches under bishops who were all sharers or colleagues of one common Episcopate, and whereof none, as St. Cyprian said of the African bishops, made himself a bishop of bishops, or forced his brethren, by tyrannical terror, to a necessity of obe-

(1) Of Resisting the Lawful Magistrate, vol. i., p. 88.

(2) Due Way, p. 240. Just Weights and Measures, 2d edit. 1680.

(1) Treatises on the Supremacy and Unity.

(2) Greg., lib. vi. ep. 24.

(3) Vindication of Laud, part ii. ch. iv. vol. iv. p. 362.

(4) True Notion of Persecution, Sermon. iv. vol. i. p. 200.

dience. Such an apostolical primitive Episcopat has the Church of England long enjoyed, by the blessing of God, and the favour of her princes.'(1)

'The Church of Rome,' says Thorndike, 'cannot hinder us of restoring ourselves to the primitive right of the church, by which a Christian kingdom duly may maintain the worship of God.'(2) A remarkable acknowledgment from one, who laid so much more stress than other divines upon the 'pre-eminence of the Church of Rome in the West,' as, in his view, 'the only reasonable means to preserve so great a body in unity.'

So Bishop Hall makes

'all the particular National Churches, through the whole Christian world, no other than sisters, daughters of the same father, God; of the same mother, the spiritual Jerusalem, which is from above;' of which none may 'usurp a mistress-ship over the rest, or make herself a queen over them,' without being 'guilty of a high arrogance and presumption against Christ and his dear Spouse the Church.'(3)

If the Reformation had asserted no other principle but this, it would be entitled for this alone to our deepest gratitude; to be regarded as, under God, the saviour of our common Christianity. For Christianity is built upon the faith; and the faith upon the Bible; and the Bible, whether in its authenticity or interpretation, comes to us on the testimony of the Church; and this testimony is the historical testimony of independent branches, which cannot be merged in one, as Popery has endeavoured to merge them, without absolutely destroying the foundation of truth, and with truth, of all things.

Until this principle is heartily recognised, there will always be danger from Popery. It has been, to say the least, neglected of late; and to this neglect, humanly speaking, will be mainly due whatever mischief may arise within the bosom of the Church at the present day.

'The Church's unity,' says Tertullian, quoted by Stillingfleet, consists in the

'adhering to that doctrine which was first preached by the Apostles, who, having first delivered it in Judæa, and planted churches there, went abroad and declared the same to other nations, and settled churches in cities, from whence other churches have the same doctrine propagated to them, which are therefore called apostolical churches, as the offspring of those which were founded by them. Therefore so many and

so great churches are all that one prime apostolical church from whence all others come. And thus they are all prime and apostolical in regard to their unity, as long as there is that communication of peace, title of brotherhood, and common mark of hospitality.'(1)

Communion upon earth, union in heaven, is the great prayer of a catholic mind. Whatever may be hereafter, at present the Church is 'one house with many chambers,'(2) 'one family of many sisters, one continent with many cities,'(3) 'one episcopacy of many bishops.'(4)

'Our ground,' says Bramhall, 'for unity of faith is our creed; and for unity of government, the very same form of discipline which was used in the primitive church, and is derived from them to us.'(5)

'The communion of saints,' says Bilson, 'and near dependence of the godly each of other, and all of their head, standeth not of external rites, customs, and manners, as you would fashion out a church observing the pope's canons, and deserving his pardons as his devote and zealous children; but in believing the same truth, tasting of the same grace, resting on the same hope, calling on the same God, rejoicing in the same spirit.'(6)

And that this unity was not preserved but destroyed by Popery is the unanimous agreement of all our greatest English divines:—

'I cannot choose but wonder,' says Bramhall, 'to see you cite St. Cyprian against us in this case, who separated himself from you, as well as we, in the days of a much better bishop than we, and upon much weaker grounds than we, and published his dissent to the world in two African councils. He liked not the swelling title of Bishop of bishops, nor that one bishop should tyrannically terrify another into obedience; no more do we. He gave a primacy, or principality of order to the chair of St. Peter, as Principium Unitatis; so do we. But he believed that every bishop had an equal share of episcopal power; so do we. He provided apart, as he thought fit, in a provincial council for his own safety, and the safety of his flock; so did we. He writ to your great bishop as to his brother and colleague, and dared to reprehend him for receiving but a letter from such as had been censured by the African bishops. In St. Cyprian's sense you are the beam that have separated yourselves from the body of the sun; you are the bough that is lopped from the tree; you are the stream which is divided from the fountain; it is you, principally you, that have divided the unity of the church.'(7)

(1) Works, vol. iv. p. 288.

(2) Irenæus.

(3) Theodoret.

(4) Cyprian.

(5) Schism Guarded, tom. i. Disc. iv. p. 407.

(6) True Diff. p. 223.

(7) Answer to De la Mitière, p. 38.

(1) Serm. xiii., vol. ii. p. 215; Serm. iv. vol. i. p. 190.

(2) Just Weights, c. vii. p. 48.

(3) Resolutions for Religion, vol. vi. p. 306. So Nicholson, Apology, p. 108.

And again, speaking of 'that presumptuous, and (if a pope's word may pass current) anti-christian, term of the *Head of the Catholic Church*:'—

'If the pope be the head of the catholic church, then the catholic church is the pope's body, which would be but a harsh expression to Christian ears; then the catholic church should have no head when there is no pope; two or three heads when there are two or three popes; an unsound head when there is an heretical pope; a broken head when the pope is censured or deposed; and no head when the see is vacant. If the church must have one universal, visible, ecclesiastical head, a general council may best pretend to that title.' (1).

This is a summary of the general declarations of the divines of England on that 'the prime and leading article of all popery, the pope's supremacy.' (2) For as such, like the Romish controversialists, they always regarded it:—'*Etenim de quâ re agitur, says Bellarmin, 'cum de primatu pontificis agitur? Brevisime dicam, de summâ rei Christianæ. Id enim queritur, debeatne ecclesia diutius consistere, an vero dissolvi et considerare.'* (3) And unless this point be strongly guarded, there can be no solid security against the seductions of Rome; especially when the too common mode of warring by vague abuse is wisely abandoned, and minds are led to think of it as still a true church, however corrupted—as retaining much that is venerable—as the church, to which in former times we were indebted in some degree for our second conversion—and as professing, though only professing, those Catholic principles, which have been so sadly neglected by sects calling themselves Protestant. Where this line of thought has been encouraged—particularly if at the same time any slur, or disparagement, or doubt has been thrown upon the Church of England—it will be in vain to warn ardent and unthinking minds against Rome by suggesting its doctrinal errors. For the error must always be tested by an appeal to authority; and as no private judgment, nor even a sister church, can pronounce authoritatively against another sister—as no general council has condemned, nor under the system of popery could be summoned to condemn it—as Rome has carefully guarded her authoritative statements, so as to secure herself some plausible defence against attacks on her formal system, while she reaps the full benefit of the errors which she privately encourages in her popu-

lar teaching—as truth is intimately mixed with error in all she professes—and as both Scripture and the language of the Fathers, forged and interpolated as they have been with this object, may be artfully wrested to confound the distinction—a mind therefore imbued with true catholic principles, little versed in the controversy, and knowing nothing of *popery*, may be easily led to pause; and suspect, that the erroneous principles charged against Rome may not really be professed by her; or, that they are exaggerated by enemies, and modified in practice; or, lastly, even that they are truths, which the extravagances of sectarians, and our own imperfect acquaintance with antiquity, had kept from our sight. And with the yearning which now prevails for more visible unity in the Church, the first question which will be asked, previous to any examination of doctrine, will be that which the Romish controversialists so ostentatiously put forward—the question of schism. If we are in schism, then the first step must be to place ourselves within the bosom of the true church, as it is called, and to think afterwards of reforming her. And whether or not we are in schism, depends on this one question of *the papal supremacy*, and by this is it to be tried. If controversialists are weak here—if they have doubts and misgivings, from whatever source arising—and teach others to entertain them likewise—every advance which they make and encourage in Catholic principles must lead them nearer to Rome; and every effort to hold their followers back when they reach the final barrier, must be powerless. They are teaching them to steer on a lee shore, and place no beacon on the rock to warn of danger.

But not so our old divines, who knew that on the firm repudiation of Rome, as a centre of unity, everything depended:—

'In omnibus nostri temporis controversiis,' says Bishop Andrews, '*primas tenent illæ de ecclesiâ. In his de ecclesiâ, nihil magis queritur quam de summo pontifice; in hac de pontifice, nihil magis quàm de potestate quam vindicat.*' (1).

'It will be to little purpose,' says Bishop Morton, 'for Protestants to dispute against Romanists from the judgment of ancient fathers, because in the end they make their own pope—"*papam tanquam patrum patrem,*" that is, the father of fathers, preferring one before all; or to oppose the authority of ancient councils; for they reject the ancient councils, accounting them not legitimate so long as they were not allowed by the pope; or yet to produce any evidence out of Scripture, for when all is said, the supreme

(1) Answer to De la Mitière, p. 26.

(2) South, vol. vi. Sermon. i.

(3) Præfat. de Rom. Pont.

(1) Andrews, Præfat. ad Respons.

judge of the exposition of Scriptures must be the pope.' [1]

And thus, with the same great man, the supremacy is 'the chief arch, and that we may so say, the highest pinnacle of their Romish temple,' the beginning and head of our controversies, the 'pillar and foundation of the Romish church.' [2]

'There can be no peace possible,' says Bishop Hall, 'unless they will be content to be headless, or we can be content to be the slaves of Rome.' [3]

'The difference between us,' says Clarendon, 'depends wholly upon the personal authority of the pope within the king's dominions. . . . It was that, and that only, that first made the schism, and still continues it, and is the ground of all the animosity of the English [Roman] Catholics against the Church of England. . . . This is the only argument I wish should be insisted on between us and our fellow-subjects of the Roman persuasion. . . . This is the hinge upon which all the other controversies depend. . . . This is the material argument.' [4]

'Upon that only point,' says Archbishop Usher, 'the Romanists do hazard their whole cause, acknowledging the standing or falling of their church absolutely to depend thereupon.' [5]

'To this one,' says Dodwell, 'are reduced all the disputes between us;' and he adds a warning, which cannot be too strongly urged:

'A fourth use,' he says, 'of this hypothesis, is for the direction of peace-makers, to let them see what it is that renders our reconciliation impossible; and which, if it be not first accommodated, must render all their endeavours in particular questions unsuccessful; and therefore against which they ought more earnestly to strive by how much they are more zealous for catholic peace. The way hitherto attempted has been to endeavour to reconcile our particular differences. This has been either by clearing their respective churches from all those things for which they have not expressly declared, and of which express professions are not exacted from persons to be reconciled unto them: Or where the churches have declared themselves, thereby allowing the greatest latitude of exposition, and putting the most favourable sense on their decrees of which they are capable. Thus Grotius has dealt with the Council of Trent, and St. Clara with our English Articles.' [6]

And then he proceeds to show, that, although such a way of proceeding 'must

needs be very acceptable to any who is more a lover of the Catholic church's peace than of disputation,' yet 'it will fall very short of reconciling the different communions,' and that 'it will concern all hearty well-wishers to catholic peace to lay out their zeal and industry principally to discredit this one doctrine, (the papal supremacy,) which is so extremely pernicious to it.' To omit it indeed—to pass it by as a matter which common minds cannot understand, although there are none so intelligible to the meanest as the right of personal authority—to lead men to think it possible that any safe union can be effected with Rome, until she has retired from her present claims into her simple position as an ancient bishopric, honoured by the church of old with a degree of pre-eminence and precedence which the church might at any time withdraw—or to familiarise the minds of the young to thoughts and proposals of peace in a besieged city, while the enemy, instead of laying down their arms, are thundering at the walls—this is idle, and worse than idle. It encourages the assailants; it paralyses the defenders; it stirs sedition and defection within our own camp; it cuts away the very ground under our feet; it tempts the young to dreams which never can be realised; it makes them willing to palliate, and even deny the sins and errors which seem to stand in the way of reconciliation; it leads them away from their own blessed Church to a foreign centre of their affections and their duties; and it gives scandal to weak brothers, who cannot draw the subtle line between a primacy of order and a primacy of power, and who cannot understand why it should be needful to open a mere speculative question as to what the Church might do, if Rome were other than she is, while she shows not a symptom of change; unless indeed some thought be cherished of accepting her authority as she is. No, let us, indeed, with Laud, (1) 'ever wish and heartily pray for the unity of the whole Church of Christ, and the peace and reconciliation of torn and divided Christendom'—reconciliation with the great churches of the East, which now seems opening to us—reconciliation of our own strayed flocks to the bosom of their Mother Church, which our daily increasing labours, under God's blessing, may obtain—such union with other Reformed Churches as may be effected by giving them that great privilege of episcopacy, which they so deeply need; 'such union as may stand with truth, and preserve all the foundations of religion entire.'

But let us never wish, (speaking once

[1] Protestant Appeal, lib. v. 28, p. 677.

[2] Ibid., pp. 272, 665, 670.

[3] No Peace with Rome, c. iii. s. ii. vol. xi. p. 310.

[4] Animadversions by a Person of Honour (Earl of Clarendon), pp. 10, 13.

[5] Preface to Speech on the Oath of Supremacy.

[6] Two Short Discourses, Pref. s. 3, 19, 22.

more with Laud,) 'that England and Rome should meet together, but with forsaking of error and superstition; especially such as grate upon and fret the foundations of religion'—as 'God forbid, but that, if this were done, we should labour for a reconciliation.' *If this were done*, but not without. And if we doubt whether this be possible, we but agree with Laud and all our soundest divines.

'Princes,' says Jackson, speaking of the Romish doctrine of infallibility, 'may conclude a peace, for civil and free commerce of their people, though professing sundry religions; and they and their clergy might, perhaps, procure a mitigation of some other points, now much in controversy; but—"though all others might, yet this admits no terms of parley for any possible reconciliation." The natural separation of this island from those countries wherein this doctrine is professed, shall serve as an everlasting emblem of the inhabitants' divided hearts, at least in this point of religion. And let them, O Lord, be cut off speedily from amongst us, and their posterity transported hence, never to enjoy again the least good thing this land affords: let no print of their memory be extant, so much as in a tree or stone within our coast; or let their names, by such as remain here after them, be never mentioned, or always to their endless shame, who, living here amongst us, will not imprint these or like wishes in their hearts, and daily mention them in their prayers.'

"Littora littoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
Imprecor, arma armis, pugnent ipsique nepo-
teaque." [1]

Our ancestors knew that the essence of the Papacy was the claim to dominion, and her spirit the lust of power—and that when this spirit was exorcised, if ever by a miracle from God it were accomplished, she would be left so humbled, so stripped of authority, so penitent, yet so exposed to the fresh temptations of her past crimes, that it would be her wisdom, and the wisdom of the Church, that she should rather retire from the world, and sit apart in some post of shame, than once more be placed on the pinnacle of the temple of God, and be tempted again to throw herself down. Even of what the Church, and 'such as are by God entrusted with the flock to judge of this politic problem, *i. e.*, princes, the nursing fathers of every Church,' [2] in their wisdom might decide in fixing the patriarchal authority, under such distant or even impossible contingencies, they did not think it safe to speak, 'except in the Syrian language—not in the Jews' language, in the ears of the people that are on the wall.' But of anything beyond a primacy of order and honour, they did speak most earnestly and

constantly. Even the patriarchate character of Rome they only recognised as 'a human institution,' [1] as 'introduced by the canons or customs of the Church,' as 'depending on the concessions of princes,' [2] and therefore mutable by the Church. Even this they declared that she had '*lost by seeking to turn spiritual monarch.*' [3] Even if she could retain it, 'Britain was never rightly a part of her patriarchate.' [4] Even as patriarch, 'the Pope hath not power to impose laws in his own patriarchate, nor power to innovate anything, without the consent of his bishops.' [5] If any such title was supposed to be acquired upon the first planting of the Gospel here, yet, says Hammond, 'it is, and hath always been in the power of Christian Emperors and Princes, within their dominions, to erect patriarchates, or to translate them from one city to another.' [6] And, as Bishop Bull adds after the same assertion—

'If it be objected, that our British Church afterwards submitted herself to the Bishop of Rome as her patriarch, which power he enjoyed for many ages, and that therefore our first reformers cannot be excused from schism, in casting off that power which, by so long a prescription, he was possessed of; we answer, we did indeed yield ourselves to the Roman usurpation, but it was because we could not help it: we were at first forced, awed, and affrighted into this submission. . . . When this force ceased, and we were left to our liberty and freedom of resuming our primitive rights, why might we not do it, as we saw occasion, without the imputation of schism?' [7]

Rather, how could we be justified in not doing so, when the question was not one of men's device, but of re-establishing the divine constitution of the Church, on which the faith of the Church depends? They went still further:—

'If a bishop acts as the Bishop of Rome has acted,' says Barrow, 'he, by such behaviour, *ipso facto* depriveth himself of authority and office; he becometh thence no guide or pastor to any Christian; there doth, in such case, rest no obligation to hear or obey him, but rather to decline him, to discast from him, to reject and disclaim him. This is the reason of the case—this the Holy Scripture doth prescribe—this is

[1] Bramhall, *Vindication of Grotius*, p. 630.

[2] Hammond, *Dispatcher Dispatcht*, c. ii. s. ii., vol. ii. p. 194.

[3] Bramhall, *Just Vindict. of the Church of England*, Works, p. 211.

[4] *Ibid.*; Johnson's *Clergyman's Vade Mecum*, part ii. p. 84; Leslie, *True State*.

[5] Bramhall, *Vindication of Grotius*, p. 630.

[6] *Of Schism*, ch. vi. s. 9, vol. i. p. 355.

[7] *Corrupt. of Church of Rome*, sec. iii. vol. ii. p. 293. So Bishop Hall, *Resolut. for Religion*, vol. vi. p. 306.

[1] Vol. i. p. 317.

[2] Hammond on Schism, c. viii. vol. i. p. 365.

according to the primitive doctrine, tradition, and practice of the Church.' [1]

Even to acknowledge the Bishop of Rome as permanent president of a general council is, according to Bishop Cosin, criminal—'Porro summum concilii cujusvis præsidem alium quàm Christum quærere aut agnoscere nefas ducimus.' [2] 'To think the communion of Christ's Church,' says Bishop Bilson, 'dependeth upon the Pope's person or regiment, is a most pernicious fancy.' [3] 'To make him chief pastor of our souls,' he says again, 'or to give him an episcopal or apostolical authority over the whole Church, though it be no treason, is yet a wicked and frantic heresy.' [4] As for a union of all the Churches of Christ throughout the world, under one visible head, having a jurisdiction over them all, and that head the Bishop of Rome for the time being—such a union as this,' says Bishop Bull, 'was never dreamed of amongst Christians for at least the first six hundred years.' [5] And he adds a remark, of no little importance to those who indulge a dream of restoring an ecclesiastical supremacy apart from the political usurpations of Popery:—

'The universal pastorship and jurisdiction of the Roman Bishops over all bishops and churches is now no longer a mere court opinion, maintained only by the Pope's parasites and flatterers, but it is become a part of the faith of the church of Rome; it being one of the articles of the Trent creed, to which all ecclesiastics are sworn themselves, and which, by the same oath, they are obliged to teach the laity under their care and charge. So that now there is no reason for that distinction, wherewith some have soothed and pleased themselves, between the Church and court of Rome; for the court is entered into the Church of Rome, or rather the court and Church of Rome are all one.' (6)

Lastly, to admit in the Pope anything beyond a precedence of order and honour, has been the cause of 'horrible confusion in the Christian Church, and almost the utter ruin and desolation of the same:—

'For,' continues Field, 'after that this child of pride had in this Lucifer-like sort advanced himself above his brethren, he thrust his sickle into other men's harvests; he encroached upon their bounds and limits; he pretended a right to confer all dignities, whether elective or presentative,

to receive appeals of all sorts of men, out of all parts of the world; nay, without appeal or complaint, immediately to take notice of all causes in the diocese of all other bishops; so overthrowing their jurisdiction, and seizing it in his own hands. He exempted presbyters from the jurisdiction of their bishops, bishops of their metropolitans, and metropolitans of their primates and patriarchs; and, leaving unto the rest nothing but a naked and empty title, took upon him to determine all doubts and questions of himself alone, as out of the infallibility of his judgment; to excommunicate, degrade, and depose; and again to absolve, reconcile, and restore; and to hear and judge of all causes, as out of the fullness of his power. Neither did he there stay; but having subjected unto him, as much as in him lay, all the members of Christ's body, and trampled underneath his feet the honour and dignity of all his brethren and colleagues, he went forward and challenged a right to dispose of all the kingdoms of the world, as being Lord of Lords and King of Kings. To this height he raised himself by innumerable sleights and cunning devices, taking advantage of the ignorance, superstition, negligence, and base disposition which he found to be in many of the guides of the Church in those days, and by their help and concurrence prevailing against the rest that were of another spirit.' (1)

He prevailed, let it be remembered, *by degrees, step by step, line upon line*, (2) beginning with a complimentary title and a conceded power of arbitration, passing on from this to intrusive admonitions, and ending in a tyrannical usurpation; till this terminated, as a natural development, in 'that allegiance which the Jesuits seek to establish unto the Romish Church,' and which Jackson—the sound-minded, deep-thinking Jackson—does not hesitate to pronounce, upon 'irrefragable demonstrations,' to be 'a solemn apostacy from Christ; and the belief of it to be the very abstract of sorcery, the utmost degree of Antichristianism that can be expected;' (3)—in which they make it, in their own words, 'sacrilege, to dispute of his fact; heresy, to doubt of his power; paganism, to disobey him; blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, to do or speak against his decrees and canons; and, that which is most horrible presumption, not to go to the devil after him without any grudging.—'Oh, shameful and sinful subjection,' exclaims Bilson, 'such as Lucifer himself never offered the bond-slaves of hell!' (4)

(1) Field, book v., Epistle to the Reader, p. 407.

[1] See a very strong passage, Treatise on the Suprem., vol. i. p. 744, Sup. vii. 9.

[2] Regni Anzatiæ Religio, cap. iv.

[3] True Differ., p. 223.

[4] Ibid., Preface.

[5] Bull, Corrupt. of Church of Rome, sec. i., vol. ii. p. 243.

(6) Ibid., s. ii., p. 248-9.

(2) For an historical account of the degrees and practices by which the bishops of Rome attained their greatness, see Bishop Overall's Convoc. Book, b. iii., c. 2, &c.

(3) Preface to Book iii.

(4) Bishop Bilson. See these assertions confirmed in Bishop Bilson's work by quotations. True Differ., sec. v. p. 230; and Patrick's Devot. of the Romish Ch., p. 217.

V. With this deep sense of the Christian duty of maintaining the independence of national churches, with this affectionate loyalty to their civil governors, and this firm conviction of the blessings of their own Mother Church of England, it is scarcely necessary to inquire what was the language of our divines on the English Reformation. As if they could not be too thankful for its blessing, or to its authors, under God, they scarcely ever mentioned it without some expression of admiration. It is with Jackson, that 'discreet and judicious,' 'that happy Reformation;' (1) with Hall, 'that blessed Reformation;' with Sanderson, a Reformation 'without constraint of precipitancy, freely and advisedly,' and 'brought to a happy end;' (2) with Hooker, wonderfully marked 'by Divine grace and favour,' and 'God's miraculous workings.'

'What can we less conclude,' he says, 'than that the thing which he so blesseth, defendeth, keepeth so strangely, cannot choose but be of him? Wherefore, if any refuse to believe us disputing for the verity of religion established, let them believe God himself thus miraculously working for it, and wish life, even for ever and ever, unto that glorious and sacred Instrument whereby he worketh.' (3)

'I earnestly exhort you,' says Ken, 'to a uniform zeal for the Reformation, that as, blessed be God, you are happily reformed in your faith, and in your worship, you would become wholly reformed in your lives.' (4)

'Its characters or discriminative remarks,' says Hammond, 'are principally two—one, the conforming all our doctrines to the primitive antiquity, receiving all genuine apostolical traditions for our rule both in matters of faith and government; the other in uniting that *καλὴν συνορίαν*, fair, beautiful pair of Faith and Works, in the same degree of necessity and conditionality, both to our justification and salvation; and to all the good works of justice and mercy which the Romanist speaks of, adjoining that other most eminent one of humility; attributing nothing to ourselves, when we have done all, but all to the glory of the mercy and grace of God, purchased for us by Christ.' (5)

And so of the Reformers themselves—'those illustrious men,' says Bishop Andrews, 'never to be mentioned without the deepest reverence, whose services God employed in the restoration of religion.' (6) So Jackson: 'the sage and reverend reformers of our

Church.' (1) So Stillingfleet: 'such holy, learned, and excellent men, as our first reformers; men of so great integrity, such indefatigable industry, such profound judgment.' (2) So Hickes: 'the reformers were as eminent for virtue and learning as any of that age; their judgment was and is approved by millions of Christians.' (3) So Bishop Morton: 'that goodly vine, which many Paula, the industrious bishops and pastors, have planted by preaching; and many Apollos', the faithful martyrs of Christ, have watered with their blood.' (4) So Sanderson: 'our godly forefathers, to whom (under God) we owe the purity of our religion.' (5) So Bishop Nicholson, of Cranmer: 'that glorious martyr of our Church.' (6) So Brett, also of Cranmer: 'truly styled that great reformer and glorious martyr—that great man and glorious martyr, who was the first and chief instrument in our happy Reformation.' (7) So Bishop Bull of Latimer: 'martyr constantissimus . . . sanctissimus . . . beatissimus pater.' (8) So Bishop Hall: 'the composers of it (the Liturgy), we still glory to say, were "holy martyrs and confessors of the blessed Reformation of religion;" and if any rude hand have dared to cast a foul aspersion on any of them, he is none of the tribe I plead for; I leave him to the reward of his own merits.' (9) So the University of Oxford would not hear of a new Reformation, nor yield 'the cause which our godly bishops and martyrs, and all our learned divines, ever since the Reformation, have both by their writings and sufferings maintained.' (10) So Bancroft: 'they were most learned men, and many of them godly martyrs, who were the chief penners and approvers of the Communion Book in King Edward's time.' (11) So Whitgift, of the same first compilers: 'they were singular learned men, zealous in God's religion, blameless in life, and martyrs at their end.' (12) And so Bishop Taylor:

'The zeal which Archbishop Grindal, Bishop Ridley, Dr. Taylor, and other, the holy martyrs and confessors in Queen Mary's time, expressed for this excellent liturgy, before and at the time of their death, defending it by their disputations, adorning it by their practice, and sealing it with

(1) Vol. iii., pp. 685, 691.

(2) Preface to Sermons, vol. i., s. 15.

(3) Book iv., s. 14.

(4) Sermon on Passion Sunday, at Whitehall.

(5) Hammond, *Parænesis*, ch. ii. sec. 25, vol. i., p. 378.

(6) *Illustres illi viri, nec unquam sine summâ honoris præfatione nominandi. Concio ad Cler. pro gradu Doct., Opuscula*, p. 25.

(1) Book x. c. 39, vol. iii., p. 187.

(2) Unreasonableness of Separat. vol. ii. p. 473

(3) Vol. i., of Cont. Lett. p. 219.

(4) Defence of Ceremonies, Epistle.

(5) Preface to Sermons, vol. i., s. 15.

(6) Apology, p. 102.

(7) On Church Govern., pp. 100, 104.

(8) Works, vol. iv., pp. 428, 457, 459.

(9) Defence of Remonstrance, vol. x. p. 298.

(10) Oxford Reasons, sec. 3.

(11) Survey, p. 357.

(12) Defence, pp. 710, 711.

their bloods, are arguments which ought to recommend it to all the sons of the Church of England for ever, infinitely to be valued beyond all the little whispers and murmurs of argument pretended against it.' (1)

Not only in this, but in many other points, is their language respecting the Reformation worthy of attention, and imitation by ourselves.

In the first place they do not boast of it with thoughtless exultation. It was a rent, or rather the occasion of a rent in the one undivided garment of Christ's church. It was a publication, and in some sort a condemnation, of the sins of the sister church. And in neither of these lights can it be viewed by a truly Christian mind without sorrow.

'As our separation,' says Archbishop Bramhall, 'is from their errors, not from their churches; so we do it with as much inward charity and moderation of our affections as we can possibly; willingly indeed in respect of their errors, and especially their tyrannical exactions and usurpations, but unwillingly and with reluctance in respect of their persons, and much more in respect of our common Saviour. As if we were to depart from our father's or our brother's house, or rather from some contagious sickness where-with it was infected. Not forgetting to pray God daily to restore them to their former purity, that they and we may once again enjoy the comfort and contentment of one another's Christian society.' (2)

But with this prayer they coupled no regret that peace had been sacrificed to truth.

'Luther,' says Jackson, 'and all that followed him, did well, in preferring a most just, most necessary, and sacred war, before a most unjust and shamefully execrable peace; a peace, no peace, but a banding in open rebellion against the supreme Lord of heaven and earth, and his sacred laws, given for the perpetual government of mankind throughout their generations.' (3)

They believed that the Reformation 'was a reformation, and not as our adversaries blasphemously traduce it, an heretical innovation.' (4) They had studied history far deeper than we have, and knew that that which was done 'was long before wished for, expected, and foretold by the best men that lived in former times in the corrupt state of the Church.' (5)

Was reformation not necessary?

'No tongue,' says Field, using the words of Gerson, 'is able sufficiently to express what evil,

what danger, what confusion, the contempt of Holy Scripture and the following of human inventions hath brought into the Church. So that the state of the Church is become merely brutish and monstrous; heaven is below, and the earth above; the spirit obeyeth, and the flesh commandeth. . . . That the Evangelical Doctrine is not wholly fallen, and utterly overthrown, and extinct, is the great mercy of our God and Saviour.' (1)

Was reformation not to be longed and prayed for?

'You adore,' says Bishop Bilson, 'the creatures of bread and wine instead of Christ; you break the Lord's institution with your private and half communions; you pray in a strange tongue, that the people understand not; you keep the simple from reading the word of God, and make them bow their knees to painted and carved images; you join nature with grace, man's merits with God's mercies, unwritten verities with holy Scriptures, your own satisfactions with the blood of Christ; you take rent of stewes and dispense with incests; you set to sale the devotions, discipline, keys, and canons of your church, yea the very sins and souls of men; and when we wish for the reformation of these pestilent errors, and heinous impieties, you say we blaspheme.' (2)

They unite in one common voice in declaring, that of the schism, not the Church and State of England, but

'the Church and Court of Rome are guilty—by intruding erroneous doctrines and superstitious practices, as the conditions of her communion; by adding articles of faith which are contrary to the plain rule of faith, and repugnant to the sense of the truly Catholic, and not the Roman Church; by intolerable encroachments and usurpations upon the liberties and privileges of particular churches, under a vain pretence of universal pastorship; by forcing men—if they would not damn their souls by sinning against their consciences in approving the errors and corruptions of the Roman Church—to join together for the solemn worship of God according to the rule of Scripture and practice of the primitive church; suspending communion with that church till those abuses and corruptions be redressed.' (3)

If we—in our comparative ignorance of history—are troubled with the seeming and sometimes real anomalies inseparable from such a convulsion of society, they also were aware of them, but knew how to explain them, and to bear them patiently, without compromising the character of their church, or undervaluing the merits of those great

[1] Preface to Apology for Authorized Form, vol. vii., p. 291.

[2] *Just Vindict*, vi., p. 100.

[3] B. 2. c. xxvii., a. 3, vol. i., p. 315.

[4] Field, b. iii., c. 12, p. 92. (2) *Idem*, p. 813.

(1) B. iii. p. 90.

(2) *True Difference*, p. 6; see Bramhall, *Just Vind.*, p. 92.

[3] *Stillfleet*, vol. iv. p. 325.

and holy men by whom the work, under God's Providence, was accomplished.

'We cannot doubt,' says Sanderson, 'but that the business of the Reformation under him [King Edward VI.] was carried on with such mixture of private ends, and other human frailties and affections, as are usually incident unto the enterprising of great affairs . . . that such sacrileges were acted, and that under the name and pretence of reformation, as have cast a very foul blemish upon our very religion, especially in the eyes of our adversaries, who have ever showed themselves forward enough to impute the faults of the persons to the profession. And under the same pretence of reformation were also masked all the bloodshed, mischiefs, and outrages committed by Kett and his seditious rabble in the same king's reign. . . . Now what defects or excesses there might be in the Reformation of religion and the Church within these realms during the reigns of King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., and Queen Elizabeth, it doth not become me, neither is it needful, to examine. But sure it is, they that had the managery of those affairs were ἀποσταλεις ἡμῶν, made of the same clay with other men, subject to the same infirmities and passions.' (1)

Yet all this does not prevent the same wise and humble bishop from confessing that

'it was a very pious care, and of singular example in so young a prince,' (that "religious and godly young king," as he elsewhere calls him), 'to intend, and endeavour the reformation of religion and the church within his realms; nor from acknowledging "the good providence of Almighty God in raising him up to become so blessed an instrument of his glory and our good;" nor from concluding that "we have far greater cause to bless God that in their then reformation in very many things they did not a great deal worse, than to blame them that in some few things they did not a little better than they have done."' (2)

'If Henry VIII. had any private, sinister grounds,' says Bramhall, 'they do not render the Reformation one jot the worse in itself, but only prove that he proceeded not uprightly, which concerneth him, not us.' (3)

'No man who truly understands the English Reformation,' says King Charles, 'will derive it from Henry VIII., for he only gave the occasion.' (4)

Englishmen of the present time may be inclined to complain of the turbulence of the Reformation. But, says King Charles, in common with the greatest divines,

'No one thing made me more reverence the Reformation of my mother the Church of England, than that it was done (according to the apostles' defence—Acts xxiv. 18,) *neither with multitude nor with tumult*, but legally and orderly, and by those whom I conceive to have the reforming power, which, with many other inducements, made me always confident that the work was very perfect as to essentials.' (1)

If the Church remonstrated too faintly against the plunder of her property, Andrewes apologises for the

'error of those illustrious men, never to be mentioned without the deepest reverence, whose services God employed in the restoration of religion, and who, too anxious for the restoration of the doctrine, paid less attention to the patrimony of the Church, and said almost as the king of Sodom said to Abraham, "Give us the souls, and take the goods to thyself."' (2)

Even as to the plunder of the Church property, and the violent suppression of monasteries, Bishop Andrewes, and Jackson with him, do not scruple to say that the former had increased to an excess, 'excreverat in immensum,' and that the latter in too many instances 'had become nothing less than monasteries, but rather lurking holes of sloth and wickedness, "desidiæ, nequitiasque latibula;" and that the crime was not so much in taking from the Church superfluous wealth, "nimium quod erat, quod modum excessit," as in not transferring it to pious and charitable uses.' (3)

Our old divines, understanding truly and deeply the relative rights and operations of the Church and the State, could distinguish between the part which our princes, and that which the clergy bore, in a Reformation, of which the essence was at once 'to cast off the Pope's usurpation, and, as much as lay in the Church, to restore the king to his right' (4). In the former part indeed of the schism England was active. It did cast off and reject a yoke which had been laid upon it. But how little can those men know of history—even of the history of their own country—who require to be told that this yoke had never been formally submitted to; that the laws denying the papal supremacy were only declaratory; that, instead of re-

[1] *Episcopacy not Prejud.*, S. iii. s. xvii. xix. xx.; so Laud, *Confer. with Fisher*, p. 101; and Stillingfleet, *Disc. concerning Idolatry*, Ep. Ded., Works, vol. v. p. 265.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] *Bramhall's Just Vindicat.*, p. 240.

[4] *King Charles's Works*, p. 164.

[1] *Papers between King Charles and Hender-son, Works*, p. 156, vol. i. s. xv. See also Stillingfleet, *Div. Right of Ch. Gov. examined*, Works, vol. ii. p. 396.

[2] *Concio ad Clerum pro Gradu Doct. Opuscula*, p. 25.

[3] *Respon. ad Apolog. Bellarm.*, c. 6, pp. 137, 172; Jackson, vol. iii. p. 686.

[4] *Laud, Confer. with Fisher*, p. 100.

ceding from the practices and principles of our ancestors, they only confirmed them; that in this point at least the State had been, as Field declares and elaborately proves of the Church, from the beginning Protestant. (1) There are indeed men so docile and gentle, so fearful of offending against anything which seems to be tolerated by God, or to be a punishment of his providence, that they would hesitate to resist even an unjust power once established, lest it should prove rebellion. But this question of the providential right of popery has been satisfactorily answered by Kettlewell, (2) from the decisions of the ancient as well as of the English Church. And Bramhall, with the concurrent voice of our greatest lawyers, after enumerating all the ecclesiastical powers and privileges possessed and exercised by the Kings of England from time immemorial, will satisfy them that there is no new act in the secular part of the Reformation :—

‘What did King Henry VIII. in effect more than this? He forbade all suits to the court of Rome by proclamation, which Sanders calls the beginning of the schism; divers statutes did the same. He excluded the Pope’s legates; so did the law of the land, without the king’s special license. He forbade appeals to Rome; so did his predecessors many ages before him. He took away the Pope’s dispensations; what did he in that but restore the English bishops to their ancient rights, and the laws of the country, with the canons of the fathers, to their vigour? He challenged and assumed a political supremacy over ecclesiastical persons in ecclesiastical causes; so did Edward the Confessor govern the Church as the Vicar of God in his own kingdom; so did his predecessors hold their crowns, as immediately subjected to God, not subjected to the Pope. On the other side, the Pope by our English laws could neither reward freely, nor punish freely, neither whom, nor where, nor when he thought fit, but by the consent or connivance of the State. He could neither do justice in England by the legates without controlment, nor call Englishmen to Rome without the King’s license. Here is small appearance of a good legal prescription; nor any pregnant signs of any sovereign power and jurisdiction, by undoubted right, and so evident uncontroverted a title as is pretended.’ [3]

And so ‘the learned’ Sir Roger Twisden,

closing that elaborate historical proof of the same facts which Hammond (1) refers to as a ‘full and satisfactory’ account :—

‘Thus was religion reformed, and thus by the Queen established in England, without either motion, or seeking of any new way not practised by our ancestors, but using the same courses had been formerly traced out unto them for stopping profaneness and impiety, whenever they peeped in the Church. And certainly, to my understanding, there can be none that will with indifference look upon those times, but he must [however he mislike the thing done] approve the manner of doing it.’ (2)

Neither in the purely ecclesiastical part of the Reformation did the Church of England commit any act of schism: for schism is the denial of a lawful, not of an unlawful, authority :

‘And the Pope’s Vicarship to Christ,’ says Bishop Bilson, ‘must be proved by stronger and plainer evidence than yet you have showed, before we may grant it. As to his Patriarchship, by God’s law he hath none: in this realm for 600 years after Christ he had none; for the last 600, as looking to greater matters, he would have none; above or against the sword which God hath ordained, he can have none; to the subversion of the faith and oppression of his brethren, in reason, right, and equity, he should have none. You must seek farther for subjection to his tribunal: this land oweth him none.’ (3)

We did indeed claim the right of acting as a free and independent Church—‘*αὐτόνομος, αυτοκεφαλός, ανυπευθυνος*,’—‘fortified with its own privileges, supported on its own pillars, subject to no foreign tribunal;’ (4) but we were not guilty of ‘that injurious uncharitableness and presumption to shut those out from the Church of Christ who can truly plead their just claims for their undoubted interest in that holy society.’ ‘Amongst whom,’ continues Bishop Hall, ‘we can confidently say, all the water of Tiber cannot wash the Church of Rome from the heinous guilt of this double crime.’ (5) We did not excommunicate Rome, but Rome excommunicated us. ‘We that were cast out,’ says Hammond, ‘cannot be said to be separate.’ (6)

Again—do men complain that the legislature took part in modelling our formularies? Bishop Taylor thought it

[1] Field, p. 886. See also the whole of the Appendix to his third book, which Thorndike allows has never been answered, ‘proving that the Latin church was and continued a true orthodox and Protestant church, and that the maintainers of Romish errors were only a faction in the same at the time of Luther’s appearing.’ So Usher’s Treatise on the Religion of the Ancient Irish.

[2] Works, vol. ii. p. 259.

[3] Bramhall, Just Vind., tome i. Disc. ii. c. 4, p. 77.

[1] Works, vol. ii. p. 211.

[2] Historical Vindication, ch. ix. s. 30, p. 196.

[3] True Differ., p. 235. See Hammond, Of Schism, vol. i. c. 4, *et seq.*

[4] Hammond, Epist. Præfat. ad Dissertationem. 4, contra Blondell.

[5] The Peace-Maker, s. iv., vol. vii., p. 51.

[6] Of Schism, vol. i., p. 366.

'no small advantage to our liturgy that it was the offspring of all that authority which was to prescribe in matters of religion; that 'the king and the priest, which are the *antistites religionis*, and the preservers of both the tables, joined in this work; and the people, as it was represented in parliament, were advised withal. . . . And then, as it had the advantages of discourse, so also of authorities—its reason from one, and its sanction from the other, that it might be both reasonable, and sacred, and free, not only from the indiscretions, but (which is very considerable) from the scandal of popularity.' (1)

'In the reformation which came after,' says Laud, 'our princes had their parts, and the clergy theirs; and to these two principally the power and direction for reformation belongs. That our princes had their parts is manifest by their calling together of the bishops and others of the clergy, to consider of that which might seem worthy of reformation. And the clergy did their part: for being thus called together by regal power, they met in the National Synod of sixty-two; and the articles there agreed on were afterwards confirmed by Acts of State, and the Royal assent.' (2)

Is it complained that the reform was negative?

Laud continues in the same place,—

'In this Synod the positive truths which are delivered are more than the polemics: so that a mere calumny it is that we profess only a negative religion. True it is, and we must thank Rome for it, our confession must needs contain some negatives. For we cannot but deny that images are to be adored; nor can we admit maimed sacraments; nor grant prayers in an unknown tongue. And, in a corrupt time or place, it is as necessary in religion to deny falsehood, as to assert and vindicate truth. Indeed, this latter can hardly be well and sufficiently done but by the former; an affirmative verity being ever included in the negative to a falsehood.'

'For the subject of Reformation,' says Bramhall, 'as it was not other Churches but their own . . . so it was not Articles of Faith, but it was of corruptions, which were added of later times, by removing that hay and stubble which the Romanists had heaped upon the foundation. Always observing that rule of Vincentius Lyrinensis, to call nothing in question which hath been believed always, everywhere, and by all Christians. Yea, further, these turbulent persons who have attempted to innovate anything in saving faith, who upon their arising were censured and condemned by the Universal Church, we reckon as nobody, nor doth their opposition hinder a full consent. Hence it is that the Romanists do call our religion a negative religion. Because in all the controversies

between us and them we maintain the negative, that is we go as far as we dare, or can, with warrant from the Holy Scriptures and the Primitive Church, and leave them in their excesses, or those inventions which themselves have added. But in the mean time they forget that we maintain all those articles and truths which are contained in any of the ancient creeds of the Church, which I hope are more than negatives.' (1)

If some things are missed from our liturgy which may be found in the ancient Church, where they might be used without danger of abuse, Hooker, and with him, one after another, the greatest authorities, will unanimously reply,—

'True it is that neither councils nor customs, be they never so ancient and so general, can let the Church from taking away that thing which is hurtful to be retained. Where things have been instituted, which, being convenient and good at the first, do afterward in process of time wax otherwise, we make no doubt but they may be altered, yea, though councils or customs general have received them.' (2)

Are our services thought too informal?

'If Mr. Mason,' says Bramhall, 'did commend the wisdom of the English Church, for paring away superfluous ceremonies in ordination, he did well. Ceremonies are advancements of order, decency, modesty, and gravity in the service of God, expressions of those heavenly desires and dispositions which we ought to bring along with us to God's house, adjuncts of attention and devotion, furtherances of edification, visible instructors, helps of memory, exercises of faith, the shell that preserves the kernel of religion from contempt, the leaves that defend the blossoms and the fruit; but, if they grow over thick and rank, they hinder the fruit from coming to maturity, and then the gardener plucks them off. . . . When ceremonies become burthensome by excessive superfluity, or unlawful ceremonies are obtruded, or the substance of divine worship is placed in circumstances, or the service of God is more respected for human ornaments than for the divine ordinance, it is high time to pare away excesses, and reduce things to the ancient mean. These fathers are quite out when they make it lawful at sometimes to add, but never to pare away: yet we have pared away nothing which is either prescribed or practised by the true Catholic Church. If our ancestors have pared away any such things out of any mistake (which we do not believe), let it be made appear evidently to us, and we are more ready to welcome it again at the fore-door, than our ancestors were to cast it out at

(1) Preface to Apology for Set Forms, vol. vii., p. 286.

(2) Conf. with Fisher, § 24, p. 100. See Stillfleet's Vindict., vol. iv., part ii. ch. 4.

(1) Bramhall, Protestant's Ordination Defended, 1017, 1018, tome iv., D. vii. See also Dodwell's Reply to Six Queries; and Sir H. Lynde's Via Tuta, 12mo., 1628, p. 75.

(2) Hooker, b. iv., s. 14, p. 502.

the back-door.'—*Errare possumus, hæretici esse nolumus.* (1)

Is a jealousy entertained of the influence of the foreign reformation?

If the Church of England did join, as Bishop Taylor says, to their own star 'all the shining tapers of the other reformed churches, calling for the advice of the most eminently learned and zealous reformers in other kingdoms, that the light of all together might show them a clear path to walk in,' (2) is this a fault? Or, rather, is it not a wonderful proof of strength and wisdom, that, with willingness to consult, (3) there was independence to refrain from submitting to any other rule than 'that word of God and ancient judgment of Christ's Church,' (4) 'in whose steps the reformed Church of England hath trodden, in her doctrine and discipline legally constituted.' (5)

Of Luther, indeed, and Calvin, our great divines uniformly speak with respect.

'Touching Luther,' says Field, 'we answer that he was a most worthy divine, as the world had any in those times wherein he lived, or in many ages before; and that, for the clearing of sundry points of greatest moment in our Christian profession, much obscured and entangled before, with the intricate disputes of the schoolmen and Romish sophisters, (as of the power of nature, of free will, grace, justification, the difference of the law and the gospel, faith and works, Christian liberty, and the like,) all succeeding ages shall ever be bound to honour his happy memory.'

And then apologising for the variations and errors in his doctrine:—

'Let not our adversaries,' he concludes, 'insult upon Luther, for that he saw not all the abominations of popery at the first; but let them rather consider of, and yield to the reasonableness of the request, which in the preface of his works he maketh to all Christian and well-minded readers, to wit, that they would read his books and writings with judgment, and with much commiseration, and remember that he was sometime a friar, nourished in the errors of the Romish church, so that it was more painful to him to forget those things he had formerly ill-learned, than to learn anew that which is good.' (6)

'A founder it had,' says Hooker, writing

(1) Consecrat. of Protest. Bishops Defended, p. 488, tome i., D. 5.

(2) Preface to Apology for Set Forms, vol. vii., p. 287.

(3) See Preface to Dr. Cardwell's Liturgies of Edward VI., note, p. xxvii.

(4) Bilson, True Differ., Part iii. p. 545.

(5) Bishop Nicholson, Apology for Discipline, Epist. to Reader.

(6) B. 3, c. 42, p. 166.

in condemnation of the discipline of Calvin, 'whom, for mine own part, I think incomparably the wisest man that ever the French church did enjoy, since the hour it enjoyed him.' (1) 'Calvin I truly honour,' says Bishop Bilson, 'for his great gifts and pains in the Church of God; but I may not take him for the founder of Christian religion, and therefore where he dissenteth from the worthy pillars of Christ's Church I dissent from him.' (2) 'Mr. Calvin,' says Bishop Morton, 'is always worthy of the first place among the innumerable company of late divines.' (3)

'Worthy instruments,' says Sanderson, 'they were both of them of God's glory, and such as did excellent service to the Church in their times, whereof we yet find the benefit; and we are unthankful if we do not bless God for it; and therefore it is an unsavoury thing for any man to gird at their names, whose memories ought to be precious. But yet, were they not men?' (4)

And while we of this day acknowledge that they were men, and can see more clearly the sad effects of their faults and errors, it may be humble and pious for us also to guard against any intemperance of censure; anything unbecoming that respect which Christians owe to those whom God has blessed with great gifts, and made instruments in great designs.

Of the foreign Protestant reformers generally Field thus speaks, in a passage where he disclaims, in the most energetic manner, either sympathy or communion with 'all sectaries whatsoever':—

'It so fell out by the happy providence of God, and force of that main truth they all sought to advance, that there was no material or essential difference amongst them, but such as, upon equal scanning, will be found rather to consist in the divers manner of expressing one thing, and to be but verbal upon mistaking, through the hasty and inconsiderate humours of some men, than anything else. Yea, I dare confidently pronounce, that after due and full examination of each other's meaning, there shall be no difference found touching the matter of the sacrament, the ubiquitary presence, or the like, between the churches reformed by Luther's ministry in Germany and other places, and those whom some men's malice called Sacramentaries; that none of the differences between Melancthon and Illyricus, except about certain ceremonies, were real; that Hosiander held no private opinion of justification, howsoever his

(1) Preface to Eccl. Pol., s. 2, p. 129.

(2) Sufferings of Christ, p. 267; so also p. 77, and Perpetual Govern., p. 282.

(3) Defence of Ceremon., p. 87.

(4) Ad Populum, Serm. 7th, vol. i. p. 295.

strange manner of speaking gave occasion to many so to think and conceive. And this shall be justified against the proudest Papist of them all.' (1)

And such is the general language of the English divines. They claimed and acted upon their own liberty; but they did this in a respectful and kindly spirit towards those who were engaged in the same battle with themselves against a common enemy, with far less advantages, and, as we have lived to see, with far greater risk to the cause of Christian truth among them, because they were deprived by God of our two great blessings, a monarchical and an episcopal reformation.

But whatever were their personal feelings towards the foreign reformers, Luther and Calvin were not the authors nor the modellers of our English Reformation. 'Melancthon, indeed,' says Heylin, 'states that he was sent for by Edward VI., but was stayed on some occasion, and, had he come, had come too late to have had any share in the Reformation, the articles of the Church being passed, the liturgy reviewed and settled in the year before.' 'Calvin offered his assistance to Cranmer; but Cranmer,' pursues Heylin, 'knew the man, and refused the offer, and he did very wisely in it.' Peter Martyr and Bucer were 'placed at Oxford and Cambridge, rather as private doctors, than any way made use of in the Reformation.'

'God,' concludes the same historian, 'certainly had so disposed it in his heavenly wisdom; that so this Church, without respect unto the names and dictates of particular doctors, might found its reformation on the prophets and apostles only, according to the explications and traditions of the ancient fathers; and, being so founded in itself, without respect to any of the differing parties, might in succeeding ages sit as judge between them, as being more inclinable by her constitution to mediate a peace amongst them, than to espouse the quarrel of either side.' (2)

[1] Book iii., chap. 42, p. 165. So Andrews, *Ad Bellarm. Apolog. Resp.*, p. 328. For the agreement of the Reformed Churches concerning the Sacrament of the Eucharist, see Bishop Cosin's *History of Transubstantiation*, c. ii.

[2] *Ecclesia Vindic.*, part ii. pp. 68, 69. It is not necessary to inquire how far the foreign reformers really influenced the Reformation. (See Preface to Dr. Cardwell's *Liturgies of Edward VI.*) Some influence they must have possessed, though evidently less [see especially notes, pp. 14 and 27] than is sometimes asserted, when it is wished to disparage the Reformation. The fact that the di-

It may be, that some 'Lutheran or Calvinian fancies crept into the writings of private men, but they were not decrees of the Church.' (1) It may be, that crimes were committed, and principles put forth under cover, as it were, of a new spirit rising up; but the same men who opposed popery opposed dissent as earnestly; and there is not a crime or principle of dissent which had not previously been sanctioned by the old spirit of popery, and grew out of it as a legitimate development. Violent transferences of Church property, insult to the civil magistrate, overthrow of episcopacy, tampering with the sacraments, subjection of ecclesiastics to lay canonists and chancellors, departure from primitive antiquity, disrespect to the fathers, these and other excesses of the kind, which those who do not understand the affinity between popery and dissent charge upon the Reformation, are in reality to be charged upon popery. Popery had prepared the soil and sown the seeds, and by express missionaries had matured them and called them out, and the harvest is its. (2)

And it may be that evils have followed since the Reformation, which, from a neglect of history, we are unable to balance with the evils which preceded it. But to follow in point of time, and as cause and effect are two different things—

'Our Reformation,' says Bramhall, 'is just as much the cause of the ruin of our Church and commonwealth as the building of Tenterden steeple was the cause of Goodwin's sands, or the ruin of the country thereabouts, because they happened both much about the same time.

"Careat successibus opto."
May he ever want success who judgeth of actions by the event! Our Reformation hath ruin-

vines of the seventeenth century repudiate any such interference, when incompatible with true Catholic principles, as much as we should, and consider the Reformation free from censure on this head, is all that it is wished to point out. Thus Andrews: 'Calvinistæ convitium, protritum jam est. Nemo hic addictus jurare in verba illius. Tanti est, quanti rationes quas affert pro se, nec pluris.' Tort. Torti, p. 309. And again, *Resp. ad Apolog.* p. 162. So Hickes: 'Luther was none of our Reformers;' 'Ours and the Lutheran are different Reformation.' *Controv. Letters*, vol. i. p. 44. And Hammond: 'I must tell you that the Church of England always disclaimed the being called by the names, or owning the dissensions of Lutheran and Calvinist, and professeth only the maintaining of the primitive Catholic faith, and to have no father on earth to impute their faith to.' *View of the Apol. for the Infallibility of the Church of Rome*, vol. ii. p. 621.

[1] *Ibid.*

[2] Brett, *Church Government*, *passim*.

ed the faith, just as the plucking up of weeds in a garden ruins the good herbs. It hath ruined the Church, just as a body full of superfluous and vicious humours is ruined by a healthful purgation. It hath ruined the commonwealth, just as pruning of the vine ruins the elm. No, no, Sir! Our sufferings for the faith, for the Church, for the monarchy, do proclaim us innocent to all the world of the ruin either of faith, or Church, or monarchy. . . . It is your new Roman creed that hath ruined the faith. It is your papal court that hath ruined the Church. It is your new doctrines of the Pope's omnipotence over temporal persons, in order unto spiritual ends, of absolving subjects from their oaths of allegiance, of exempting the clergy from secular jurisdiction, of the lawfulness of murdering tyrants and excommunicated princes, of equivocation and the like, that first infected the world, to the danger of civil government.' (1)

VI. And now, when, wearied and unsatisfied with the coldness, and worse than coldness, into which as individuals we may have sunk, (not by following the Church of England, but by neglecting and despising her,) young and ardent minds have been led to think that another reformation may be needful; let them learn from our great and good father of the English Church, what are the principles to be adhered to in such a 'going on to perfection,' and there will be no fear either of Popery, or of heresy, or of schism.

In the first place, our Reformation was safe and good, because it proceeded upon an old and existing foundation. It did not startle men's minds by some sudden proclamation that the system under which they were living was to be abandoned; that the ground on which they trod was hollow; it did not commence upon the principle of unsettling their attachment to their church as it existed, even with all its corruptions. Unsettlement there was, and must be with every change: but it was not aimed at; it was strenuously resisted, even in thought, by the authors of our Reformation:—

'They dealt,' says Bishop Bull, 'with our Church as they did with our temples or material churches. They did not pull them down, and raise new structures in their places; no, nor so much as new consecrate the old ones; but only removed the objects and occasions of idolatrous worship; (at least out of the more open and conspicuous places,) and took away some little superstitious trinkets, in other things leaving them as they found them, and

freely, and without scruple, making use of them.' (1)

'The Church of England,' as Jackson describes her, 'was not willing to dissent from the Romish Church, save only in matters of great consequence.' (2)

So Bramhall, eulogizing her moderation in the same proceedings,—

'It is a rule in prudence, not to remove an ill custom when it is well settled, unless it bring great prejudices. . . . Needless alteration doth diminish the venerable esteem of religion, and lessen the credit of ancient truths. Break ice in one place, and it will crack in more. Crooked sticks, by bending straight, are sometimes broken into two.' (3)

So Andrewes:

'Ubi mutatum quid, id eo factum, quod in riu vestro discessum est à casto integroque Dei cultu; et quod "ab initio non fuit sic." (4)

And giving this praise to the Reformation, and believing, as our divines did, that the Church of England is 'the most excellently instructed with a body of true articles, and doctrines of holiness, with a discipline material and prudent, with a government apostolical, with everything that could instruct or adorn a Christian church' (5)—what would have induced them, were they now living, to contemplate any change in her system, which would be felt or perceived to be a change, and not a natural development and practical application of principles already acknowledged? What would they have thought to hear young men—full of earnestness and zeal indeed, but only just awakened by the teaching of others, and as yet unlearned themselves—as Whitgift describes the Puritans, 'so far from acknowledging this singular and unspeakable benefit [the purity of religion taught in the Church of England, and, not least, of its establishment by the State,] proceeding from the mere mercy of God; so far from being thankful for the same, from desiring the continuance of it with hearty prayers,—seeking rather to obscure it, and to deface it, because in certain accidental points they have not their fantasies and proper devices?' (6)

[1] Bull, *Vindicat.*, sec. 26, vol. ii. p. 210.

[2] Jackson, vol. ii. p. 529.

[3] Bramhall, *Answer to De la Milière*, p. 29.

[4] Tortura Torti, p. 309.

[5] Bishop Taylor, *Preface to the Doctrine of Repentance*, vol. viii. p. 244.

[6] Whitgift, *Preface to the Defence of the Answer*, fol. 1574.

[1] *Answer to De la Milière*, tome i, Disc. i. p. 30.

Surely anything which encourages such a spirit ought to be carefully avoided; all needless complaints; all suggestions of possible changes under more favourable circumstances, which only irritate and discontent, however the intimation may be guarded; all disposition to regard the Church that bore us, critically and curiously, by a standard other than her own; all despondency as to her prospects; all censure of her own authorised character, as distinct from warnings to individuals.

'Dearly beloved,' says Jackson, 'let us, in the bowels of Christ Jesus, I beseech you, content ourselves with the Reformation already established by authority. It is no time to sally out against the adversary in single bands or scattered companies; but rather with the joint forces of our united affections, of prayers, and endeavours, either to batter the foundation of their Churches' walls, or manfully to defend our own; keeping ourselves within the bounds wherunto authority hath confined us.' (1)

'Never,' says Bramhall, speaking of Grotius's plan of reconciliation—'never were there any genuine sons of the Church of England who thought upon any change either in doctrine or discipline.' (2).

'Surely,' says Hooker, 'I cannot find any great cause of just complaint that good laws have so much been wanting unto us, as we to them. To seek reformation of evil laws is a commendable endeavour; but for us the more necessary is a speedy redress of ourselves. We have on all sides lost much of our first fervency towards God; and therefore concerning our own degenerated ways, we have reason to exhort with St. Gregory, *ὅτι ἡμεῖς γενόμεθα*, let us return again unto that which we sometimes were; but touching the exchange of laws in practice with laws in device, which they say are better for the state of the church, if they might take place, the farther we examine them, the greater cause we find to conclude, *μένουν ὅτι ἐσμέν*, though we continue the same we are, the harm is not great.' (3)

VII. Secondly, the divines of the seventeenth century were placed by Providence, like ourselves, to contend against the principles of sectarianism and dissent, which cover themselves under the common name of Protestant. But this never made them either insensible to those seeds of good, of which, as in every case of error, those errors were the rank and unchecked growth; nor distrustful of the name of Protestants; nor suspicious of the safety of their own ground, on which, in the deluge of evil which Popery

had spread around them, so many creeping things and noxious animals had come to seek shelter by their side, with them, but not of them. They did not think to check puritanism by encouraging Popery. Rather they knew that both are, under different forms, one and the same spirit of evil—here gathered into a tyranny—there let loose in a democracy; and that they could not depart from the straight path of their own blessed Church, without involving themselves in a circle, in which, step by step, they would unconsciously return back to the very point from which they were flying.

'Redit labor actus in orbem,
Atque in se sua per vestigia volvitur error.'

'He,' says Hooker, again and again, 'that will take away extreme heat, by setting the body in extremity of cold, shall undoubtedly remove the disease, but together with it the diseased too.' (1) 'And if,' as Jackson says, 'to oppose the Romish Church by way of contrariety, is but to seek the overthrow of a tyranny by the erection of an anarchy,' (2) to oppose puritanism on the same principle will only overthrow an anarchy to erect a tyranny.

Though the Bible has been abused by the licentiousness of private interpretation, they never omitted the opportunity of magnifying it, *in its true interpretation*, as 'the only infallible rule of faith;' as 'containing all the principles of faith and points of salvation,' as needing no associate, nor addition of any authority as equally infallible, nor more perspicuous than itself to supply what it wants.' (3) Though the service of the Church was threatened to be stripped of all decency and order, they speak soberly and cautiously of ceremonies. Though Episcopacy was made a badge of Antichrist, they do not reduce all religion to a matter of church discipline. Though the doctrine of faith had been perverted to the wildest excesses, there is no mention in them of justification by works, or of works at all, without immediate and solemn reference to the faith which alone can sanctify them. These points, and many others of their doctrinal teaching, might be advantageously examined. For much of this caution and comprehensiveness of view they were undoubtedly indebted to the proximity of Popery, and to their thorough acquaintance with its nature, and dread of its poison. Yet apparently

[1] Tom. iii. p. 694.

[2] Vindication of Grotius, c. iii. p. 612.

[3] Eccl. Pol., the Epistle Dedicat.

[1] Book iv. s. 8.

[2] Jackson, vol. iii. p. 692.

[3] Jackson, vol. i. p. 226.

they had more to fear from Puritanism than from Popery; and if we in this day might be reluctant to retain the name of Protestant, from the fear of being confounded with sectarians, much more might they. And yet, Catholic as they were both in language and in spirit, they use it boldly and prominently. As the believing Jews, when other Jews refused to believe, were compelled to distinguish themselves as Christians; and as the Christian Church, when heretics also called themselves Christians, was compelled to add the name of Catholic; so Catholic Christians, when one great branch of the Church, retaining the same title, is spreading the grossest errors, must distinguish themselves as Protestants. They are Protestant, as the 'Latin or West Church' (so Field has proved), 'wherein the pope tyrannised before Luther's time, and was continued a true Protestant Church, condemning those profane and superstitious abuses which we have removed; and groaning under that tyranny, the yoke whereof we have now cast off.' (1) They are Protestants, as the Church Catholic itself is Protestant against the sins and follies of heathenism; as every Christian in every age and every country is appointed by God himself to be a witness and protester against evil. If, indeed, the acts we rebuke are no sins, then to protest is a crime. If they are sins, yet sins of the past, now buried and forgotten, to rake them up unnecessarily may well be condemned. If we judge them by our own private judgment, we intrude on the rights of our superiors, and so we sin. And if they be distant and weak, and no danger exist of infection, we may well spare ourselves and others the pain of declaring against them. But whether the deeds of Popery be sins or not—whether they be dead and buried, or alive and in full vigour—whether our Church has spoken on them, and we are bound to speak with her voice—whether in the silence and debility of the Church Catholic she was not bound to speak, when no other voice could speak so strongly—and whether there is not danger from Popery now in the very heart of the country; danger, which calls on us all to rouse the weak and the strong together to vigilance against their greatest enemy—unhappily need not be asked. We are not, and dare not be, Protestants, in the sense which some few may wrongly affix to the word, as discarding all guides to truth but our own self-will: in this sense Protestantism is worse than folly; it may be worse than Popery: but as remonstrating and warning all around us against

the corruptions of Popery, we cannot cease to be Protestants, without ceasing to do our duty as Christians. It is our glory and our happiness to be Christians—our safeguard and consolation to be Catholics—our sad and melancholy duty, a duty which we never can abandon till Rome has ceased to work among us, to be Protestants.

'My Lords,' said Laud, 'I am as innocent in this business of religion, as free from all practice, or so much as thought of practice, for any alteration to Popery, or any way blemishing the true Protestant religion established in the Church of England, as I was when my mother first bare me into the world.'

'If I had blemished the true Protestant religion'—'The number of those persons whom, by God's blessing upon my labours, I have settled in the true Protestant religion established in the Church of England'—'I pray God, his truth (the true Protestant religion here established) sink not'—'God of his mercy preserve the true Protestant religion amongst us'—(1)

This was the common language of Laud the martyr of the Puritans.

So Bramhall, while rightly denying that 'Protestancy is of the essence of the Church,' any more than the weeding of a garden is the essence of the garden, does not scruple throughout the whole of the same treatise to use the word as the right denomination of men, whom he describes in the same place as 'endeavouring to conform themselves in all things to the pattern of the Primitive Church,' as ready to shed their blood for the least particle of saving truth.' (2)

So Hammond, speaking of those who preached resistance to the lawful magistrate:—

'Such as these, if they must be called Protestants, are yet in this somewhat more than that title ever imported, I may say, perfect Jesuits in their principles.'—This doctrine [of non-resistance] purely Protestant!—the contrary of which 'by God's Providence, hath formerly been timeously restrained, and not broken out to the defaming of our Protestant profession.' (3)

So Nicholson:—

'The laws are now silent, and any man may be now anything, so he be not an old Protestant of the Church of England.' [4]

So Sanderson is not afraid to say—

'When we have wrangled ourselves as long as

(1) Troubles, pp. 225, 311, &c.

(2) Protestant Ordination, p. 1013.

(3) Hammond, Of Resisting the Lawful Magistrate, pp. 68, 69.

(4) Apology, p. 155.

our wits and strength will serve us, the honest, downright, sober English Protestant will be found in the end the man in the safest way, and by the surest line.'

Nor is he ashamed to avow his

'zeal for the safety and honour of my dear mother, the Church of England, which hath nourished me up to become a Christian and a Protestant (that is to say, a *pure pule* Christian, without any other addition or epithet).' (1)

'Protestants,' says Laud, 'did not get that name by protesting against the Church of Rome, but by protesting (and that when nothing else would serve) against her errors and superstitions. Do you but remove them from the Church of Rome, and our protestation is ended, and the separation too. Nor is protestation itself such an unheard-of thing in the very heart of religion. For the Sacraments, both of the Old and New Testament, are called by your own school "visible signs protesting the faith." Now, if the Sacraments be protestantia, signs protesting, why may not men also, and without all offence, be called Protestants, since by receiving the true Sacraments, and by refusing them which are corrupted, they do but protest the sincerity of their faith against that doctrinal corruption which hath invaded the great Sacrament of the Eucharist and other parts of religion? especially since they are "men which must protest their faith by visible signs and sacraments."' (2)

'They are the Protestants,' says Stillingfleet, 'who stand for the ancient and undefiled doctrine of the Catholic Church against the novel and corrupt tenets of the Roman Church. And such kind of protestation no true Christian, who measures his being Catholic by better grounds than communion with the Church of Rome, will ever have cause to be ashamed of.' (3)

So Hickes, though fully alive to the 'wicked, absurd, and unchristian doctrines, which atheistical, heretical, and other seducing teachers taught in his day, under the name of Protestants, does not therefore repudiate the name, but declares that

'the Protestant religion of the Church of England is but another name for primitive Christianity, and a Protestant for a primitive Christian, who protests against all the corruptions of the gospel by popery.' [4]

We may not indeed distinguish ourselves solely as Protestants, or without express declarations of Catholic principles, especially where the name is likely to confound us with sects, and doctrines, which a Catholic Christian repudiates. The word has been

used too carelessly, and a false meaning popularly given to it, which must be condemned and corrected. But as yet, while no other badge exists to mark to the world, and especially to the poor and the weak, the duty of guarding against Popery, instead of dallying with its temptations, and palliating its corruptions, we cannot proscribe it. It is a sign—a little sign, but one most looked to—by which a large number of Christian minds within the Church, in a time of natural alarm and jealousy, test our attachment to the Church, and our repudiation of errors which they have been taught—and taught most rightly—to regard with dread. (1) For their sakes we are bound to be sparing of our own liberty, and tender of their consciences. If a French army is closely besieging a town in which we live, we have no right to dress ourselves up as French soldiers and walk about the streets, or to refuse to give our English pass-word, though by this refusal we may alarm none but women and children. We have no right to alarm any one. He who really desires the restoration of Christian unity will desire, most of all, to recall to the fold of the Church her own sheep. If he dreads to offend Papists by the word Popery, he will dread to offend Puritans by rejecting the word Protestant. If he fears that it will confound him with Dissenters, he must fear alike lest the word Catholic should confound him with Popery—unless, indeed, he be wholly insensible to the evils of Popery, while keenly alive to the evils of Puritanism—unless the presence of Church government in the one is to cloak over all errors of doctrine, while the neglect of it in the other is to blot out all truth of doctrine—unless Popery in his sight be only holy, and Puritanism only sinful—unless he close his eyes to all the wickedness which the one has essentially produced, and to all the goodness with which the other has been accompanied—such as earnestness, energy, personal piety, study of the Scripture, prayer, self-denial, charity, zeal for what it believes to be truth, jealousy of all that seems to trench on the supremacy of God, or to substitute the creature for the Creator.

Such would not be the spirit of our old divines towards individual Protestants, where error in separating from the Church could be palliated, as it may be in these times, in numbers of hereditary Dissenters, by the very principles which we wish to encourage—of reverence for parents, docility to teach-

(1) Letters of Sanderson; D'Oyley's Life of Sancroft, vol. ii. p. 443; Sermons, vol. i. Pref. a. xxiv.

(2) Confer, with Fisher, p. 87.

(3) Works, vol. iv. p. 320.

(4) Sermon before the Lord Mayor, vol. i., pp. 216, 277.

(1) There is a remarkable letter of Evelyn's to Archbishop Sancroft on the danger resulting from the omission of the word, and the advantage taken of the omission by the Jesuits. D'Oyley's Life of Sancroft, vol. i. p. 350.

ers, attachment to existing institutions; or by ignorance of the real claims which the Church has upon their obedience. It was not their feeling towards foreign Protestant communions. With their resolute persuasion that the government of the Church by bishops was 'ordained of God'—and to be honoured not merely 'upon ancient custom,' but 'as a true apostolical, heavenly, and divine ordinance;' (1) it is yet interesting to see the caution with which they speak of other reformed bodies, 'which, *without any fault of their own*, were driven to want that kind of polity or regiment which is best, and to content themselves with that which either the irremediable error of former times, or the necessity of the present, had cast upon them.' (2) 'This, their defect and imperfection,' says Hooker, in the same passage, 'I had rather lament in such a case than exagitate.' And so, in no unfriendliness, 'blessed Bishop Morton did often bewail their infelicity for want of bishops.' (3)—

'You demand then,' says Bishop Andrews, 'whether your churches sin against the Divine right? I did not say it: this only I said, that your churches wanted somewhat that is of Divine right; wanted, but not by your fault, but by the iniquity of the times; for that your France had not your kings so propitious at the reforming of your church as our England had.' (4)

And again:—

'He must needs be stone-blind that sees not churches standing without it; he must needs be made of iron, and hard-hearted, that denies them salvation. We are not made of that metal, we are none of those iron-sides; we put a wide difference betwixt them. Somewhat may be wanting, that is of Divine right; (at least in the external government), and yet salvation may be had. . . . 'This is not to damn anything, to prefer a better thing before it: this is not to damn your church, to recall it to another form, that all antiquity was better pleased with, *i. e.* to ours; and this when God shall grant the opportunity, and your estate may bear it.' (5)

So Bishop Cosin, in his last will —

'Whosoever in the world churches bearing the name of Christ profess the true, ancient, and Catholic religion and faith, and invoke and worship, with one mouth and heart, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, if from actual communion with them I am now debarred, either by the distance of regions, or the dissensions of men, or any other

obstacle; nevertheless, always in my heart, and soul, and affection, I hold communion and unite with them—that which I wish especially to be understood of the Protestant and well-reformed Churches. For the foundations being safe, any difference of opinions or of ceremonies—on points circumstantial, and not essential, nor repugnant to the universal practice of the ancient Church, in other churches (over which we are not to rule)—we in a friendly, placid, and peaceable spirit, may bear, and therefore ought to bear.' [1]

'I cannot assent,' says Bramhall, 'that either all or any considerable part of the episcopal divines in England do unchurch either all or the most part of the Protestant churches. . . . They unchurch none at all, but leave them to stand or fall to their own master. They do not unchurch the Swedish, Danish, Bohemian churches, and many other churches in Polonia, Hungaria, and those parts of the world which have an ordinary, uninterrupted succession of pastors—some by the names of bishops, others under the name of seniors, unto this day. (I meddle not with the Socinians.) They unchurch not the Lutheran churches in Germany, who both assert episcopacy in their confessions, and have actual superintendents in their practice, and would have bishops, name and thing, if it were in their power. . . . Episcopal divines do not deny those churches to be true churches, wherein salvation may be had. We advise them, as it is our duty, to be circumspect for themselves, and not to put it to more question, whether they have ordination or not, or desert the general practice of the Universal Church for nothing, when they may clear it if they please. Their case is not the same with those who labour under invincible necessity. . . . The mistake proceedeth from not distinguishing between the true nature and essence of a Church, which we do readily grant them, and the integrity or perfection of a Church, which we cannot grant them, without swerving from the judgment of the Catholic Church.' [2]

How would such minds as these: how would Sanderson: (3) how would the martyr Charles: (4) how would Laud, whose 'worst thought of any reformed Church in Christendom was to wish it like the Church of England'—whose deepest intention 'was how they might not only be wished, but made so'

(1) Life by Basire. See also Hickes [True Notion of Persecution, vol. i., Sermon. iv.], and a remarkable passage in Brett on Church Government [c. v. p. 118 *et seq.*], in which he shows that the foreign Protestant communions were excluded from the privilege of episcopacy by the machinations of popery, acting on its conviction 'that, if it come to pass that heretic bishops be so near, Rome and the clergy utterly falls.' [p. 119].

(2) Vindication of Grotius, p. 613; see a passage to precisely the same effect, especially as regards the Lutheran churches, in Laud, Troubles and Trials, p. 141.

(3) See Episcopacy not prejudicial, S. II. s. xv.

(4) Icon Basilice, c. xvii.; Clarendon Papers, vol. ii, p. 433, 434.

(1) Hooker, b. vii. s. i. xi.

(2) Idem, b. iii. s. xi.

(3) Basire, Life of Cosin, p. 62.

(4) Answer to Du Moulin's 3d Epistle. See Wordsworth's Christian Institutes, vol. iii. p. 257.

(5) Answer to Du Moulin's Second Epistle.

—‘whose continued labours for some years together were to reconcile the divided Protestants in Germany, that so they might go with united force against the Romanists—who joyed with a joy which he would never deny, while he lived, when he conceived of the Church of Scotland’s coming nearer, both in the canons, and the liturgy, to the Church of England’ (1) How would these great minds, who never confounded the case of schismatics within England with that of reformed Churches without it, have been gladdened in the hour of their trials with the prospect of a time, when, by the same monarchical reformation, to which we owe the blessing of episcopacy, a hope was once more held out of restoring to the Reformation of Germany that great apostolical ordinance; without which the Christian communion must fall to pieces, and all heresies spring up; and of once more binding together, without compromise of Christian truth—if so God grant—the reformed Churches throughout all the world!

VIII. One more salutary warning we must mention in conclusion, which may be derived from the example of our old divines.

That catholic antiquity must be studied, and studied deeply—that all modern churches, as they are engrafted, so should also be modelled on it—that it is the trunk from which all the branches spring forth—that a profession of disregard and contempt for it invalidates the authority of any religious teachers—that to it a writ of error lies from subordinate tribunals in the Church, they all with one voice proclaim, and this without the least disparagement to the supremacy of scripture. It is the glory and the beauty which they delight to trace in the Church of England, that she is so primitive, so ancient, so apostolical. She herself leads us always to the ‘apostles and ancient catholic fathers,’ to ‘the ancient bishops and primitive church;’ (2) to ‘the primitive Church which was most holy and godly,’ ‘most pure and uncorrupt,’ ‘to the 300 years after our Saviour Christ, when Christian religion was most pure, and indeed golden,’ to ‘ancient and godly use;’ (3) ‘always eschewing innovations and new-fangledness;’ (4) to ‘the old councils and canons;’ (5) to ‘the apostles, doctors, and prophets in the Church of Christ, as to be listened to no less than the Lord himself if he were present, so long as

they deliver (tradant) those things only which they received from the Lord.’ (1) This is a fundamental law of the English Church. It is the salt of the English Reformation. (2)

And the judgments of the English divines to the same effect are collected in a noble passage of Bishop Bull’s ‘*Apologia pro Harmonia*,’ but their doctrine is too clearly established to require quotation. (3)

What, then, is the danger to be apprehended in this appeal to catholic antiquity, which has recently been revived among us?

It is, in the first place, lest, in honouring our ancestors, we should learn to despise our parents; lest, in recognising them as a court of appeal, we should violate the obedience due to that authority which immediately presides over us, our own mother Church. It is, in the second place, lest, in pretending to recur to the judgment of the fathers, we should in reality be appealing to our own judgment, and to our own private opinion, and false interpretation of their language, not to their real teaching. And it is, in the third place, lest we should assume them as models for our imitation, and tie ourselves down to their rules, beyond not only the reasonable duty of Christians, but their own express declarations of our liberty to depart from them.

Whether our old divines, with their deep reverence for antiquity, failed in their reverence for the judgment of their ‘dear mother Church of England,’ may be estimated from what has previously been said. Not Bramhall, who,

‘until a general council can be procured, submits himself to the Church of England, wherein he was baptized, or to a national English synod.’ (4)

Not Whitgift, when he dedicates his book to his ‘loving nurse, the Christian Church of England,’

(1) Latin Catechism, p. 15.

(2) See this fact elaborately and satisfactorily established in a small but very valuable publication of the Rev. W. Beadon Heathcote, ‘*Documentary Illustrations of the Principles to be kept in View in the interpretation of the Thirty-nine Articles*’—[Oxford, 1841] especially pp. 67, 76. Of the many works which the recent controversy has produced, it is perhaps the only one of general and permanent utility to the theological student; and we cannot but hope that it may be followed up by the publication, by the same hands, of Archbishop Cranmer’s ‘*Commonplace Books, or Collections from the Fathers*,’ illustrating the same fact.

(3) S. i. § 4. Works, vol. iv. p. 309.

(4) Preface to Replication, Works, p. 142.

[1] Hist. of Troubles, pp. 134, 355, 419, 100.

[2] Jewell’s Apology, p. 13, ed. 1838.

[3] Homilies, *passim*.

[4] Preface to Common Prayer.

[5] Cardwell’s Document, Annals, vol. i. p. 418.

'protesting that if he has affirmed anything therein that by learning and good reasons may be proved erroneous, he will reform the same: for he wholly submits it to the rule of God's word, and the judgment of those that be learned, discreet and wise.'(1)

Not Laud, who

'was willing to have his work pass as silently as it might, because he could not hold it worthy of that great duty and service which he owed to his dear mother the Church of England; and who 'wholly submits it to her with his prayers for her prosperity, and his wishes that he were able to do her better service.'(2)

Not Hammond, with whom

'a meek son of the Church of Christ will certainly be content to sacrifice a great deal for the making of the purchase of peace and communion; and when the fundamentals of the faith and superstructures of Christian practice are not concerned in the concessions, will cheerfully express his readiness to submit or deposit his own judgment in reverence and deference to his superiors in the Church where his lot is fallen.'(3)

Not Bishop Cosin,(4) where he speaks of his

'having no other aim in his work than to be serviceable to the truth of God, set forth and professed by the Church of England; which truth we endeavour, in these wavering and lapsing times, to preserve entire and upright among us.'

Not Bishop Montagu, when, in one of many passages to the same effect,(5) he indignantly repels the

'imputation, that he not only agrees with the Council of Trent, but disagrees from the Church of England.—"I deny this absolutely: prove it and take all. If I disagree from the Church of England, promote, inform against me; spare not. *In morbo*nam all the Councils of Trent in the world, if there were ten thousand of them. I forsake them all respectively: such regard and awful respect do I bear unto my mother, the Church of England."'(6).

Not Bishop Bull, when he declares—

'Whatever here or elsewhere I have written, I do most willingly, and with the profoundest humility (*summā cum animi demissione*), submit unto the judgment of my holy mother the Church of England; as one who have thus far

proved myself to be unto her a most obedient son; and, so long as I continue among the living, by God's help, intend to continue such.'(1)

Not Hooker:—

'We had rather glorify and bless God for the fruit we daily behold reaped by such ordinances as his gracious spirit maketh the ripe wisdom of this national Church to bring forth, than vainly boast of our own peculiar and private inventions, as if the skill of profitable regiment had left her public habitation to dwell in a retired manner with some few men of one livery: we make not our childish appeals, sometimes from our own to foreign churches, sometimes from both unto churches ancienter than both are, in effect always from all others to our own selves; but, as becometh them that follow with all humility the ways of peace, we honour, reverence, and obey, in the very next degree unto God, the voice of the Church of God wherein we live.'(2)

Not Jackson, when next to that

'glory of God, which is the supreme cause of causes, the main end of all other ends, intended by good men or angels, his second aim, subordinate to this, was to give satisfaction to his long-ling desires of discharging his duty to the Church his mother, by doing her such service as he was able in setting forth the true worship of God, and in maintaining the truth professed by her.'(3)

Not Bishop Hall, when he exclaims—

'In all those verities which are disputable and free for discourse, let me ever be awayed by the sacred authority of that orthodox Church wherein I live.'(4)

Not Bishop Buckeridge, when he could sadly own,

'If the spirits of the prophets were subject to the prophets among us, as in right they ought to be, every private man should lay down his own self-conceit, and submit himself to the more mature and ripe judgment of the Church wherein he liveth.'(5)

Not Stillingfleet, where he is showing the concurrent declaration of our divines, that Rome is guilty of idolatry:

'I cannot see,' he says, 'why the authority of some very few persons, though of great learning,

[1] Defence of the Answer, p. 17.

[2] Dedication of Conference.

[3] Hammond, Of Schism, vol. i., p. 336.

[4] Preface to Scholastic History.

[5] Appeal to Cæsar, pp. 48, 60, 111, 321.

[6] Appeal to Cæsar, p. 188.

[1] Examen Censuræ, vol. iv., p. 6.

[2] Eccles. Pol., b. v., s. 71.

[3] Dedication of Book ix., vol. ii., p. 937.

[4] Christ. Moder., vol. vi., p. 43. See also the pathetic dedication of his 'Common Apology,' to our 'gracious and blessed mother, the Church of England,' from the 'meanest of her children, wishing her all peace and happiness.'—vol. x.

(5) Discourse concerning Kneeling at the communion, p. 245.

should bear sway against the constant opinion of our Church ever since the Reformation; since our Church is not now to be formed according to the singular fancies of some few (though learned men), much less to be modelled by the caprichios of superstitious fanatics, who prefer some odd opinions and ways of their own before the received doctrine and practice of the Church they live in. Such as these, we rather pity their weakness than regard their censures; and are only sorry when our adversaries make such properties of them, as by their means to beget in some a disaffection to our Church. Which I am so far from, (whatever malice and peevishness may suggest to the contrary,) that, upon the greatest inquiry I can make, I esteem it the best Church of the Christian world; and think my time very well employed (whatever thanks I meet with for it) in defending its cause, and preserving persons in the communion of it.' (1)

Not Brett, in whose admirable words their spirit may well be summed up:

'Wherefore having given, as I trust, a faithful and impartial account of the government and governors of the primitive church and our own, having showed how near our Church has been reformed to the pattern of the primitive, apostolical, and catholic church in the point of government and discipline, and also how it might yet be brought a little nearer to that most excellent pattern, (2) I heartily and humbly submit the whole to the judgment of my much-honoured and entirely beloved mother, the Church of England. And if I have unfortunately let slip anything that may seem to derogate from the honour of this most excellent Church, or to reflect on any of the governors of it, further than a general complaint of some abuses, with which I conceive I have charged no particular person or body of men, but only mention them as corruptions crept in by degrees, I heartily wish it unsaid, and shall be ready to ask pardon for it.' (3)

And those who act in this spirit, whether they search in Scripture, or in antiquity, to find in them what they have been taught by their own mother church, will in each case alike walk in their search by her guidance, not wholly by their own eyes; and will give to her view and interpretation of catholic antiquity as much weight as to her view and interpretation of Scripture. Let young men be assured, that to go back by themselves to the ancient church; to talk boldly of the fathers; to venture rashly on conforming

their opinions and practice to some imaginary standard of perfection, picked out by themselves from some peculiar age or class of teachers, probably from some one or two insulated writings of some single father, beyond which their reading cannot have extended, is a very dangerous delusion. It is only a repetition of Puritanism. Substitute 'Catholic antiquity' for 'God's Spirit,' and the words of Hooker are as applicable to one as to the other:—

'If the Church did give every man licence to follow what himself imagineth that *Catholic antiquity* doth reveal unto him, or what he supposeth that it is likely to have revealed to some special person, whose virtues deserve to be highly esteemed, what other effect could hereafter ensue but the utter confusion of his Church, under pretence of being taught, led, and guided by *Catholic antiquity*?' (1)

Is not the danger of private interpretation even greater in the fathers than in the Scriptures? They who appealed to the Bible as interpreted by their own private judgment, appealed to a small book, of which all was known to be inspired, infallible, and framed by God himself for the purpose of making known the truth; a book which the church threw open to all her children, and insisted on their studying; and which all could study, and even the humblest, with a teachable spirit, might fairly understand. If even here guidance is required, the guidance not of some self-chosen teacher, but of the 'Church in which we live,' how much more in launching on the great sea of antiquity—in reading works uninspired, voluminous, uncommented on, untranslated, and which as they come down to us have passed through the hands of Romanists, who, in Bishop Taylor's words, by 'their innumerable corruptings of the fathers' writings' by 'their thrusting in that which was spurious, and, like Pharaoh, killing the legitimate sons of Israel,' and at last, by their expurgatory index, have 'corrupted the witnesses, and raised the records of antiquity, that the errors and novelties of the Church of Rome might not be so easily reprov'd.' (2)

This fact alone, the extent of which has been shown by James, (3) as by others, ought in itself to deter a student from venturing on the study of the Fathers, es-

(1) Preface to Discourse on Idolatry, Works, vol. v.

(2) As by the substitution of clerical for lay chancellors—the formation of councils of presbyters for bishops—of both which improvements germs may be traced in some recent ecclesiastical arrangements.

(3) Church Government, p. 451.

(1) Eccl. Pol. b. v. s. 10.

[2] Dissuasive from Popery, vol. x. pp. 135, 136.

[3] In his 'Treatise of the Corruptions of Scripture, Councils, and Fathers, by the Prelates, Pastors, and Pillars of the Church of Rome, for Maintenance of Popery and Irreligion.' 4to. London, 1611.

pecially as regards the Romish controversy, except under the direction of those great divines who have before this examined and detected the forgeries of popery. But moreover, the Fathers have 'an idiom and propriety of speech,' without familiar acquaintance with which, 'how,' says Bishop Morton, 'shall we children know our Father's doctrine? How shall we not by our ignorance of their tongues build up some towers of Babylonish and confused conceits?' Again, 'when the Church was established in the truth of doctrine, the Fathers,' adds the same great Bishop, 'might presume to take a greater liberty of speech, knowing that they should be understood of Catholic hearers catholically;' and this occasioned in after-times 'a prodigal error in doctrine.' (1) Again, 'being ignorant,' says Field, 'of the Hebrew tongue, they did rather strive with all their wits and learning to devise allegories, and to frame the manners of men, than to clear the hard places of the Law and the Prophets;' (2) and thus he says, though 'touching the interpretations which the Fathers have delivered, we receive them as undoubtedly true in the general doctrine they consent in, and so far esteem them as authentical, yet do we think that, holding the faith of the Fathers, it is lawful to dissent from that interpretation of some particular places which the greater part of them have delivered, or perhaps all that have written of them.' (3) Again, 'In the sway of disputation,' says Bishop Jewell, 'they use oft-times to enlarge their talk above the common course of truth; but specially when they intreat of the nature and effect of the holy sacraments; to the end to withdraw the eyes of the people from the sensible and corruptible creatures to the contemplation of things spiritual that be in heaven. . . . Thus the Holy Fathers have evermore used upon occasion to force and advance their words above the tenour of common speech.' (4)

And therefore, says Bishop Mountagu, (5) than whom, in his own words, (6) 'no man living carried a more awful regard and reverend respect unto antiquity,'—

'We should weigh and consider what and how

we read in the Fathers, touching points in controversy at this day. "Non eadem, de iisdem, ab eodem dicuntur," upon experience we find it, that the same man of the same thing speaketh differently in divers places: with some imputation perhaps of uncertainty and contradiction, yet not deserved, if we consider divers and different circumstances. In heat of opposition, by way of contention, some things fall from them now and then, which will not hold weight at the beam of the sanctuary, and the men that take advantage at them in one point will soon fall off from them in another. S. Hierome is much in this head, according to the vehement cholerick nature and disposition of the man. Secondly, in public and popular collations, very often to move affection, and gain action in point of pratique piety, they lavish by way of exaggeration in large hyperboles and amplifications. So the Grecian Homilists, and Chrysostom especially above them all: not in this, but in many other passages also. Thirdly, much is found in them of which they are reporters, and no more: they relate unto us the opinions of others and not their own: they tell us what was done, but do not intermeddle by way of censure or opinion for their parts.'

Does this dishonour the Fathers? Does it invalidate their testimony to Catholic truth? Does it set them aside as doctors and teachers in the Church, most honoured and most holy? God forbid!

'What think we of the Fathers?' says Bishop Jewell. 'What shall we think of them, or what account may we make of them? They be interpreters of the word of God. They were learned men, and learned Fathers: the instruments of the mercy of God, and vessels full of grace. We despise them not, we read them, we reverence them, and give thanks unto God for them. They were witnesses unto the truth, they were worthy pillars and ornaments in the Church of God. Yet may they not be compared with the word of God. We may not build upon them: we may not make them the foundation and warrant of our conscience: we may not put our trust in them. Our trust is in the name of the Lord. . . . Some things I believe, and some things which they wrote I cannot believe. I weigh them not as the holy and canonical Scriptures. Cyprian was a Doctor of the Church; yet he was deceived: Hierome was a Doctor of the Church; yet he was deceived: Augustine was a Doctor of the Church; yet he wrote a book of Retractions, he acknowledged that he was deceived. God did therefore give to his Church many Doctors, and many learned men, which all should search the truth, and one reform another, wherein they thought him deceived.' And so he concludes: 'They are learned: they have pre-eminence in the Church: they are Judges: they have the gifts of wisdom and understanding; yet they are often deceived. They are our Fathers, but not Fathers unto God: they are stars, fair, and beautiful, and bright; yet they are not the sun: they bear witness of the light, they are not the light. Christ is the sun of righteousness, Christ is the light,

[1] Protestant Appeal, p. 165.

[2] Ibid. p. 166. [3] B. iv. c. 17.

[4] Jewell's Answer to Harding, vol. ii. p. 343.

[5] Treat. on the Invoeat. of Saints, p. 155.

[6] Appeal to Cæsar, p. 129.

which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world.' (1)

And if Jewell's voice is not sufficient, Jackson may be added:—

'But what if the most reverend and ancient Fathers of former times were of a contrary mind? O Lord, they were faithful servants in thy House, and yet faithful but as servants, not as thy Son; and it may be thou didst suffer those thy worthy servants to go awry, to try whether I, thy most unworthy servant, would forsake the footsteps of thine anointed Son to follow them: but Lord! teach me thy statutes, so shall I (in this point wherein I differ from them) have more understanding than the ancient. Thy name hath been already glorified in their many excellent gifts, all which they received of thy bounteous hand; and it may be that now it is thy pleasure in this present difficulty, to ordain thy praise out of such infants' mouths as mine.

'They out of this thy fertile and goodly field have gathered many years' provision for thy great household, thy Church, but yet either let somewhat fall, or left much behind, which may be sufficient for us thy poor servants to glean after them, either for our own private use, or for that small flock which thou hast set us to feed. And let all sober-hearted Christians judge, yea let God that searcheth the very heart and reins, and Christ Jesus, the Judge of all mankind, give judgment out of his throne, whether in reasoning thus we are more injurious to the ancient Fathers deceased, than they [the Romanists] unto the Ancient of Days, and Father of the world to come, in denying the free gifts and graces of his Holy Spirit unto succeeding as well as former ages.' [2]

And thus, if, following these our natural teachers, we thought that early Christianity, most pure and most trustworthy as it was in maintaining simply the truths committed to it, yet in things beyond, in pious opinions, might err or be deficient—if we thought that, though nothing can be added by length of time to the definite creed once revealed, longer experience may yet warn us against practices indifferent, which have since been seen to give occasion to grievous corruptions—if, while we reverently acknowledged the teaching of the Fathers to be holy, and their collective historical testimony to be the great evidence of our faith, we yet balanced their personal authority by holiness and wisdom wherever they can be found in the Church—if, assured that all the lines of the foundation of the Church are marked out in the midst of their accumulated materials, we yet doubted whether a common eye can distinguish these without aid, and for this aid preferred the old and tried Doctors of our own Church to any modern teachers—and if

we dreaded lest a rash and presumptuous appeal to the Fathers should lead in many cases to positive errors, and so ultimately to the general contempt of their authority—would there be in this any irreverence to their memory, any wish to depart from those old paths in which our ancestors walked before, and in which we must walk also? Let us follow their footsteps gladly, but not without the guidance of our own Church; and of those who reverencing them no less, knew and understood them better than this generation can do.

And the same must be said of any attempt or wish, whether expressed or implied, whether secretly encouraged in our own minds, or suggested indirectly to others, of reforming the Church of England by any change in her system, after a more ancient and primitive model, selected by ourselves. When we have seen, as clearly as our old Reformers and those divines of whose opinions we are now speaking—the real nature of popery, its workings, its artifices, and its power—when we have searched as deeply into its history, and watched its gradual growth from the seeds of imperceptible errors, until they shot up and 'rent and tore the very walls of Christ's temple' (1)—when we have read both the Scriptures and the Fathers, as the martyrs of our Church read them, by the light of the fires in which their own bodies were to be burnt, then to think of abandoning their model for a model of our own may not be presumption—not presumption in those who are placed in authority in the Church, with power to decide on such questions—but presumptuous and dangerous it always must be for any but the heads of the Church even to deliberate on such matters.

'The restoration of the English Church,' says Bishop Hall, (2) 'and eversion of popery, next under God and our kings, is chiefly to be ascribed and owed to the learning and industry of our bishops.' It was 'an episcopal as well as monarchical reformation,' and therefore safe.

'This was the form of Church government,' says the Judgment of the university of Oxford, 'under which our religion was at first so orderly, without violence or tumult, and so happily reformed, and hath since so long flourished with truth and peace, to the honour and happiness of our own, and admiration of other nations.'

And it will be the great test that we not only profess but have imbibed the true spirit of the ancient church as well as of our own, and

[1] *Treatise of the Holy Scripture*, vol. II. p. 36.
[2] *Tome i., b. ii., p. 307.*

(1) Jackson, vol. i. p. 313.

(2) *Defence of Humble Remonst.*, vol. x. p. 355. quoted from Du Moulin.

that we have taken up that 'white belt and badge of humility,' which, in Hammond's words, 'she binds on all her sons and exemplifies to all,' (1) if, in the midst of that feverish irritation which must accompany every revival of religious feeling, we adhere steadily to our bishops. It is easy to talk and write of this, but hard to practise it. And the refractory spirit will show itself and work to mischief in many subtle forms without avowed disobedience.

The true obedience will be to receive their warnings and rebukes not only with submission, but thankfulness; to distrust ourselves when they distrust us; to interpret their words, even when they seem to us in error, with the most favourable construction possible, and to hide the error, if it be one, rather than drag it forth to light; to do nothing which may provoke an expression of public feeling in opposition to their expressed sentiments; to form no centre of action except subject to their control and sanction; to abstain from remonstrances against their acts, unless it is demanded from us in our own official position; not to think that we are walking in the faith of Abraham, because we follow wherever we are led, without knowing whither we are going, unless the voice that leads us be that of our appointed living rulers under God, not the mere echo of our own self-will, or of our own private interpretation, whether of history or of scripture. The true obedience will be to co-operate with them cordially and zealously in their efforts for the good of the Church; to save them, as far as we may, from the anxiety of witnessing the growth of a restless discontented spirit among the young; to join with them, and to strengthen their hands, in repressing and condemning it, at whatever sacrifice, either of personal or party feeling; to inculcate a dutiful reference to them in all conscientious difficulties; not encouraging, either in others or ourselves, any alteration whatever in the customary forms of the Church, without their consent; (2) least of

all, like silly minds that dote on ceremonies, (as Sanderson says, 'no true son of the Church of England' can do,) (1) permitting ourselves to startle the weak and offend the strong by introducing so-called ancient novelties of dress, or gesture, or mode of reading, or bowing, or crossing, or turning to the east, or any like external acts, which, if of moment, ought not to be altered without a superior authority; and, if of no moment, only betray the frivolity of our own minds, and perplex and unsettle the minds of others.

If this dutiful spirit be shown in the clergy, the Church of England will soon begin to develop its wonderful strength. When the body is prepared to follow, the head may venture to lead, but not before. And a battle is before them—a battle not so much against dissent, which every day is losing ground, but against popery which is rising up amongst us with renewed vigour, and affecting to cherish the hope that the revival of the true principles of the English Church—its principles of order, reverence, and truth—is a friendly approximation to its own corruptions, because some few minds, of neither age nor weight, have rashly and wrongly spoken of union, in language which the Church of England would little tolerate, and one or two others, never nurtured in her principles, have, avowedly in the spirit of dissent, forsaken her communion. What the Church generally would think of such a meditated union, unless preceded by a thorough retraction of Romish errors cannot be expressed better than in the words of Jackson: (2)—

'England, for that blind and slavish obedience which in respect of other nations she did perform unto the see of Rome, was by Italians and other foreigners not unaptly termed the "Pope's ass." Howbeit the British ignorance of our forefathers in the mysteries of their salvation did make that measure of obedience to the Romish Church partly excusable in them, which in us (to whom the gospel hath long time shined) would be altogether damnable. But it would be ignorance more than British, ignorance so far from excusing other sins, that itself would be a sin inexcusable, if we should hope or presume that the Romish yoke would not be made ten times heavier unto us than it was upon our forefathers, if God in his just judgment should strengthen the enemies of our peace to lay it again upon this island's neck. For the Church of Rome, since our forefathers' departure from her, hath multiplied her doctrines of devils, and mingled her cup with such abominations as would make the taste of it to such as have been accustomed to the sincere milk of the gospel altogether deadly; and yet hope there is none

(1) Hammond's Works, vol. ii. p. 93.

(2) 'Forasmuch,' says the Preface to the Prayer Book, 'as nothing can be so plainly set forth, but doubts may arise in the use and practice of the same, to appease all such diversities, if any arise, and for the resolution of all doubts, concerning the manner how to understand, do, and execute the things contained in this book, the parties that so doubt, or diversely take anything, shall always resort to the Bishop of the Diocese; who by his discretion shall take order for the quieting and appeasing of the same; so that the same order be not contrary to anything contained in this book. And if the Bishop of the Diocese be in doubt, then he may send for the resolution thereof to the Archbishop.'

(1) Preface to Sermons, vol. i. § xii.

(2) Jackson, Book xii. c. v. s. 13.

that we should not be urged to drink more deep of it than our forefathers were, if this cruel step-mother should once recover her pretended title of dominion over us. No choice would be left, but either torture of conscience or torment of body: we must make account to sit down with loss either of present possessions, or of our hopes of inheritance in the world to come.'

'And if, looking to the acts of our government, whether in the State or in the Church—whether as encouraging Popery directly, by supporting its priests, or indirectly, by encouraging dissent—we are inclined, in the pride and presumption of our hearts, to say, 'Had we been, or were we in the place of authority or command, the necessity of this miserable choice had ere this time been removed, or should quietly be prevented,' the same great man will answer in words with which we will conclude; speaking, as we have wished to speak throughout—not as of ourselves, but rather to show how others have spoken before, whose voice may come to us from the grave with all the authority of departed goodness, and tell us of peace and order, of humility and mutual love.

'If I should here take upon me so far to apologise for higher powers, as not to attribute a great part of the misery which hath lately

befallen this land, and yet hang over it, unto their errors or oversight, I should undergo the censure (without apology or appeal) of a parasite or time-server. As I will not therefore speak anything against higher powers, so neither will I at this time speak for them. Only give me leave to tell you, that God in his providence doth never suffer higher powers to be at any gross default, of negligence, oversight, or wilfulness, but for the like gross defaults in those that are subject and should be obedient to them. If the eyes of state be at any time weak or dim, it is a certain sign that the whole body is either feeble or much distempered. The best advice that I can give unto you is, that every one of us, so oft as we shall, though but in heart or secret thought, repine or murmur at the negligence, oversight, or wilfulness of higher powers, would presently and peremptorily inflict this penance upon himself, to multiply his sorrow for his own sins past; to multiply his prayers and alms' deeds, with all other practices of piety, that so we may at all these our public meetings lift up pure hearts and hands unto the Father of Spirits, and God of all power and wisdom, that he would so enlighten the eyes and head of our State that they may find out the special sins which have procured his wrath against this land, and so inspire their hearts with resolution and constant courage that they may crush this serpent's brood wheresoever it nestles.' [1]

[1] Jackson, b. xii. c. v. s. 13.

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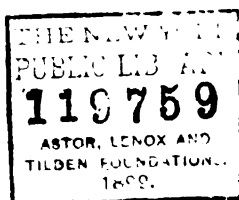
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THE
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FOR JUNE, 1842.

ART. I.—*Des Classes dangereuses de la Population dans les Grandes Villes, et des Moyens de les rendre meilleures.* Ouvrage récompensé en 1838, par l'Institut de France (Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques). Par H. A. Frégier, Chef de Bureau à la Préfecture de la Seine, 1840. 2 vols. 8vo., pp. 985.

THE modern French press has sent forth few works more interesting than this, or better calculated to do good service, not to France alone, but to the countries around her. To none does it offer more useful instruction than to England, similarly situated as she is in the progress of civilisation and in many of the leading features of national character. Despite the difficulties and annoyances, nay the dangers, which surrounded the subject he had to investigate, M. Frégier appears to have made himself accurately master of it in many of its ramifications. To mere literary merit his volumes have little claim: occasionally we meet with passages extremely well expressed; but in general the style is somewhat complicated and redundant; and it is deformed by the perpetual introduction of '*termes de Palais*,' in places where the subject in no degree requires their use. We should say, too, that the pages are tinged with some vulgarisms, were it not that, in the rapid strides which modern French is taking to emancipate itself from the shackles of the Dictionary of the Academy, and the way in which year by year, nay almost day by day, it is separating itself from the language of Pascal, Molière, and Massil-

lon, we may very probably be mistaking elegancies for barbarisms. A more important fault is, that our author, carried away by his great anxiety to conquer all objections to his favourite system of solitary confinement, has been led to falsify all the proportions of his book, by devoting a very undue number of pages to this one branch of his subject.

We cannot but suspect also that M. Frégier's essay, in 400 pages, which obtained the prize, may have been a more perfect treatise with reference to its proper and specific theme than the present expanded work. Seventy-fours, cut asunder and lengthened into nineties, seldom retain their firmness and solidity of structure; and books, when from one trim, compact volume, drawn out into two, have always their weak points; the joinings never hold well together—the materials have no unison and easy play among themselves; and the whole structure is very apt to give way when exposed to the rough sea of criticism. In the present instance the original treatise, in accordance with the terms of the submitted question,* was confined entirely to the dangerous classes among the lower orders of society. In the published work the author has extended his subject, and

* The thesis proposed was as follows:—

'Rechercher d'après des observations positives, quels sont les éléments dont se compose à Paris, ou dans toute autre grande ville, cette partie de la population qui forme une classe dangereuse par ses vices, son ignorance, et sa misère; indiquer les moyens, que l'administration, les hommes riches ou aisés, les ouvriers intelligens et laborieux pourraient employer pour améliorer cette classe dangereuse et dépravée.'

introduced another class, perfectly distinct in its position and in its nature—the ‘literary dangerous class.’ However interesting this division of society may be, however great the danger to be apprehended from it, and the necessity therefore of studying it with care, still its connection with the real and direct object of the prescribed work was not such as to have rendered its introduction either necessary or expedient; and it is evident that the propounders of the question were of this opinion. It is less ably treated than the other divisions of the subject; less philosophically and profoundly understood by the author; and—the natural consequence of this—less fully and clearly brought out to the reader. We think also that some of the other parts of the book where interpolations have taken place—all of which are carefully noted by the author—are, comparatively at least, deficient in interest and importance.

The one great principle, to the illustration of which M. Frégier has addressed himself, is this: that in society, and amongst its lower classes more especially, vice leads to crime, and crime to danger. This subject he treats under a fourfold division. 1st. The statistics of the vicious and dangerous classes. 2d. Their manners, habits, and modes of life. 3d. The preservatives against the ‘invasions of vice,’ 4th. The remedies to be employed to lessen and control it.

The author fixes his point of view at Paris.

‘The causes of crime and its effects are,’ he says, ‘everywhere the same; the mode of committing it and the characters of those who commit it vary with every country and every place: but if its nature and effects, as developed in full perfection in Paris, be carefully and fully analyzed, the information thence resulting will, by easy induction, be rendered applicable to the other great towns in France; and also, in a considerable degree to all the principal cities of other nations.’

M. Frégier having assumed, as an admitted fact, that it is from the poor and vicious of the *operative classes* that the criminal portion of the community is chiefly recruited, it was necessary for him, in the first place, to ascertain the total numerical strength of those classes. Notwithstanding the numerous and well-organized police of Paris, and its elaborate system of civil administration, the functions of which are far more searching and extensive than with us, there appears to be great difficulty in exactly ascertaining the numerical value of the different classes of society; and indeed, after all his exertions to accomplish this object, M. Frégier was compelled to content

himself with a somewhat vague approximation to the truth. The system of *livrets*, books analogous to the pocket-ledgers of our soldiers, afforded him little or no assistance; the possession of such books is not compulsory upon the working classes; and of the men who come to Paris from the Departments, bringing their books with them, a large proportion merely have them examined by the Prefecture of Police, and cannot be induced to exchange them for Paris books. The returns, therefore, of the number of *livrets* issued afford no data by which to ascertain the actual number of operatives resident in the capital. The approximation at which M. Frégier arrives is as follows:—

There exists in Paris, of male operatives, a number varying from 75,000 to 105,000. Of these 50,000 are married, or live with female companions. Of female operatives the number is about 60,000: of these 40,000 are the wives or domesticated companions of workmen. Of apprentices the number is about 100,000, being assumed at the rate of two to each of the 50,000 workmen who live as family men. The number of *chiffonniers* is about 4000, one half of whom are men, the other half women and children. The above numbers give a total, varying according to the season of the year, the activity of work, especially of building, and other causes, of from 239,000 to 269,000 persons; and on this number M. Frégier bases his calculations.

We cannot but demur as to the validity of this mode of procedure. Almost every page of his volumes proves the close resemblance between the vices and crimes of London and Paris; and certainly we should consider as radically defective any calculations regarding our metropolitan population which were limited to its *operatives* only, even taking that appellation in its most extended sense. In all great cities there are numerous sections of the lower population, whose employments do not come under that category. To instance a few only: persons employed about public vehicles of all descriptions, or with horses; boatmen; soldiers; the ranks of the police; the extremely numerous classes of servants, male and female, and more especially male servants out of place—a division of society which, we conceive, furnishes a contingent to crime larger in proportion to its numbers than any other. All these, and many others, should have been included; and the fallaciousness of not doing so will at once be apparent, when we consider that the total population of Paris exceeds 900,000 persons; and that conse-

quently the classes to which M. Frégier restricts himself are considerably less than one-third of the whole.

Of these classes of society, thus arbitrarily selected, M. Frégier supposes that the portion habitually devoted to the two kindred vices of idleness and intemperance is about one-third; viz. 35,000 men and 20,000 women—he takes no account of the apprentices—and that of these numbers, again, one-half of the men and two-thirds of the women are thoroughly vicious; as are also one-half—2000—of the chiffonniers, men, women, and children; making altogether a total of about 33,000 persons, who constitute the very dregs of the population. Omitting any enumeration of the contingent of vice afforded by the remainder of the lower classes, those which, as he expresses it, 'are strangers to the industrious arts,' he next proceeds to state that the criminal part of the middle and upper ranks—'*les classes aisées*'—may be taken as about equal to one-tenth of the above, that is 3300 persons. At this number he arrives by a different process. The annual average of criminal prosecutions in Paris is 3500, and about one-half of these end in convictions. The average annual number of convictions in the middle and upper classes is ascertained to be 157, which is very nearly one-eleventh of the whole; he therefore assumes that the total numbers of the thoroughly vicious in the lower and upper classes bear to each other the same proportion of ten to one; and consequently that, as the former amount to 33,000, the latter may be taken at 3300. All this appears to us to be very vague and arbitrary; and the more so from the palpable error which we have pointed out in the first element upon which it is based.

Such, however, being assumed as the numerical strength of the vicious class, the author next proceeds to estimate the component parts of the dangerous class. These are the gamblers, the prostitutes, the men whom they attach to themselves either as lovers or bullies—*souteneurs*—or in the double capacity; the mistresses of the houses of ill-fame; the vagabonds, smugglers, sharpers, pickpockets, robbers of both sexes; and the receivers of stolen goods, of both sexes also. The predominant vices of all these are idleness and debauchery—the power which puts them in motion is greediness of gain. Some of these persons follow useful occupations, and many of them with especial ability; but they labour only to obtain the means of indulging their vices.—'*La fainéantise et l'activité vicieuse,*' says M. Frégier, 'quoique

extrêmes par leur nature, se touchent dans leurs effets : elles aboutissent toutes deux au crime.'

Many of the individuals of the dangerous class belong to several of its divisions: the same man is often gambler, bully, smuggler, sharper, pickpocket, and robber—the receiver of stolen goods is frequently a professed sharper; and many loose women are also robbers and receivers of stolen goods. It is this multiplicity of functions which has baffled every attempt to ascertain the numerical strength of the several departments of vice. One thing only is certain, that the gamblers, including not merely those who are such by profession, but the other bad characters who addict themselves to this vice, are the most numerous division of the whole. The contingent which the middle and higher classes furnish to the division of sharpers and gamblers is estimated at 100.

The number of registered prostitutes is 3800—of unregistered or free, about 4000. One in twenty of these women is a foreigner. Paris and its environs give one-fourth; the rest are from the provinces; and the proportions which they furnish decrease as they are more remote, except in the case of some of the northern manufacturing districts, and certain garrison towns, the supply from which is disproportionately large.

'On ne désigne pas des localités qui alimentent le libertinage plus particulièrement que d'autres, comme cela existe à Londres, où la malheureuse Irlande, décimée par la misère, au profit de la débauche, envoie un si grand nombre de prostituées qu'il est hors de toute proportion avec les contingens fournis par les autres parties de la Grande Bretagne.'

We are sorry to see the universal prejudice of the French against England peeping out in the statistics of such a book as this. Every magistrate in London well knows that what is here said as to Ireland is not only untrue, but flagrantly and diametrically opposed to the truth.

The number of the mistresses of houses of ill-fame is about 372, one-half only of whom have licensed houses. Each prostitute having, as an invariable rule, her lover or *souteneur*, these men—and they are the vilest of the vile—amount to 7800. Nearly all of them belong to one or more of the other categories of vice, being sharpers, thieves, or pickpockets, and gamblers also, as a matter of course.

From a similar blending of professions, it is impossible to ascertain the number of vagabonds who come within the dangerous

class. Adults and children, they may be taken—limiting the title to its strictest sense—at about 1500.

The receivers of stolen goods are about 600. Adding to these specific divisions the Protean mass of gamblers, smugglers, sharpers, pickpockets, and robbers, the author fixes the total amount of the dangerous class at 30,072; making, with the 33,000 previously ascertained as being the thoroughly depraved portion of the working class, a total of 63,072 persons of both sexes and all ages, composing the entire mass of Parisian crime and vice. But in this statement he omits to include the vicious of the middle and upper classes, which he has previously fixed as amounting to 3300. If these be added, the total number of persons either criminal or utterly vicious, and therefore dangerous or tending to danger, is 66,372; being somewhat more than one-fourteenth of the entire population of Paris.—Such are the numerical results to which our author's calculation leads us. We must again remark, that they appear to proceed on a very partial basis. The total population of Paris in 1836—the period to which these volumes refer—was 909,126: the only classes of which he treats are the operatives, 265,000, the dangerous class, 30,072, and a portion of the middle classes, say 33,000, in all 328,072. If we estimate that the middle and upper classes amount altogether to 200,000—a number probably far above the truth—there will remain no less than 381,054 persons in the lower walks of life, totally excluded from our author's calculations.

The second division of the work commences with a general view of the operative classes, for it is of the operatives only that he still continues to speak:

'Those,' he says—we shall abridge rather than translate his pages—'those who study them minutely and without prejudice will find among their ranks many examples of virtue. They are good-natured, anxious to serve their comrades, devoted to the interests of their employers; and charitable, narrow as their means are, not only to their fellow-workmen when out of employment or sick, but to all who are near them, to all especially who lodge in the same house. They labour to reclaim their vicious comrade; they visit and console him in prison. When a manufacturer or a master artisan has the skill and good judgment to obtain the love of those whom he employs, there is no exertion they will not make to serve him. The warmth of heart of the operative, renders him always eager to give his aid and to expose himself to danger, when accident occurs in the street, or casual tumults arise. There are no bounds to the sacrifices which they make to procure comforts for their wives and children when

sick. The proportion of cases is very large in which a long period of cohabitation takes place before marriage. If a young couple find that they live happily together, sooner or later their union is rendered legal, and no distinction whatever is made between the children born before and after marriage; all alike are sent to school until the age of twelve, and then are bound apprentices. The operatives in Paris are generally paid once a fortnight; the more orderly give over at once to their wives the whole of their wages, with the exception of a trifling sum for their own personal expenses; some give them the half; whilst others retain to themselves the control of the whole of their earnings, and allow their wives to dispose as they please of their own wages. The exhausting nature of the work to which many are exposed demands a liberal diet, and still more a sufficient but moderate portion of wholesome wine, which to a French artificer is one of the chief necessities of life: it not only repairs his strength, but it renders him cheerful—it chases away his cares.'

This is the bright, but, alas! the smaller division of the picture. The proportion of the entire class which adopts and maintains this regular and orderly course of life is sadly limited. The attraction of the public house is one of the most fatal to the labouring classes, and more than anything else decides their lot.

'The operative,' says M. Frégier, 'rises before the day; he goes to his workshop, on his route he meets an old companion, whom he has not seen for some time; an affectionate greeting takes place; and "Let us have a glass together" are among the first words which they both utter, for the idea is always uppermost in their minds. They talk of work—of their masters—the conversation goes on, glass in hand—again their masters are criticised—their several and peculiar bad qualities—how little they know how to conduct their trade—their stinginess—their irregularity in paying their workmen—their severity, which is declared to be beyond all bounds. As a matter of course each of the orators deems it a point of honour to "stand his turn." The philippics continue—from the masters they descend to the overseers and foremen; and from them to their fellow-workmen. The hour of labour arrives; one of the two friends fears the reproaches of his master if he enters the workshop too late, and prefers losing a third of his day; he seeks to entice his companion to tarry with him, and proposes a third round of glasses; the prudence of the other by degrees gives way: they settle themselves at table; they breakfast; they become heated with wine; and not the third part, but the whole of the day is lost; and they may deem themselves fortunate if they are in a state of work on the morrow.'

We have given this scene, not because it is painted in a lively manner, and is characteristic of the gay, talkative disposition of

the French mechanic, but because it is one of never-ceasing recurrence. From such casual beginnings of indulgence and idleness, the author traces up the career of the operative, who gives way to intemperance, until he becomes an habitual drunkard, regardless of his wife and children, lost to all self-respect, selling everything he possesses, even his garments, to supply the means of gratifying his passion for wine; and frequently labouring for days together, half-clothed, with no other aim or intention than, when he obtains payment for his work, again to abandon himself to unrestrained debauchery. These are the men—and many of them are eminently skilful workmen—who gradually become entangled in the meshes of crime. 'Drunkenness leads to all other vices; and in the end conquers and absorbs them all.'

The most efficient checks to this course of ruin are to be found in the good sense and good management of the masters and their foremen. The kindness and paternal admonitions of the one, the good example and strict discipline of the other, can control and keep down the passions and habits of those under their charge, to an extent which could scarcely be believed, were it not proved by the wide difference which exists in the characters of the workmen—not one, but all, or nearly all—belonging to ill or well-conducted establishments.

If a strong sense of the moral duties attached to its situation is important in the master who has men under him, it becomes still more so on him on whose prudence and paternal solicitude the virtue, the respectability, and the happiness of the female artisan depend. Far more than with men does the well-being of women in the lower walks of life depend on their strict regularity of morals. In many families among the working-classes order and economy form the rule of action. The daughters learn to place all their moderate hopes of happiness in a life of unintermitting but tranquil labour; as much as possible they perform their work at home, and under the eye of their parents: if it be necessary that they should labour in a crowded workshop, they carry with them their good habits; they are constant in their attendance, and exact in the performance of their daily task. The young girls, whose characters have been formed by such domestic training, seldom on festival-days leave their homes except under the protection of their parents. Following the example of their mother, they hoard up by dint of assiduous exertion a little marriage-portion, which is to aid them in obtaining a husband, the first

wish of every girl's heart in the lower ranks of life; and the good conduct which accompanies this effort often secures its success. The fate, however, even of these young women depends greatly upon the *continued* guardianship of their parents. If left to themselves, they must possess a rare degree of good sense and prudence to resist the temptations and ill examples by which they are surrounded. The influence of such examples may also be powerfully checked by the character of the master and those in authority under him. If they do their duty, there is external decorum, at least, within the establishment; and in this case the greatest danger which the young workwoman incurs is in her out-of-doors connections with her fellow-labourers. But if the master is occupied solely by the ardour of gain, and either does not regard or does not understand the important moral situation which he fills, the case is far otherwise: the unfortunate girl will find herself at once, and without any power of retreat, in an atmosphere of avowed guilt—amid companions who make it a task and a pride to render each new-comer as depraved as themselves. At first she is shocked and depressed by this; but too frequently, as it becomes familiar to her, it undermines her principles. It is at this crisis, this dangerous entrance into life, that the vigilance of her parents is most necessary; they should study the slightest indication of melancholy and alarm; they should labour to confirm her virtuous intentions, and at any sacrifice to themselves they should remove her from a region of guilt to one of decency and good morals. If they neglect to do this, she is lost.

The avarice of parents is a frequent source of ruin to their children. Many of them appropriate to the payment of the domestic expenses the whole of the daughter's wages, and leave her without the means of clothing herself as well as others of her class. Smartness of dress is, amongst the female working-class, as amongst all other classes of women, one of the first necessities of life. If unduly curtailed in this, the young person gets dissatisfied with her condition: she feels humiliated, and takes an aversion to her home. Whilst her mind is in this state she falls an easy prey to the addresses of the first young man—her fellow labourer—who appears to compassionate her situation—accepts his proposal to live with him; and at once, and without a single word of intimation, quits her parents' house. These separations of parents and children are of very frequent occurrence; and it is the

harshness and injustice of the parents which lead to the greater portion of them.

There are two marked divisions in the female operatives at Paris—those who belong to shops and workrooms, and those who are employed in manufactories. The latter class are far inferior in education, manners, and language to the former.

The wages of the young women employed in shops and workrooms seldom exceed twenty-five or thirty sous a day. Those who reside with their parents, and are properly treated by them, are comfortably off; and it is they who form the virtuous portion of the class. But those who are harshly used at home, and those who, having no parents, must look to their own slender resources alone for lodging, food, and clothes, are sadly pinched by poverty. It is this deficiency of means, this actual want, which wrecks the virtue of so many of them. A young and inexperienced girl, placed in this position, feels the necessity of assistance and support: her heart expands towards any one who addresses her with kindness: if it be a young man of her own class, she readily attaches herself to him as to a friend and protector, and, as a matter of course, a lover: they swear eternal fidelity, and an illicit connection is formed, which very frequently lasts for many years, and not rarely ends in marriage. Immoral as are these unions, they are looked upon with indulgence and kindly interest, as having their origin in real affection on both sides; and this at least is certain, that in the great majority of instances a far worse course is pursued. Pressed by penury, a casual temptation or a few deceitful words are all that is required to turn many such girls from the path of virtue: again and again they are deluded and deserted; many of them become mothers; and, when abandoned by their lovers, are driven by the combined pressure of actual want and maternal tenderness to throw themselves into the abyss of degradation. It is well known also that many do this to procure the means of existence for their sick and aged parents.

It is of the better class of female operatives that M. Frégier has hitherto spoken: those who belong to manufactories are a far less fortunate class. A large proportion of workmen, including even those who are the most regular, when their families become numerous, have no other resource than to send their daughters, at the age of seven or eight, to the manufactory. Once admitted into these crowded establishments—in most of which both sexes work

together—and at that age when the spirit of imitation is the strongest, a very few days suffice to fix the character of nearly all of them. Their older companions, totally uneducated, and unrestrained by any moral influence, make it their pastime, by laboured and exaggerated impurity of language, to corrupt the children who work by their side. It is seldom the master of the establishment and his deputies pay any attention to all this, engrossed as they are in their one great aim, the execution of a certain quantity of work in a certain space of time; and blind to the fact, self-evident as it is, that morality is the best foundation of order and discipline. In nearly all these establishments, 'le vice,' says M. Frégier, 'siège à côté du travail.'

Among these girls 'chastity is almost unknown;' many of them become mothers at a very early age. Without shame or repugnance they enter the lying-in hospital; the maternal feelings are scarcely known to them—they separate themselves from their infant without a pang, and re-enter the manufactory with the full determination of resuming the same guilty course. Of those who have families, not more than one-third are married. It is only necessary to watch the exit of the gangs from the manufactories: boisterous, grossly indecent, insolent, ready to overwhelm with abuse any modest woman who may pass near them, disgust and compassion must fill the mind of every well-disposed person who observes them. Many are drunkards; and it is in ardent spirits that they indulge more frequently than in wine. On Sunday and on idle-Monday, nothing is more common than to see young cotton spinners, half-clothed and emaciated, coming out of the brandy-shop completely drunk; often hanging on the arm of their half-intoxicated mothers. Whilst these densely-peopled nurseries remain as they are, the ranks of vice and crime will continue crowded to overflowing.

It is in Paris only that the *chiffonniers*, or *rubbish-hunters*, form a distinct and specific class:—

'The extension of industry during the last thirty years has added to the dignity of this profession, which is alike followed by men, women, and children. It requires no apprenticeship, no previous course of study, no expensive outfit: a large and compactly-shaped basket, a stick with a hook at the end of it, and a lantern, are the entire stock-in-trade of this singular species of labourers. The men gain, on an average, and according to the season of the year, from twenty-five to forty sous a-day; but to do this they are obliged to make three rounds, two by day and one during the night; their labour com-

mencing at five in the morning and ending at midnight. Between their rounds they examine and sort the cargoes which they bring in, and which they term their *merchandise*: and, having done so, go and sell the arranged treasures to the master or managing chiffonnier: for, like all other professions, this has its gradations of ranks, the higher of which are only reached after long periods of subordinate labour. Many of these chiefs keep furnished lodgings, which they let out exclusively to those ambulatory chiffonniers who have no fixed residence; reserving to their own use the ground-floor as a magazine for their wares. The important operation of sorting his booty, if the chiffonnier is one of the better class, and desirous of a healthy lodging, is performed either in a separate room, hired for the purpose, or, when the weather will permit, in the open air; but the far greater number possess only a single room, and in this, surrounded and assisted by their children, they spread out, examine, and sort the filthy produce of each journey. The floor is covered with rags, fragments of animal substances, glass, paper, and a thousand other things, some whole, some broken, and all begrimed with dirt; whilst the several selections fill all the corners of the room, and are heaped up under the bed. The stranger who enters is almost suffocated by the stench, which is rendered still more offensive by one, and sometimes two, large dogs, which form part of the domestic establishment of most chiffonniers, and which they take out with them in their nocturnal rounds. It is matter of astonishment that habit should enable these people to endure with impunity the putrid exhalations amidst which they live. The *hôte* of the *chiffonnier* is not merely the receptacle of his merchandise, it is also his market-basket: among all the filthy trash which he collects, he takes care not to neglect the luxuries of his table—vegetables for his soup, pieces of bread, half-rotten fruit, everything which he conceives to be eatable. It is not unamusing to watch the sorting of all this, and to listen to the professional talk which seasons the operation when the sorter is in good temper, as he generally is, if his basket has been well filled and you address him with civility. Squatting down before it, he will show you, with a smile of exultation, a large beef-bone—a perfect beauty—and other articles of equal worth; and as he arranges his several heaps on the pavement, he will tell you “competition kills trade—that cooks have become dead to all sense of humanity, that they now make money of everything, bones and broken glass especially!” These rag-amuffins have their moments of good fortune and joy—it is when, in breaking apart a mass of filth, they see glittering before their eyes a silver spoon or fork; and, thanks to the carelessness of servants, these rich prizes are not of rare occurrence. The happy individual forthwith proceeds to the barrier with his friends, generally in a hackney-coach, to celebrate the event by a copious repast: the coachman, who anticipates the dirty state of his cushions, being the only dissatisfied individual of the party. The daily gain of the lady-chiffonniers amounts to, perhaps, fifteen or twenty sous; that of the

children, to about ten. Many children, who run away from their parents at a very early age, take to this trade as a means of subsistence. The life they lead is almost savage: they are remarkable for the audacity and harshness of their manners. Some become so perfectly estranged that they lose all recollection of their father's abode, nay, even of his name.

‘As with all other classes of operatives, the wine and spirit shop is the constant resort of these rubbish-hunters. To the aged chiffonniers, still more to the aged females of the class, brandy has an attraction which nothing else can equal. These women believe, and act upon the belief, that spirituous liquors afford the same nourishment as solid food: they conceive that the artificial tone which results from the use of them is genuine strength; and the error is persisted in, until the constitution is destroyed. No wonder that the rate of mortality in this class is so high.

‘All the lower ranks display a certain pride and ostentation in their expenditure at the cabaret, but the chiffonniers more than any other. The ordinary sort of wine will not suffice them; hot wine is their usual luxury, and they are vastly indignant if the lemon and sugar be not abundant. The cabaret-keepers are greatly scandalized by these extravagances—that is to say, when a difficulty occurs, as it frequently does, in making up the reckoning. The generous sentiments which animate the better class of operatives are totally wanting among these people: shunned and scorned by every one, they in return shun and hate all their fellow-creatures; they affect a cynic tone and manner, and appear to pride themselves on proclaiming their degradation and their vice. A considerable proportion of the men have passed through the hands of justice; and many of the women are prostitutes of the lowest order.’

In speaking of the vicious portions of the middle ranks, M. Frégier confines himself to the writers, or copying-clerks, the students, and the shopmen: all the other divisions of society have their tainted spots, but it is in the three which he has selected, more than in any other, that vice shows itself in a special, distinct, and extended form.

The number of persons who gain their bread by the use of the pen, in public offices, banking-houses, law-establishments, and elsewhere, amounts, in Paris, to many thousands: these, taken as a whole, are not more immoral than the rest of society; nor is it of these that our author speaks, but of the persons employed by the master-copyists, whose trade it is to prepare writings for attorneys, notaries, and the public generally:—

‘There are about 150 such establishments in Paris, and the number of clerks employed in them exceeds 600. Most of the offices or stalls in which the business is carried on are slight and temporary erections in some of the busiest

streets, and around and within the Palais de Justice. Among these clerks indolence and reckless and brutal vice are carried to a point to which it is difficult to conceive that human beings possessed of some degree of talent and education could descend. The master-copyists give to their writers two-thirds of the sums they receive. The set attached to each establishment is classed by numbers, so that the four or five highest on the list are sure of employment. Their weekly gains range from eight to fifteen francs; but the more skilful, and especially those who write a fine hand, can gain forty francs. Some of these men work in the stalls of their employers, others at their own abodes. The class, with some few melancholy exceptions of ingenious and well-educated young men and meritorious fathers of families, who have been driven into it by poverty, is a vile compound of expelled students, dismissed merchants' clerks, bankrupt schoolmasters, cashiered officers, and liberated convicts. Their predominant vices are drunkenness, gluttony, gambling, and idleness; the whole accompanied and set off by a degree of filthiness and disregard of the decencies of life which almost surpasses belief. It was from this crowd that Lacénaire stepped forth, eminent alike for his crimes and his excesses. The favourite pursuits of this "felon wit" were gambling and gluttony; all that escaped the one was lavished on the other. Eight or ten francs for his breakfast or dinner were no uncommon expenditure with this man; and his consumption of coffee was unbounded. Fraud and robbery were his most usual modes of obtaining funds for these indulgences; and it was only at intervals that he would condescend to have recourse to his pen. Before he had entirely shaken off all social restraint, and had devoted himself, soul and body, to crimes of the deepest dye, he was much sought after by the master-copyists, in consequence of the beauty of his penmanship and his marvellous rapidity of execution. Sometimes, tempted by the high rate of payment offered him, he would undertake a long piece of writing, and labour at it, fixed at his desk, for twenty-four or even forty-eight hours, almost without intermission. His task was no sooner finished than the gambling-table, or a glorious champagne breakfast, again rendered him penniless. Lacénaire scorned to be called a copyist; he only condescended to use his pen in moments of pressing need, when no robbery offered him an easier mode of filling his purse.

'Many of these men are remarkable for the ragged and offensive dirtiness of their dress. The soiled rags of the beggar are displeasing to the "nicer sense;" but the humble and careworn appearance of him who wears them converts disgust into pity. It is far otherwise with the class of which I am speaking: their insolent and boisterous manner, their sensual look, and their brutal filthiness, combine to render them the most revolting objects that the eye can meet; and, strange as it may appear, some of the most skilful of the class are of this description. Others, again, carry the vice of idleness to a pitch scarcely to be believed. Men, who could with ease obtain twenty or

thirty sous a day, prefer to yawn away their time, and just cover a sufficient number of pages to keep themselves from sheer starvation. Doing nothing is their supreme happiness; a dry crust and water for their breakfast, a dinner for four sous, and a night's lodging for still less, suffice them. The rags worn by these men are actually infectious; nor do they attempt to replace them by others until they will no longer hold together. They will then apply for work at some of the stalls where they are known, gain a few francs, refit themselves in a set of better rags, and sink back at once into their state of torpid slothfulness. The master-copyers, utterly as they despise these men, are careful not to offend them, as in the moments of pressure which frequently occur in their business they cannot do without them. This class, viewed collectively, is one of the most degraded in Paris.'

We appreciate the immense advantage of late given to heads of families resident in London, from the institution of superior seminaries, where their sons may be trained by able masters during certain hours of each day, returning to spend the evening under the paternal eye and roof; but we are sure that, except as to medical studies, which cannot now be adequately prosecuted in small places—where there are of course no great hospitals, and where eminent surgeons can seldom be expected to fix themselves—young men whose parents live in the country should never be exposed to the danger of education in a populous metropolis. Paris is the great focus of all education for the youth of France; and the consequences in respect of morality are most painful to contemplate. M. Frégier gives some pleasing sketches of the students from the provinces: their warmth of friendship, their close union among themselves as a distinct class, their kind offices to each other in the hour of need, and the energy with which, after having yielded to the seduction of pleasure, they again devote themselves to study. But a much darker picture follows. All the facilities to vice surround these young men. Women, gambling, extravagance in all its shapes, tempt them at every hour: and, new as they are to the world, separated perhaps for the first time from their parents, frequent are the instances, not merely of a temporary falling away from virtue, but of utter ruin. M. Frégier traces out their progress from extravagance to dishonesty. When they have no longer trinkets or clothes of their own to pawn, they borrow those of their companions; they order others from the tradespeople, and all alike travel to the *Mont de Piété*. Again and again funds are asked to meet fictitious

booksellers' and doctors' bills, until the parent's anxiety is aroused, and he resolves to ascertain the real state of things. All manner of frauds are then got up to establish the fact of sickness; and a due number of books are hired for the probable duration of the parental visit: a regular train of deception and falsehood is put into action, and the bewildered senior returns to the country, half satisfied and half suspicious. These delinquencies lead on to darker. Among the students there never fail to be found individuals who affect to separate themselves from the rest of the world, and to disdain all moral restraints. These young men, frequently of high talent, are quarrelsome, enemies to all *fagging*, perpetual frequenters of the coffee-houses, and pride themselves on their cynicism, and the open boldness of their vices. Their number is small; but, unhappily, one of their chief pleasures and pursuits is the propagation of their own vicious habits and opinions amongst the incautious youths around them. To complete the ruin of these striplings, and at the same time to prey upon them, is their aim and their boast. It is among these abandoned parasites and their victims that nearly all the cases occur of students who are brought before the tribunals of justice.

The shopmen form another distinct division of society. There is less of close fellowship among them than among the students, less *esprit de corps*. The ruling vices are the same; but the order of their intensity is reversed. With the student it is gambling, women, dress; with the shopman dress is the supreme good, women and gambling are subordinate. The employment of these young men, especially of those who serve behind the counter, renders attention to their personal appearance a matter of importance, nay, of necessity. With many this grows into a passion, and leads them into expenses totally disproportioned to their narrow salaries. Petty abstractions from the goods under their care, especially articles of male attire, are then had recourse to; and these in the larger houses very often escape detection. Impunity renders the culprit bolder; the thefts become gradually more important, the appearance of the youth more splendid. He becomes the subject of conversation to his fellow shopmen: the thoughtless laugh, the grave shake their heads; and the suspicion reaches the master of the establishment, by whom this species of domestic robbery is considered as one of the chief dangers of his trade, one which it is most important he should detect and punish.

Little investigation takes place, little opportunity for defence is given. It is held to be the safest plan to dismiss the fine gentleman, and he is thrown upon the world without character and without resources—how rarely to escape from the gulf of crime which yawns to receive him!

An additional danger besets those young denizens of the counter who are cursed with the fatal gift of beauty. Kept mistresses, ladies'-maids, nursery-maids, and all the descending gradations of frailty which crowd the *entre-sol* and the kitchen, select these handsome shopmen as the objects of their especial tenderness: they are led to do so partly by inclination, partly from a calculating determination to obtain by their means the materials for their toilets, without the disagreeable necessity of paying for them. 'A tall, well-made, silk-mercator's apprentice, with bright eyes, fresh complexion, white teeth, elaborately-parted hair, and redundant whiskers, stands on the verge of a precipice every yard of ribbon that he measures. If he ventures on mustachios, and cherishes a tip, his doom is fixed. In these cases two brilliant wardrobes are to be furnished instead of one, and the descent to crime and ruin is more than doubly rapid.*'

Our author, having indicated what he conceives to be the chief sources of aliment to crime, now enters upon the more direct and immediate subject of his investigation,—the dangerous class itself, its habits, and the causes of its depravity. He commences by an able sketch of the '*Moral Topography of Paris*.' Through this we have no space to follow him; nor is it necessary. The habits of a savage animal are of more importance than its locality. One of the chief haunts of the dangerous class is the quarter of 'the City'; it may be taken as a specimen of the whole. Its dark, dirty, and narrow streets are formed of lofty and many storied houses, the gloomy entries to which are seldom guarded by a porter. These are crammed with prostitutes, vagabonds, and the more hardened class of

* The English reader will be reminded of some vivid sketches of London shop-life in the remarkable novel of 'Ten Thousand a Year. Those sketches are indeed excellent; but it is in the portraits of the attorney class that Mr. Warren has displayed the full strength and variety of his talents and his observation. His work deserves more than a passing note—it appears to us superior to any other novel of familiar life recently produced in this country; we even think he might have secured for it a permanent place among our classics of prose fiction, if he had, in revising it for separate publication, struck out a large half of his sentimental details, and the whole of his temporary politics.

criminals. The lodging-houses in which this vile population dwells, are intermixed with numerous eating-houses, and brandy and smoking shops of the most obscene description.

‘The most striking characteristic of the lodging-houses is an excess of uncleanness, which renders them so many centres of infection. It is only the most select which have beds; the greater part contain merely truckle beds, disgustingly dirty. The rooms open into passages which have neither light nor air; the leaden sinks and *latrines* on each floor exhale a suffocating stench; their leakage extends from the garret to the ground floor, and renders the stairs, which are covered with a humid mud, almost impassable. The court-yard of these houses is only a few feet square; and the windows of the densely-crowded rooms look into this; but many of the smaller chambers have no other opening than the door which leads to the stairs. The windows are covered with oiled paper instead of glass; and in many houses the whole of the inmates sleep on heaps of rags, collected in the streets, and kept in one of the lower rooms, to be given out to the lodgers as they enter. I enlarge upon these details, because the very harshness of the picture will throw a strong light on the habits of the dangerous class.’

‘*Gamblers*’—for it is with this class of criminals that our author commences—‘are, from the very nature of their pursuits, subject to such sudden vicissitudes of fortune, and are driven on by such a reckless ardour, that they are not only looked upon by the police as dangerous persons, but become objects of dread to all the well-disposed. Of all our evil propensities, the love of play is the most tyrannical, devouring, and tenacious; and there are no excesses to which it does not lead. Among the professed gamblers there are many, especially of the lower and of the educated but necessitous classes, who are solely occupied by the craving appetite for play, the activity of which absorbs in them all other wants. They retrench as much as possible their food and clothing, to furnish the means of indulging this deadly passion. They frequent the lowest lodging-houses; and whilst they risk at the gaming-table every franc they possess, it is with regret that they part with two or three sous to pay for a bed of rotten straw, or of rags covered with mud. Such is their destiny, day after day; and it brings them to the level of the robbers and cut-throats who inhabit the same dens. It is this community of abode, this close approach to criminals of the worst description, which so powerfully second the pernicious influences of the passion that controls them. Deprived by the cast of the die of their last crown, and urged to desperation, they throw themselves into the career of crime in the train of the robbers with whom they dwell. This extremity of guilt is sooner or later the fate of almost every gamester. These same men, who, when neither fraud nor luck has befriended them, can submit to every privation, give way to the wildest extravagance when the chance of the cards

or an unexpected plunder has put them in funds. Followed unceasingly by the dread of being discovered and arrested by the police, they hasten to the gaming-table to drown their fears in its violent excitement. Play is at once the business of their lives and their most cherished pleasure; debauchery and gluttony follow as subordinates. This cruel passion accompanies and domineers over them even in the prison, and leads to excesses which approach insanity. There are instances of prisoners, who, after having lost in one instant the produce of an entire week’s labour, have not feared to glut their passion by staking in advance the bread which is to support them for the next month, or even for a longer period; nor are there wanting beings so remorseless as to lie in wait during the distribution of the food, and snatch from their debtors the bread which is necessary to their very existence.

‘The medical attendants in the Central House of Mont Saint-Michel remarked a convict who played with so unconquerable an ardour, that when he was in the infirmary, and in the extremity of disease, he abandoned to the chance of the die the broth or wine absolutely necessary to restore his strength. This man, in the end, died of actual inanition.’

The ‘medical attendants,’ we presume, were placed there for some other purpose than merely to ‘remark the ardour’ of such a patient!

We believe there is no portion of their social system on which our Gallic neighbours more pride themselves than on their code of *erotic* laws; and it is with somewhat of a flourish of trumpets—a *paulo-majora-canamus* sort of a tone—that M. Frégier enters upon the subject:—

‘This vice,’ he exclaims, ‘begotten by one of the passions the most imperious in man, and to which the progress of civilisation has in vain attempted to oppose any efficacious barrier, exercises more especially its influence in mighty cities. It reigns—such is the recital of travellers, such is the testimony of writers the most accredited—over the entire surface of the globe!’

In Paris, prostitution exists under two distinct forms: it is public, and it is clandestine; the inscription of names in the register of the police being the line of separation. Convinced of the necessity of the evil, the municipal authorities have endeavoured to render it obedient to such laws as should restrain its excesses—to organize it, as far as its nature will permit. ‘During the last five-and-twenty years, and more especially of late, the police have,’ we are told, ‘evinced great wisdom and firmness in the ameliorations they have introduced into this division of the community; and Paris has become

distinguished among all the capitals of civilized nations, as the one in which public order, morals, and health, are the best guaranteed against the influence of this vice.'

In England prostitution is *tolerated*, in France it is *sanctioned*: advantages and disadvantages result probably from both systems; but neither the pages of our author, nor the voluminous treatise of his great authority, M. Parent-Duchâtelet, have convinced us that the cause of virtue is promoted by legalizing vice. This at least is certain, that the proud supremacy of moral discipline, which these two political economists claim for Paris, exists only in part: clandestine prostitution has resisted every attempt to bring it under control; nor can it ever be so brought, without an undue and most dangerous infringement of the liberty of the subject. The obvious, the admitted result of this imperfect, this half submission to the law is, that the clandestine and ex-legal division of the class is more depraved and more dangerous than where there is no such separation; and that this is the case the pages of our author abundantly prove.

The two classes are so distinct, that he has deemed it necessary to treat of each separately:—

'The inscription has for its object to prove the individuality of the woman who surrenders herself to an immoral life; and thus to give the inspectors of the police the means of arresting her if guilty of disorderly conduct or crime. The registered female, aware that she is thus subjected to a constant surveillance, abandons herself less willingly to those excesses which are almost inseparable from her vocation; and has no hope, if guilty of crime, of escaping from the pursuit of justice. The inscription declares the fact of prostitution; but it does not grant her the authority to prostitute herself, as is commonly supposed to be the case.

'If the girl who presents herself and demands her inscription, or who is brought by the police, is of age, and appears not utterly hardened in vice, the executive employs all its efforts to induce her to return into the bosom of her family. The interrogation which she undergoes as to her previous conduct enables them to judge whether anger or despair has driven her to take this step; nor is her name inscribed until, after a mature investigation, they are convinced that there is no hope of reconciling her to her family. Many of those who apply for inscription are from the provinces. Ensnared by a transitory attachment, they quit their native place; are brought to Paris by the seducer, speedily abandoned by him, and compelled by actual want to add their names to the registry of infamy: or, willing to hide a first fault, they separate themselves from their family and seek concealment in the capital, and to do this they are frequently led by the

counsel of some early friend who is herself devoted to vice. In all these cases the police proceed with extreme caution. The cause of morality being the one object they have in view, it is by no means unusual for them to refuse the inscription, if they see any remains of good feeling, and the girl is not suffering under disease. They do more. To preserve her from the danger of clandestine prostitution, and to do away with any pretext for remaining at Paris, they give her a passport and funds to enable her to return home. Even in those cases in which the police perceive that this course cannot be adopted, they do not, in the first instance, definitively inscribe the name: a communication is addressed to the mayor of the place in which the girl was born, requiring him to furnish, free of expense, a certificate of her birth; and although the object for which it is demanded is not expressed, the researches which the local authorities are obliged to make suffice to apprise the friends of the girl where she is, and the danger in which she is placed. It rests with them to negotiate her return either by the intervention of the mayor, or by a direct application to the police. It is only when this document is transmitted without any accompanying remark that the provisional inscription becomes final.

'A different line of conduct is adopted in the case of a minor. If from the country, the local magistrates are requested to ascertain the situation of her parents, and what steps they are willing to take to secure her return to them. During the period of this negotiation, she is put in separate confinement in the prison of St. Lazarus. If, which is very frequently the case, she is not claimed by her relations, the registration takes place. When the parents reside in Paris, the same solicitude is shown. They are brought before the prefect of police, and urged to pardon their child. Sometimes the efforts of the civil authorities are successful; but these reconciliations are seldom durable. The girl is again guilty, and again arrested: her relations break off all connection with her, and it becomes necessary to add her name to the list.

'Each girl, when she is registered, is required to sign, either with her name or her mark, a formal printed declaration, by which she engages to submit herself to the sanitary regulations, and to the prescribed system of surveillance connected with them. This is an important document: it constitutes a sort of legal right in the police to inflict, as they are perpetually compelled to do, the slighter kinds of punishment on these unfortunate women, without control and without appeal. It is found, also, to have a strong moral effect upon the girls themselves; they feel that by thus pledging themselves they have entered into a kind of contract with the police: this tends to render them obedient, and to restrain their conduct within some bounds of propriety.'

Every trade and every occupation affords its contingent to this class; and, as with us, the most productive of all are the manufactories and the workshops. Parent-

Duchâtelet—the Newton of harlotry—in his elaborate work, 'De la Prostitution de la Ville de Paris,'* enumerates the instances in which near relations have simultaneously presented themselves for registration. Out of 5183 registrations, 164 cases have occurred of two sisters presenting themselves at the same time, 4 instances of three sisters, 3 instances of four; and the still more fearful spectacle of a mother and her daughter presenting themselves together has occurred no less than sixteen times!!

* This is a work 'd'une grande célébrité' in France. We marvel not that it should be so; for never was there a book more radically and essentially *French*. The subject well deserves the attention of the philanthropist and the statesman: it is the treatment of it—the blending together philosophic gravity and trivial minuteness—the needless abomination of detail—which makes the English reader fling it from him with wonder and disgust. The author had prepared himself for his revolting task by a long familiarity with kindred subjects: the death-spreading industry of Montfaucon—the obstructed sinks and sewers of Paris—had been the objects of his care, before he busied himself with these darker impurities. To them he devoted almost exclusively the last eight years of his life. His zeal and energy in the pursuit were unceasing; and among the mass of facts which he has collected and brought into system many are of high importance and utility. But from long dwelling upon one favourite and engrossing subject, his eye lost by degrees the faculty of correct perspective: things absolutely unimportant, things altogether base and trivial, became from proximity magnified into objects of philosophic grandeur. What moral or statistical advantage, for example, can result from ascertaining with mathematical accuracy and reducing into decimal fractions the proportionate ratios of the eyes, grey, brown, blue, red, and black, of every street-walker in Paris? What practical utility in mastering the still more difficult problem of the colour of their eyebrows? There may be some interest in knowing exactly the height of the Venus de Medici, and of the Pucelle d'Orléans;—but to ascertain, within the fraction of an inch, the altitudes, in an ascending series, of TWELVE THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOUR Parisian prostitutes is a department of science, a species of philosophy, which we are convinced no human being but a Frenchman would ever have thought of cultivating.

As an author, Parent-Duchâtelet's merits are considerable. His language is correct, clear, and even eloquent; but the measureless attachment which he feels towards his subject betrays him sometimes into an energy of phrase singularly ludicrous. Subjects of loathsome disquisition, needless and frivolous impurities, are thus pompously ushered in: 'Je consacre un chapitre,'—'Cette opinion étant d'un poids immense,'—'J'ai puisé largement à cette source précieuse,'—'Cet inestimable document,'—and on one occasion, when dilating on a subject supereminently revolting and disgraceful, filled with gratitude towards his co-explorers, he exclaims, 'Ils l'ont étudiée pour moi, et m'ont donné à ce sujet des précieux renseignements!!'

In elaborate correctness of arrangement the work is a master-piece: each of its grander divisions is subdivided into numerous subordinate sections, every one of which has its duplex enunciation, the one concise, the other full and comprehensive. One

The aristocracy of the profession, the kept mistresses, have nearly all of them their favoured lovers, whom our author warns us by no means to confound with their ostensible protectors: many of these favourites occupy an elevated position in society—'general officers—men of letters—financiers—noblemen.' The next rank—the higher class of street-walkers—who live free from personal restraint, exercise their trade during the day, and devote their nights to the society of their lovers, whom by preference they choose from among the

of these grand divisions is consecrated to a philosophic analysis of the veteran rank of the profession. Here, in fourteen sections, we have given to us their nomenclature—the gradual purifications in the French language on this important subject during a long succession of ages—the exact year, 1796, in which their present decorous appellation was conceded to them—their domestic pursuits, studies, and amusements—their opinion of themselves, a nice point—their special and individual affairs of the heart—the discomfort to their establishments when these extend to more than two cherished objects at once—their 'tournée d'esprit'—their maternal solicitude;—and, to complete the interesting picture, their calm secession from the toils of life—their provincial retirements—their gradually extending respectability—their charitable cares—their rural piety—their eager participation in the holiest ceremonials of the church:—the whole wound up with what should have been its commencement, had there not existed, as we are expressly told, 'insurmountable difficulties' in so doing—the whole wound up with—

'DEFINITION d'une Dame de Maison.'

The accuracy of every statement contained in this volume is repeatedly insisted upon by M. Frégier, and the work carries within itself the strongest evidence of truth. There are, nevertheless, some very startling assertions in it. We scarcely know which of the three following is the most incredible:—

1st. That one of the physicians of Paris, observing the uniform increase of fat which courtizans acquire from the use of mercury, suggested the expediency of subjecting all animals intended for the food of man to a like course of treatment!! (Page 116 of the Brussels edition of 1836—we deem it expedient to be accurate in our references.)

2d. That in one of the forty-eight quarters of Paris, that of l'Île Saint Louis, in a population of 7500, not one single prostitute is to be found!!! (Page 327.)

3d. That one woman of a superior grade—but we will quote the original words, to prevent the possibility of error—'assurait la santé de tous ses clients. Pour cela elle ne recevait que des hommes mariés qui tous se connaissaient; on n'était admis chez elle que sur la présentation de quelques habitués, et avec l'assentiment de tous les autres au nombre de quarante à cinquante'!!!! (Page 81.)

Parent-Duchâtelet was a skilful and valuable public servant. We believe, also, that he was a virtuous man; and the disgust with which we cast aside the book does not extend to its author. Nor would we be unjust to the work itself. As it exists, it would be unendurable in this country; but if divested of all its unnecessary grossness, all its trivial details, we should be glad to see, in an English dress, the solid information which it contains. We warn our readers against supposing that they will find what we speak of in a late trumpery publication of the Edinburgh press.

students of law and medicine, and the juvenile attorneys, 'the intelligence and wit of these young men rendering them especially attractive.' These women never exact any payment from their favourites; on the contrary, they lavish their money upon them; and the number of young men in Paris who degrade themselves by being thus supported is considerable. 'This total absence of mercenary views,' says our author, 'is universal through all the gradations of prostitution, even to the very lowest. Towards their lovers, the disinterestedness of these abandoned women is unmixed and perfect.' The next class in the descending scale are perhaps the least corrupted and vicious of the whole: these nearly all of them exercise some industrious trade, in addition to their regular profession: many are economists, and invest their money in the savings-banks: not a few of them in the capital thus accumulated find ultimately the means of emancipating themselves, and set up in some decent business. The lovers chiefly sought after by this class are shopmen, journeymen hair-dressers, and journeymen tailors, the latter especially. In this rank there are many women whose degradation has sprung from poverty, and not from any propensity to vice. The lowest class is that which most demands the strict attention of the police; for with them are constantly associated men of the vilest and most dangerous character, their lovers or their *souteneurs*, who are for the most part liberated convicts. The attachment of these women for their favourites knows no bounds: the vilest treatment at their hands, blows, even wounds, will not shake it. The duty of the *souteneur* is to warn his mistress of the approach of the police, when she is infringing the prescribed rules; and in the event of her being arrested, he is always prepared to do battle in her defence.

These are the four chief classes which constitute that division of the system in which the women continue to be free agents, and mistresses of their own actions; with the exception only of their constant subjection to the sanatory regulations, and, in the event of misconduct, to imprisonment. From the highest to the lowest, from the *femme galante* who lives surrounded by every luxury, to the half-clothed prowler through the streets, all are alike subjected to the dispensary, the hospital, and the prison. The visits to the dispensary are required to be made twice every month, and are recorded on a card, which they are bound to produce, when called upon to do so by the police. Nothing is a more marked characteristic of these wo-

men than the disdain which the higher ranks among them express for those of an inferior grade, the one grand criterion of their relative dignity being the price at which they accord their favours. Should any individual forget herself so far as to lower her terms, she is exposed to the anger and revilings of her fellows: this is an offence which, in their opinion, admits of no excuse. The contempt of the superior class naturally draws down upon it the vindictive hatred of the other; and when members of the two meet, as they perpetually do in the prison or the hospital, both reduced to the same hard fare and the same coarse dress, the inferior fails not to take a bitter revenge. The mistresses of the houses of Tolerance have in their pay agents in the different hospitals, who form acquaintance with the handsomest of their fellow-patients; and, on their report, the Dame de Maison enters into a treaty with the girls thus selected, and makes them a present of clothes, and a weekly allowance of four or five francs during the remainder of their stay in the hospital, the agent herself receiving a much higher remuneration. These selections chiefly take place from among girls out of place, and work-women without employment; who, on leaving the hospital, have no alternative before them but famine or vice. The houses of the lower class are recruited from the prisons by similar agency. Many of the Dames de Maison obtain their recruits by the aid of correspondents in the country, especially in the manufacturing departments: they often employ regular travellers for the same purpose; and not a few are in league with the persons who keep offices for the hiring of servants, who, without remorse, when a girl more than usually handsome applies for a place, send her to the address of one of the most showy of the licensed Maisons. The train is so well laid, that it very generally succeeds—flattery, dress, luxuries of all sorts, conquer her repugnance, and she devotes herself to a life of shame, without even being aware that she has been the victim of a conspiracy. Especial care is taken to keep these unhappy creatures totally penniless, lest they should emancipate themselves from the thralldom they endure; and if they are suspected of economising, every art used to lead them into extravagance. In the more splendid establishments personal indulgences are granted to them in excess; yet, no sooner does disease attack them, than they are hurried off without sympathy or remorse from the very centre of luxury to the melancholy wards of a hospital. The vilest, the most revolting, and the most dangerous of all these licensed establishments are the dens in those parts of

the city where the lower classes congregate ; such as the Grand Barriers and the outward Boulevards. Day and night, one unceasing round of riot, debauchery, drunkenness fighting, and theft, takes place in these hot-beds of crime.

Clandestine prostitution has a range as wide as that which is regular and avowed. A large proportion of the total number of *femmes-galantes*, or kept-mistresses—*femmes à partie*—the girls who habitually frequent the theatres—workwomen—maid servants—and, last and most melancholy of all, *children*, form the catalogue of the 4000 females who constitute the mass of prostitution which does not submit itself to the law. The *femmes à partie* are a distinct race: they are women distinguished generally by their wit and fascinating manners, who are, or have been prostitutes. They keep a good table, and receive all visitors who are introduced to them by friends in whom they confide: they give dinners, balls, soirées; and collect around them as many beautiful faces as they can—divorced wives—actresses—opera-dancers, and *femmes galantes* of all kinds: they live by the spoils of the thoughtless young men of fortune. In disgraceful conduct the women who beset the theatres equal—they cannot exceed—their parallels in London. This stain upon our national manners has been far too patiently endured, and we hail with gratitude the recent effort of Mr. Macready to free our capital from so foul a reproach.

It has been painful to us to go into these details; but as of all the divisions of society this is the one in which the greatest difference exists between the two nations, we have deemed it right specially to direct the attention of our readers to it. That both in a moral and a religious point of view it is a subject of the deepest importance none can doubt; and it deserves, consequently, the calm attention of the political economist. English feelings and English prejudices may, perhaps, bias our judgment; our neighbours consider us antiquated and unwise in our views on this branch of civil government; and we know that the French system of legalized prostitution is gradually spreading over other European nations. We do not wonder that it should do so; for, unquestionably, there are many advantages connected with it. These are upon the surface. The objections lie deeper. If legal *surveillance* could, without undue interference with the liberty of the subject, be made to extend over all those who are tainted with this vice, great good; great diminution of crime, disease and misery, would be the result;

the benefit to the offenders would be important and permanent; they would become less immoral, and less dangerous subjects to the state. But experience has proved that this cannot be. The fact is notorious, that the law is not able to bring within its coercive powers one-half of the class. But this is not, we conceive, the chief objection to it. A portion of the class, having the sanction of the law, being under its care, legalized and protected, establishes at once a line of demarkation between it and the remaining part, which holds itself aloof from all restraint. The consequence is inevitable—the unrestricted portion become, from the mere circumstance of this distinction, this separation, more depraved, more audacious, and more dangerous than they would be, were there no such division. The slightest acquaintance with the nature of the human mind would convince us, *à priori*, that this must be so; but not only M. Frégier's volumes, but the more circumstantial work of Parent-Duchâtelet, prove, beyond a shadow of doubt, that such is the case. From the amount, therefore, of good, which the exertions of the law effect in one half of the mass, is to be deducted the amount of evil which results to the other. But the question which relates to society at large is one of far greater importance; and here there is no balancing of good and evil. The legalizing, the trafficking with vice, the protection and countenance given to it, cannot exist without baneful effects extending themselves directly or indirectly over all divisions of society. The national scale of morality is brought down; the distinctions of right and wrong are defaced. A licensed brothel and a licensed gambling-house are less dangerous places to those who frequent them than similar abodes of vice unsubjected to control; but to society at large the injury resulting from the union of crime and law is incalculably greater. France has already perceived this as regards the one vice, and sanctioned gambling-houses have ceased to exist.

It is proved, that among the prostitutes in Paris a considerable number economize their gains, are depositors in the savings-banks, and acquire the means of quitting, their vicious course of life: it is proved, also, that a large proportion of these unhappy women do ultimately obtain re-admission into their original classes of society. Could we restrict our views to these individuals, the knowledge that such is the case would be consolatory: but we must look also at those by whom they are received: we then perceive that it is the ab-

sence of high moral feeling in society at large which renders it possible for beings who have so degraded themselves ever to recover the station they have lost. The lax and depraved tone of society, which leads them to hope that such an event is possible, leads also to their economy and their savings. Instances of similar re-admission into the ranks of honesty are comparatively rare in England. It is not with sorrow that we assert this to be so. It is the purer morality of the social system with us that renders the exclusion final and irremediable; and we hold that, where the loss to the unhappy class is as one, the gain to society is as a thousand.

The *vagabonds* are the next class described. They hold an intermediate place between the beggar and the robber.

'Ragged and idle, vegetating in a state of torpid carelessness, and solely occupied by the present moment, these degraded beings abound in all the great centres of population. A numerous division of the tribe hang about the market-places, to pick up a few pence, by executing commissions, and eke out their daily gains by petty thefts and begging. The younger division of the class is recruited from among the boys expelled from the schools or the manufactories for inveterate idleness and misconduct, and who pass their entire days loitering in the streets, in defiance of the remonstrances and corrections of their parents. These young reprobates, whose ages vary from seven to sixteen, are soon enticed by other boys, more advanced in vice, to band themselves together into gangs, sometimes to the number of eighteen; one especial article of their compact being mutually to assist one another in escaping from the search of their parents, or of the masters to whom they have been apprenticed. The most timid and the least depraved frequent the markets, and beg or execute commissions; the bolder and more accomplished rob. With all of them, without exception, gambling is the ruling passion; next to this the theatre; and, in order to collect money to pay for their admission, they will frequently fast for a couple of days. Wherever there is noise, tumult, or sedition, there these gangs are sure to be seen. Those who rob, lord it over the rest, as it is from their gains that the more timid and the new recruits are supported. They are ambitious to form the acquaintance and receive the instructions of grown-up robbers; but indeed the fathers of many of them are robbers. An instance is known of one of these boys who, when not quite three years old, was able to pick a lock; and when soon afterwards he commenced business in the streets, the childish naïveté with which he recited his little felonies is said to have "filled his father's mind with delight and pride." These thievish imps swarm on the Boulevards, and insinuate themselves more especially into the groups which surround the ambulatory exhibitions and the print-shops. In short, every crowded place is the theatre of their activi-

ty. These are the voluntary members of the fraternity; but many join it unwillingly, being driven to do so by the neglect or the cruelty of their masters: many are orphans. The efforts made by the police to reclaim these juvenile offenders are unceasing; but severity and kindness are alike ineffectual. Again and again are they arrested, and punished or pardoned as the case requires; and again and again do they resume the same lawless course of life. A singular case is on record of one of these children, who was arrested no less than forty times: he was always alone; and, strange to say, in no one instance had he committed any punishable crime; his only proveable offence was that of being day and night a houseless wanderer.'

The points of resemblance between the pickpockets, the sharpers, and the robbers of Paris and London are so numerous and so strong as to render it unnecessary for us to follow our author through the whole of his details. Many of his statements might be mistaken for extracts from our own police reports. We shall therefore touch only on those forms of crime which are least known in England.

'The *octroi* duty, which is levied on all articles of consumption brought into Paris, forms by far the most considerable portion of the city revenue. In 1840 it amounted to no less a sum than 40,606,535 francs, (£1,624,261). To evade this tax innumerable modes of smuggling are resorted to, and not only by professed thieves, and by women and children, who devote themselves to it as a legitimate branch of industry, but also by a large number of the operative classes when out of employment. These latter, however, when their own accustomed occupation is again offered them, willingly quit their illicit trade. Many of these bands of smugglers are armed, have their captains (*chefs d'équipes*), and carry on their trade avowedly, and in defiance of the agents of the *octroi*, with whom they sometimes come into open collision. But by far the greater quantity of smuggled goods are introduced secretly. . . . *La fraude sous vêtement* is effected by bladders arranged around the corsets of women, or by a hollow cuirass of tin neatly fitted to the shape. *La fraude par escalade* takes place only during the night: a ladder, with a strong cord at the end of it, is placed against the city wall; up this the smuggler ascends, charged with a leathern sack filled with wine or spirit, and the cord enables him to descend with his burden on the other side. *La fraude par jet de vessie* is practised in open day. The point of communication being fixed upon, the exterior smuggler throws bladder after bladder over the wall, and they are caught by his accomplice. Unwholesome meat is introduced into the city in the same manner. But of all the modes of smuggling, the one which most largely detracts from the city revenues is that effected by means of subterranean excavations. A gang hire a house outside the walls, having attached to it a court or garden suitable to their purpose: opposite to this, inside the walls, they occupy another building, and from the one to the other they open a subterra-

nean communication, through which articles of every description are conveyed in immense quantities. Once within the walls, they are speedily forwarded to the retailers, between whom and the smuggler there is an established league. The seizures made by the police are innumerable; and formerly it was the custom in many of the stations to collect and hang up the various arms, instruments, and curious apparatus which had been captured; but these became so numerous, that the offices were gradually converted into museums and arsenals, and it was deemed expedient to destroy the whole.'

The great abundance and variety of silver coin give the sharpers of Paris an important advantage over their London brethren. *Le vol à l'Américaine* would be little productive with us; in France, although it has been perpetually exposed in the newspapers, it is still practised with as much success as ever.

"Those who devote themselves to this branch of industry loiter near the Bank of France, the Treasury, or the coach offices, on the watch for persons carrying a sack of crown pieces; and when they espy a rustic looking man or woman thus burdened, and whose appearance pleases them, they immediately commence operations. A young girl, for instance, is seen to come out of the Treasury with a budget well filled, and carefully tied round; two sharpers follow her, and the one who plays the part of the American steps forward some hundred paces; the other accosts her in so civil and good-humoured a tone as not to alarm her; she answers him as civilly; the conversation goes on; he talks economy, praises saving-banks, and wishes there were more young work-women of her age who had as prudent and saving habits as he is sure she has. In the midst of these flattering words the American retraces his steps, and, on approaching the girl, asks her in broken French if she will change the crowns she is carrying for gold; if so, he will give her a bonus of 100 sous on every 20 francs. She is startled, and somewhat shocked at this offer. Not so the complimentary gentleman by her side; he is less scrupulous, and says at once that he himself will accept the terms. The American forthwith produces a handful of gold pieces: the poor girl's surprise augments, but it becomes extreme when the careless foreigner declares that he has brought tons of gold with him to France on board his vessel, and that current coin he must have at once, let it cost him what it will. She now, in a timid whisper, tells her new acquaintance that she *thinks* she should like to participate in the traffic. He confirms her in the prudent resolution, and proposes that they should go into a wine-shop with the rich foreigner. Having established themselves in a private room, the American not only displays numerous pieces of gold, but also a beautiful little sack made of some rich skin, fastened with a padlock, and crammed full of the rouleaux which he wants to change. The other man now feels the responsibility of his

situation; the transaction is an important one; he will not part with his own silver, nor will he allow the young woman to part with hers, until he has ascertained the purity of some of the gold pieces. He takes two or three of them to the nearest money-changer, and returns with crown-pieces; all doubts on their side are now at an end. Not so with the American: he, in his turn, says that he must ascertain that her silver is good. His ignorance excites a laugh, and the nature of the coinage of the country is fully explained to him. Still he persists; and at length the friendly adviser consents, but on the express condition that he himself shall go with him to the shop with the girl's packet of silver. She feels deeply this kind attention, and pours out her thanks. They depart and leave her alone, gazing intently on the beautiful little padlocked purse, which is left in her care. Half an hour passes, but of course no one returns; she becomes alarmed, the master of the wine-shop is summoned; he is, or affects to be astonished; the purse is cut open, and, to the unspeakable horror of the poor girl, the rouleaux are of copper.'

A man of unexceptionable appearance enters a shop, makes some purchases, produces gold, and requests that the change may be given him in some particular coin, that of the Republic, for instance, or of the Kingdom of Italy. The obliging shop-keeper pours out his sack of silver on the counter, and the customer draws out with great care from the heap the peculiar coinage which he seeks. During this public process of selection he carries on a private one; and, with a skill which many a professed juggler might envy, abstracts as many crown-pieces as he can venture to take, without too much diminishing the heap. Then follow thanks and apologies for giving trouble; and complimentary speeches having been made on both sides, the unsuspecting tradesman restores the diminished silver into its bag; and it is only when at the end of the day he counts its contents that he discovers his loss, which sometimes amounts to 600 or 1000 francs.

The ladies are proficient in this art: their powers of conversation and their personal attraction aid greatly; but the mystery lies in their fingers, of which, says M. Frégier, '*la souplesse et la force a quelque chose de merveilleux.*' The fair sex are indeed great shoplifters. Their pelisses and mantles are furnished with huge pockets, artfully constructed in the foldings: an immense shawl is very favourable to the operation; and those who assume the garb of Paysannes have their coarse thick petticoat formed into a perfect series of secret compartments. One of the modes adopted is new to us, and there is a shade of maternal tenderness thrown over the transaction,

which gives it a peculiar interest. A well-dressed lady enters a shop, followed by a nursery-maid with a baby in long and flowing robes: the lady requires all manner of smart things to be shown her, lays them aside with the usual fastidiousness of female taste, and demands others. In the midst of her purchases she is seized with a sudden paroxysm of tenderness for her baby; the good-humoured smiling *bonne* sets the darling on the counter, that its little face may be close to mamma's; and, when the caresses are concluded, takes it again upon her arm, and with it, under cover of its long robe, two or three selected pieces of silk.

The system of several distinct families living in one house, with a common staircase, affords the Parisian robber facilities unknown in London. *Bonjouriers, Voleurs au bonjour, Chevaliers grimpons*, are the happily significant names given to the numerous class of whom we are now speaking. They disdain the use of false keys, break open no doors, scale no walls; their only preparation is ascertaining the name of two of the residents, and this the printed Directories enable them to do. Well dressed, shod with noiseless pumps, and relying on his self-possession and ease of manner, one of these thieves boldly demands of the porter whether M. B—— is at home, M. A—— being the person he intends to rob. No sooner is he upon the stairs than he is all eyes to detect an unfastened door. He sees one with a key in it; he knocks again and again; if no one appears he steps in as far as the dining-room, makes straight for the buffet, fills his pockets and hat with silver, and glides out again. Should the owner of the apartment, M. A——, make his appearance, the robber with a courteous and smiling air demands whether he has not the honour to address M. B——? he is told that M. B—— lives on the next floor, and the unsuspected villain, uttering a thousand apologies, departs with the best grace imaginable:—or suspicion may be half aroused, the party may be a matter-of-fact Englishman, or a slow-witted German, who looks grave and dangerous, and the Frenchman perceives that his safety hangs upon a thread. Nothing daunted, the rogue reiterates his rapid apologies, and performs a semicircle of active bows until he gets in a straight line with the door, and then vanishes with the rapidity of lightning. Nay, should he be seized, and the stolen plate actually found upon him, he is not without his resources. He has a tale of woe, ready cut and dried for all such peril-

ous occasions. Falling on his knees, he implores, with an eloquence almost irresistible, the pardon, the compassion, of the benevolent man whom he frankly admits he has so deeply injured—it is his first, his only offence—the fatal love of play has led him to it—to decide upon his fate will be to decide also upon the fate of as respectable a father as ever breathed—a father who would die were he to know of his son's dishonour! This frequently succeeds: the proprietor contents himself with kicking the penitent down stairs; who, well aware that his honour is of that description that knows no stain, considers this mode of retreat equivalent to a victory.

Every crowded street, every theatre, has its contingent of pickpockets, between whom and the police there is one unceasing conflict. As a specimen of our author's style, we will give his lively sketch of this warfare:—

'Les inspecteurs de police sont attirés dans les groupes par les motifs même qui y conduisent les filous. Ils ont, les uns comme les autres, les yeux fixés sur les poches des curieux, mais les premiers veillent à leur défense quand les seconds songent à les dépouiller. De là, cette animosité mutuelle, et pour ainsi dire instinctive, qui existe entre eux. Quel est celui d'entre nous qui appréhende les entreprises des filous à la promenade ou ailleurs? combien peu qui savent gré à la police de sa sollicitude, qui se doutent même de cette sollicitude? Il est pourtant vrai que dans un grand nombre de circonstances les agens de police et les filous luttent entre eux sur le terrain d'observations, de précautions, et d'adresse, précisément à l'occasion du sujet qui nous occupe le moins. Ce sont les seuls qui ne soient pas attentifs aux spectacles ou aux divertissemens qui fixent les regards de tous. Cette inattention doit être pour chacun d'eux une cause de défiance et de crainte, un signe d'hostilité, excepté quand l'inspecteur et le filou se connaissent, ce qui arrive assez souvent. Alors les rôles deviennent plus simples, l'événement de la lutte ne tient plus qu'à une question de fait, au flagrant délit. Le public n'aperçoit qu'un accident imprévu dans ce fait que la rumeur porte à sa connaissance, tandis qu'il y a eu un drame, un dénouement, des acteurs, le tout enveloppé d'un mystère profond.'

The pickpockets of the highest class are enabled, by the elegance of their dress and manners, to insinuate themselves into all public assemblies, even the most select. Splendidly dressed foreigners are the grand objects of their attention. 'Ils recherchent *avidement* les Anglais, et s'attachent à leurs pas comme à une proie riche et facile,' the outside and well-filled pockets of our countrymen being greatly to their taste.

Exploiter les positions sociales is the professed occupation of a numerous class of

swindlers. Many an industrious family, who bear a fair reputation in the world, have some fatal secret connected with them, which, if divulged, would crush them for ever. A liberated convict, for example, has become a reformed man, has married a respectable woman, and has set up in business, neither his wife nor his neighbours having the slightest idea of his former habits of life. One of his companions in prison finds him out, or the fact becomes known, by hazard, to some of the wretches who are constantly on the look-out for their prey. They open a correspondence with the wife; mysterious dangers are hinted to her; she becomes suspicious and alarmed; the husband is compelled to divulge his secret to her; and the dread of exposure induces them to accede to the demands of the robbers, in whose power they feel themselves to be. These demands for money are again and again repeated; and the unhappy couple may consider themselves fortunate if the scoundrel, after he has carried on his exactions for months, does not hand them over to some other of his tribe, to be subjected to a new series of threats and extortions. The prevalence in Paris of an offence of a hideous nature gives scope to a still darker species of conspiracy, unknown in England. We cannot stain our pages by explaining the machinations of these infamous gangs, who, with an audacity scarcely to be believed, frequently assume the garb and functions of the police.

In Paris, as elsewhere, each separate class of villains has within itself a certain number, generally very limited, of ferocious spirits, who, with a reckless indifference, are willing, for any cause, or none, to dye their hands in blood. The Parisian robbers affect to consider that these sanguinary and brutal propensities are to be found only among the rustics who join their ranks; but this is not the case. Many of the most merciless ruffians are town-bred, and have reached the pinnacle through a long gradation of crime. Even among their companions these men are feared and shunned, and they in return affect to despise and domineer over all those who are less blood-thirsty than themselves.

In enumerating the different species of crime, M. Frégier abstains entirely from any mention of those offences which are connected with political movements: he does so on the ground that, as the causes which lead to them are transitory and of rare occurrence, they form no part of the general elements of society. His view in this may be correct—but we are surprised

that he should also have omitted in his catalogue of crime the frequent and murderous duels which disgrace the French capital, as well as those vastly moving and romantic police-historiettes which perpetually adorn the journals, half murder and half suicide, and in which young ladies and gentlemen, to prove the ardour of their love, blow out each other's brains, or poison themselves in pairs. With regard to suicide, in fact, we see reason to suspect that our author looks upon it with favourable eyes.*

Looking at the general mass of crime in the two cities, we are inclined to doubt whether in intensity of guilt London may not claim a bad pre-eminence over Paris. The gay, good-humoured, and buoyant disposition of the French, so amiable and pleasing among the good, may, though faintly, be still traced among the depraved; and renders their pickpockets, their swindlers, and their thieves, some shades less revoltingly wicked than our own. The chief difference is in style and manner of procedure, not in the extent of talent and genius. In elegance of person, and dress, easy self-possession, agility of limb, abundance of expedient, and cheerful submission to reverses of fortune, we believe that a Parisian scoundrel beats a Londoner hollow; but for steady, calculating villany, for deep-settled and well-combined plans of fraud and violence, we doubt whether the superiority be not with us: and, despite all the vapouring of M. Vidocq, and all the miracles of skill which he records, let us take an individual from some of our northern counties, let us give him the advantage of a couple of London seasons, and we are afraid that he might brag the world.

The preservatives from vice form the third division of the work. They are discussed with sense and feeling, and many important subjects are brought forward forcibly and well. There is, however, a good deal of amplification, and needless labour of demonstration; and many points of political economy which have long ago been fixed, are analysed and argued as if they were new ground. He well says:—

‘Let public institutions or private philanthropy exert themselves as they may, the fate of the child and of the future man mainly depends on the example of his parents. Our home is, after all, the most powerful school to teach what is good or what is evil. In the large majority of families of every rank the anxious desire of the parents is to lead their children into the paths

* Vide vol. i., page 207.

of virtue; and it is this holy feeling which keeps down and limits crime. Labour is natural to man; his moral happiness, however little he may be disposed to think so, depends upon it as much as his bodily sustenance. This is one of the most important lessons that can be taught; and it is best taught by the example of industrious parents. But to render a life of unremitted labour endurable, to control and neutralise the evil propensities of our nature, to check idleness and discontent, demands wisdom and benevolence on the part of the masters.*

We with sorrow confess our belief that there is in France more paternal watchfulness, more kindly feeling on the part of the manufacturer and master-workman towards those whom they employ than there is in England. M. Frégier gives noble examples of liberality and goodness exhibited by provincial manufacturers; but it is not to these that we advert: they might be met, we well know, by instances of equal wisdom and virtue in our own country. We found our opinion upon the numberless circumstances which prove that there is, on the whole, more unison of feeling, more sympathy, more mutual dependence and support between the different ranks of industry, between the employers and the employed, in France than with us. The national advantages resulting from this are most important; and it is to this cause, we conceive, in a great degree, that the combinations among workmen to enforce an increase of wages, which have at different times been carried to such a fearful extent in England, are in France, comparatively speaking, unknown. We are well aware that there are other operating causes; but we believe that the one we have adverted to is the most effective of all.

M. Frégier is energetic in his appeal to the newspaper press to devote a portion of the vast power which it wields to the enlightening, controlling, and rendering contented and tranquil, the national industry—taking that term in its most extensive sense, as embracing agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. He asks indignantly, 'Why they have not done this?' The answer is obvious. Disquisitions on political economy, however elementary and familiar—treatises on agriculture and commerce—moral essays, however well meant and well written, will not make any newspaper in France sell; and were the editors of all the journals in Paris, moved by a simultaneous fervour of benevolence, to devote a portion of their columns to such matters, we are quite convinced that little or no good would result from it: the classes for whom they were intended would never

deign to look at them whilst one paragraph on the more exciting subjects of politics, police and playhouses, remained unread.*

In many parts of France, as in Germany and Switzerland, the labouring population change their vocation from the field to the city according to the demand for their service; and this with a facility, and to an extent, quite unknown among us. The frequent periods of inactivity, both in agriculture and manufactures—*époques de chômage*—are by this means rendered much less injurious to the operative class than they would otherwise be. It is this facility of turning their hands to different occupations, from the plough to the loom or the carpenters' bench, that brings into Paris at certain seasons a large body of operatives, who, during the rest of the year, live with their families in the country. These form, M. Frégier says, the *élite* of the labouring population of Paris. In London we have no periodical movement of this sort: the great mass of country people who flock to London do so for the purpose of making it their fixed residence, and of these a large proportion are the lowest class of Irish, who, if they do not form the most vicious element of our metropolitan population, undoubtedly are the most turbulent and the least submissive to the laws. Paris has evidently the advantage over us in this respect. At the same time we doubt whether the rural population in either kingdom possesses so great a superiority of virtue above the inhabitants of towns as our author claims for it. The criminal tables of both prove, indeed, that the numerical proportion of crime is much higher in towns than in the country. A peasant has fewer opportunities to commit crime, fewer temptations, and less chance of escaping detection, than the townsman. But transfer the same individual to the city, place him on the same footing of opportunity and safety as the townsman, and it will too often be found that he is to the full as apt and

* It is a circumstance not unworthy of notice, that the English newspaper supposed to be patronised most largely, and almost exclusively, by the highest classes of our society, is the only one that ventures to place before its readers in regular or nearly regular succession, a series of *Essays* treating on high and important questions of morality, social arrangement, and the merits of established works of literature. We can hardly believe that such a writer as the amiable and pure-hearted *Table-Talker* of the Morning Post would find extensive favour with the mass of those who take in any other morning paper in London. What a vast interval between the scope and tone of his elegant essays (two volumes of which are now collected) and the literary *feuilletons* of the fashionable journals of the French capital!

ready to fall into evil courses as those around him.

M. Frégier prefaces his remarks on the effects of religion as a preservative from vice, by a long exposition of the present state of Christianity in France. This account goes to the startling length of asserting that religious faith has in effect ceased to exist throughout the nation, and that Christianity has no longer any hold on the public mind, *as a revelation from Heaven*. France was the well-spring from which nearly a century ago bold infidelity, nay, avowed atheism, flowed far and wide over many of the continental nations. Our own happy country, strong in its pure and firm Protestantism, was one of the few which, after a brief period of agitation, withstood the shock unharmed. We had believed that of late years this pernicious tide had been flowing back upon France in waves of fearful and still augmenting violence; but if M. Frégier be correct, she has no cause to fear the contagious impiety of any other country:—

‘The religious crisis,’ he says, ‘which is now *in progress in Germany*, was brought to a conclusion in France half a century ago.’

We most firmly believe that our author speaks too broadly—even if, as we suppose, he speaks of Paris rather than of France; but if we were to take him literally, we could not be surprised when he goes on to tell us that in France, even among the highest orders of the church, what we in England should call gross infidelity is countenanced; or to find that, in treating of religion as one of the pillars of order, he looks at it only as a system of moral discipline, and gravely places ‘singing classes’ in the very foremost rank of the means which the Roman Catholic Church possesses for recovering its hold on the minds of the people. Even this division of religious duty is to be indulged in, it appears, only by children or adult males, being too exciting for grown-up females!

A large portion of our author’s second volume is devoted to the subject of education. Among the points of difference between the two countries, those which chiefly strike us as offering matter worthy of our consideration, and if possible of our adoption, are the anxiety shown in France to postpone to as late an age as possible the period at which children are permitted to enter the factories, and the system of continuing their education after their working life has commenced. At Sedan, where the operative classes are remarkable for

good order and economy, children are not admitted into the factories until the age of twelve; and at Nantes and Mulhouse there are schools especially established for apprentices, in which instruction is carried to a considerable extent, and the master’s claim upon the time of the young people commences only after the breakfast-hour. There are no such specific institutions in Paris; but the more respectable operatives are in the habit, when they bind a child to a trade, to stipulate that he shall be allowed a portion of each day for completing his education, and in return for this indulgence they either pay the master an equivalent in money for the time which he gives up, or the period of apprenticeship is lengthened. It is evident that in France education is carried further among the lower classes, both in the extent of time devoted to it and in the range of the things taught, than it is with us; and we are compelled to say that on this most important subject there is much which we might learn from our neighbours.

The greatest danger to which school-children are exposed is that of contamination by intercourse with the worthless vagabonds who crowd the streets. To check this as much as possible, M. Frégier strongly urges that each school should have its own separate and enclosed playground, and that the holidays should be as few as possible. In poor families, where the parents are constantly employed at a distance from home, and are unable to watch their children, these intervals of idleness are periods of great danger. To supersede them, and introduce in their stead a system of daily school recreation under the eye of the master or his assistant, would, he says, be an improvement, the importance of which can scarcely be calculated. Our author is also of opinion that the abundant diffusion among the labouring classes of well selected books, moral, scientific, and entertaining, might be rendered a powerful instrument of social improvement. He warmly advocates the establishment of public libraries for the poor, which at present are unknown in Paris; and alludes in terms of high praise to the plan, at once ingenious and economical, on which such libraries are conducted in some parts of Scotland.*

* A central library is established, with a certain number of dependent libraries attached to it. Supposing the number of these to be five, each of them is furnished with a sixth part of the entire collection of books; retains them during half a year; and then transfers them to the next station; and so they are

In discussing the important subject of the residences of the poor, M. Frégier, whilst he admits the extreme difficulty which must attend their improvement on a general scale, urges in the strongest terms the duty of making the attempt. It is the government only, he says, that can do it with any prospect of success, as the expenses attendant on the erection of buildings of the nature required are so great in comparison with the rents to be obtained from them, that it never could become a profitable investment of capital; and he instances some speculations of this kind which were made in 1823-4-5, and which for that reason failed entirely. The account which he gives of the inferior classes of lodging-houses, and more especially of the lodgings that are let out for the night, are shocking; 'l'imagination, malgré sa fécondité et sa hardiesse, ne saurait atteindre, en cette matière, à la hauteur de la réalité;' yet we fear that still more frightful pictures might be drawn by any individual who, with energy and courage equal to his, should penetrate into the lowest abysses of London. Some widely extended

moved on, half yearly, from station to station, until they return to the central dépôt. Thus every division of the library completes its circuit in three years, and each locality has the use of six times as many books as its own separate outlay could command. We should rejoice to see this plan adopted upon a liberal scale throughout England. Under judicious management, and with a careful but not too severe selection of books, it might at the present time, when the intellectual activity of the lower orders is rapidly augmenting, do the State incalculable good.

During the last three years barrack libraries have been established for the use of our army, both at home and abroad, and liberal funds to maintain them have been voted by parliament. These libraries are open from two o'clock to eight, and the soldiers who wish to avail themselves of the arrangement pay a subscription of one penny a month. Strict regulations are established for the due preservation of the books, which, under certain conditions, are allowed to be taken by the men to their quarters. The system has worked admirably; the number of subscribers rapidly increases; and the library and the benches at its entrance are crowded with attentive readers. Very many are the instances in which young men, the whole of whose vacant time was formerly spent in the alehouse, have shaken off their habits of intemperance and become zealous and regular students. Great judgment has been shown by our military authorities in the selection of the books. Some are of a grave and religious nature, many are historical, many scientific; those relating to travels and voyages are numerous, and a large proportion are works of imagination, both prose and verse. This is wise—whether homilies and theological treatises are or are not the best of works is not the question: books such as these will but rarely be read by young soldiers. We believe that in another department of government, where the system of libraries was adopted, and where the books were almost exclusively of a religious nature, the result has been far less satisfactory.

measure of reformation on this head is, we conceive, a matter of urgent duty, nay of necessity. As our population becomes more and more dense, the present state of things leads to deeper and deeper shades of depravity; and each year the danger to the health of the metropolis becomes more imminent. Each year also, as the lower orders become more intelligent and more sensibly alive to the advantages of social order, the discomfort of such abodes is more acutely felt by them. We are aware that the subject has of late been much under discussion; and we sincerely hope that the difficulties, great as they are, which surround it, will not dishearten the patriotic members of parliament who have directed their attention towards it.

The number of persons living together in illicit connexion would appear to be proportionately much greater in Paris than in London. One especial cause of the extent of this evil is stated by M. Frégier to be the great expense of the formal instruments which the law requires prior to marriage. It is true that in Paris itself these are delivered gratuitously, but only to those persons who are inscribed as indigent; and when it is necessary to obtain the documents from a distant part of the country, the expense becomes so great, and the process so difficult, as frequently among the poorer classes to render marriage almost impossible. The disadvantage of this state of things became so apparent, that a society was established under the title of '*La Société charitable de Saint François Régis*, for the express purpose of remedying it. The members meet every Sunday evening to aid and assist all the well-disposed and poverty-stricken lovers in Paris, as well as those who have already illicitly united themselves. The applicants on each day amount to nearly 300; and from the institution of the Society in 1826, to the 1st January, 1837, it had, with an annual revenue not exceeding 10,000 francs, afforded assistance to the celebration of the marriages, civil and religious, of nearly 8000 indigent persons, and to the legitimating of many thousands of natural children, of whom the greater part had been removed by their parents from the *Hospice des Enfants Trouvés*. The society has had the great satisfaction of knowing that in nearly all the marriages of this nature the first object of solicitude on the part of the parents was to reunite their children to themselves; and that they have subsequently brought them up carefully and well. A similar society on a small scale, but with equally beneficial results,

has been established among the Protestants at Paris. They exist also in many of the provincial cities.

We have no space to follow our author through his disquisition on the principles of taxation, as affecting the lower classes of society. The gist of his argument is to prove that indirect taxation is not only just towards them, but that it tends to their moral and social amelioration.*

M. Frégier denounces loudly the mischievous tendency of the French drama—the malefactor, as well as the romantic division of it; for our neighbours at the present moment are, like ourselves, great admirers of the Newgate style of literature. As play-going amounts to a passion with all the lower classes of the French, but with children and young apprentices especially, our author is convinced that, were the theatre strictly and judiciously controlled, instead of being, as at present, most injurious to society, it might be rendered the means of great moral good. We must decline going into this question at present; the abominable immorality of the French dramas and novels of the day has been of late sufficiently exposed in our pages—and we see M. Frégier quotes parts of our articles on these subjects without being aware of their source. Our disgust at the bad taste which can eagerly accept such productions as overwhelm ourselves at present, is, we confess, stronger than our alarm at their demoralizing effects. Our ephemeral dramas, which by the bye are vastly inferior to the similar productions of the French stage, are many of them mere remodelings of the mass of periodical trash which is now poured out upon us in a still increasing flood—each monthly issue more worthless than the last. How such works can be tolerated by the public is matter of abso-

lute wonderment. Were their vulgarity and vice redeemed by any talent, any development of character, any graces of language, our surprise would be less: but nothing can be conceived more entirely devoid of any portion of literary merit than the mass of these works. They are written in a clumsy, matter-of-fact, *jog-trot* style, with about as much life and fire as would suit an engineer's report on a railway; and in their mode of dealing with their staple commodities, they are immeasurably inferior to the Newgate Calendar or the Police Reports; for they have none of that truth of detail which gives interest to those more elevated productions. The writers of this class have one, and one only, device for obtaining popular favour—that of conglomerating crimes. Every page must have its two or three catastrophes; and they dabble in their atrocities, one to every twenty lines, as regularly as if they were planting cauliflowers. With them everything depends on the abundance of blood and brains—not their own certainly; and provided the murders, robberies, rapes, treasons, trials, and executions are sufficiently numerous—and they can get some poor artist to prostitute his pencil for their *illustration*—the sale is sure to be extensive, and the minor theatres lose no time in dramatizing the new masterpiece.

The suggestions of our author for the prevention of crime among the middle class are limited to the establishment of boarding-houses and circles of reunion for the students at the university, and evening lecture rooms for the young men employed in commercial pursuits. Great benefit would, he conceives, result to the students from the establishment of boarding-houses under judicious management; but the system to be enforced in them must be moderate, or it will disgust and drive away the young men. It should not exceed in strictness that to which they would be subject if residing with their own families. He is not aware that more than two of these establishments exist at present in Paris.

‘The shopmen and commercial clerks are in general little educated; the establishment of evening lecture rooms for these young men would be attended with important advantages both to themselves and to their employers: these latter should defray all the expenses attending them. One lecture room in each of the forty-eight Arrondissements would be sufficient to accomplish this object; and they should be placed under the immediate control of the municipal authorities.’

These suggestions are well meant; but

* In June, 1793, a motion was brought forward in the Convention that the poorer classes should be exonerated from all taxation. Cambon, the great financial authority of the time, strenuously resisted the proposition. Robespierre opposed it also; and M. Frégier gives, as a *legislative curiosity*, the following passage from his speech:—‘J’ai partagé un moment l’erreur qu’on vient d’émettre, je crois même l’avoir écrite quelque part; mais j’en reviens aux principes, et je suis éclairé par le bon sens du peuple, qui sent que l’espèce de faveur qu’on lui présente est une injure. En effet, si vous décrétiez constitutionnellement que la misère excepte de l’honorable obligation de contribuer aux besoins de la patrie, vous décrétiez l’avilissement de la partie la plus pure de la nation; vous décrétiez l’aristocratie des richesses; bientôt il s’établirait une classe d’illotes; et l’égalité, la liberté périraient pour jamais. N’ôtez point aux citoyens ce qui leur est le plus nécessaire, la satisfaction de présenter à la république le denier de la veuve.’ The motion was thrown out by the Convention.

here, as in all similar cases, the misfortune is, that the persons who would avail themselves of these advantages would be the moral and well-conducted; the vicious and ill-regulated would reject them altogether.

From the preventive M. Frégier proceeds to the remedial means—that is, the means by which existing vice and crime can best be controlled and diminished; and he chiefly directs his attention to the three vices most widely extended and most pregnant with crime—drunkenness, gambling, and prostitution.

‘It is,’ he says, ‘an easy task for any political economist to point out a variety of plans which, if they could be carried into effect, would abate the vice of drunkenness: but, unfortunately, all these are good only in theory, and are means of prevention rather than cure.—That all factory-children, whose parents are notorious drunkards, should be boarded and lodged by the manufacturer who employs them, and thus screened from the contagion of bad example at home, is one of these:—that all the children of moral and well conducted parents should perform their work at home, and by so doing, avoid the demoralising effects of the vice-crowded factory, is another:—that societies under royal patronage should be established to procure for the entire mass of the working classes amusement, combined with instruction, during the Sundays and the other periods of idleness, is a third. All these plans would be excellent were they not impracticable. To subject every drunkard to punishment has been tried in Germany without success. To increase the duties on wine and spirits has been recommended; but in a vine-growing country like France this would be a check to industry, and it would be unjust towards the sober portion of the community. Another plan is uniformly to publish in the newspapers an account of all the accidents, fatal quarrels, and crimes resulting from drunkenness. As from the extension of education, every one will in a few years be able to read, this public exposure would tend powerfully to check the vice.’

We greatly doubt it; and, indeed, of all the suggestions brought forward in this section, there appears to us to be only one from which any important practical good might result. It is, that systematically, and by a mutual compact among all the manufacturers and master artificers, every habitual drunkard should be expelled from their establishments, however able a workman he may be. No doubt, if this system were generally and rigidly adopted, there would result from it, after a time, an important improvement in the habits of the working classes. M. Frégier does not advert to the temperance movement in Ireland and England. As he cannot be ignorant of it, his silence may, we presume, be attributed to

his conviction that this singular impulse on the public mind will be of short duration.

Tolerated gambling-houses no longer exist in France; and the plan adopted by the government, of first suppressing them in the provincial towns, and then attacking the grand establishments in Paris, was politic and wise. It would appear, however, that the evil, if abated, is very far from being conquered. The vigilance of the police has indeed, successfully put down the houses established for the specific purpose of clandestine gambling; but it has hitherto been foiled by the augmented numbers and activity of the *maisons à parties*. In these, high and unfair play is carried on, under the specious exterior of ordinary visiting, to a far greater extent than formerly; and our author is of opinion that alterations in the penal code are imperatively called for to meet these subtle evasions of the law.

Two diametrically opposite systems have been proposed for the reformation of the unhappy victims of prostitution. The advocates of the one, filled with the benevolent desire of reinstating these women in the honest ranks of society, assert that it is the duty of the civil authorities to facilitate this object by assiduously labouring to introduce among them habits of order, forethought, and economy. The advocates of the other system reprobate, as vitally detrimental to public morals, any measures which would tend to blend these degraded beings with the respectable portion of the community, or to lessen the ignominy which attaches to them, and which forms one of the strongest safeguards, perhaps the strongest of all, to female virtue: they fear, also, that any improvements in the habits of these women would, in proportion as it lessened prostitution, augment illicit connexions more irreparably detrimental to the happiness of families. Far from promoting any objects of this nature, they are anxious to make the line of demarcation more clearly apparent than it is at present; and would willingly bring back the ancient laws which restricted women of this class to certain parts of each city, and obliged them to wear a peculiar dress. Our author inclines evidently to the milder of these systems, and so did also his great authority, Parent-Duchâtelet: in England this controversy is not likely to be agitated.

It is quite evident that the science of prison discipline is, of all others, the one nearest our author's heart; and his ardent partisanship in favour of the system of solitary confinement, leads him, as we have already stated, to devote a very undue portion of his volumes to this especial subject.

We shall not attempt to follow him through the details; the question being one which we but recently discussed, and which, if not actually decided in this country, may be considered as on the very eve of being so. The balance of evidence, we think, leaves little doubt that the bodily health does not suffer by even the most strict system of solitary confinement: but the case is by no means so clear with regard to the mind. Here, although the evidence is far from conclusive, there is strong ground for believing that long-protracted confinement, in a state of constant and absolute solitude, will injure the functions of the brain, and induce insanity, or permanent mental imbecility. The matter is one of such importance, that the only safe thing to do is at once to assume the fact to be so, and to act on that assumption. Confine a prisoner in a separate cell, interdict him absolutely and entirely from all communication whatever, either by eye or mouth, with his fellow-prisoners; but give him employment and instruction—let him, in the course of each day, be visited by carefully selected gaolers, by the master artisan who has to superintend his work, by the schoolmaster, the physician, and the chaplain—and experience has proved that there will not be the slightest cause to fear any injury to the mind, however long such a course of solitary confinement shall continue, be it for years, or even for the whole of life. There is also the strongest evidence to prove, that amelioration of character, radical and permanent reformation, is the cheering and encouraging result in very numerous instances. Under these modifications—and they may now be considered as points the necessity of which is generally conceded—the insulation of prisoners may be pronounced to be the best and most successful system which has yet been devised to punish crime and amend the criminal.

The great additional outlay necessary in the construction of a building where several hundred convicts are to be completely separated from each other, is a weightier objection than it may appear to be at first sight. Every portion of the establishment must be more elaborately fitted up than at present; the exercise-grounds must be multiplied, the passages and corridors must be peculiarly constructed, and the entire structure must be more extensive and more complicated. In some instances, the existing prisons might, by a considerable outlay, be rendered applicable to this new mode of confinement, but in the majority of cases it would be necessary that entirely new buildings should be erected. In

many counties in England this demand upon the local revenues would almost amount to a prohibition; in all it would be severely felt: but the object is one of such vital importance, that, when the superior advantages of the separate system shall no longer be a matter of dispute, the legislature will, we have no doubt, lend a willing aid to extend it throughout the kingdom. The first expense is the only real difficulty; for although the charges of superintendence will be increased, this is a trivial consideration, and will be compensated for a hundred-fold by the gradual diminution of crime.

M. Frégier claims for his country the merit of extending a much greater degree of paternal solicitude towards a convict on his dismissal from prison than is usual in England. In France, a liberal portion of the profits of his work is paid to him when he is discharged, and he is thus not compelled by actual want, as is too frequently the case in England, at once to resume his career of crime. This is wise and worthy of imitation: but the system established in France for the *surveillance* of liberated prisoners, the convict-passports given them, and 'the societies of patronage,' as they are called, the object of which is to facilitate their re-introduction into society, are considered by our author as failures; and he is of opinion, that, except as relates to the younger classes of criminals, they should be abolished altogether. He is decided in his condemnation of our penal settlements; the formation of agricultural colonies in the mother country for the employment of liberated prisoners he demonstrates to be attended with insurmountable objections; and the result at which he arrives is, that the best chance to render the liberated criminal an inoffensive and useful member of society is to give him moral instruction, and the knowledge of some useful trade, during the period of his detention; and that, when he is again thrown upon society, such funds shall be supplied as shall give him the time and means of fixing himself in some honest course of life.

With this subject M. Frégier concludes his treatise. Differing from him on many points, compelled to smile at some passages, and to express our reprobation of others, the final impression which his pages have produced upon us is one of respect and gratitude.

ART. II.—*The Encyclopædia Britannica ; or Dictionary of Arts, Science, and General Literature.* Seventh Edition, with Preliminary Dissertations, &c., &c. Edited by Macvey Napier, Esq., F. R. S. Edinburgh, 1842. 21 vols., 4to.

THE task of analysis and appreciation would have been overwhelming, had this vast work been submitted to our judgment in the fulness of its stature, and in the maturity of its age: but we have had the advantage of being familiar with it from an early period of its existence; and trust, therefore, that our readers will not deem us presumptuous if, in giving them an account of its rise and progress, we at the same time venture to pronounce a judgment upon its general merits, and even upon some of the most remarkable articles which its pages now contain.

Although we might naturally have expected that dictionaries explanatory of words would give rise to dictionaries explanatory of ideas, and descriptive of the things which these words represent, yet such a transition was not the first step which was taken in the composition of encyclopædias. Systematic digests of literature and science appeared under the name of encyclopædias long before the *alphabet* was employed as the principle of the arrangement. The Arabian Encyclopædia of Alfarabius, of which the MS. exists in the Escorial, and the more modern one of Professor Alstedius of Weissenbourg (2 vols. folio, 1630,) are examples of this method of systematizing knowledge.

The first *Dictionary* of the arts and sciences was the '*Lexicon Technicum*' of Dr. Harris, which was published in two folio volumes, the first in 1706, the second in 1710; but its limitation almost entirely to mathematics and physics, deprived it of the character of an encyclopædia work.

This dictionary was followed, in 1721, by the '*Cyclopædia*' of Mr. Chambers, a work of great merit and utility, which ran through no fewer than *five* editions in the course of eighteen years. Its reputation extended to the continent, and it was translated into French and Italian. The French translation was completed in 1745, by one Mills, an Englishman, with the assistance of Sellius, a native of Dantzic. About this time the Abbé de Gua projected the celebrated '*Encyclopédie*,' a collection which formed an epoch in the literary, if not in the political, history of Europe. So limited was the early plan of this work, that Mills's translation of the *Cyclopædia* of Chambers was assumed as the groundwork of the un-

dertaking. In consequence of a dispute between Gua and the booksellers, the editorship of the *Encyclopédie* was entrusted to D'Alembert and Diderot, who, while they represent Chambers as a servile compiler, principally from French writers, acknowledge at the same time that without the groundwork of the French translation of that book, their own would never have been composed. To enlarge an article already written was a task which the contributors willingly undertook, while they would have shrunk from the labour and responsibility of composing a new one.

A few years after the completion of this work, which has been as much reprobated on account of the irreligious and revolutionary doctrines which it inculcates, as it has been extolled for the originality and depth of many of its articles, the first edition of the '*Encyclopædia Britannica*' was given to the world in three vols. 4to. It was edited, and the plan of it probably devised, by Mr. William Smellie, a printer in Edinburgh, and the author of an interesting book on natural history. The peculiarity of this encyclopædia consisted in its treating each branch of literature and science under its proper name, and in a systematic form, the technical terms and subordinate heads being likewise explained alphabetically—while details slightly connected with the general subject could be thus separately introduced.

We have now before us two rival methods of constructing an encyclopædia, each of which has been regarded as possessing peculiar advantages. Although from the prevalence of both methods we cannot rightly collect the opinion of the public, yet we have no hesitation in giving a decided preference to that in which the leading branches of knowledge are discussed in separate treatises, as in the '*Encyclopædia Britannica*.' The facility of composing, or of obtaining authors to compose, the short articles which correspond to the technical titles or sections of any branch of science, has no doubt led to the opposite method, which is exemplified in the *Cyclopædias* of Harris and Chambers. But when these titles or sections are numerous, as they generally are, when they are written by different authors, in different styles of execution, and on different scales, they must compose a disjointed and unsystematical whole, which cannot fail to be unsatisfactory to the general reader, as well as to the ardent student. The only method indeed by which such a plan can be properly executed is to have the general treatises composed by a single individual, and

afterwards distributed, in separate parts, into *their* alphabetical places. The sole advantage, however, which this process of sub-division holds out to us is, that the ignorant and illiterate may readily find out a subject in the alphabetical arrangement, when he would fail in his search were he to appeal to the general treatise;—and the evil in question may be completely remedied either by inserting the name of each subject in its alphabetical place, or, what is still better, by a general index to the whole work, by which the same subject may be traced through different treatises, and even minor articles.

The first edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, distinguished by these advantages, obtained an extensive circulation, and the proprietors were thus induced, in a less period than twelve years, to publish a second edition, on a larger scale and a more comprehensive plan. Within the wider compass of *ten* volumes the editor was enabled to include the two new and popular departments of Biography and History, which had not found a place in the French *Encyclopédie*. This enlargement of the plan made the work acceptable to the vast circle of readers for whom the details of art and of science had but few charms; and the Encyclopædia then came to be regarded as a family *library*, forming in itself a storehouse of knowledge suited to capacities of every depth, to students of every age, and to readers of every variety of taste.

Hitherto, however, the Encyclopædia Britannica was chiefly distinguished by the comprehensiveness of its plan, and the judiciousness of its compilation. No author of high reputation had been invited to its aid—no articles exhibiting either genius or profound learning had adorned its pages. The vast superiority of the philosophical articles in the French collection, and the brilliant names with which they were associated, had no doubt some influence in rousing the enterprise of the proprietors, and in exciting higher expectations on the part of the English public. The third edition of the 'Encyclopædia' was accordingly begun in more favourable circumstances, and under the management of Mr. Colin Macfarquhar; but it was not till after his death, in 1793, when the Reverend Dr. Gleig of Sterling (afterwards Bishop of Brechin) took the direction of the work, that its scientific and literary character assumed a decidedly higher tone. This learned divine succeeded in obtaining the assistance of Professor John Robison, a man of kindred opinions, both in religion and politics, and animated with ideas the

very reverse of those which characterized the French encyclopædists. The first of Professor Robison's labours was the revision and enlargement of the article *Optics*. He wrote the article *Philosophy* jointly with Dr. Gleig, and this was followed by the articles *Physics*, *Pneumatics*, *Precession*, *Projectiles*, *Pumps*, *Resistance*, *Rivers*, *Roof*, *Ropemaking*, *Rotation*, *Seamanship*, *Signal*, *Sound*, *Specific Gravity*, *Statics*, *Steam-engine*, *Steelyard*, *Strength of Materials*, *Telescope*, *Tide*, *Trumpet*, *Variation*, and *Waterworks*. When two supplementary volumes were added to complete the work, Professor Robison contributed the articles *Arch*, *Astronomy*, *Boscovich*, *Carpentry*, *Centre*, *Dynamics*, *Electricity*, *Impulsion*, *Involution*, *Machinery*, *Magnetism*, *Mechanics*, *Percussion*, *Piano-forte*, *Position*, *Temperament*, *Thunder*, *Trumpet*, *Tschirnhaus*, and *Watchwork*. These articles, in the estimation of the late illustrious Dr. Thomas Young, 'exhibit a more complete view of the modern improvements in physical science than had ever before been in the possession of the British public; and display such a combination of acquired knowledge, with original power of reasoning, as has fallen to the lot of a few only of the most favoured of mankind.' In this estimate we heartily concur. The state of physical science was at a low ebb in England previous to the writings of Robison. The labours of continental philosophers were but little known even to those who occupied the chairs in our universities; and those who had obtained some knowledge of them could impart it to their pupils only. The general student and the ingenious artisan drew their information from its ancient springs, while the finest researches lay concealed in foreign languages, or were confined to a few philosophers more ardent and active than their fellows. The state of Robison's health was such as not to permit him to embark lightly in the arduous labour of ransacking the numerous stores of continental science; and even if he had succeeded in collecting them, there was no proper channel through which they could have been communicated to the public. How fortunate, then, was it that the Encyclopædia Britannica held out an ample remuneration for this laborious enterprise, and induced so accomplished a person as Robison to transfer to its pages the noblest researches of modern science! The fine speculations of the Abbé Boscovich on the atomical constitution of matter—his valuable researches on achromatic combinations—the grand discoveries of Coulomb on electricity and magnetism—

and the valuable hydraulic researches of the Chevalier de Buat on rivers and water-works, were here for the first time laid before the British public. But although Professor Robison used to speak to his pupils of these essays as merely compilations intended to diffuse knowledge, yet they possess a character of a much higher kind. The labours of others rose in value under his hands; his thorough knowledge of the subject gave every contribution an air of originality, and new views and ingenious suggestions never failed to enliven his details. Throughout these multifarious treatises we feel everywhere the steady serene influence of an ardent love of truth, the highest tone of scientific morality, and a deep sense of religion.

In the year 1810 a fourth edition of the work was completed under the editorship of the late Dr. James Millar, and a *fifth* and a *sixth* edition, marked by no distinguishing peculiarities, successively appeared. From this state of lethargy, however, the 'Encyclopædia' was destined to assume the highest station among the analogous works of the day. The enterprising house of Constable and Co. projected a Supplement, which extended to six volumes. It was placed under the skilful management of Professor Napier. Many very distinguished authors, among whom are numbered the names of Arago and Biot, were engaged as contributors, and all the resources of the proprietors, both pecuniary and commercial, were devoted to this favourite undertaking. The first half volume (December, 1815) was enriched with a 'Preliminary Dissertation on the History of Ethical Science,' by Mr. Dugald Stewart, and the Supplement was completed in April, 1824.

A few years afterwards the copyrights were purchased by the present proprietors, who immediately made preparations for the *seventh* edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' which we have now before us. Their object was to 'widen it in its compass, to amplify and improve it in its contents, and to raise it, in all respects, to a level with the modes of thinking and spirit of the age;' and we have no hesitation in saying that they have, to a very large extent, fulfilled this obligation, both in the number and value of the original treatises which it contains, in the careful revision and extension of former articles, and in the elaborate engravings, maps, and embellishments with which the work is illustrated and adorned.

In order to give our readers some idea of the nature and value of this immense collection, we shall call their attention to its

preliminary Dissertations,—to some of its principal articles on science and literature,—and, in a more general manner, to the various subordinate departments of the work.

In arranging his general plan, the Editor proposed to have but two preliminary Dissertations,—the *first* containing the History of Metaphysical, Ethical, and Political Philosophy,—and the *second* that of Mathematical and Physical Science. Professor Stewart engaged to supply the former, and Professor Playfair the latter; but though each performed a large portion of his task, they were both carried off in the midst of their labours. Mr. Stewart had completed the History of Metaphysics, and Mr. Playfair had brought the History of the Mathematical and Physical Sciences down to the period of Newton and Leibnitz. Sir James Mackintosh undertook to complete the labours of his friend by a continuation, including the History of Ethical and Political Philosophy,* but he too was summoned from his labours before he had commenced the political portion of his subject. Professor Leslie resumed the History of the Physical Sciences at the point where they had been left by his predecessor, and brought it down to the commencement of the present century; but though he was spared to finish his task, he did not live to see the completion of the work to which he had been so active a contributor.

It is no wonder that the Dissertations produced by these four extraordinary men are regarded with peculiar pride in Scotland. Few nations, indeed, can boast of such an intellectual group living at the same time, and adorning the same society; and yet, with powers of mind not far from equality, how various were their gifts, and how diversified their genius! While Stewart derived his powers of mental analysis and combination from the study of his own mind, chastened by the early and severe discipline of geometry, and expanded by extensive knowledge of preceding researches,—Mackintosh approached the same subject under a profound acquaintance with the world—with the penetrating acuteness derived from legal studies, and with all the generalisations which an active and political life is likely to supply to a naturally very acute understanding. In the Dissertation of the one a stately and persuasive eloquence—influenced, no doubt, but rendered more commanding, by the habit of extempore

* This dissertation has been published separately, with a very able Preface by Mr. WHEWELL.

lecturing—excites the enthusiasm, without distracting the attention, of the reader;—while in the other the style is at once elegant, copious, and felicitous in its illustrations—pure in its metaphors—elevated by a high tone of moral feeling—and exhibiting, in singular, yet harmonious combination, the chaste and severe language of philosophy, and the flexible and powerful periods of forensic eloquence.

But the contrast is much more striking between the two philosophers who have recorded the achievements of mathematical and physical science. Familiar though they both were with the highest acquisitions of geometry and analysis, yet how differently were those instruments of research directed and applied! In quest only of truth, the mind of Playfair never deviated from the accustomed and deep-worn channels by which it had been reached. Eager principally for fame, the scientific faculties of Leslie were counteracted by antagonist forces. Under the restraining influence of abstract truth, and the more powerful curb of the dread of error, the one seldom ventured into the regions of invention and discovery, while the other—with loose reins and heedless pace—diverged from the beaten highway of knowledge, and struck into those devious paths where Nature often unveils her mysteries, and yields to the daring enterprise of Fancy what she refuses to the more deliberate approaches of Reason. It is in science as it is in war—the forlorn hope succeeds when the physical force of thousands has been exhausted. In the intellectual campaign it is not often that the gallantry of genius can be exercised simultaneously with the sapping and mining of mental labour, yet the philosophical character can only attain its full and perfect stature when the powers of reason and the gifts of fancy are united in definite proportions.

As separate lives of all these authors, except Leslie, had been previously published, our readers will, we doubt not, be gratified with the following candid and well-written character of this eminent man by Professor Napier:—

‘It would be impossible, we think, for any intelligent and well-constituted mind, thoroughly acquainted with the powers and attainments of Sir John Leslie, to view them without a strong feeling of admiration for his vigorous and inventive genius, and of respect for that extensive and varied knowledge, which his active curiosity, his excursive reading, and his happy memory, had enabled him to amass and digest. Some few of his contemporaries in the same walks of science may have excelled him in profundity of understanding, in philosophical caution, and

logical accuracy; but we doubt if any surpassed him, while he must be allowed to have surpassed most, in that creative faculty—one of the highest and rarest of Nature’s gifts—which leads to and is necessary for discovery, though not all-sufficient of itself for the formation of safe conclusions; or in that subtlety and reach of discernment, which seizes the finest and least obvious qualities and relations of things, which elicits the hidden secrets of nature, and ministers to new and unexpected combinations of her powers. “Discoveries in science,” says he, in one of his works, “are sometimes invidiously referred to mere fortuitous incidents. But the mixture of chance in this pursuit should not detract from the real merit of the invention. Such occurrences would pass unheeded by the bulk of men; and it is the eye of genius alone that can seize every casual glimpse, and discern the chain of consequences.” With genius of this sort he was richly gifted. Results overlooked by others were by him perceived with a quickness approaching to intuition. To use a poetical expression of his own, they seemed “to blaze on his fancy.” He possessed the inventive in a far higher degree of perfection than the judging and reasoning powers; and it thus sometimes happened that his views and opinions were not only at variance with those of the majority of the learned, but inconsistent with one another. Notwithstanding the contrary testimony, explicitly recorded, of the founders of the English Experimental School, he denied all merit and influence to the labours of the immortal delineator of the Inductive Logic. He freely derided the supposed utility of Metaphysical Science, without perceiving that his own observations on *Causation* virtually contained the important admission, that physical is indebted to mental philosophy for the correct indication of its legitimate ends and boundaries. His writings are replete with bold and imaginative suppositions; yet he laments the “ascendency which the passion for hypothesis has obtained in the world.” His credulity in matters of ordinary life was, to say the least of it, as conspicuous as his tendency to scepticism in science. It has been profoundly remarked by Mr. Dugald Stewart that, “though the mathematician may be prevented, in his own pursuits, from going far astray, by the absurdities to which his errors lead him, he is seldom apt to be revolted by absurd conclusions in other matters. . . . Thus, even in physics,” he adds, “mathematicians have been led to acquiesce in conclusions which appear ludicrous to men of different habits.” Something of this sort was observable in the mind of this distinguished mathematician. He was apt, too, to indulge in unwarrantable applications of mathematical reasoning to subjects altogether foreign to the science:—as when he finds an analogy between circulating decimals and the lengthened cycles of the seasons! But when the worst has been said, it must be allowed that genius has struck its captivating impress over all his works. Whether his bold speculations lead him to figure the earth as enclosing a stupendous concavity filled with light of overpowering splendour; or to predict the moon’s arrival at an age when her “silvery beams” will become extinct; or to ascribe the phenomena of radiated heat to aerial

pulsations,—we at least perceive the workings of a decidedly original mind. This, however, is not all. His theoretical notions may be thrown aside or condemned, but his exquisite instruments, and his experimental combinations, will ever attest the utility, no less than the originality of his labours, and continue to act as helps to farther discovery. We have already alluded to the extent and excursiveness of his reading. It is rare, indeed, to find a man of so much invention, and who himself valued the inventive above all the other powers, possessing so vast a store of information. Nor was it in the field of science alone that its amplitude was conspicuous. It was so in regard to every subject that books have touched upon. In Scottish history, in particular, his knowledge was alike extensive and accurate: and he had, in acquiring it, gone deep into sources of information—such as parish records, family papers, and criminal trials—which ordinary scholars never think of exploring. The ingenious mathematician, the original thinker, the rich depository of every known fact in the progress of science, would have appeared to any one ignorant of his name and character, and who happened to hear him talk on this subject, as a plodding antiquary, or, at best, as a curious and indefatigable reader of history, whom nature had blest with at least one strong faculty, that of memory. His conversation showed none of that straining after “thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,” so conspicuous in his writings. In point of expression, it was simple, unaffected, and correct. Though he did not shine in mixed society, and was latterly unfitted, by a considerable degree of deafness, for enjoying it, his conversation, when seated with one or two, was highly entertaining. It had no wit, little repartee, and no fine turns of any kind; but it had a strongly original and racy cast, and was replete with striking remarks and curious information.

‘Viewing the whole of his character, moral and intellectual, it must be confessed that it presented some blemishes and defects. He had prejudices of which it would have been better to be rid; he was not over-charitable in his views of human nature; he was not so ready, on all occasions, to do justice to kindred merit as was to be expected in so ardent a worshipper of genius; and his care of his fortune went much beyond what is seemly in a philosopher. But his faults were far more than compensated by his many good qualities; by his constant equanimity, his cheerfulness, his simplicity of character almost infantile, his straightforwardness, his perfect freedom from affectation, and, above all, his unconquerable good nature. He was, indeed, one of the most placable of human beings; and notwithstanding his general attention to his own interests, it is yet undeniable that he was a warm and good friend, and a relation on whose affectionate assistance a firm reliance ever could be placed. He was fond of society, and greatly preferred and prized that of the intelligent and refined; but no man ever was more easily pleased: no fastidiousness ever interfered with his enjoyment of the passing hour: he could be happy, and never failed to converse in his usual way, though in the hum-

blest company; and we have often known him pass an afternoon with mere boys, discoursing to them pleasantly upon all topics that presented themselves, just as if they had been his equals in age and attainments. He was thus greatly liked by many who knew nothing of his learning or science, except that he was famous for both.’*

But it is time to leave the Preliminary Dissertations, and their authors, and come to the body of the book.

In almost all encyclopædias the mathematical and physical articles have occupied a prominent place, and have generally been regarded as the most valuable and important. Sir James Mackintosh, indeed, has made a similar remark, and has, at the same time, stated that in such works ‘those on literary, moral, and political subjects are in most danger of being less ably executed.’ Although Sir James has not attempted to explain the cause of this difference, it is, we think, not difficult to discover it. Owing to the abstract, and therefore unpopular, nature of mathematical and physical inquiries, philosophers have no inducement to compose new treatises accommodated to the existing state of knowledge, and if they were to compose them no bookseller would risk their publication. Hence it follows that works of this kind will continue to be sold as standard productions long after they have ceased to represent the science of which they treat—when their information has become antiquated, and their speculations exploded. The ‘*Optics*’ of Dr. Smith, for example, and the ‘*History of Vision*’ by Dr. Priestley, were the prevailing works when Professor Robison enlarged the treatise on *Optics*, and wrote the article *Telescope* for the third edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. Hence it is rarely elsewhere than in the encyclopædias of the day that we can expect new and original treatises containing all the recent discoveries which have been made in the exact sciences. The case is entirely different with works on popular subjects, such as chemistry, literature, history, biography, and political philosophy. A wider circle of readers creates an increased demand for productions of this kind, and hence new and superior editions speedily remunerate the labour of the author and the enterprise of the bookseller. Writers of acknowledged eminence in these departments of knowledge have already an interest in their own separate books, and consequently persons of inferior distinc-

* Art. LESLIE, Sir John, vol. xiii., p. 251.

tion must be employed in supplying such articles to our encyclopædias.

But though the opinion of Sir James Mackintosh is, generally speaking, well founded, and is likely to be so as to encyclopædias of secondary character, yet there are cases, such as that of the work before us, in which the literary and political articles stand on the same high level as those of the mathematical and physical sciences.* When the resources of the proprietors are sufficient to command the services of such writers as Young, Malthus, Macculloch, Roget, Wilson, Empson, and Tytler,—while the editor can count on the aid of friends like Scott, Playfair, Stewart, Leslie, Lord Jeffrey, Sir William Hamilton, and Sir John Barrow,—it is not difficult to anticipate the result.

In the mathematical and physical department of this work we find a combination of theoretical and experimental talent which has never before been directed in the same channel. While the treatises of Robison, Playfair, Mr. Ivory, M. Biot, Dr. Young, and Mr. Galloway, have recorded the most recent discoveries in *astronomy*, those of Robison, Young, M. Arago, Sir David Brewster, Dr. Roget and Dr. Trail, exhibit to us a full view of those recent and splendid discoveries by which *optics* has become almost a new science. In the articles on Acoustics, Dynamics, Mechanics, Hydrodynamics, Pneumatics, Electricity, Magnetism, and Voltaic Electricity (including the interesting new sciences of Electromagnetism, Magneto-electricity, and Thermo-electricity), which complete the circle of Natural Philosophy, we find the fullest details respecting the fine discoveries of Coulomb, Volta, Oersted, Seebeck, Ampère, and Faraday; while the articles *Chemistry* and *Heat*, contributed by Dr. Thomson and Dr. Trail, exhibit to us the recent discoveries of Davy, Berzelius, Faraday, Leslie, Melloni, and Forbes.

Were we to claim for several treatises in this 'Encyclopædia' a superiority merely over separate works on the same subjects, we should not be doing justice to their merits. There are many subjects treated of in encyclopædias, on which no separate treatise at all has been written; and the student often searches in vain for the knowledge which he requires. There are other subjects upon which no *eminent* writer has

written a separate work, and, in those cases in which such works do exist, they have seldom been brought down to the present day, or drawn up with that copious detail of recent discoveries which is of so much importance to the progress of science. It is often in *articles* contributed by eminent individuals who have made the subjects of them their particular study that we have our only chance of finding the inestimable treasures of contemporary discovery which fill the 'Transactions' of domestic and foreign societies, and those less elaborate notices of experimental researches, circulated by numberless periodical journals, which are the depositories of American as well as European science.

But these observations are still more applicable to the scientific arts—the arts which have science for their basis and for their object—to the manufactures and useful arts, and to those new and important subjects which are included under the general head of Civil Engineering. Upon the greater number of these topics no separate works have been written, so that it is only in the storehouse of an encyclopædia that the general reader can find the information on such subjects which is so frequently required. In this department the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is particularly rich, and especially as to those *new arts* which are on the eve of altering the forms and habits of social life. The wonders of railway intercourse, of locomotive engines, tunnels, steam-printing, steam-boats, and steam-guns; the improvements in gas-lighting, and lighthouses; the almost magical arts of the electrotpe, voltaic gilding and plating, and the powers of the electro-magnetic telegraph and the electro-magnetic clock, are all treated in this work by writers competent to the task.

It is impossible to refer to these new arts, which, along with the Daguerreotype of Niepcé and Daguerre and the Calotype of Mr. Fox Talbot, constitute the leading inventions of the day, without giving our readers some slight notice of them. There is perhaps none of the sciences, with the exception of chemistry, which has made such donations to the fine and useful arts as voltaic electricity. Those which depend upon galvanism, or voltaic electricity, properly so called, are Sir H. Davy's art of protecting the copper-sheathing of ships; the galvano-plastic art of Spencer and Jacobi for multiplying works of art in metal; electro-metallurgy, or the reduction of metals by electricity; the electrotpe, or art of copying and multiplying engrav-

* It is not necessary for us to remind our readers of the extraordinary literary talent which pervades very many articles of the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana,' and also of the 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia,' completed some years ago under the editorship of Sir David Brewster.

ings; and the arts of voltaic etching, gilding, and plating.

The art of multiplying works in metal was invented in 1831, nearly about the same time, by M. Jacobi of St. Petersburg and Mr. Spencer of Liverpool. It consists of depositing copper, gold, silver, and platinum, &c., from their solutions, upon metallic or conducting surfaces, the metal being precipitated by galvanism. If the surface is that of an intaglio, we obtain from it a perfect cameo, and *vice versâ*. In 1840 Mr. Murray announced the important fact, that these metals could be all precipitated upon non-conducting substances, such as *plaster of Paris, wax, wood, &c.*, by previously *metallising* their surface with black lead. In this way, every work formed by art, whether it be the finest carvings, or the finest sculptures, can be multiplied in copper, or the other metals already mentioned. The multiplication of engraved copper-plates is another of the triumphs of this new art; and engravers have found that plain copper-plates deposited from a solution of sulphate of copper upon another previously prepared copper surface, are far superior to those manufactured in the usual way.

The art of voltaic etching is singularly beautiful. A copper-plate prepared for ordinary etching, and all covered with wax, is connected with a suitable galvanic battery, and placed in a solution of sulphate of copper. A piece of copper (negative) of the same size as the copper-plate is then connected with the zinc. When the battery is put in action, copper is reduced from the solution on the negative piece of copper, while copper is removed from the clear lines of the etching-plate to supply what is taken away from the solution. In this process no nitrous fumes annoy the artist, and no air-bubbles interfere with the precision of his work. The lines may be bitten to any depth, and are much sharper and clearer than when they are made with an acid. The art of gilding upon silver and brass, which we owe to M. Delarive of Geneva, is equally beautiful and important. The gold is deposited in coatings of any thickness from a weak nitro-muriatic solution of it, and the deleterious effects of mercury upon the artist are thus completely avoided.*

The modern arts presented to us by electro-magnetism, the new science of Oersted and Ampère, are not less wonderful and valuable. The electro-magnetic telegraph of Professor Wheatstone, now in use upon the Blackwall and the Great Western railways, was the first of these achievements. The telegraph, with its accompanying alarums, goes into a case not larger than that of a small table cloth, and so simple are its assertions, that any child can both read and send the messages with scarcely a minute's instruction.

The electro-magnetic clock of Professor Wheatstone is another of those singular inventions, and one which, though it may be less useful, is certainly not less ingenious and surprising than his telegraph. The object of the inventor was to enable a single clock to indicate exactly the same time in as many different places, distant from each other, as may be required. A standard clock in an observatory, for example, would thus keep in order another clock in each apartment, and that too with such accuracy that *all of them, however numerous, will beat dead seconds audibly, with as great precision as the standard astronomical timepiece with which they are connected.* But, beside this, the subordinate timepieces thus regulated require none of the mechanism for maintaining or regulating the power. They consist simply of a face with its second, minute, and hour hands, and of a train of wheels which communicate motion from the action of the second-hand to that of the hour-hand, in the same manner as an ordinary clock train. Nor is this invention confined to observatories and large establishments. The great horologe of St. Paul's might, by a suitable network of wires, or even by the existing metallic pipes of the metropolis, be made to command and regulate all the other steeple-clocks in the city, and even every clock within the precincts of its metallic bounds. When railways and telegraphs extend from London to the remotest cities and villages, the sen-

in gold and silver, such as vases, chandelier branches, &c., by depositing the metal upon proper models, which may be afterwards removed from the silver and gold articles, by displacement, heat, or solution; and Mr. Edward Palmer has secured by patent another invention equally important. He obtains printing surfaces by drawing or painting on silver or copper, or any other conducting surface, and then, by the electrolyte, he produces copper or other metallic plates with sunken surfaces from which prints may be taken, or from engraved copper plates. Mr. Palmer calls this art *Electro-tinting*, and he proposes to employ it for printing china, pottery ware, music, maps, and portraits. See, Newton's *London Journal and Repository of Arts* for April, 1842, vol. xx., pp. 166, 171, 172.

* Great progress is now making in this beautiful art. Mr. Spencer, of Liverpool, has, in 1841, taken a patent for making picture and other frames by the deposition of copper upon suitable moulds, and subsequently gilding, silvering, or platinising them. Mr. Parker, of Birmingham, has, likewise, in the same year, taken a patent for manufacturing articles

sation of time may be transmitted along with the elements of language; and the great cerebellum of the metropolis may thus constrain by its sympathies, and regulate by its power, the whole nervous system of the empire.

In the other departments of the useful arts where profound science is called into exercise, we have the articles on Arch, Carpentry, and Centre, River, Roofs, Strength of Materials, and Water-works, by Robison; Seamanship, by the same, with a skilful supplement by Capt. B. Hall; Bridges and Roads, by Young; Architecture and Building, both very able papers, by Mr. Hosking, Professor of Architecture in King's College, London; Breakwaters and Docks, by Sir John Barrow; Ship-building (by far the best Essay on the subject in the language,) by Mr. Creuze, of Portsmouth; Cotton Manufacture, by Mr. Bannatyne; Weaving and Woollen Manufacture, by Mr. Chapman, &c. &c.

Among the subjects that must enter largely into the composition of an Encyclopædia are those which constitute what may be called *Terrestrial Physics*, including the structure and physical history of our globe and of its atmosphere, and an account of the various organized bodies which it contains or produces. This species of knowledge is, generally speaking, most fascinating. It requires little previous preparation of the mind; it is associated with our wants and amusements, and finds frequent and useful application in all the various conditions of life. Carrying us back into the depths of time long before the dawn even of fabulous history, modern Geology has acquired an interest exceeding, perhaps, that of any other of the physical sciences. Though her conclusions have not the evidence of demonstration, and are opposed to many of our early prejudices, yet they stand before us in the grandeur of *truth*, and have commanded the assent of the most pious and sober-minded of our philosophers. They have lent, in fact, a new evidence to Revealed Religion; they have broken the arms of the skeptic; and when we ponder over the great events which they proclaim,—the mighty revolutions which they indicate—the wrecks of successive creations which they display—and the immeasurable cycles of their chronology—the era of man shrinks into contracted dimensions; his proudest and most ancient dynasties wear the aspect of upstart and ephemeral groups; the fabrics of human power, the gorgeous temple, the monumental bronze, the regal pyramid, sink into insignificance beside the

mighty sarcophagi of the brutes that perish.

It was to be expected, therefore, that the sciences of *Geology*, *Zoology*, and *Botany*, should be most carefully and completely treated of in such a work as this. They form, indeed, the key to the hieroglyphics of the ancient world; they enable us to reckon up its almost countless periods; to replace its upheaved and dislocated strata; to replant its forests; to reconstruct the products of its charnel-house; to repopulate its jungles with their gigantic denizens; to restore the condors to its atmosphere, and give back to the ocean its mighty leviathans. And such is the force with which these revivals are presented to our judgment, that we almost see the mammoth, the megatherion, and the mastodon, stalking over the plains or pressing through the thickets; the giant ostrich leaving its foot-writing on the sands; the voracious ichthyosaurian swallowing the very meal which its fossil ribs enclose; the monstrous plesiosaurus paddling through the ocean, and guiding its lizard-trunk, and rearing its swan-neck, as if in derision of human wisdom; and the ptero-dactyle, that mysterious compound of birds, and brutes, and bats, asserting its triple claim to the occupancy of earth, ocean, and atmosphere.

In the elegant and comprehensive history of the ANIMAL KINGDOM, by Mr. James Wilson, he adopts, as the principle upon which the various articles of Natural History are to be treated, the scientific classification of Cuvier, who divides the Animal Kingdom into four great classes: *Vertebrate Animals*, or those which have backbones; *Molluscous Animals*, such as shell-fish and snails; *Articulated Animals*, such as earth-worms, lobsters, spiders, and insects; and *Radiated Animals*, such as star-fish, intestinal worms, sea-nettles, corals, sponges, and infusory animalcules. In virtue of this arrangement the vertebrate animals are described under the heads ICHTHYOLOGY, MAMMALIA, ORNITHOLOGY, and REPTILES; the molluscous animals under the article MOLLUSCA, written by a most distinguished naturalist, Dr. Fleming; the articulated animals under the heads of ARACHNIDES, CRUSTACEA, and ENTOMOLOGY; and the fourth class under the words ANIMALCULE, ECHINODERMATA, HELMINTHOLOGY, and ZOOPHYTES. The great body of these valuable treatises we owe to Mr. Wilson himself, and the rest were executed under his immediate superintendence, in order to give variety and symmetry to the whole system of natural knowledge. In connection with this branch of science we

may here mention the popular article on **ANGLING**, written by the same author;* and the articles **HORSE**, **HORSEMANSHIP**, **HOUND**, and **HUNTING**, from the pen of Mr. Apperley (*Nimrod*), whose powers of blending amusement with instruction are well known to the readers of this journal.

Among the productions of the natural world plants stand next to animals in their relation to the purposes of domestic life. The great botanist of our age, the late Sir James Edward Smith, drew up an interesting history of **BOTANY** and **BOTANICAL SYSTEMS**, which Dr. Walker Arnott has judiciously introduced into his valuable article on **BOTANY**; and the remarkable treatise on the anatomy and physiology of vegetables (enlarged by Professor Balfour,) we owe to the late Mr. Daniel Ellis, whose fine talents and philosophical cast of mind characterize this elaborate article.

The newest though not the least important of the natural sciences, namely **GEOLOGY**, with **MINERALOGY** as its handmaid, has been treated in a manner corresponding to its importance. The treatise on **GEOLOGY** was composed by Mr. John Phillips, a geologist of the first rank, and whose general knowledge added a new qualification for the task. We regard this essay as one of high merit, containing a systematic and philosophical view of the extensive subject of which it treats, while at the same time it is so perspicuous in its language, and so sober in its views, that the general reader cannot fail to peruse it with pleasure and satisfaction. The recent discoveries of Cuvier, Smith, Buckland, Sedgwick, Murchison, Conybeare, Lyell, Hibbert, Elie de Beaumont, Fourier, and Agassiz, are all brought before us in a condensed form; and by means of constant references to the original works we can appeal to them for any further details which may be desired. Of **MINERALOGY** it is enough to say that it is treated by Professor Jameson.

Under the head of terrestrial physics, already referred to, we may include **AGRICULTURE**, **HORTICULTURE**, **PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY**, and **METEOROLOGY**, articles contributed by Mr. Cleghorn, Dr. Neill, Dr. Trail, and Sir John Leslie, and marked by the same industry and talent which characterize the more scientific department of the general subject.

From the physical sciences, the philosophy of matter, we must now turn to the philosophy of the mind—that science which

* This entertaining manual has been published separately, and was reviewed by us in connection with Mr. Colquhoun's 'Moor and Loch' about a year ago.

has not yet taken its place within the domain of positive knowledge. It is impossible to read the interesting details of its history, to follow its ingenious and varied speculations, and to weigh the conclusions at which its votaries have arrived, without endeavouring to estimate the value and extent of its acquisitions, and without fearing that a value too high has been placed upon them, and an extent too wide assigned them. The learned and beautiful dissertation of Dugald Stewart is peculiarly fitted to assist the student in this inquiry. We gaze with delight on the first dawns of intellectual truth; we admire it as it brightens amid the clouds and storms of controversy; we follow it with straining eye till it is eclipsed in the superstition and darkness of the middle ages; we trace its revival amid the congenial gleams of literature and physical science; and we pursue it through all the lights and shadows of modern controversy, till our labouring reason abandons her pursuit amidst the 'cloud-capped metaphysics of the German school.' In this survey of its own powers the mind is bewildered among conflicting opinions. The truths of one age appear to have been the errors of the next; the lights of one school become the beacons of its rival; and amid the mass of ingenious speculation, and the array of ambiguous facts to which the inductive process can scarcely be applied, we seek in vain for distinct propositions and general laws. If that only can be called truth which we can compel a sound and unprejudiced mind to believe, we are driven to the conclusion that our intellectual philosophy cannot yet boast of the number of her achievements. Even in that department which relates to the functions and indications of the senses, where physical science comes powerfully to our aid, there is but little harmony among the opinions of our most distinguished metaphysicians; and many of those points which Reid and Stewart were considered to have placed beyond the reach of scepticism have been lately assailed with the keenest ingenuity by their own countryman, Dr. Thomas Brown. How much more difficult, then, must it be to establish incontrovertible truths when the phenomena are those of thought and consciousness, and the sole instrument of research by which we take cognizance of them is the abstract power of reflection. In support of these views we may adduce the observation of Dr. Reid himself, that 'the system which is now generally received with regard to the mind and its operations derives not only its *spirit* from Descartes, but its *fundamental principles*; and that, after all the improvements made by

Malebranche, Locke, Berkeley, and Hume, it may be called the *Cartesian system*.' In quoting this passage Mr. Stewart adds that the part of the Cartesian system here alluded to, is *the hypothesis*, that the communication between the mind and external objects is carried on by means of ideas or images.

But whatever estimate we may form of the nature and extent of our knowledge of mental phenomena, there can be only one opinion of the high interest and vast importance of the subject; and the treatises on its various branches in the 'Encyclopædia' will be found extremely valuable and instructive. In Dr. Hampden's lives of ARISTOTLE, PLATO, and SOCRATES—(though we cannot exactly place them on the same very high level with his article on *Thomas Aquinas*, in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana)—the student will obtain a clever and comprehensive view of the ancient philosophy; and in the articles on UNIVERSAL GRAMMAR, METAPHYSICS, and PHILOSOPHY, the two last of which were written by Bishop Gleig and Professor Robison, he will find the general subject discussed in its most important bearings, while the preliminary dissertation on metaphysical and ethical philosophy will place before him in ample detail an interesting history of the progress of opinion in those branches of knowledge.

The subject of general literature, including antiquities and the fine arts, has been treated in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' in a manner not on the whole less satisfactory. The articles on CHIVALRY, DRAMA, and ROMANCE, by Sir Walter Scott, are worthy of that name. The last of those articles having been limited to romances of chivalry, it has been extended very ably by Mr. Moir, so as to embrace a critical account of the romances of the Great Novelist himself, and others of anterior and subsequent date. The treatise on BEAUTY by Lord Jeffrey exhibits that intellectual power, elegant taste, and brilliant diction, by which so many of his productions have been distinguished. The treatises on MUSIC by Mr. Grahame, on PAINTING by Mr. Haydon, on POETRY by Mr. Moore, and on RHETORIC by Mr. Spalding, are all skilful performances, not unworthy of being associated with this masterly Essay.

But there is another department of general literature almost of modern growth in which the 'Encyclopædia' may boast of its exclusive superiority. The discoveries of Dr. Thomas Young respecting hieroglyphics have been justly considered as among the highest achievements of modern learning. So early as 1818 our great countryman had

placed it beyond a doubt that the Egyptian hieroglyphics were signs of sounds, and had determined the *phonetic* signs of *seven* of the letters of the alphabet. Dr. Young, however, did not perceive the whole value of this step: in consequence of his having limited his principle to *foreign* sounds he was prevented from pursuing it to its results; and he thus left to M. Champollion the honour of illustrating and developing the discovery. The English philosopher, however, pushed his researches in a different direction, and succeeded in constructing an *enchorial alphabet*, and presenting it to the world in a state so complete, that but few additions have been made to it by his successors. These discoveries, with a full account of the labours of Champollion and others, are admirably expounded in the article HIEROGLYPHICS, which, with the exception of the 3d, 4th, and 5th sections by Dr. Young, was written by the late Dr. Browne. We owe to Dr. Young, also, the treatise on the *affinity* of languages, which forms the 2d section of the able article on *Language*.

In the circle of human knowledge HISTORY and BIOGRAPHY form one of the largest and most popular departments; and it is here that the peculiar advantages of encyclopædic instruction most strikingly appear. The histories of the various nations of the world, both ancient and modern, though written on different scales, and by a variety of hands, form, nevertheless, a body of universal history which a hundred separate volumes would not be able to supply. In this class of articles we find the most recent information, and we are able to read the events of our own time with a copiousness and minuteness of detail which we should look for in vain in the independent histories of European states. The greater number of historical articles have been composed by authors well known to the public; and the History of SCOTLAND, by Mr. Tytler, is not the only one that presents in a condensed form the results of years of study devoted to a particular subject.

The biographical department has also been elaborately prepared. Many very interesting lives were written by Dr. Thomas Young; the greater number of the articles in classical and mythological biography were composed by Mr. Ramage; and almost all the Scottish lives were re-composed by that well-read, modest veteran, Dr. David Irving. The memoirs of Schiller, Shakspeare, and Pope, by Mr. De Quincey, have been much admired as specimens of critical biography; and among

the scientific lives, many are hardly inferior to that of Leslie, from which we have already given an extract.

The 'English Opium-Eater's' Life of Shakspeare is a very curious performance, and might well deserve to be made the subject of a separate criticism. We, in fact, intend to take the author to task by and bye on several points; but in the mean time we willingly acknowledge that he has displayed much ingenuity and sharpness of logic in this singular tract, and are sure the specimen of it about to be quoted cannot fail to interest our readers:—

'After this review of Shakspeare's life it becomes our duty to take a summary survey of his works, of his intellectual powers, and of his station in literature, a station which is now irrevocably settled, not so much (which happens in other cases) by a vast overbalance of favourable suffrages as by acclamation; not so much by the voices of those who admire him up to the verge of idolatry, as by the acts of those who everywhere seek for his works among the primal necessities of life, demand them and crave them as they do their daily bread; not so much by eulogy openly proclaiming itself, as by the silent homage recorded in the endless multiplication of what he has bequeathed us; not so much by his own compatriots, who, with regard to almost every other author, compose the total amount of his effective audience, as by the unanimous "All hail!" of intellectual Christendom: finally, not by the hasty partisanship of his own generation, nor by the biased judgment of an age trained in the same modes of feeling and of thinking with himself, but by the solemn award of generation succeeding to generation, of one age correcting the obliquities or peculiarities of another; by the verdict of two hundred and thirty years which have now elapsed since the very latest of his creations, or of two hundred and forty-seven years if we date from the earliest; a verdict which has been continually revived and re-opened, probed, searched, vexed, by criticism in every spirit, from the most genial and intelligent, down to the most malignant and scurrilously hostile which feeble heads and great ignorance could suggest when co-operating with impure hearts and narrow sensibilities; a verdict, in short, sustained and countersigned by a longer series of writers, many of them eminent for wit or learning, than were ever before congregated upon any inquest relating to any author, be he who he might, ancient or modern, Pagan or Christian. It was a most witty saying with respect to a piratical and knavish publisher, who made a trade of insulting the memories of deceased authors by forged writings, that he was "among the new terrors of death." But in the gravest sense it may be affirmed of Shakspeare, that he is among the modern luxuries of life; that life is a new thing, and one more to be coveted, since Shakspeare has extended the domain of human consciousness, and pushed its dark frontiers into regions not so much as dimly described or even suspected before his time, far less illuminated (as now they are) by beauty

and tropical luxuriance of life. For instance—a single instance, indeed one which in itself is a world of new revelation—the possible beauty of the female character had not been seen as in a dream before Shakspeare called into perfect life the radiant shapes of Desdemona, of Imogene, of Hermione, of Perdita, of Ophelia, of Miranda, and many others. The Una of Spenser, earlier by ten or fifteen years than most of these, was an idealized portrait of female innocence and virgin purity, but too shadowy and unreal for a dramatic reality. And as to the Grecian classics, let not the reader imagine for an instant that any prototype in this field of Shakspearian power can be looked for there. The *Antigone* and the *Electra* of the tragic poets are the two leading female characters that classical antiquity offers to our respect, but assuredly not to our impassioned love, as disciplined and exalted in the school of Shakspeare. They challenge our admiration, severe, and even stern; as impersonations of filial duty, cleaving to the steps of a desolate and afflicted old man; or of sisterly affection, maintaining the rights of a brother under circumstances of peril, of desertion, and consequently of perfect self-reliance. Iphigenia, again, though not dramatically coming before us in her own person, but, according to the beautiful report of a spectator, presents us with a fine statuesque model of heroic fortitude, and of one whose young heart, even in the very agonies of her cruel immolation, refused to forget, by a single indecorous gesture, or so much as a moment's neglect of her own princely descent, that she herself was "a lady in the land." These are fine marble groups, but they are not the warm, breathing realities of Shakspeare; there is "no speculation" in their cold marble eyes; the breath of life is not in their nostrils; the fine pulses of womanly sensibility are not throbbing in their bosoms. And besides this immeasurable difference between the cold moony reflexes of life, as exhibited by the power of Grecian art, and the true sunny life of Shakspeare, it must be observed that the Antigones of the antique put forward but one single trait of character, like the aloe with its single blossom: this solitary feature is presented to us as an abstraction, and as an insulated quality; whereas in Shakspeare all is presented in the concrete; that is to say, not brought forward in relief, as by some effort of an anatomical artist, but embodied and imbedded, so to speak, as by the force of a creative nature, in the complex system of human life; a life in which all the elements move and play simultaneously, and with something more than mere simultaneity or co-existence, acting and re-acting each upon the other, nay, even acting by each other and through each other. In Shakspeare's characters is felt for ever a real organic life, where each is for the whole and in the whole, and where the whole is for each and in each. They only are real incarnations.'

Who can read such a passage as this without asking why the author has written so little?

Many of the names which we have already noticed would of themselves furnish a

sufficient guarantee that no noxious or offensive strain of sentiment was to intermingle in the work to which they lent their talents. The Editor is well known to be strictly attached to the Whig side of politics, but he had too much candour or sagacity to think of making an *Encyclopædia* the repository of party views. In the economical theories of some of his contributors, it is impossible that we should concur—from one or two of them we differ widely—but without exception they seem to have drawn an elevating and purifying tone of mind from just and manly consideration of the nature of such a work as this, and composed their several disquisitions in a calm and philosophic spirit. The articles on *LEGISLATION* and on the *Laws and Government of England*, by Mr. Empson, are equally distinguished by their ability and moderation; and Mr. McCulloch has condensed a great mass of knowledge, which men of all parties should be glad to see so put together, in his *POLITICAL ECONOMY, EXCHANGE, INTEREST, TAXATION, PAPER-MONEY, and PRINCIPLES OF BANKING*. Mr. Malthus drew up the skilful compendium of his own views under the head of *POPULATION*; Mr. Ricardo the lucid article on the *FUNDING SYSTEM*; and Mr. Mill brought all his usual resources to the *Essays on COLONIES, ECONOMISTS, and PRISON DISCIPLINE*. To Professor Napier we owe an able article on the *BALANCE of POWER*. The subject of the *English Poor Laws*, which will probably for many years to come be a subject of contentious interest both in England and Scotland, has been treated in a very useful manner by Mr. Coode. The kindred subjects of *General Law and STATISTICS*, the last of which has risen into great popularity as a science throughout every part of Europe, have also occupied a due share of attention. Three elaborate treatises on the *Canon, Civil, and Feudal Law*, have been contributed by Dr. Irving; the statistical article on the *NAVY* was drawn up by Sir John Barrow, whose official position gave him the best opportunities for the task; and to the same hand we owe many of the most valuable topographical and geographical articles in the work, among which that on *CHINA* may be specially mentioned. The greater number of the papers on *European Geography and Statistics* were written by Mr. Jacob, and the *Asiatic* articles by Mr. Buchanan: to Mr. Jacob we also owe the notices of the principal *Counties, Cities, and Towns of England*, and to the Rev. Edward Groves the corresponding series for *Ireland*.

There are, perhaps, none of the practical

sciences which have made such rapid and sure progress as those of *Comparative ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, and MEDICINE*. The study of fossil remains, now the right hand of geology, has given an impulse to comparative anatomy hitherto unknown. The labours of Cuvier led the way in this species of inquiry, which is now carrying on with the most singular activity and success in every part of the world. Comparative anatomy, which had previously been an object merely of curiosity and of occasional research, became in Cuvier's hands the basis of natural history and physiology, and the mainstay of geology. In his '*Leçons d'Anatomie Comparée*,' a work in five volumes, he has given the details upon which he formed the philosophical classification which we have already mentioned; and in the splendid Museum of Natural History in Paris he has preserved actual proofs of the facts upon which this great generalization is founded. Regarding every animated being as destined for a special purpose, and pursuing this fundamental idea, he drew the general conclusion that every bone, and fragment of a bone, bears the mark of the class, order, genus, and even species, to which it originally belonged. From these simple truths have sprung all those fine discoveries and noble views respecting the successive creation and extinction of races of animals which give interest and grandeur to the science of geology. Nowhere have these researches been pursued with more ardour and success than in England; and, if we except the gigantic charnel-house of fossil remains in Paris already mentioned, nowhere have collections of fossil osteology been more numerous and valuable. The splendid cabinet of the Earl of Enniskillen and Sir Philip Egerton, at Lewes, possesses a scientific interest which could only have been given to it by the knowledge and talents of such proprietors.

The *Essays on Human and Comparative ANATOMY, on SURGERY, and on VETERINARY MEDICINE*, written by Dr. Craigie, Mr. Miller, and Mr. Dick, are copious and instructive; and in the article *PHYSIOLOGY*, by Dr. Roget, the reader will find the elements of the science, and a full account of recent discoveries drawn up with admirable perspicuity. The articles on *MEDICINE, PRACTICE of PHYSIC, and PATHOLOGY*, written by Dr. William Thomson; on *MENTAL DISEASES*, by Dr. Poole; and on *POISONS*, by Dr. Christison, &c., complete the circle of our knowledge on the healing art.

The last and the most interesting of the sciences which our limits permit us to no-

tice is that of THEOLOGY—a branch the least studied and the least appreciated of all our knowledge. Forming an element in the early training of us all, memory sometimes retains amidst our secular pursuits a slight trace of the meagre alphabet which it has learned; and the faint impressions of domestic example, and the associated fragments of divine truth, may sometimes have power to direct and restrain the will when interest or passion are its assailants. But the great truths of theology are throughout the busy world in general neither objects of study nor grounds of action: the gaiety of the social circle is neither enlivened by their joys, nor disturbed by their terrors, and if men's breasts are ever touched with a holy influence during the brief hour which they weekly dedicate to eternity, it is but the ripple of the summer breeze, which subsides as it advances, and leaves no under-current either of feeling or of thought. It is fortunate, then, for beings thus constituted—thus indifferent to the highest and most permanent interests of their nature—that a few of the mustard-seeds of divine truth should be scattered even in the uncleared forests and the pathless jungle of accumulated knowledge. In the pursuit of frivolous amusement or of lucrative science, some passing hand may be induced to crop the salutary blade, or he who reads to scoff may by reading still further have learnt to pray. It may be in the moral as it is in the physical world, that we only learn to appreciate the value of the condiment when we have discovered its virtues among our daily food; and those who are the salt of the earth, and that which is the salt of knowledge may display, their highest qualities only when in a state of association with what is wicked, or of combination with what is poisonous. It is in the energy and force, indeed, of their re-agency that the moral and material elements exhibit their strongest affinities and their highest powers.

We hold it, then, to be a peculiar advantage to readers of all ages and ranks that in most of our current encyclopædias articles of sound theology are interspersed with those of secular learning, and we are confident that in no work of the kind has this been more judiciously done than in that before us. The primary article on THEOLOGY was written by Bishop Gleig; and neither in the additions since made to that, nor in any of the subsidiary essays—though divines of various denominations appear in the list of contributors—do we find any statement of doctrine on any leading point inconsistent with the orthodox exemplar of

the venerable prelate. One of the most important articles connected with this subject is from the pen of a layman. In this Mr. Douglas of Cavers, well known to the literary world by the eloquence and power of his writings, but more affectionately by his labours of love among the erring and the ignorant, has given us a deeply interesting account of the religious missions which characterize and honour the age in which we live. Another article equally striking is that by Dr. Gilly, under the head of *Valdenses*,—an eloquent account, from personal observation, of that small community of Protestants, who, in the secluded valleys of the Cottian Alps, have for many centuries maintained the purity of their faith and worship, and kept up the vestal fire of their mountain church in the midst of privations and persecutions not yet extinguished.

We are tempted to quote part of this paper, which ought at least to possess a very lively interest at the present time:—

‘The reigning King of Sardinia, Charles Albert, is disposed to show them kindness, and to place them on a level with his other subjects. He has proved this by numberless acts of favour: but the tiara and the mitre are too strong for the crown in Piedmont, and the baneful influence of the Papal authority, so late as September 1837, wrung from the reluctant King two articles in the new code of Sardinia, by which the intolerant edicts of the 16th and 17th centuries are renewed, and may be put in force as soon as the Roman hierarchy shall feel itself strong enough to do so. In the mean time another engine is employed against the hapless Valdenses. The rich order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus has contributed 9544*l.*, and an income of 680*l.* a-year, towards the establishment of a fraternity of missionary priests at La Tour, whose business it will be to make proselytes from the descendants of a race which has never yet swerved from its faith, but which will now be exposed more than ever to the threats and artifices of an adversary who knows well how to turn opportunities to advantages.

‘The Protestants of England have not been inattentive to the condition of their brethren in the valleys of Piedmont. Public collections have on several occasions been made throughout the kingdom, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts is the trustee of considerable funds raised in their behalf; a committee in London, consisting of the Archbishop of Canterbury, several Bishops, and other persons of distinction, has also been employing contributions in aid of the clergy, hospitals, and schools of the Valdenses, and watching over their interests, since 1825.

‘The difficulties with which the Valdenses have now to contend are poverty and reduced numbers, being confined to limits which do not produce subsistence for more than a very limited population. They also labour under the

disadvantage of having to learn three languages before they can receive competent instruction. Their national language is Italian; their vernacular tongue is a provincial dialect peculiar to their district: and the language of instruction is French, because in that only they can obtain books of devotion used by Protestants.

'If the Government of Great Britain should cease to exercise its good offices at the court of Turin in behalf of the Protestants of Piedmont, or if the people of Great Britain should become indifferent to the moral and spiritual wants of this impoverished community, the religious liberties of the Valdenses will be no more, and the lamp of this little mountain church will be extinguished for ever.'

Such is a very general account of the nature and character of the different classes of articles which compose the '*Encyclopædia Britannica*.' Those who have explored, as we have done, many of its departments, will, we trust, regard our estimate as neither partial nor exaggerated. To those who have not had this advantage, or who are unacquainted with the work, we can offer but the guarantee of illustrious names. But however great be the merits of the leading contributors to a work of this kind, there is one individual—the editor—who must be the mainspring of the undertaking, and to whom a very great share of praise must be due. In editing this work, Professor Napier brought to the task all the experience which he had acquired during the publication of the Supplement which preceded it. From his extensive literary connexions he succeeded in commanding the services of authors who had never before written for similar works, and who were prompted by no other motives but those of friendship. When men of the very highest reputation were the avowed contributors to an encyclopædia, authors of inferior name, though of equal fitness for their respective tasks, were not likely to withhold their aid. In fact, it was deemed an honour to contribute to a work thus sustained; and we have no doubt that one of the many difficulties encountered by the editor was to select the best qualified from the numerous recruits that flocked to his standard. This facility of obtaining the best qualified assistants was, no doubt, increased by the liberality of the publishers. The authors of articles of profound science, which, commercially speaking, had no value but in an encyclopædia, were, we are assured, remunerated as handsomely as those who communicated the most popular articles; and the labours of men of high talent, were thus, as it were, created by the work.

But this ample supply of literary mate-

rial, of that too from quarters hitherto inaccessible, must, like every other advantage, have had its concomitant evils. The labour of control and superintendence must have been proportional to the standing of the workman; and it must have required temper and decision of no ordinary quality to enforce unity and symmetry of execution, and to combine such various elements in anything like just and definite proportions. Great, however, as these difficulties are, there are others still greater, which analogous experience only can enable us to estimate. In the case of a journal like our own, or almost any other species of periodical work, if the editor is disappointed in receiving an article, he must, indeed, but he also *can*, immediately replace it with another, whether on the same or on some different subject. The mechanism of the press goes on with a few inappreciable pauses; the work issues with its wonted regularity, and the public can discover nothing more, if they discover anything at all, than that an article of slender merit, or on some rather obsolete topic, has found its way into the number. But the case is very different with an encyclopædia. If the illness of an author, or the sudden call of business, or any other cause, prevents him from fulfilling his task at the appointed time, the whole machinery is stopped. The alphabetical arrangement must be adhered to; and a treatise on Chemistry, or Medicine, or Political Economy, cannot be written on the spur of the moment. The printers and engravers and bookbinders are thrown idle, and the editor is left to consider whether he will wait, for months perhaps, for the article of which he has been disappointed, and which is perhaps half-finished, or call in the aid of another writer, who may take a still longer time to complete his task. No less harassing must be the case, which we can easily suppose to be equally common, when an author produces an article three or four times longer than the allotted space. Thinking his own subject the most important, he treats it fully, and perhaps admirably, but on such a scale as to render its admission impracticable. To cut it down, or to allow another to cut it down, is wormwood and bitterness; and the editor must either reject it altogether and give mortal offence to his friend, or by the compromise of a slight abridgment introduce the still gigantic production and destroy the symmetry of his undertaking. But, notwithstanding these difficulties, to which the present work must have been peculiarly exposed, there is less appearance of disproportion in its

parts than in any other encyclopædia that we have had occasion to examine.

In a work of such magnitude as this, the liberality of the proprietors is best seen in the number and nature of the maps, engravings, and woodcuts. At the commencement of the publication the geographical articles were illustrated only by quarto maps, but these were afterwards cancelled, and a new series of a folio size substituted in their place. These maps form a complete and excellent atlas. The engravings, upon steel, are numerous and well executed; and the introduction of woodcuts into the text, a plan new in encyclopædias, has given a peculiar value to many articles. In those of STEAM, STEAM-ENGINE, and STEAM NAVIGATION, though almost every page is illustrated by numbers of the most correct and beautiful woodcuts, yet the proprietors have given no fewer than TWENTY-TWO splendid engravings—five of them in folio—to illustrate these articles alone. The plates, too, are executed with the minuteness of working drawings, and in the present predominance of civil engineering, as connected with locomotive and steam-boat engines, they must be an invaluable present to all who pursue that interesting profession.

From the observations which we have already had occasion to make, our readers may have drawn the inference that an encyclopædia like this must be a work of great utility, even to those who possess, or have access to, ample libraries. With an index enumerating every article in the work, and also the leading topics which those articles contain, we can at once direct our attention to any subject upon which we require information; and if we do not find all that we desire, our attention will be turned to sources from which it can be obtained. But if the mature cultivator of letters and science finds such a companion almost indispensable, of what value must it be to the young, perhaps narrowly provided and obscurely situated student, in the years when the foundations are to be laid! How absolutely inappreciable must such a repository of knowledge be to the unlettered reader of all ranks, to the humble artisan as well as to the country gentleman and the opulent manufacturer and merchant! Occupying only four or five cubic feet of space, it would not encumber either the traveller or the emigrant; and an Australian or New Zealand settler, who left his home with no other accomplishment but that of being able to read, write, and count, might with such a companion beguile his long and

weary voyage, and become a well-informed man before he reached his destination.

Considering the imperishable nature of books, the cheapness with which they are now produced, and the rapidity and extent of their production, we are convinced that some great revolution must soon take place in their manufacture and use. Libraries, both public and private, are now extending themselves beyond reasonable bounds. Apartments cannot be found to contain them; and there are many libraries where the volumes stand three feet deep, and thus become inaccessible to their owners. In the progress of accumulation wing after wing must be added to the storehouse of learning, and librarian after librarian, till space, as well as funds, are exhausted. But if this be the case at present, with our restricted trade and limited communication with foreign states, what must be the condition of our libraries when railway intercourse shall have made the nations of Europe one family, speaking each other's languages, and creating a new demand for each other's intellectual productions? Unfortunately for authors there is no epidemic among books, to thin their ranks, and render necessary a new supply; and the fire-proof inventions of the present day extinguish the hopes which were sometimes realised from the timberboards of our books and the wooden carpentry of our libraries. There is, therefore, no law of mortality by which the number of books is regulated like that of animals; and, since we cannot control their accumulation, we should endeavour, as soon as we can, to reduce their magnitude and increase their portability.

The compression of many hundred volumes into an encyclopædia, forming a complete library of itself, has been a great step towards the accomplishment of this desirable object, and it is probably the only one of which in our time we shall reap the advantage. But it is only a step; and though we cannot foresee the extent to which the principle of compressing knowledge, not only in its corporeal but in its intellectual phase, may be carried, yet we clearly recognize certain steps in the process which may be immediately taken, and certain consequences flowing from them which cannot fail to excite our highest expectations of ultimate success.

'Railroad travelling,' says the Rev. Sydney Smith, 'is a delightful improvement of human life. Man is become a bird: he can fly longer and quicker than a Solan goose. The mamma rushes 60 miles in two hours to the aching finger

of her conjugating and declining grammar-boy. The early Scotchman scratches himself in the morning mists of the North, and has his porridge in Piccadilly before the setting sun. The Puseyite priest, after a rush of 100 miles, appears with his little volume of nonsense at the breakfast-table of his bookseller. Everything is near—everything is immediate: time, distance, and delay are abolished.*

If the steam-boat and the railway have thus abridged space and time, and made a large addition to the available length of human existence, why may not our intellectual journey be also accelerated,—our knowledge more cheaply and quickly acquired,—its records rendered more accessible and portable,—its cultivators increased in number,—and its blessings more rapidly and widely diffused? We shall endeavour to state very briefly *some* means by which these objects may be effected, and the consequences to which they are likely to lead. We have now before us an 8vo. volume,† containing about 1150 pages of double columns, and printed on paper so thin that the thickness of the volume (though not beaten) is only two inches, and in so small a type that the quantity of matter which it contains is equal to above TWELVE NUMBERS of this Review, supposed to be all printed in its ordinary type. Now, if the type were diminished to one-half its present size, or to one-fourth, which is quite practicable, and if the margin were somewhat diminished, we should have an 8vo. volume two inches thick equal to FIFTY NUMBERS of this Review, or TWENTY-FIVE volumes. Such a work would require a reading-glass, but this would not affect its utility at all for the purposes of consultation, and indeed the young student would have no more difficulty in perusing it page after page than the Doctor of 50 already has in getting through the columns of his *Times* by help of spectacles.

A bookcase might thus contain a large library, and a moderate one might be packed in the traveller's portmanteau. Books now forwarded by tardy conveyances might be sent by post. A number of this Journal, upon which the postage is now half-a-crown, might be sent for fourpence, and large pamphlets would have the privilege of half-ounce letters. These processes, too, might be aided by a stenographic representation of the terminations of many of our long words, and even by a contraction of the words themselves; and in the spirit

of these changes authors might be led to think more closely, and to express their thoughts in the shortest and the fewest words. By these means we might accommodate the Waverley Novels in one of our pockets, with Shakspeare and the British drama in the other; while the literature of our own sixty volumes occupying one pannier might be balanced with the science of the Philosophical Transactions in the other.

ART. III.—*La Petite Chouanerie; ou, Histoire d'un College Breton sous L'Empire.* Par A. F. Rio. Paris et Londres, 1842. 8vo.

AN eminent literary man was recently complaining to us that the rising generation seemed to know nothing of books published more than fifteen or twenty years ago. 'I was not understood yesterday,' said he, 'when I talked to a budding legislator about Sir Andrew Freeport; and here is a young lady who evidently supposes Seged Emperor of Ethiopia to be one of the tawny potentates discovered by Bruce.' In this state of things it would be idle to take for granted that everybody is familiar with the *Memoirs of Madame de Larochejaquelein*; and the utmost we can hope for M. Rio's sake is, that some half-buried associations will be resuscitated in the memories of our older readers, when we name his book as a not unworthy *pendant* to her noble and inspiring picture of the courage, piety, disinterestedness, and unshaken loyalty, of the most virtuous and truly patriotic portion of her countrymen. Well might Sir Walter Scott say that the country of which La Vendée forms a part, and the court in which Madamo de Larochejaquelein was educated, could not be so corrupt as we had been taught to believe; for history, ancient and modern, might be ransacked without finding parallels to numerous instances of high daring, patient suffering, and cheerful self-sacrifice recorded by her. Above all Greek, above all Roman praise—the finer spirit and purer motives of modern chivalry may be seen blended with the stern resolve and stoical contempt of life which distinguish the heroes of antiquity: Cato and Brutus look like vulgar suicides; and the dying Bayard leaning against the tree with his cross-hilted sword held up before him as a crucifix, or even Sidney on the fatal field

* Morning Chronicle, June 8.

† Biographie Portatif des Contemporains, vol. i., Paris. It contains three plates with thirty portraits, ten in each plate.

of Zutphen, still wants the cause to raise him above the martyrs of La Vendée.

A few passages from their annals will form a fitting introduction to our notice of M. Rio's work.

When an expedition was meditated, a requisition in the following terms was forwarded to each parish :—' In the holy name of God, and of the King, this parish is invited to send as many men as possible to such a place, on such a day and hour, and to bring provisions with them.' Not merely was the requisition obeyed with cheerfulness, but the privilege of going was eagerly contended for. When the whole force was assembled, they were divided in an equally primitive manner. It was said :—' — (a chief) goes such a way ; who follows him ? ' Those who liked ranged themselves about him, until the column was complete. In manœuvring they were not told, ' To the right,' ' To the left,' &c., but ' Go towards that house,' ' That great tree,' &c. In battle, like all Frenchmen, they expected their leaders to set the example. Thus at the assault of Thouars :

' About eleven o'clock the powder of the Vendéans beginning to fail, M. de Larochejaquelein went for a supply, leaving M. de Lescure alone to command. A moment after, M. de L. perceived the republicans less steady, and as if beginning to give way : he instantly seized a musket with a bayonet, and calling to the soldiers to follow him, descended rapidly from the height, and gained the middle of the bridge amidst showers of balls and case-shot. No peasant dared to follow him. He returned, called, exhorted, and again giving the example, returned upon the bridge, but remained alone. His clothes pierced with balls, he made a third effort. At that instant MM. de Larochejaquelein and Forêt arrived, and flew to his assistance : he had been followed by one only of the peasants. All four crossed the bridge. M. de Lescure leaped the entrenchment ; the peasant was wounded ; but Henri and Forêt got over it also ; the men then rushed on to their assistance, and the passage was forced.'

Napoleon, according to the most partial version of an apocryphal story, did no more at Lodi.

As Major Allan observed to Cornet Graham, ' a man may fight never the worse for honouring both his Bible and psalter ; ' nor need we refer to Cromwell's Ironsides, or any other fanatics, for illustration of the maxim. The nights before the battles of Agincourt and Poitiers were spent in prayer by the conquerors ; and the striking incident which preceded the closing of the English and Scottish hosts at Bannockburn should be familiar to all lovers of romance or poetry :

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" Each weapon point is downward sent ;
Each warrior to the ground is bent.
The rebels, Argentine, repent !
For pardon they have kneel'd."
" Ay, but they bend to other powers,
And other pardon sue than ours :
See where yon barefoot abbot stands,
And blesses them with lifted hands !
Upon the spot where they have kneel'd,
These men will die or win the field."

The Vendean peasants scarcely ever omitted saying their prayers before engaging, and most of them made the sign of the cross each time they fired. The fervour of the religious sentiment was well exemplified at the battle of Fontenay :

' Before the attack the soldiers received absolution. The generals then said to them, " Now, friends, we have no powder : we must take these cannon with clubs. We must recover Marie-Jeanne ! Let us try who runs the best ! " The soldiers of M. de Lescure, who commanded the left wing, hesitated to follow him. He advanced alone thirty paces before them, and then stopping, called out " Vive le Roi ! " A battery of six pieces fired upon him with case-shot. His clothes were pierced, his left spur carried away, and his right boot torn ; but he was not wounded. " You see, my friends," cried he instantly, " the Blues do not aim well." The peasants took courage, and rushed on. M. de Lescure, to keep up with them, was obliged to put his horse to the full trot. At that moment, perceiving a large crucifix, they threw themselves on their knees before it. M. de Bauge wanted to urge them on. " Let them pray," said M. de Lescure calmly. They soon rose, and again rushed on.'

Marie-Jeanne was a twelve-pounder of beautiful workmanship, taken by the republicans from the Château de Richelieu, where it had been placed by the famous cardinal. It was captured in the first engagement at Chollet by the Vendéans, who regarded it as endowed with miraculous power, and were wont to adorn it with flowers and ribbons. The Highlanders of Prince Charles Edward's army attached a superstitious reverence to an old iron gun, which they insisted on dragging about with them. There are numerous other points of analogy, but there is one remarkable difference. In the Vendean ranks the pride of birth was kept in strict subservience to the sentiment of loyalty, and the peasants were urged on by their own genuine impulses, instead of being dragged to death or exile by their hereditary chiefs. Their first commander-in-chief, Cathelineau, was a peasant, and he was put in nomination by the Marquis de Lescure. So far, however, was this from being one of the consequences of the growing fashion for inequality, that Madame de Larochejaquelein tells us

the peasant officers often offered to withdraw from the table of the staff when she appeared there, saying they were not entitled to sit at the table with a gentlewoman. This shows that the prejudices of birth remained, and were simply kept under by patriotic motives. The modesty of their expectations in case of success is another proof of the pure and disinterested character of their loyalty. They meant to ask that the name of *La Vendée*, given by chance, should be preserved, and a province under a distinct administration be formed of the *Bocage*; that the king would honour their country with a visit; that a body of *Vendeans* should form part of his guard; and that the white flag might always be seen flying on the steeple of each parish.

The chiefs were equally moderate. *Henri de Larochejaquelein* said, 'If we establish the king upon the throne he will grant me a regiment of hussars.' Another of this young nobleman's sayings is highly characteristic: when accused of inattention at the councils of war, he exclaimed, 'Why was I made a general? My only wish is to be a hussar, that I may have the pleasure of fighting.' Yet he made an excellent commander; and his dislike to councils of war appears to have been as well grounded as *Lord Clive's*, who says he never called but one, and gained the battle (*Plassy*) by acting contrary to their advice. His fondness for fighting was the only drawback, for he rushed to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet, and gave his whole soul and spirit to the charge. In an attack on the Republican camp, seeing his men recoil, he flung his hat into the entrenchment, and calling out, 'Who will go and fetch it?' jumped in first, and was instantly followed by numbers. Red handkerchiefs, the manufacture of the country, formed a conspicuous part of his costume: he wore one round his head, one round his neck, and several round his waist as belts. At *Fontenay* the word amongst the Blues (the Republicans) was 'Aim at the red handkerchief;' and the other officers entreated him not to make himself a mark for their musketry; but obstinate as *Nelson* in this particular, he refused; and, as the only means of diminishing his danger, they adopted the red handkerchief themselves. The picturesque costume and reckless daring of *Murat* are said to have produced such an impression on the *Cossacks* during the Russian campaign, that they opened their ranks to let him pass, and the bravest seldom ventured to cross swords with him. *Henri de Larochejaquelein* inspired much of the same feeling, and seized every fitting occasion to heighten it, though probably less

from calculation than from character. During the greater part of the war his right arm was useless from a wound. In this condition he was attacked alone in a hollow way by a foot-soldier. *Henri* seized him by the collar with his left hand, and managed his horse so well with his legs, that the man could not hurt him. The peasants came up, and wanted to kill the soldier: he would not suffer it. 'Return to the Republicans,' said he to the man, 'tell them you were alone with the chief of the Brigands who has only one hand and no weapon, and that you could not kill him.' His pithy address to his followers is well known: '*Si j'avance, suivez-moi: si je recule, tuez-moi: si je tombe, vengez-moi.*' He was killed towards the termination of the struggle (1794) by one of two grenadiers whom he had interposed to save. The words, 'You shall have your lives,' were hardly out of his lips, when one of them shot him through the head. He was then only twenty-one years and a few months old.

The author of the *Memoirs* was not married to *Louis de Larochejaquelein*, the brother of *Henri*, until 1802. During the most eventful period of her life she was the wife of the *Marquis de Lescure*, whose qualities, though less dazzling, are perhaps better entitled to the meed of sound, sober, reasoning admiration than his friend's. It was no love of excitement, no youthful enthusiasm, no high-wrought spirit of loyalty in the narrow meaning of the term, that animated and urged him on, but a stern, uncompromising sense of duty, to which every personal consideration was as naught. We have already given a specimen of his intrepidity, and it is one amongst a hundred; yet he detested fighting, and congratulated himself that, though constantly in action and often engaged hand to hand, he had never shed blood; and the battle was hardly over before he was seen exerting all his energies to save. The true force and genuine beauty of his character came out when he was dying of a wound from a musket-ball, which entered his face near the eye and came out behind the ear. He lingered for several weeks, compelled to follow the movements of his friends, sometimes in rude litters, but oftener in rough carts and carriages, whose every jolt was agony. Yet, with the finger of death upon him, fevered with pain, and only able to lift his head at intervals, he insisted upon attending the council to enforce a measure which he deemed essential to the cause, and was as ready as ever to set an example to the troops.

To justify their treatment of the women, the Republicans declared that they were to

be found in great numbers in the Vendean ranks—a bad excuse, if the fact had been so; but Madame de Larochefoucauld asserts that there were not above ten or twelve regularly enrolled female combatants. Several boys of rank did duty as aides-de-camp or officers. The Chevalier de Mondyon, a lad of fourteen, was stationed near a tall officer who complained of being wounded, and was about to retire ‘I don’t see that,’ said de Mondyon: ‘your retiring will discourage the men; and, if you stir a step, I will shoot you through the head.’ The remonstrance proved effectual. The two young Maignans de l’Ecorce used to go to every battle with their governor, M. Biré.

The seat of the Chouan war was Brittany, a province rich enough already in romantic associations of all sorts, as we very recently had occasion to point out.* The war is thus brought into immediate connection with that in La Vendée by the last and perhaps best of the general historians of the period:—

‘Meanwhile the severities of the Republicans in prosecuting the peasants of Brittany who sheltered the fugitive Vendéans, kindled a new and terrible warfare in that extensive province, which, under the name of the Chouan war, long consumed the vitals and paralyzed the forces of the Republic. The nobles of that district, Puisaye, Bourmont, George Cadoudal, and others, commenced a guerilla warfare with murderous effect; and soon, on a space of 1200 square leagues, 30,000 men were in arms in detached parties of two or three thousand each. Brittany, intersected by wooded ridges, abounding with hardy smugglers, ardently devoted to the royalist cause, and containing a population of 2,500,000 souls, afforded far greater resources for the royalist cause than the desolated La Vendée, which never contained a third of that number of inhabitants. Puisaye was the soul of the insurrection. Prescribed by the Convention, with a price set upon his head, wandering from château to château, from cottage to cottage, he became acquainted with the spirit of the Bretons, their inextinguishable hatred of the Convention, and conceived the bold design of hoisting the royal standard again amidst its secluded fastnesses. His indefatigable activity, energetic character, and commanding eloquence, eminently qualified this intrepid chief to become the leader of a party, and soon brought all the other Breton nobles to range themselves under his standard.’—*Alison*, vol. ii., p. 525.

General Hoche, who commanded on the revolutionary side during a great part of the struggle, called it a war of giants; and M. Capefigue recommends it as a fit subject for ‘a noble and poetical history,

which remains still to be written.’ At the same time we do not wonder that historians have hitherto meddled but little with it; for the authorities are utterly irreconcilable; and it is no easy matter to arrive at a just or satisfactory estimate of a character whom one party insists on ranking with heroes, and the other on stigmatizing as a coward or a brigand. For example, Puisaye, whom Mr. Alison terms the soul of the insurrection, is described by French writers of repute as a mere intriguer, wholly destitute of honour or courage—a Breton Lovat at the best—encouraged by the English for the express purpose of defeating the grand object of the insurrection, and simply converting it into ‘a festering sore in the vitals of the country.’ George Cadoudal, erroneously enumerated by Mr. Alison among the nobles, is another hero of Chouannerie, well qualified to puzzle writers pretending to impartiality. He has been denounced as an assassin for his participation in the plot which immediately preceded the murder of the Duke d’Enghien; but he himself maintained to the last that his voice had been invariably for open war, and that his plan was to attack the First Consul’s guard of thirty with an equal number of his followers, and decide the quarrel by a fair fight. The very name of *Chouan* is a mystery; and the etymologists have hitherto hit on nothing better than *Chat-huant* (owl,) which the insurgents were supposed to resemble, from their practice of moving principally by night.

Whether these difficulties will eventually appal M. Rio may be doubted; but we are quite sure that it will be no easy matter to find another equally qualified, by cast of mind, habits, education, and experience, for supplying a complete history of *Chouannerie*. His grandfather perished on the scaffold, a martyr to loyalty. His father died of sufferings and privations in the cause. He himself, as we shall presently see, was induced, whilst yet a boy, to engage in an armed insurrection, for the purpose of re-seating the hereditary line of monarchs on the throne. When the struggle was suspended by the restoration, he applied to the study of history with such effect, that within a few years he delivered a course of lectures which attracted the attention of the leading politicians of the capital. The reputation thus acquired was not suffered to fall away; and during the Villèle ministry we find him refusing, by turns, a censorship and the place of tutor to the Duc de Bordeaux. His unwillingness to co-operate in any measure of hos-

* See our article of last year on the Breton Ministry.

tility towards the press conciliated the esteem of Chateaubriand, who makes him the subject of a laudatory note in one of his pamphlets. The only species of advancement which he could be persuaded to accept was the post of private secretary to M. de la Ferrouaye, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and afterwards ambassador at Rome. When the Revolution of July took place, this statesman retired; and M. Rio devoted the next five years to the composition of a work, published in 1836, entitled '*De l'Art Chrétien*,' in which the poetry of painting is treated with the taste, feeling, and unaffected enthusiasm of a genuine connoisseur. The principal object is to distinguish the schools of art in which the spirit of Christianity forms the pervading sentiment, from those in which nothing more than simple force, grace, truth, or beauty, is attempted or expressed. The author's obvious preference for the former has brought upon him a host of adversaries, who protest plausibly enough against a theory which would assign a secondary rank to the finest productions of Paganism; whilst an influential party as confidently maintain that the highest effects are only to be produced by men, like Raphael or Michael Angelo, whose minds are refined and elevated by the sublime revelations of Christianity. Right or wrong, the book has produced a very remarkable effect on the Continent.

The predominance of the religious feeling is remarkable, not merely in M. Rio's writings, but in all the leading actions of his life. It was this which induced him, on his return from Rome, to form an intimate friendship with the celebrated Abbé Lamennais, in whom he saw, or thought he saw, a new and pure apostle of Catholicism. We need hardly say that he has found out his error, and no longer regards the Abbé as a fitting object of faith or a proper instrument for the propagation of any form of Christianity. It will not lessen the reader's interest to add that M. Rio has married into an old Welsh family, and has made considerable preparations for a comprehensive treatise on Welsh antiquities. We hope, however, that he will not give up the project of becoming the historian of the Chouans, for which, looking to his past life, he seems especially destined. It is not merely a new chapter of the romance of history that is wanted, but a just tribute to principles which are daily loosening their formerly all-powerful, and, in our opinion, beneficial hold upon mankind. Shades of Bayard, Sydney, Montrose, Lochiel, Larochejaquelein! when will the age of sophists,

economists, and calculators, produce such men as that of faith and loyalty?

In the work before us, which may be regarded as a sample of the forthcoming one, M. Rio confines himself almost exclusively to the spring of the year 1815; and we think it best to follow his example, after briefly referring to the circumstances under which the events he commemorates took place.

After a struggle of several years the revolutionary government was obliged to make terms with the Chouans, the essential condition being the toleration of their ancient priesthood. As soon as the amnesty was declared, these revered exiles returned in great numbers, but they were found unequal to the spiritual wants of the population, and steps were immediately taken to breed up a class of assistants and successors. The college of Vannes, re-opened in 1804, was one of the seminaries most effective for this purpose; and the favourite topics amongst the students were the oppressions and insults to which their pastors, including the fathers, brothers, and other near relations of most of them, had been exposed. Amongst the first who enrolled their names, after the re-opening of the college, were twelve Chouan chiefs, whose boyish studies had been suspended by the struggle, and who now returned to finish their education. Four of them were already known to fame, provincial fame at all events; and the admiration they inspired, with the warlike feats they related, excited feelings by no means congenial to the sedulous cultivation of theology.

Napoleon, whose great mistake through life was never to make allowances for what he called prejudices, and the best part of mankind, principles, kept the smothered flame alive by his intolerance. His ill-treatment of the Pope and his famous catechism, in particular, went far to prepare the way for a revolt: and his Spanish war was regarded with the most uncompromising abhorrence throughout Brittany. When the recusant Breton clergy had been expelled from their parishes, they had been received with the warmest hospitality by their brethren in Spain, and it was consequently deemed little short of sacrilege to make war against a country so eminent for faith and charity. 'Who could answer to a Christian conscript that he would not be sent on some scandalous expedition like that of the ditch of Vincennes or the Quirinal hill?'* Would he have the courage to mount to the assault of a Spanish town, at

* The scene of a night outrage on the Pope.

the risk of carrying fire and sword into those hospitable houses which had so long sheltered the fathers of Brittany? No, better far were desertion and a savage life in the darkest forests; better the ruin of families, and the constant presence of garrisons on the domestic hearth; better death by the carbine of the gendarmes, or by exhaustion, or even by the steel of the guillotine, when taken with a weapon of any sort in the hand.' Such was the universal cry amongst the rural population; and so frequent were desertions, that there were soon fewer recruits in the imperial barracks than in the woods. Resistance became the rule, and obedience the exception. The collegians not merely partook, they anticipated the feeling of their countrymen; but no favourable opportunity for a demonstration presented itself till 1814, during *the hundred days*, when they broke into open revolt, formed themselves into a regular battalion, named a leader, and took the field. The exploits of this chosen band form the subject of M. Rio's publication—*quorum pars magna fui*—for he was one of them; and nothing can be more affecting or spirit-stirring than their adventures. A set of boys engaged, not in the barring-out of a pedagogue, but the exclusion of an emperor—defying, not birchen rods, but bayonets—enduring the worst extremities of hunger and fatigue without a murmur, mounting to the assault of a fortified town with the gallantry of a forlorn-hope, and covering a retreat like veterans. When we remember the defeat of Lord John Russell's friend, Mr. Frost, by Captain Gray and Sir Thomas Phillips, or see a London mob recoiling before a handful of life-guards, we are puzzled to account for the exploits of the Parisian populace during the 'three days;' and a visit to Eton or Harrow would certainly enhance our wonder at the boy-patriots of Vannes. But all classes of Frenchmen are or were familiarised to the use of arms from infancy; and perhaps there was hardly one amongst this band of students whose feelings had not been seared and deadened to the ordinary run of youthful associations by some fatal remembrance, whose infant imagination had not been kindled by some fearful vow, who had not a father bleeding on the scaffold, a mother insulted by a brutal soldiery, or a brother perishing amidst the snows of Russia, to revenge. 'Our generation,' says M. Rio, 'was too near to that which had supplied the victims of the revolution, for the idea of a violent death by the hand of a soldier or executioner not to have long since become familiar to us.'

The manner in which his own mother received the news of the intended expedition affords the strongest proof of the extent to which natural feeling may be subdued by circumstances. She had seen her husband die a lingering death from injuries received in the cause to which her son was now about to devote himself: she had felt a sabre pressed by turns on the child she bore in her arms and the one she carried in her bosom: she divines at a glance the object of the interview, and sees in her mind's eye all, and more than all, the impending danger, whilst the lost father's image flits before her like a dream. Yet no passionate entreaty, no weak womanly remonstrance breaks from her. 'Oh, my God!' she exclaims in a tone of mingled sadness and resignation, 'it is true, then, that the most painful sacrifice still remained for me to make.'

'Many years after this crisis,' says M. Rio, 'the son who had made her so wretched was relating in the presence of a mother tortured by another kind of maternal agony, the tribulations through which his own had passed, and this relation was listened to not only with a religious attention, but with unequivocal signs of a profound sympathy, which added a charm the more to the melancholy expression of the look veiled by an unalterable melancholy. The halo of happiness shone no longer round that head, though still resplendent with youth and beauty. But the resources of the heart and the imagination, although habitually turned back upon themselves, could still revive at need when a congenial chord was touched. This was precisely the effect which the story of the Breton mother produced, if not by the similarity of the sufferings, at least by the identity of the sentiment which had rendered them so trying for both.'—p. 162.

We have here the history of the beautiful little poem with which Mrs. Norton has enriched M. Rio's work, and we must pause to make an extract:—

'It might not be!—his spirit
Was all too rash and bold;
His heart too young and fervent
For vows so calm and cold:
Yet think not that the widow
Her offering made in vain;
Heaven's unregarded blessings
Come down on us like rain;
And he may brave life's dangers
In hope, and not in dread,
Whose mother's prayers are lighting
A halo round his head:
In wheresoe'er he wanders
Through the cold world dark and wild,
There white-winged angels follow
To guard earth's erring child.
Go! let the scoffer call it
A shadow and a dream;
Those meek subservient spirits
Are nearer than we deem:
Think not they visit only
The bright enraptured eye

Of some pure sainted martyr
 Prepared and glad to die;
 Or that the poet's fancy,
 Or painter's coloured skill,
 Creates a dream of beauty,
 And moulds a world at will:
 They live! they wander round us,
 Soft resting on the cloud;
 Although to human vision
 The sight be disallowed;
 They are to the almighty
 What the rays are to the sun,
 An emanating essence
 From the great supernal One:
 They bend for prayer to listen,
 They weep to witness crimes;
 They watch for holy moments—
 Good thoughts—repentant times;
 They cheer the meek and humble,
 They heal the broken heart;
 They teach the wavering spirit
 From earthly ties to part;
 Unseen they dwell among us,
 As when they watched below
 In spiritual anguish
 The sepulchre of Woe:
 And when we pray, though feeble
 Our orisons may be,
 They then are our companions,
 Who pray eternally.'—p. 175.

Madame de Staël says that nothing is more irritating than the resistance of the weak; and this is the only mode of accounting for the useless indignities heaped on the collegians. An attempt to make them do homage to the imperial eagle nearly caused an outbreak; but the crowning tyranny, the drop which made the cup overflow, was an outrage perpetrated on a comrade, who, after being cruelly beaten and kicked by the gendarmes, was expelled the college, and compelled to enlist as a soldier, for unconsciously wearing a few white flowers in his cap:—

'A stranger who mixed with the groups of scholars on the evening of the day when Lemanach had to endure such ill treatment would have stood astounded at all he saw and heard; all those beardless faces, pale with anger rather than with alarm,—the peasants turning up their long hair under their wide-brimmed hats, as if to prepare for a struggle—those whose hearts were most swollen with indignation giving vent to it before an audience who replied sometimes by expressive gestures, and sometimes by tears, which rage as well as pity for their comrade wrung from them; and during all this time the women of the lower class, ever watchful and devoted sentinels, keeping an eye on every window which opened above our heads, in the fear that some spy might gather up our words, which, in fact, were bold and uncompromising; for we spoke of nothing less than an armed insurrection, and we spoke of it with the full and firm anticipation of the consequences which might fall upon our heads.'

From this time an armed insurrection was resolved upon, and the resolution was

carried into effect with a degree of energy and perseverance which will be read with mingled admiration and astonishment.

The entire number of students amounted to six hundred; but nearly half were necessarily excluded from the enterprise on account of their extreme youth, despite of their animated and oft-repeated protest from Corneille:—

'Je suis jeune, il est vrai, mais aux âmes bien nées
 La valeur n'attend pas le nombre des années.'

About three hundred and fifty were eventually declared fit for service, and to supply those with arms and ammunition was the first point. After clubbing the pocket-money of the entire establishment, and mortgaging or selling every article of personal property they could spare, they could only form a fund wofully disproportioned to the purpose; and then came the difficulty of investing it without exciting suspicion. They succeeded in buying a few muskets and fowling-pieces, but the greater number were obliged to rest satisfied with pocket pistols. The arms obtained, they were ignorant of the most effective mode of using them, and were, moreover, unwilling to join the confederate army in the guise of an awkward squad. But on what pretence could they apply for so much as a single drill-serjeant, and how long would their proceedings be tolerated by the governor, if they turned the college-yard into a parade? At length an expedient was hit upon. There was a Gascon officer in the garrison who had made no secret of his disgust at the insults heaped upon them. Secure of his sympathy, one of their committee repaired to him with a complaint of broken health and failing constitution, for which the regular exercise of the musket and sabre had been prescribed. The good-natured officer readily fell into the trap, and gave up an hour every morning to teaching him. Every evening the young recruit became the teacher in his turn; the scene, a cellar or garret; the class, a dozen of his comrades, armed with sticks, with which they made ready, presented, charged, and indeed did everything but fire and stand at ease, until their instructor had got hoarse with calling to them: forgetting, as M. Rio suggests, that what they might learn in this manner would be utterly useless in the kind of warfare in which they were most likely to be engaged. Next came the grand question, Where were they to plant their standard? In what di-

rection were they to cross the Rubicon? They could not revolt in the abstract; and every individual mode suggested to them seemed fraught with impossibilities of its own. The notion of assembling in the middle of a plain, and declaring war against the government, was soon rejected by the wildest. There were enough soldiers in the neighbourhood to have eaten them all up bodily; and even when the bulk of these had been drafted off to attend the emperor to Waterloo, it was deemed prudent to steal a march upon their enemies. It was proposed to begin by a night attack on a neighbouring fort, garrisoned only by a few veterans, where they expected to find arms and ammunition enough to supply both their own body and the auxiliaries who were sure to be attracted by their success. A leader, however, was indispensable, and they fixed on their friend, the Gascon officer, as the finest person for the post. The same lad who had excited his sympathy was commissioned to make the offer; and unbounded, as may be imagined, was the officer's astonishment.

'He remained at first utterly confounded, not with horror, which would have been more according to rule, but rather with admiration and pity; pity for our youth, and admiration at our audacity. Without affecting to be hurt at our doubts of his fidelity, he replied, with equal mildness and frankness, that he was bound to the cause which we wished to combat by recollections he would never disown, and vows no temptation should induce him to violate. "You have done wrong," he added, in faltering accents, "to make me this confidence: you ought to know that, in not denouncing you, I not only betray my duty but expose myself to be ignominiously shot at the head of my regiment. Never mind; you have nothing to fear from me, except upon the field of battle, where I shall have to execute the orders of my commander."'

So ended their hopes in that quarter—and no wonder they were puzzled on whom to fix them next, considering the qualities they demanded in a general:—'We required that he should be at the same time enthusiastic and experienced; that he should have the heart warm and the head cool; and above all that he should have a soul sufficiently elevated to tell by our accent alone that we were not traitors.' They found one, notwithstanding, in the Chevalier de Margadel, the occupier of a neighbouring château, who had served with honour in the wars of La Vendée, and had commenced his military career in much the same manner in which they were anxious to commence theirs:—'His martial air, his almost gigantic stature, his large

black eyes, full of fire, his firm and sonorous mode of speaking, and, above all, his wound, from which he still limped a little, had long made him a highly interesting personage for those amongst us who had heard speak of his exploits.' He received the deputation rather coldly at first; but as soon as he was convinced of their real character and intentions, he accepted their offer, gave them his full confidence, and offered to communicate on their behalf with the superior council of which he was a member.

They returned overjoyed, and the news of their reception diffused a general feeling of hilarity; but three mortal weeks passed away in the agony of hope deferred, and no summons to action arrived from the château. The chevalier was as impatient as his troop, but he felt the folly of acting until the general movement had been combined. The hour arrived at last, precipitated by the indiscretion of the authorities. It was ascertained that forty or fifty of the more active students had been proscribed, and were to be shipped off as conscripts to the colonies. This made further delay impossible; and the Wednesday following the receipt of the intelligence was fixed for their departure. It is an affecting part of the story, that, the grand point once decided, the first place of resort was the confessional. They thus prepared to meet death; and after receiving plenary absolution at the hands of their spiritual fathers, who necessarily became acquainted with the plot, they held a meeting in the loft of an obscure house, for the purpose of taking an oath of fidelity. They here, one and all, swore never to make terms with the usurpation, and to die rather than abandon their comrades. Some traits of boyish fun or malice contrast curiously with these grave solemnities. Many students in rhetoric converted their allotted tasks in composition into bitter philippics against their professor, and actually placed them in his hands, at the risk of compromising the success of the undertaking at the last moment. At length the college clock struck four, the signal for each to make the best of his way to the place of rendezvous beyond the walls. In the course of the next three hours all of them managed to steal out unobserved. It was no business of the elderly ladies with whom they boarded to reveal their suspicions, and the alarm was not given until the next morning, when great was the surprise of the professors and almost ungovernable the rage of the garrison.

It had been arranged that they should

act in concert with the principal body of Breton Royalists, now organized under General de Sol de Grisolles; and to effect a diversion in his favour, a party of the youngest and worst-armed of the students were directed to leave the rest, and show themselves in a different quarter, where they might be mistaken for an independent force. This manœuvre was entrusted to an aspirant for the priesthood, named Quelled, who was suffering from a dangerous malady, requiring the greatest care. '*A la garde de Dieu !*' was his exclamation as he tore a blister off his breast before his pitying and admiring comrades.

The main party assembled at M. de Margadel's château, where a beautiful little girl of fifteen, his daughter, put them in their own eyes on a level with the preux chevaliers of the best age of chivalry, by adorning them with cockades made with her own fair hands. During the performance of this ceremony, the sun was shining as he shone at Austerlitz, and they began their march in the highest possible spirits, which were not diminished by finding smiling faces, a good supper, and good beds at the château where they halted for the night. But the morning had hardly broke when they were obliged to prepare in good earnest for the hardships and dangers of the field. Their supper had been interrupted by the arrival of an express to say that a hostile detachment was approaching, and the two youngest of the band were immediately posted on the look-out about a musket-shot from the château :

'One of them, Emile Rado, had hardly attained the required age, and had not figured in the ceremony of the oath; but he was bound to us by a tie equally sacred to him, the family recollections which had marked out for him beforehand the line he had to take: his maternal grandmother had perished by the guillotine, as guilty of having given birth to two emigrant sons, and her daughter imprisoned with her was on the point of undergoing the same fate. She had related to her son all the details of this lamentable history; and now the turn of this son was come. His comrade,' [the author] 'nearly of the same age, had nearly the same wrongs: the republican steel had struck down the head of his grandfather, threatened that of his father, and grazed the neck of his mother. And all these unatoned-for crimes came back upon us on seeing the members of the revolutionary tribunals who had ordered them re-appear upon the political stage.'

They watched all night in vain, but within an hour after they had been relieved, the enemy was upon them in overwhelming force, and the utmost they could do was to make their escape into the woods. After some hours of wandering they came

suddenly upon a valley where the main body of Chouans was encamped. Here the young auxiliaries are received with the warmest sympathy, and though occasional misgivings are almost involuntarily expressed on the score of their tender years, these only serve to make them pant the more eagerly for an opportunity of verifying the maxim expressed in their favourite couplet from Corneille. They did not wait long. The very day after the junction they learnt that a strong column had left Auray in search of them, crying '*Mort aux Chouans,*' and promising to return shortly each with one of the *scélérats* at the point of his bayonet. An attempt at surprise was disconcerted by the vigilance of the Chouans, but an action was inevitable, and their dispositions were made accordingly.

In the front, heading two or three hundred peasants, marched Gamber, a Chouan chief of reputation and experience. Promoted to the rank of brigade-general during the Breton insurrection of 1799, Gamber had treated both with the republic and the empire for the submission of his followers, but he would never consent to be included in the capitulation, and, traced from lurking-place to lurking-place like a wild beast, he had escaped as if by miracle. Such was the terror he inspired, that four gendarmes, who had tracked him to a cottage where he was quietly eating his dinner, could not pluck up heart to lay hold of him. 'What is to be done?'—so ran their conference—'he has a double-barrelled gun between his legs, and a pair of pistols on the table; we might as well have to do with four devils.' Thereupon they beat a hasty retreat. Gamber was now broken by age and infirmities, but his eye brightened and his form expanded at the thought of again encountering his old enemies. He moved backwards and forwards repeating his favourite harangue—'*Dan, dan, tan ra ar nelié, potred,*'—which, for aught we know to the contrary, may equal Henri de Larochefoucauld's famous address, or '*Up, Guards, and at them !*'

The battle began by a close and unexpected fire upon the part of the line in which the students were posted. The Blues were concealed by the nature of the ground, and suffered their opponents to approach within pistol-shot before they fired. - The student who commanded the advanced guard, though he had received a severe wound and saw his friends falling round him, continued to give his orders, leaning on his carbine, with a coolness which inspired his little party with fresh confidence, and they gallantly returned the fire. Gam-

ber and the other leaders hastened to take part in the combat, which raged with great fury for about twenty minutes. The younger Cadoudal (the son of George) was seen fighting at the head of his division with no other weapon than a club, and as none of the royalists had above ten or a dozen cartridges at the utmost, they were all obliged to come to close quarters without delay.

Determined not to throw away a shot, they rushed up to the very teeth of their enemies, and seldom fired till their muskets were on the point of crossing. This desperate mode of fighting confounded the Blues, who at length gave way; but the conquerors were too much crippled to follow up the victory, and most of those who attempted a pursuit were checked by the wish to possess themselves of the muskets and cartridge-boxes of the slain. As for old Gamber, his strength failed after a quarter of an hour's chase, and he was found seated on a rising ground, with feet naked, breast bare, and face inundated with perspiration and tears of rage, groaning over the impotence to which his infirmities had reduced him, and hardly capable of being consoled by the victory. The General of the Blues was taken, and expected to be put to death immediately. On his tremblingly asking Cadoudal what they intended to do with him—'There is only one thing for us to do,' was the reply—'to send you home; but tell me frankly, if you had been the conquerors, would you have treated us in the same manner?' 'It was my intention,' rejoined the other, casting down his eyes—'but I dare not say it would have been in my power.' His wounds were dressed with the greatest care by the Chevalier de Margadel, who only so far indulged his triumph as to repeat these verses from *Alzire* :—

'Des dieux que nous servons connais la différence:
Les tiens t'ont commandé le meurtre et la vengeance;
Et le mien, quand ton bras vient de m'assassiner,
M'ordonne de te plaindre et de te pardonner.'

Their next step was to repair to the neighbouring chapel of Saint Anne to offer up a thanksgiving for their victory, and to obtain a renewed absolution from their sins. The manner in which this proceeding was viewed by their prisoners calls forth the following just reflection from M. Rio :

'More than one *bourgeois philosophe* (a character occasionally not less comic than the *bourgeois gentilhomme*) believes he adds something to his small stature by loudly expressing the contempt all these acts of popular piety inspire

in him, and hardly regards as his equal the credulous countryman who goes to demand of God, by an intercession deemed all-powerful, the strength necessary to endure wretchedness and pardon injuries. There were many of these reasoners amongst our captives, and we could not help feeling a malicious pleasure at seeing the amazement into which they were thrown by our to them incomprehensible generosity.'

This spirit of piety, which had made the Vendéans so long invincible, was afterwards neglected by the Chouan leaders. The peasants were more than once shocked by being compelled to march on a day set apart for the services of religion, and M. Rio complains that their only attendant chaplain was a kind of Friar Tuck, who threatened all who talked to him of confession before a battle with the handle of his umbrella or his fist, and, with a bottle of brandy in one pocket to balance the breviary in the other, was constantly calling attention to his exclusive preference for the bottle.

After a short time spent in collecting arms, it was resolved to attack the town of Redon. The students requested to be allowed to form the advance-guard, but the perilous honour was refused to them, on the ground that the young blood destined to recruit the priesthood should be spared. They were notwithstanding the first to enter the place amidst a shower of balls from the houses, upon which the main body of the defenders retreated to the tower. The horrors of the ensuing night are thus portrayed by M. Rio :

'During the whole of this long night the intervals of silence were short and rare. Although we were under cover from their shots, they kept firing in all directions wherever the light and the noise led them to suppose there were Chouans. Sometimes they appeared to agree to fire together, and then the tower and town-hall were momentarily lighted up like furnaces in the midst of darkness, and we roused ourselves with a bound at the sound of these terrible explosions, which we took for the prelude of a sally, and we cried "To arms!" and this cry, repeated by our patrols, reaching to a distance in the obscurity, came to interrupt the repast of some, the prayer or the sleep of others; in the uncertainty whether the danger approached from within or from without, whether the matter in hand was to repulse the garrison, or make head against a reinforcement from Nantes or Rennes, our people ran at all risks towards the spot where there was most noise—made their way as they best might across dark and cumbered streets, provoking the cries and threats of those who were bearing the litters of the wounded—then, when the alarm was over, the sleepers and eaters resumed their occupation with so much the more ease from its

being generally the bare pavement which served both for bed and table.'

The corps of Gamber slept in their ranks in the main street, sitting back to back with their muskets between their legs. When morning dawned it was found necessary to evacuate the town, the students, with Gamber, gallantly bringing up the rear. They ascertained afterwards that the garrison of the tower could not have held out many hours longer for want of water. Instead of harassing the Chouans in their retreat, their first step was to throw themselves all black and panting into the river.

This check had the usual effect of sowing discontent and dissension amongst the unsuccessful party, who loudly accused their General of incapacity—not without reason, for his former sufferings in the cause had fairly worn him out, and he was both bodily and mentally effete. All their hopes were now fixed on the speedy arrival of a vessel laden with arms and ammunition that had been promised, and they were drawing towards the coast to cover the disembarkation, when their courage was put to the proof under circumstances which might have shaken the stoutest veterans.

Separated from the enemy by a river, they were dispersed through a village and asleep, when a sudden attempt was made to get at them across a bridge. Cadoudal was instantly on the spot with five or six of his best men, and succeeded in checking the advance till the rest of the troops, including the students, had got under arms, but their situation was still precarious in the extreme. Gamber was at some distance with his battalion, and, though Cadoudal might succeed in making good the defence of the bridge first attempted, there was another at a short distance by which the position might be turned. This post was assigned to the students, and they had not been two minutes upon the ground when the cannon-balls began to fall amongst them. By way of keeping up their spirits, a lad named Le Thié, the bard of the party, struck up a song of defiance—

'Si jamais le fer d'une lance
Me frappe au milieu des combats,
Je chanterai—'

There ended his song—a ball shattered his head to pieces, and covered his comrades with his blood and brains. A momentary disorder was created by this event, and, whilst some stood stupified with fear and horror, others hurried to raise the body. An old sergeant, who had assisted in drill-

ing them, was scandalised by this breach of discipline: 'Is this then what you understand by war, and are we come here to grow tender and have attacks of nerves? What then will come of it when the grape-shot is sweeping us away by the dozen? Come, face about.' And, pride getting the better of fear and pity, the waverers returned to their ranks, braced instead of shaken by this catastrophe.

They were condemned, in the first instance, to undergo the severest of trials—to watch the result of a battle by which their own fate would be decided, without taking part in it. The enemy made a second attempt on the position occupied by Cadoudal; and it was not until they were again repulsed in this quarter that they assailed that entrusted to the students. Making light of such opponents, they rushed at once upon the bridge; but before the head of the column was half over, they found reason to repent of their rashness. 'Follow me, my children,' exclaimed Margadel, and, springing forward, he shot the foremost dead. His young lieutenant was in the act of taking aim at the second, when he received a bullet through the heart, and fell back into the arms of his brother, who was mortally wounded almost at the same instant. This time, however, the nerves of the band were steeled, and they fought under the impulse of a kind of phrenzied intoxication—rushing, half blinded with smoke and choked with powder, up to the very muzzle of their adversaries' muskets, and not firing till their own were stopped by the body of an enemy. When the fire slackened and the smoke cleared away, the Blues were seen retiring from the bridge; fortunately for the students, who, by the end of the skirmish, had not above two cartridges apiece left. Expecting an immediate renewal of the attack, they were giving up all for lost, when the white caps of a troop of women appeared in the distance. 'It was thought at first that they came to take care of the wounded—but it was neither lint nor food that their aprons were loaded with; they brought cartridges made upon the instant; for the manufacture of which, in default of lead, they had melted their tin cooking utensils.'

The situation of affairs was still most critical. Two cannon were brought to bear upon the students with effect, and under cover of a sustained discharge of grape-shot the enemy's skirmishers were gradually closing in upon them, when the videttes were seen galloping up to the imperial General with all the marks of confusion; and directly afterwards the firing ceased,

the wounded were hastily got together, and the Blues appeared in full retreat. The mystery was soon solved by the appearance of old Gamber at the head of 500 picked men, who, without a moment's hesitation, pushed on to intercept and engage a force which quadrupled his own. His skill was fortunately on a par with his audacity; so able were his dispositions, and so fiery his onslaught, that in less than five minutes the Blues gave way on all sides. The students were unable to second him for want of ammunition, and the chevalier very properly refused to expose them to be charged in their disabled state by a reserve of cavalry which kept hovering about the ground. They consequently only arrived in time to thank Gamber for his timely succour, and save the wounded from being plundered.

'A spectacle entirely new for both conquerors and conquered then presented itself. Children, whose hearts were choking with suppressed tears, protecting veteran soldiers who had just been killing their comrades! A grenadier with long moustachios, who appeared to suffer horribly since he had been pulled about with a view to plunder, was doubled up in a puddle of his own blood, his eyes closed, his hands convulsed, and his mouth open, not to cry *Mercy!* but to blaspheme and curse. He believed that his executioners were still there, ready to torture him by new acts of violence. What was his surprise, on opening his eyes, to see his defender, whose mild and feminine physiognomy hardly announced fifteen years, putting back the curious and ill-disposed with his carbine, and tracing around his *protégé* a magic circle that none of them dared to cross! At this sight the old soldier burst into tears, and, stammering out some words which were no longer curses, he searched his pocket and his pouch as if looking for a watch or purse to offer to his protector. "These brigands"—he exclaimed with a tone of regret rather than reproach—"have left me nothing—except this gourd"—he added, all radiant with joy when he found it was not empty—"after five 'hours' fighting you must be both hot and thirsty: come, my child, drink to my health: it will do you good, and me too."

Even civil war is softened by such episodes. It is melancholy to be obliged to add, that in the very next engagement this gallant boy was numbered with the dead. One of the youngest, named Leray, being struck by a bullet in the side, began to cry. He had already given proofs of the highest courage, and 'this indulgence of an instinct congenial to his age,' adds M. Rio, 'by no means diminished our admiration.'

Their defence of the bridge made the students the heroes and favourites of the army, and they heard no more sarcastic allusions to their size—such as fell from the sailors

of Francheville, who on their first joining inquired whether the central committee had provided nurses enough for such numbers of children. Still they were destined to undergo one deep mortification. A cargo of arms arrived, amongst which were a quantity of light carbines of elegant manufacture, looking as if made on purpose for them. To these they instantly laid claim; but in vain did they recapitulate their services; in vain did they strip off their jackets to exhibit their shoulders, bruised and lacerated by the large clumsy muskets they had been loaded with; the tempting carbines were awarded to a newly-formed company of decayed gentlemen who had just emerged from their hiding-places. But we are anticipating. This disappointment did not befall them until they had fought the most fatal of their fights, the murderous conflict around and in the town of Aury.

The Chouans were again posted with a river in their front; but this time there were six bridges instead of two, and by a strange oversight no one thought of destroying them. General Bigarre, the imperial commander, came in sight in the afternoon; but as his troops were fatigued by a long march, he quartered them for the night in the cloisters of a neighbouring chapel, where he shrewdly calculated, the Chouans would deem it sacrilegious to annoy him by their shot. Gamber himself had no scruples of the sort, and proposed to scale the walls, but his opinion was overruled, and from that moment the old chief gave up all for lost. One of the patrols found him in tears, and inquired if any misfortune had befallen him.—'Not yet,' was the reply, 'but I weep beforehand for that which cannot fail to befall us to-morrow.'

At sunrise Bigarre issued from his quarters, resolved to force his way into Aury before night. The main body of the Chouans were posted directly in his path, but their cannon, on which they mainly relied, had not come up, and one division, that of Secillon, was seized with a panic and fled, whilst their leader tore his hair with rage.

'In his despair he mingled curses with threats, and told Rohu to fire upon them, which he would certainly have done himself if he had had a loaded musket in his hands. With his best men, determined to atone for the defection of their comrades by their bravery, he hastened to place himself alongside of Cadoudal, who fulfilled that day, much more in reality than De Sol, the duties of commander-in-chief, and was himself furious at the delay of the guns, on which he founded his last hope of victory. He had just interrupted, with very little ceremony, the fine compliments of the Marquis de la Boissière,

to tell him to gallop as fast as he could and hasten the advance of the artillerymen, who ought to have been there an hour ago, and already our major-general (de la Boissière) was turning to execute this commission with all the zeal of an aide-de-camp, when Rohu, whose anti-aristocratic instincts sometimes showed themselves under brutal forms, seeing him turn his back on the field of battle, ran and fastened on the mane of his horse, swearing that he should not move a step farther, and asking if his title of marquis dispensed him from risking his person like the rest. There arose then so great a tumult around the two disputants, that much precious time was lost in explanations before the intractable Rohu could be induced to let go his hold.'

This bears a curious resemblance to an incident at Bothwell Brigg, described in 'Old Mortality,' when Henry Morton's retrograde movement to bring up fresh troops is similarly misconstrued. The Blues in the mean time had moved up, and were on the point of charging with the bayonet, when they received an unexpected check from Gamber—who opened so effective a fire upon their flank, that, if the reserve and artillery had been there to second him, the affair might have ended in their defeat; but their general, finding that he had greatly the advantage of numbers, kept his ground, and sent out such a multitude of skirmishers that the Chouans soon found themselves outflanked and outmanœuvred in their turn. A vigorous charge of cavalry being made at the same time against the barrier in their front, they at length fell into irremediable disorder, and the road to Auray was covered with the fugitives. The guns arrived just as the flight began, and the gunners, firing one long shot by way of announcing their presence, galloped off in the direction of the town, which they traversed in haste, and forthwith deposited their trust in a field of corn close to the main road. Such was their hurry, that they did not even stay to unharness the horses, so that the enemy's attention was immediately attracted, and the whole artillery of the Chouans fell into their hands.

The reserve, at the head of which were the students, was quartered in Auray. No orders arrived until the streets were choked with runaways, when a staff officer gave the word '*Les écoliers au Champ de Martyrs*,' which naturally enough struck a chill into their hearts. The Chevalier de Margadel, who had given vent to a paroxysm of rage at every fresh blunder, now thought only of the best manner of averting the useless sacrifice of his company. His first care was to put them on their guard against the impetuosity of the old sergeant: 'My chil-

dren,' was his address, 'I insist on being your only leader to-day; promise me not to quit me during the action, and to execute faithfully whatever I may command.' An unanimous acclamation of assent was the reply, and they proceeded to post themselves on a ridge commanding the road, resolved on making the Blues pay a heavy toll before passing. They opened so close and well-aimed a fire on the foremost column that it stopped short. An adjutant major was killed, the commander-in-chief received a wound long deemed mortal, and one of his aides-de-camp was stretched beside him. But the reserve, like the main body, was soon hemmed in by skirmishers, and so thick a storm of shot was hailed upon them that they were almost blinded by the leaves and branches cut from some chestnut trees above their heads. Margadel, conceiving that enough had been done for honour, now gave the signal for retreat. The Blues followed close, but a little nearer the town they were encountered by another reserve posted in a cemetery, which it cost them dear to dislodge. The very gate was the scene of a third heroic effort. A gentleman of Auray, M. de Molien, at the head of a few royalists, resolutely barred the passage of the Blues. Repeatedly was he borne to the ground, yet again and again did he rush upon their bayonets, till he fell senseless, and was left for dead in the street.

The place was carried, but the reserve kept together and formed a rallying point, to which the disconcerted Chouans soon repaired in sufficient numbers to form a fresh army. After one more engagement, however, in which a party of the Blues were seized with an unaccountable panic and rushed like madmen from the field, the struggle grew languid at the news of Waterloo, and was finally terminated by the second abdication of Buonaparte.

Amongst the most pleasing passages of the book are the meeting between the officers of the two parties at a sort of reconciliation festival, and the reception of the students on their return. The table-talk at the festival turned naturally on the stirring scenes in which the guests had been engaged:

'They had too high an opinion of one another to avoid any subject of conversation. General Rousseau spoke of his campaign against the Chouans in a manner to excite a lively indignation amongst certain *bourgeois*, to whom his words were repeated, and who persevered in seeing in us nothing but rogues and brigands. He complimented de Sol on the fine bearing of our little army during the battle of Muzillac,

and the heroism with which the students had defended their position. He then desired to know who commanded a certain battalion of peasants, who, towards the close of the action, had manoeuvred on his left flank, and induced him to beat a retreat. The Chouan officers to whom this question was addressed were standing round him, and prevented it from reaching the ear of a bald and infirm peasant, who was sitting by himself in a corner of the room, his head leaning on his breast, and his hands hanging between his legs, and who knew better than anybody of whom General Rousseau was speaking. The General, not receiving a satisfactory answer, repeated his question, which was then better understood, and his auditors, instead of replying to it themselves, indicated by looks and gestures the old man to whom this praise referred, and who was too modest to claim it. "How! is it you, then, who did me that turn?" exclaimed Rousseau, approaching Gamber, who, at Muzillac as at other places, had no notion that he had played anything but a very subordinate part. "Come, give me your hand; I swear to you that a colonel of the imperial army could not have done better."

Our military readers will remember the embarrassment into which the Duke of Wellington was thrown some years ago by the bequest of a thousand pounds to the man who showed most bravery at Waterloo, whom His Grace was consequently required to name. The royalist officer despatched to Vannes for the purpose encountered the same difficulty in naming a couple of students to receive the cross of the legion of honour; but he fixed at last on two who had been distinguished throughout the campaign as much by their friendship as by their bravery, and they were solemnly installed on an altar raised in the centre of the town. The description is thoroughly and charmingly French:

'An expiatory mass, with a chivalrous ceremony, at which the ladies were present as in the middle age, struck no one as out of keeping. As soon as the officiating priest had descended the steps of the altar, two elegantly dressed women were seen ascending it, the sight of whom convinced the two friends about to be decorated that the memory of this day could not be equally sweet for both of them. The one who, in her quality of wife of the first magistrate of the department, occupied the right, was a venerable matron, full of feeling and dignity; but her companion, who figured in this ceremony with reluctance and out of deference to paternal authority, was an object of ecstatic admiration to all of us, less on account of her dazzling beauty than of an indefinable charm diffused over her whole person. That day the enthusiasm which pierced visibly through the embarrassment her part occasioned her, appeared to animate her naturally sad and subdued look. The officer who presided at the ceremonial, after whispering a few words into her ear, went

to fetch the two champions, the youngest of whom was in consternation at the lot which his inferiority of age and college-rank portended. His joy may be imagined when he learnt that it was precisely the reverse; that not only was he to receive the cross of honour from the hands of Mademoiselle d'Olonne upon his knees, but that, in rising from this suppliant attitude, he would be privileged to salute her on both cheeks. It required all the Breton *naïveté* not to be a little startled at this noble kiss, given on the very steps of an altar. But our imaginations were pitched upon a key which made criticism impossible. When the pair—friends, brothers in arms, and fellow-pupils at once—advanced to kneel before their ladies, applauses and cries of joy resounded from all sides; these redoubled at the most interesting part of the ceremony, and became deafening as the thunder-clap, when, deferring to the wish passionately expressed by the assembly, Mademoiselle d'Olonne, herself an object of enthusiasm, graciously returned the salute of her knight. As for him, he was in a state of intoxication which prevented him from hearing or seeing anything, not even the steps of the altar he had to descend. He was obliged to be held up by his comrade to prevent his falling. Never before was head so young upset to this extent by the fumes of glory.'

Mademoiselle d'Olonne took the veil, and died many years ago, so that her knight may record his feelings on the occasion without any risk of exciting the jealousy of Madame. The young hero, thus kissed and kissing, was M. Rio himself.

Although we have endeavoured to compress this narrative, occupying nearly four hundred pages, within the limits of a moderate article, and although many of the incidental adventures which we have omitted are full of interest, we do not think M. Rio will suffer, on the whole, from being introduced to the English public in this manner; for he is often diffuse, and sometimes philosophical. He should have set down his facts and impressions at the time, before he had lost the fire of youth and acquired the trick of authorship,—when the Chouan rising was still, in his eyes, the grandest of recorded struggles for liberty. He now mentally compares it with other struggles, glances over the scenes of his boyhood with a calm, contemplative air, rounds a paragraph with a reflection, and spreads out or dishes up his incidents with a too obvious reference to effect. Still the bold, earnest, chivalrous character of the original man is observable throughout; and there cannot be a stronger proof of this than the manner in which all the poets who have come in contact with him are affected. Wordsworth, Milnes, Landor, Mrs. Norton, Brizeux,—no sooner have they heard his tale than they proceed to embalm some striking passage

in verse. Mr. Wordsworth's contribution is entitled 'The Eagle and the Dove,' in allusion to the cognizance of the St. Esprit adopted by the royalist students, and the eagle of the imperialists :

'Shade of Caractacus ! if spirits love
The cause they fought for in their earthly home,
To see the Eagle ruffled by the Dove
May soothe thy memory of the chains of Rome.

These children claim thee for their sire ; the
breath

Of thy renown from Cambrian mountains fans
A flame within them that despises death,
And glorifies the truant youth of Vannes.

With thy own scorn of tyrants they advance,
But truth divine has sanctified their rage ;
A Silver Cross, enchas'd with flowers of France,
Their badge attests the holy fight they wage.

The shrill defiance of the young crusade
Their veteran foes mock as an idle noise ;
But unto faith and loyalty comes aid
From Heaven—gigantic force to beardless boys.'

Mr. Milnes avails himself of the opportunity to promote the pacific intentions of his friends M. Guizot and Sir Robert Peel :

'For honest men of every blood and creed
Let green La Vendée rest a sacred spot !
Be all the guilt of Quiberon forgot
In the bright memory of its martyr-deed !
And let this little book be one more seed,
Whence sympathies may spring, encumber'd
not

By circumstance of birth or mortal lot,
But claiming virtue's universal meed !
And as those two great languages whose sound
Has echoed through the realms of modern time
Feeding with thoughts and sentiments sublime
Each other, and the list'ning world around,
Meet in these pages, as on neutral ground,
So may their nations' hearts in sweet accord be
found !

O France and England ! on whose lofty crests
The day-spring of the future flows so free,
Save where the cloud of your hostility
Settles between, and holy right arrests ;
Shall ye, first instruments of God's behests,
But blunt each other ? Shall barbarians see
The two fair sisters of civility
Turn a fierce wrath against each other's
breasts ?

No ! by our common hope and being, no !
By the expanding might and bliss of peace,
By the reveal'd fatuity of war,
England and France shall not be foe to foe :
For how can earth her store of good increase,
If what God loves to make, man's passions still
will mar ?'

ART. IV.—*Animal Chemistry ; or the Application of Organic Chemistry to the Elucidation of Physiology and Pathology.* By Justus Liebig, M. D. Edited from the German MS. by William Gregory, M. D., Professor of Chemistry, King's College, Aberdeen. 8vo. London, 1842.

THE recent progress of Chemistry, especially of Organic Chemistry, has been rapid and most interesting. Throughout Europe several distinguished men have for a good many years been assiduously devoted to its cultivation ; and we are now beginning to reap the benefit of their exertions. In a late article we had to notice the masterly work of Professor Liebig on 'Agricultural Chemistry ;' and already we have, from the same pen, a no less remarkable volume on 'Animal Chemistry.' As his new theme, in one point of view, concerns us all even more nearly than that of agriculture, we shall endeavour to give our readers some notion of the kind and degree of light which our author's labours promise to throw on the obscure and difficult, but most important subject of physiology.

The readers of the 'Agricultural Chemistry' will remember that he has there developed, and, as we think, established by a very beautiful inductive argument, his theory of fermentation, putrefaction, and decay ; or, to speak more generally, of chemical transformation or metamorphosis. In order to the understanding of the present work, it is desirable that we should state, very briefly, the nature of that theory, on which so many of its details are founded.

Professor Liebig, then, applies the name of metamorphosis to those chemical actions in which a given compound, by the presence of a peculiar substance, is made to resolve itself into two or more new compounds : as, for example, when sugar, by the presence of ferment or yeast, is made to yield alcohol and carbonic acid.

There are various forms of metamorphosis. Sometimes the elements of the ferment, or exciting body, do not enter into the composition of the new compounds : such is the case in the fermentation of sugar. At other times all the bodies present contribute to the formation of the new products. Thirdly, in one form of metamorphosis, namely, that of decay, or eremacausis, the oxygen of the air is essential to the change : as when alcohol is converted into acetic acid, or wine into vinegar. When an inodorous gas is one of the products, the process is called fermentation ; when any of the products are fetid, it is

called putrefaction: but these distinctions are not essential; for putrefying animal matters will cause sugar to ferment, as well as common yeast. The fetid smell of putrefaction is chiefly owing to ammonia; and hence it is observed not only in the fermentation of animal matter, but also of such vegetable bodies as contain nitrogen, and therefore yield ammonia.

Now the explanation given by our author of these and similar changes is this: that the ferment, or exciting body, is invariably a substance in an active state of decomposition. Its particles are therefore in a state of motion; and this motion, being communicated to those of the body to be metamorphosed, is sufficient to overturn their very unstable equilibrium, and to cause the formation of new and more stable compounds. The more complex the original compound, the more easily does it undergo metamorphosis. The Professor has produced, in support of this doctrine, an extraordinary number of facts, and has, by strict induction from these, demonstrated it almost mathematically. It appears to us that he has for ever banished the notion of the *catalytic force*—an unknown and mysterious power which some writers had invoked to explain the phenomena of chemical transformations.

When we turn our attention to the living animal body, there are certain processes or operations which at once present themselves as the most interesting. Among these may be mentioned respiration, nutrition, the waste and supply of matter, digestion, secretion, and excretion, with the bearings of all on health and disease. On all of these subjects the views of the author are equally original and interesting.

'Wonders,' he remarks, 'surround us on every side. The formation of a crystal, of an octahedron, is not less incomprehensible than the production of a leaf or of a muscular fibre; and the production of vermilion from mercury and sulphur is as much an enigma as the formation of an eye from the substance of the blood.'—p. 12.

There are two essential conditions of animal life. First, the assimilation or appropriation of nourishment; secondly, the continual absorption of oxygen from the atmosphere. Now the quantity both of food and of oxygen introduced into the system of an adult is very considerable, and yet the weight of his body does not increase: it is clear, therefore, that as much must be given out as is taken in. But in what form is the oxygen, for example, given out? It is invariably in combination with carbon or hydrogen, or both, as water and

carbonic acid gas. The carbon and hydrogen are derived, ultimately, from the food. By comparing the amount of oxygen absorbed with that of carbonic acid given out, and with that of the food consumed, the author demonstrates that—

'The amount of nourishment required for its support by the animal body must be in a direct ratio to the quantity of oxygen taken into the system.'

But the amount of oxygen inspired varies very much. It is increased by motion or exercise, which increases the number of respirations: it is increased by cold, which renders the air more dense; and it is also increased in proportion as the barometer rises, for the same reason.

'The consumption of oxygen in equal times may be expressed by the number of respirations: it is clear that, in the same individual, the quantity of nourishment required must vary with the force and number of the respirations. A child, in whom the organs of respiration are naturally in a state of greater activity, requires food oftener, and in greater proportion to its bulk, than an adult, and bears hunger less easily. A bird, deprived of food, dies on the third day; while a serpent, which, if kept under a bell-jar, hardly consumes in an hour so much oxygen as that we can detect the carbonic acid produced, can live without food three months and longer.

'In summer and winter, at the pole and at the equator, we respire an equal *volume* of air. In summer, the air contains aqueous vapour, while in winter it is dry. The space occupied by vapour in warm air is filled up by air itself in winter: that is, an equal volume of air contains more oxygen in winter than in summer.

'The cold air is warmed in the air-passages and in the cells of the lungs, and acquires the temperature of the body. To introduce the same volume of oxygen into the lungs, a smaller expenditure of force is necessary in winter than in summer; and for the same expenditure of force, more oxygen is inspired in winter than in summer.

'The oxygen taken into the system is given out again in the same forms, whether in summer or in winter: hence we expire more carbon in cold weather, and when the barometer is high, than we do in warm weather; and we must consume more or less carbon in our food in the same proportion: in Sweden more than in Sicily; and in our more temperate climate a full eighth more in winter than in summer. Even when we consume equal weights of food in cold and warm countries, infinite wisdom has so arranged, that the articles of food in different climates are most unequal in the proportion of carbon they contain. The fruits on which the natives of the south prefer to feed do not in the fresh state contain more than 12 per cent. of carbon, while the bacon and train oil used by the inhabitants of the Arctic regions contain from 66 to 80 per cent. of carbon. It is no difficult matter, in warm climates, to study moderation in eating, and men can bear hunger for

a long time under the equator; but cold and hunger united very soon exhaust the body.

'The mutual action between the elements of the food and the oxygen conveyed by the circulation of the blood to every part of the body is THE SOURCE OF ANIMAL HEAT.'—p. 17.

We are tempted to continue our extracts from this part of the work. Speaking of the uniform temperature of the animal body, and of the effects of cooling, he says :

'The most trustworthy observations prove that in all climates, in the temperate zones as well as at the equator or the poles, the temperature of the body in man, and in what are commonly called warm-blooded animals, is invariably the same ; yet how different are the circumstances under which they live ?

'The animal body is a heated mass, which bears the same relation to surrounding objects as any other heated mass. It receives heat when the surrounding objects are hotter, it loses heat when they are colder, than itself. We know that the rapidity of cooling increases with the difference between the temperature of the heated body and that of the surrounding medium ; that is, the colder the surrounding medium the shorter the time required for the cooling of the heated body. How unequal, then, must be the loss of heat in a man at Palermo, where the external temperature is nearly equal to that of the body, and in the polar regions, where the external temperature is from 70° to 90° lower. Yet, notwithstanding this extremely unequal loss of heat, experience has shown that the blood of the inhabitant of the Arctic circle has a temperature as high as that of the native of the south, who lives in so different a medium. This fact, when its true significance is perceived, proves that the heat given off to the surrounding medium is restored within the body with great rapidity. This compensation takes place more rapidly in winter than in summer, at the pole than at the equator.

'In the animal body the food is the fuel ; with a proper supply of oxygen we obtain the heat given out during its oxidation or combustion. In winter, when we take exercise in a cold atmosphere, and when, consequently, the amount of inspired oxygen increases, the necessity for food containing carbon and hydrogen increases in the same ratio ; and by gratifying the appetite thus excited, we obtain the most efficient protection against the most piercing cold. A starving man is soon frozen to death ; and every one knows that the animals of prey in the Arctic regions far exceed in voracity those of the torrid zone. Our clothing is merely an equivalent for a certain amount of food. The more warmly we are clothed the less urgent becomes the appetite for food, because the loss of heat by cooling, and consequently the amount of heat to be supplied by food, is diminished. If we were to go naked, like certain savage tribes, or if in hunting and fishing we were exposed to the same degree of cold as the Samoyedes, we should be able with ease to consume 10 lbs. of flesh, and perhaps a dozen of tallow candles into the bargain, daily, as warmly-clad travel-

lers have related with astonishment of these people. We should then, also, be able to take the same quantity of brandy or train oil without bad effects, because the carbon and hydrogen of these substances would only suffice to keep up the equilibrium between the external temperature and that of our bodies.

'The Englishman in Jamaica sees with regret the disappearance of his appetite, previously a source of frequently recurring enjoyment ; and he succeeds, by the use of Cayenne pepper and the most powerful stimulants, in enabling himself to swallow as much food as he was accustomed to take at home. But the whole of the carbon thus introduced into the system is not consumed : the temperature of the air is too high, and the oppressive heat does not allow him to increase the number of respirations by active exercise, and thus to proportion the waste to the amount of food taken. Disease of some kind therefore ensues.

'On the other hand, England sends her sick, whose diseased digestive organs have in a greater or less degree lost the power of bringing the food into that state in which it is best adapted for oxidation—and therefore furnish less resistance to the oxidising agency of the atmosphere than is required in their native climate—to southern regions, where the amount of inspired oxygen is diminished in so great a proportion : and the result, an improvement in the health, is obvious. The diseased organs of digestion have sufficient power to place the diminished amount of food in equilibrium with the inspired oxygen : in the colder climate, the organs of respiration themselves would have been consumed in furnishing the necessary resistance to the action of the atmospheric oxygen.

'In our climate, hepatic diseases, or those arising from excess of carbon, prevail in summer : in winter, pulmonic diseases, or those arising from excess of oxygen, are more frequent.

'The cooling of the body, by whatever cause it may be produced, increases the amount of food necessary. The mere exposure to the open air, in a carriage or on the deck of a ship, by increasing radiation and vaporization, increases the loss of heat, and compels us to eat more than usual. The same is true of those who are accustomed to drink large quantities of cold water, which is given off at the temperature of the body, 98.5°. It increases the appetite, and persons of weak constitution find it necessary, by continued exercise, to supply to the system the oxygen required to restore the heat abstracted by the cold water. Loud and long-continued *speaking*, the crying of infants, moist air, all exert a decided and appreciable influence on the amount of food which is taken.'—pp. 23, 24.

When we read, as we lately did, of five substantial meals a day in Calcutta as very common, while four are universal there, can we be surprised at the prevalence of liver complaint ? or can we doubt that a much nearer approach to the native diet would insure to our countrymen in India a condition of health much nearer what they

enjoyed at home? The attempt to transport an English appetite to a tropical climate is utterly hopeless, and has cost thousands of valuable lives. Let us hope that our author's lucid explanation of the cause of liver disease may have some effect in reforming our habits both in the East and West Indies.

The accuracy of Professor Liebig's views of the action of oxygen on the system is shown by the phenomena of starvation, where the body so rapidly wastes away.

'In the case of a starving man, 32½ oz. of oxygen enter the system daily, and are given out again in combination with a part of his body. Currie mentions the case of an individual who was unable to swallow and whose body lost 100lbs. in weight during a month; and, according to Martell, a fat pig, overwhelmed in a slip of earth, lived 160 days without food, and was found to have diminished in weight, in that time, more than 120 lbs. The whole history of hibernating animals, and the well-established facts of the periodical accumulation, in various animals, of fat, which, at other periods, entirely disappears, prove that the oxygen, in the respiratory process, consumes, without exception, all such substances as are capable of entering into combination with it. It combines with whatever is presented to it; and the deficiency of hydrogen is the only reason why carbonic acid is the chief product: for, at the temperature of the body, the affinity of hydrogen for oxygen far surpasses that of carbon for the same element.

'In the progress of starvation, however, it is not only the fat which disappears, but also, by degrees, all such of the solids as are capable of being dissolved. In the wasted bodies of those who have suffered starvation, the muscles are shrunk and unnaturally soft, and have lost their contractility: all those parts of the body which were capable of entering into the state of motion have served to protect the remainder of the frame from the destructive influence of the atmosphere. Towards the end, the particles of the brain begin to undergo the process of oxidation, and delirium, mania, and death close the scene; that is to say, all resistance to the oxidising power of the atmospheric oxygen ceases, and the chemical process of eremacausis, or decay, commences, in which every part of the body, the bones excepted, enters into combination with oxygen.

'The time which is required to cause death by starvation depends on the amount of fat in the body, on the degree of exercise, as in labour or exertion of any kind, on the temperature of the air, and, finally, on the presence or absence of water. Through the skin and lungs there escapes a certain quantity of water, and as the presence of water is essential to the continuance of the vital motions, its dissipation hastens death. Cases have occurred in which, a full supply of water being accessible to the sufferer, death has not occurred till after the lapse of twenty days. In one case life was sustained in this way for the period of sixty days.

'In all chronic diseases death is produced by the same cause, namely, the chemical action of the atmosphere. When those substances are wanting, whose function in the organism is to support the process of respiration; when the diseased organs are incapable of performing their proper function of producing these substances: when they have lost the power of transforming the food into that shape in which it may, by entering into combination with the oxygen of the air, protect the system from its influence—then, the substance of the organs themselves, the fat of the body, the substance of the muscles, the nerves, and the brain, are unavoidably consumed. The true cause of death in these cases is the respiratory process, that is, the action of the atmosphere. Respiration is the falling weight, the bent spring, which keeps the watch in motion: the inspirations and expirations are the stroke of the pendulum which regulate it. In our ordinary time-pieces, we know with mathematical accuracy the effect produced on their rate of going, by changes in the length of the pendulum, or in the external temperature. Few, however, have a clear conception of the influence of air and temperature on the health of the human body; and yet the research into the conditions necessary to keep it in the normal state is not more difficult than in the case of a watch.'—p. 29.

After effectually disposing of the doctrines which would attribute animal heat to some mysterious power in the nerves, or to the mechanical contraction of the muscles, the author proceeds to show that the quantity of carbon daily converted into carbonic acid in an adult, which is 13·9 oz., gives out, in combining with oxygen in the body, just as much heat as if burned in a furnace, and more than enough to account for the heat of the body being kept up, for the evaporation of moisture, and for the heat lost by external cooling. The only difference is, that the combustion is very slow, and the heat is extended over a much longer period. Its amount is the same; its intensity is smaller. He comes to the conclusion that there is nothing yet known to justify the opinion that there exists in the body any other unknown source of heat besides the chemical action between the oxygen of the air and the elements of the food. The existence of this cause cannot be denied or doubted, and it is amply sufficient to explain all the phenomena.

When we turn to the important subject of growth or nutrition, the first point that arrests attention is the function of the blood, that wonderful fluid out of which all the tissues of the body are formed.

'All the parts of the animal body are produced from a peculiar fluid, circulating in its organism, by virtue of an influence residing in every cell, in every organ, or part of an organ. Physiology teaches that all parts of the body

were originally blood; or that at least they were brought to the growing organs by means of this fluid.

'The most ordinary experience further shows, that at each moment of life, in the animal organism, a continued change of matter, more or less accelerated, is going on; that a part of the structure is transformed into unorganised matter, loses its condition of life, and must be again renewed. Physiology has sufficiently decisive grounds for the opinion, that every motion, every manifestation of force, is the result of a transformation of the structure or of its substance; that every conception, every mental affection, is followed by changes in the chemical nature of the secreted fluids; that every thought, every sensation, is accompanied by a change in the composition of the substance of the brain.

'In order to keep up the phenomena of life in animals, certain matters are required, parts of organisms, which we call nourishment. In consequence of a series of alterations, they serve either for the increase of the mass (*nutrition*), or for the supply of the matter consumed (*reproduction*), or, finally, for the production of force.'—pp. 8, 9.

Now, the blood contains two principal constituents: fibrine, which forms the clot, and albumen, which is dissolved in the serum: the former is identical with pure muscular fibre, the latter with white of eggs. Here chemistry steps in, and shows that, as far as regards their organic elements (carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen), these two bodies are identical in composition; and that they differ only in the proportions, absolutely very small, of sulphur, phosphorus, and saline matters which they contain.

This important and unexpected fact, first observed by Mulder, has been very recently established beyond all doubt by

M. Dénis, who has actually succeeded in giving to muscular fibre, by very simple means, all the characters of albumen, out of the body. On the other hand, Mulder has proved that fibrine and albumen may be viewed as compounds of a peculiar substance, *protéine** (which contains only the four organic elements), with minute quantities of sulphur, phosphorus, and salts. This explains at once the ready conversion of muscle into blood, in the process of digestion, and the reconversion of blood into muscle, in that of growth. Albumen is converted into blood or muscle with the same facility; and all these transformations occur without the addition or the removal of any organic element: for the composition of *protéine* is the same as that of fibrine and albumen, excluding the mineral ingredients, which form a small fraction of the two latter.

The author proceeds to show that this very remarkable identity in composition enables us to understand very easily the process of nutrition in the carnivora: for their food consists of muscle, of albuminous tissues, of blood—in short, of compounds of *protéine*. These animals may be said to devour themselves, for their food has the same composition as their bodies. By the very recent researches of Mulder, Scherer, and Bence Jones, it has been shown that all the tissues of the body, the composition of which differs from that of fibrine or albumen, are yet closely related to *protéine*. Thus we may express the composition of the chief animal solids as follows (P represents phosphorus, S sulphur):—

Albumen . . .	is <i>protéine</i>	+ P + St + salts.
Fibrine . . .	is <i>protéine</i>	+ P + 2 S + salts.
Caseine . . .	is <i>protéine</i>	+ S + salts.
Arterial membrane	is <i>protéine</i>	+ water.
Chondrine . . .	is <i>protéine</i>	+ water + oxygen.
Hair, horn, &c. . .	are <i>protéine</i>	+ ammonia + oxygen.
Gelatinous tissue .	is <i>protéine</i>	+ ammonia + water + oxygen.

Now it is obvious, that if *protéine* be present in the food, the other necessary elements are all ready at hand. For animal food, of course, contains as much phosphorus, sulphur, and salts as the body to be nourished; while oxygen and water are always present, and ammonia is a constant

product of the decomposition of animal matter.

Let us now consider the nutrition of herbivorous animals. Whence do they obtain the means of producing their blood? It is here that chemistry again comes to our aid, and points to the remarkable fact, that all vegetable matters capable of supporting animal life contain more or less

* Mulder, having discovered that fibrine, albumen, and almost all the animal tissues, when acted on by potash, which dissolves them, and the solutions precipitated by acetic acid, yield a peculiar compound, the same in every case, and the organic composition of which was the same as that of fibrine and albumen, while it contained no inorganic matter, gave to this compound, which he considered as the original organic product, from which

all the others were derived, the name of *protéine* (from *πρωτεω*, I take the first place).

† P. and S. do not stand for equivalents, but for certain very small quantities, much under 1 per cent., of phosphorus and sulphur. In the remaining compounds, the water, oxygen, and ammonia are merely expressed generally, without reference here to their actual quantity.

nitrogen; an element indispensable to the existence of blood, as well as of every organised animal solid. But in what form does nitrogen exist in these nutritious vegetables?

There are found in the vegetable kingdom three nitrogenised compounds, which alone are capable of supporting animal life, and these have been called vegetable fibrine, albumen, and caseine. The truly interesting result of recent investigations is, that these three compounds are, in composition and chemical properties, absolutely identical with the corresponding animal principles. All are compounds of proteine; and while the whole six are identical in the proportion of organic elements, vegetable albumen is found to contain the same mineral elements as animal albumen, vegetable fibrine as animal fibrine, and vegetable caseine as animal caseine (milk, cheese).

'All such parts of vegetables as can afford nutriment to animals contain certain constituents which are rich in nitrogen; and the most ordinary experience proves that animals require for their support and nutrition less of these parts of plants in proportion as they abound in the nitrogenised constituents. Animals cannot be fed on matters destitute of these nitrogenised constituents. These important products of vegetation are especially abundant in the seeds of the different kinds of grain, and of peas, beans, and lentils; in the roots and the juices of what are commonly called vegetables. They exist, however, in all plants, without exception, and in every part of plants in larger or smaller quantity. These nitrogenised forms of nutriment in the vegetable kingdom may be reduced to three substances, which are easily distinguished by their external characters. Two of them are soluble in water, the third is insoluble.

'When the newly-expressed juices of vegetables are allowed to stand, a separation takes place in a few minutes. A gelatinous precipitate, commonly of a green tinge, is deposited, and this, when acted on by liquids which remove the colouring-matter, leaves a greyish white substance, well known to druggists as the deposit from vegetable juices. This is one of the nitrogenised compounds which serves for the nutrition of animals, and has been named *vegetable fibrine*. The juice of grapes is especially rich in this constituent, but it is most abundant in the seeds of wheat, and of the cerealia generally. It may be obtained from wheat flour by a mechanical operation, and in a state of tolerable purity: it is then called *gluten*, but the glutinous property belongs not to vegetable fibrine, but to a foreign substance, present in small quantity, which is not found in the other cerealia. The method by which it is obtained sufficiently proves that it is insoluble in water; although we cannot doubt that it was originally dissolved in the vegetable juice, from which it

afterwards separated, exactly as fibrine does from blood.

'The second nitrogenised compound remains dissolved in the juice after the separation of the fibrine. It does not separate from the juice at the ordinary temperature, but is instantly coagulated when the liquid containing it is heated to the boiling point. When the clarified juice of nutritious vegetables, such as cauliflower, asparagus, mangel-wurzel, or turnips, is made to boil, a coagulum is formed, which it is absolutely impossible to distinguish from the substance which separates as a coagulum, when the serum of blood or the white of an egg, diluted with water, are heated to the boiling-point. This is *vegetable albumen*. It is found in the greatest abundance in certain seeds, in nuts, almonds, and others, in which the starch of the graminæ is replaced by oil.

'The third nitrogenised constituent of the vegetable food of animals is *vegetable caseine*. It is chiefly found in the seeds of peas, beans, lentils, and similar leguminous seeds. Like vegetable albumen, it is soluble in water, but differs from it in this, that its solution is not coagulated by heat. When the solution is heated or evaporated, a skin forms on its surface, and the addition of an acid causes a coagulum, just as in animal milk.

'These three compounds are the true nitrogenised constituents of the food of graminivorous animals; all other nitrogenised compounds occurring in plants are either rejected by animals, as in the case of the characteristic principles of poisonous and medicinal plants, or else they occur in the food in such very small proportions, that they cannot possibly contribute to the increase of mass in the animal body.

'The chemical analysis of these three substances has led to the very interesting result that they contain the same organic elements, united in the same proportion by weight; and, what is still more remarkable, that they are identical in composition with the chief constituents of blood, animal fibrine and albumen. They all three dissolve in concentrated muriatic acid with the same deep purple colour; and even in their physical characters, animal fibrine and albumen are in no respect different from vegetable fibrine and albumen. It is especially to be noticed, that by the phrase—identity of composition—we do not here imply mere similarity, but that even in regard to the presence and relative amount of sulphur, phosphorus, and phosphate of lime, no difference can be observed.

'How beautifully and admirably simple, with the aid of these discoveries, appears the process of nutrition in animals, the formation of their organs, in which vitality chiefly resides! Those vegetable principles, which in animals are used to form blood, contain the chief constituents of blood, fibrine and albumen, ready formed, as far as regards their composition. All plants, besides, contain a certain quantity of iron, which re-appears in the colouring-matter of the blood. Vegetable fibrine and animal fibrine, vegetable albumen and animal albumen, hardly differ, even in form: if these principles be wanting in the food, the nutrition of the animal is arrested; and when they are present, the graminivorous

animal obtains in its food the very same principles on the presence of which the nutrition of the carnivora entirely depends.'—pp. 45-48.

The author goes on to show that vegetables alone can produce proteine, which, as it is the most complex product of vegetable life, is the starting-point of the still more complex animal products—from the blood, the origin of all the solids, to the last and most important product of animal life, namely, the substance of the brain and nerves. Thus we perceive that the food of herbivorous animals contains the very same principles (compounds of proteine) which constitute the food of carnivorous animals. They are mixed, however, in the former case, with a large proportion of substances containing no nitrogen—such as sugar, starch, gum, &c., the uses of which will shortly appear.

The food of vegetables is invariably inorganic matter, carbonic acid, ammonia, water, and salts. The results of vegetation are, compounds of proteine, starch, sugar, gum, &c., and finally, fat or oil: all of which serve to support life in animals—the compounds of proteine for nutrition; the other matters, as we shall see, for respiration. The food of animals is always organised matter. Plants form or produce proteine, which in some form is essential to animals, as the latter cannot form proteine from substances that do not contain it. Proteine being once given, the animal organism forms from it all its peculiar tissues, which are never found in vegetables. Thus, no vegetable can produce nervous matter.

It is to the author that we owe the discovery that vegetables, especially the leguminous seeds, produce vegetable caseine, a substance absolutely the same with the peculiar principle of milk, inasmuch that, when curdled, it is not to be distinguished from skimmed-milk cheese, either chemically or physically. Thus the vegetable world produces white of egg, fibrine, and milk; these are all convertible into blood, from which any of them may be again produced where it is required. They are all compounds of proteine, as above stated.

What, then, is the use of the sugar, starch, &c., in the food of the herbivora? or what is the use of the sugar of milk, and fat (butter), in the food of the young carnivora? This important question is treated in the most profound and ingenious manner; and the author demonstrates that these substances—which may all, except fat, be considered as compounds of carbon and water (Prout)—serve to furnish carbon

for the process of respiration. Fat contains much more carbon, with an excess of hydrogen, but serves the same purpose.

The chief difference between the carnivora and herbivora would seem to be this:—in the former, the carbon consumed in respiration must be derived from the food, which being identical with their bodies, we may say that the carbon is supplied by the daily waste of their tissues, this waste being compensated by their food. But, to furnish enough of carbon to keep up the heat of the body in this way, the waste must be prodigious: it must be accelerated by motion. Hence the restless habits of carnivorous animals; hence the reason why the savage who lives by hunting alone must eat five times as much flesh as if he lived on a mixed diet; hence the total absence of fat in his body, as well as in that of all carnivorous animals. In the herbivora the waste of matter is far less rapid, and is fully compensated by the relatively small amount of proteine in their food: they eat incessantly; the great mass of their food, (starch, &c.) is consumed in respiration; thus rendering needless a rapid change of matter in the animal tissues. The whole of these admirable arrangements are brought out clearly and beautifully in the present work; and nothing can be more satisfactory than the author's array of established facts, with the argument founded on them.

'The young animal receives the constituents of its blood in the caseine of the milk. A metamorphosis of existing organs goes on, for bile and urine are secreted: the matter of the metamorphosed parts is given off in the form of urine, of carbonic acid, and of water; but the butter and sugar of milk also disappear—they cannot be detected in the feces.

'The butter and sugar of milk are given out in the form of carbonic acid and water, and their conversion into oxidized products furnishes the clearest proof that far more oxygen is absorbed than is required to convert the carbon and hydrogen of the metamorphosed tissues into carbonic acid and water.

'The change and metamorphosis of organized tissues going on in the vital process in the young animal, consequently yield, in a given time, much less carbon and hydrogen in the form adapted for the respiratory process than corresponds to the oxygen taken up in the lungs. The substance of its organized parts would undergo a more rapid consumption, and would necessarily yield to the action of the oxygen, were not the deficiency of carbon and hydrogen supplied from another source.

'The continued increase of mass, or growth, and the free and unimpeded development of the organs in the young animal, are dependent on the presence of foreign substances, which, in the nutritive process, have no other function

than to protect the newly-formed organs from the action of the oxygen. It is the elements of these substances which unite with the oxygen; the organs themselves could not do so without being consumed: that is, growth or increase of mass in the body, the consumption of oxygen remaining the same, would be utterly impossible.

'The preceding considerations leave no doubt as to the purpose for which Nature has added to the food of the young of carnivorous mammalia substances devoid of nitrogen, which their organism cannot employ for nutrition, strictly so called, that is for the production of blood; substances which may be entirely dispensed with in their nourishment in the adult state. In the young of carnivorous birds, the want of all motion is an obvious cause of diminished waste in the organized parts; hence, milk is not provided for them.

'The nutritive process in the carnivora thus presents itself in two distinct forms, one of which we again meet with in the graminivora.'—pp. 68-70.

We shall now attempt a sketch of the intermediate steps in the processes by which nutrition is accomplished, which will include the chemistry of digestion and of the formation of the bile and urine, with the true function of the former fluid. We confine ourselves, here, to the carnivora, in whom the vital process is more simple.—The food, consisting of compounds of proteine, is first dissolved into chyme in the stomach. This first process of digestion is one of the most interesting, but hitherto perhaps the most obscure, of the vital operations. Solution is effected by means of the gastric juice. But what is the solvent in that wonderful fluid? The answer is very simple—the gastric juice contains *no solvent*; and yet the food is dissolved. If the reader recollects what has been said of fermentation and metamorphosis, he will readily follow our author's explanation.

'The clear gastric juice contains a substance in a state of transformation, by the contact of which with those constituents of the food which, by themselves, are insoluble in water, the latter acquire, in virtue of a new grouping of their atoms, the property of dissolving in that fluid. During digestion, the gastric juice, when separated, is found to contain a free mineral acid, the presence of which checks all further change. That the food is rendered soluble quite independently of the vitality of the digestive organs has been proved by a number of the most beautiful experiments. Food, inclosed in perforated metallic tubes, so that it could not come into contact with the stomach, was found to disappear as rapidly, and to be as perfectly digested, as if the covering had been absent; and fresh gastric juice, out of the body, when boiled white of egg, or muscular fibre, were kept in contact with it for a time at the temperature of the body, caused these substances to lose the solid form and to dissolve in the liquid.

'It can hardly be doubted that the substance which is present in the gastric juice in a state of change is a product of the transformation of the stomach itself. No substances possess, in so high a degree as those arising from the progressive decomposition of the tissues containing gelatine, the property of exciting a change in the arrangement of the elements of other compounds. When the lining membrane of the stomach of any animal, as, for example, that of the calf, is cleaned by continued washing with water, it produces no effect whatever, if brought into contact with a solution of sugar, with milk, or other substances. But if the same membrane be exposed for some time to the air, or dried, and then placed in contact with such substances, the sugar is changed, according to the state of decomposition of the animal matter, either into lactic acid, mannite and mucilage, or into alcohol and carbonic acid; while milk is instantly coagulated. An ordinary animal bladder retains, when dry, all its properties unchanged; but when exposed to air and moisture it undergoes a change not indicated by any obvious external signs. If, in this state, it be placed in a solution of sugar of milk, that substance is quickly changed into lactic acid.

'The fresh lining membrane of the stomach of a calf, digested with weak muriatic acid, gives to this fluid no power of dissolving boiled flesh or coagulated white of egg. But if previously allowed to dry, or if left for a time in water, it then yields, to water acidulated with muriatic acid, a substance in minute quantity, the decomposition of which is already commenced, and is completed in the solution. If coagulated albumen be placed in this solution, the state of decomposition is communicated to it, first at the edges, which become translucent, pass into a mucilage, and finally dissolve. The same change gradually affects the whole mass, and at last it is entirely dissolved, with the exception of fatty particles, which render the solution turbid. Oxygen is conveyed to every part of the body by the arterial blood; moisture is everywhere present; and thus we have united the chief conditions of all transformations in the animal body.'—pp. 109-111.

In like manner, air is essential to digestion in the stomach, and is introduced by means of the saliva.

'During the mastication of the food, there is secreted into the mouth, from organs specially destined to this function, a fluid, the saliva, which possesses the remarkable property of enclosing air in the shape of froth, in a far higher degree than even soap-suds. This air, by means of the saliva, reaches the stomach with the food, and there its oxygen enters into combination, while its nitrogen is given out through the skin and lungs. The longer digestion continues, that is, the greater the resistance offered to the solvent action by the food, the more saliva, and consequently the more air, enters the stomach. Rumination, in certain graminivorous animals, has plainly for one object a renewed and repeated introduction of oxygen; for a more minute mechanical division of the food only shortens the time required for solution.

'The fact that nitrogen is given out by the skin and lungs is explained by the property which animal membranes possess of allowing all gases to permeate them, a property which can be shown to exist by the most simple experiments. A bladder, filled with carbonic acid, nitrogen, or hydrogen gas, if tightly closed and suspended in the air, loses in twenty-four hours the whole of the enclosed gas; by a kind of exchange, it passes outwards into the atmosphere, while its place is occupied by atmospherical air. A portion of intestine, a stomach, or a piece of skin or membrane, acts precisely as the bladder, if filled with any gas. This permeability to gases is a mechanical property, common to all animal tissues; and it is found in the same degree in the living as in the dead tissue.

'It is known that in cases of wounds of the lungs a peculiar condition is produced, in which, by the act of inspiration, not only oxygen, but atmospherical air, with its whole amount (four-fifths) of nitrogen, penetrates into the cells of the lungs. This air is carried by the circulation to every part of the body, so that every part is inflated or puffed up with the air, as with water in dropsy. This state ceases, without pain, as soon as the entrance of the air through the wound is stopped. There can be no doubt that the oxygen of the air, thus accumulated in the cellular tissue, enters into combination, while its nitrogen is expired through the skin and lungs.

'Finally, if we consider the fatal accidents which so frequently occur in wine countries from the drinking of what is called feather-white wine (*der federweisse Wein*), we can no longer doubt that gases of every kind, whether soluble or insoluble in water, possess the property of permeating animal tissues, as water penetrates unsized paper. This poisonous wine is wine still in a state of fermentation, which is increased by the heat of the stomach. The carbonic acid gas which is disengaged penetrates through the parietes of the stomach, through the diaphragm, and through all the intervening membranes, into the air-cells of the lungs, out of which it displaces the atmospherical air. The patient dies with all the symptoms of asphyxia caused by an irrespirable gas; and the surest proof of the presence of the carbonic acid in the lungs is the fact, that the inhalation of ammonia (which combines with it) is recognized as the best antidote against this kind of poisoning.'—p.p. 113-116.

Lactic acid has no share in digestion. Professor Liebig has shown that it never occurs in the healthy gastric juice, and that even the artificial gastric juice does not contain it when fresh. But starch or sugar, when animal membrane is present, are rapidly converted into lactic acid out of the body; so that experimenters, not aware of this fact, have concluded that the lactic acid which they found had existed in the fresh gastric juice, which never happens in a state of health.

The blood, now charged with fresh fibrine and albumen, is sent to the lungs, whence it returns saturated with oxygen. This oxygen is conveyed, chiefly by the globules of the blood, to the minutest capillaries, where it contributes to the metamorphosis of existing tissues—in other words, to the change of matter. By this metamorphosis, certain parts of the living tissues lose the condition of vitality, and are resolved into new and lifeless, unorganised compounds, while a corresponding quantity of the fibrine and albumen of the blood supplies their place, assuming the structure of living tissues. To prevent the accumulation of the lifeless products, the blood is subjected to two processes, as it were, of filtration. In the kidneys the arterial blood gives up those new products in which nitrogen predominates. These are uric acid, urea, and carbonate of ammonia. In the liver the venous blood is purified from those products in which the carbon prevails, and these may be represented by choleic acid, the chief constituent of bile. The matters secreted by the kidney being no longer available for any purpose in the body, are at once expelled. But with the bile it is far otherwise.

In no previous work on physiology is the function of the bile recognized as ascertained. It is viewed by some as an excretion; by others as assisting in digestion. But our author shows that it is no excretion, for in the carnivora the whole solid excrements do not contain a trace of bile, being composed entirely of inorganic matter, earth of bones, &c., while no bile can be found in the urine. Neither can the bile, owing to its composition, serve for the nutrition of the tissues. In fact, the whole of it returns into the circulation, and disappears entirely. It is consumed in the respiratory process, and is merely the vehicle of the carbon and hydrogen, which in that process unite with oxygen, and are given out from the lungs and skin as carbonic acid and water. Even in the carnivora, the quantity of bile daily secreted is very large—in a large dog, for example, $2\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.—yet not a trace is to be detected, *as bile*, in the excretions.

Such is a brief sketch of the process of nutrition in the carnivora, and, were it only that the function of the bile is satisfactorily ascertained—that we now see in *the bile* the chief part of *the fuel* which serves for respiration and for producing the animal heat—were it only on this account, the volume before us would be full of interest to every physiologist.

In the herbivora the process of the for-

mation of bile takes a somewhat different form. Here the change of matter could not yield more than a small fraction of the vast quantity of bile they secrete. A horse, for example, secretes 37 lbs. of bile daily (Burdach); and even in man, whose diet is mixed, from 17 to 24 ounces of bile are daily secreted. The products of the metamorphosis of the tissues, entering into new changes along with the elements of starch, sugar, &c., contribute to yield this enormous quantity of respiratory fuel; and here, also, the whole disappears, and is not to be traced in the excretions. The excrements of the horse contain, in one day, only a few ounces of matter which might be bile, but which, on examination, appears not to be so. Horse-dung is chiefly composed of undigested woody fibre, and of saline matters.

Professor Liebig very justly observes, that

‘The experience of all those who have occupied themselves with researches into natural phenomena leads to this general result, that these phenomena are caused, or produced, by means far more simple than was previously supposed, or than we even now imagine; and it is precisely their simplicity which should most powerfully excite our wonder and admiration.

‘Gelatinous tissue is formed from blood, from compounds of proteine. It may be produced by the addition, to the elements of proteine, of allantoin and water, or of water, urea, and uric acid; or by the separation from the elements of proteine of a compound containing no nitrogen. The solution of such problems becomes less difficult, when the problem to be solved, the question to be answered, is matured and clearly put. Every experimental decision of any such question in the negative forms the starting-point of a new question, the solution of which, when obtained, is the necessary consequence of our having put the first question.’—pp. 143-144.

Turning now to the chemical part of the above process, he proceeds to investigate, by the help of recent and most accurate analyses, what relations can be traced in regard to composition, between the blood on the one hand, and the secretions and excretions on the other. Having first caused blood and muscle to be carefully analysed, he finds, as might now be expected, that they agree in composition. He then goes on to compare the formula thus obtained with that of choleic acid (bile) and with that of urate of ammonia (the solid urine of serpents and carnivorous birds.) It is surely very striking to find that the elements of the two latter, representing the bile and urine, when added together, exactly correspond to those of blood, with the addition of a little oxygen and water.

Here, then, we have the chemical explanation of the process by which living tissue is converted into dead compounds. The blood, or rather the muscular fibre, which, having performed its functions, is to be removed, undergoes, with the aid of oxygen and water, a metamorphosis, the products of which are the chief constituents of bile and urine. The latter is at once expelled; the former returns into the circulation, and, being consumed or burned in the respiratory process, furnishes the animal heat.

In carnivorous quadrupeds and in man the urate of ammonia disappears, its place being occupied by urea. Now, the profound researches of Liebig and Wöhler on uric acid have shown that by simple oxidation uric acid passes in urea and carbonic acid. This beautifully explains the difference between the urine of serpents and that of quadrupeds or man. In the latter, respiration is far more active, and hence their urine contains, at most, a trace of uric acid, while urea abounds in it. In serpents, with their sluggish respiration, the uric acid, or urate of ammonia, once formed, remains unchanged. A deficiency of oxygen, or, what amounts to the same thing, an excess of carbon, in the food of man, disturbs this arrangement; and the consequence is, that a portion of the uric acid is not changed into urea, and calculous disease ensues. Phthisical patients never suffer from calculus, because in them there is an excess of oxygen; while patients who, from a sedentary town-life, have become affected with calculi of uric acid, no sooner go to the country and take more exercise, than mulberry calculus (oxalate of lime) supervenes—oxalic acid being, as Liebig and Wöhler have shown, an intermediate product of the oxidation of uric acid along with urea; while that oxidation, if complete, would yield nothing but carbonic acid and urea. In wild carnivorous animals calculi are quite unknown, owing to their active habits. Fat food, which contains 70 or 80 per cent. of carbon, favours the production of uric acid calculus. Those animals which drink much water have no calculi, because a sufficient supply of water dissolves and removes the uric acid as fast as it is formed; and, finally, calculus, except as an imported disease, is unknown on the Rhine, because the Rhenish wines contain so much potash that the uric acid is kept dissolved by the alkali; while the wines of the south, which are deficient in potash, promote by their alcohol, acting in the same way as fat, the formation of uric acid. How important are these views in reference to

so common and so dangerous a disease : and how probable is it that a rational application of them may serve greatly to assist in its prevention, or even in its cure !

Another remarkable illustration of the influence of respiration, or of the supply of oxygen, on the urine, is found in our author's discovery, that the urine of stalled cattle contains hippuric acid—an acid with 18 equivalents of carbon ; while the urine of the same animals, when living in the fields, or compelled to labour, does not yield a trace of hippuric acid, but only benzoic acid, with only 14 equivalents of carbon. The difference is consumed in respiration.

The section of the work now under consideration contains many other beautiful examples of the close chemical relation between the tissues of the body and the secretions or excretions. Thus, it is explained that proteine, by very simple chemical reactions with other compounds present in the body, may be made to yield hippuric acid, gelatine, or allantoin (the peculiar principle of the urine in the foetal calf) ; that the blood, with a certain amount of oxygen, may yield not only, as above stated, urate of ammonia and choleic acid, but, as occurs in the herbivora, hippuric acid, choleic acid, urea, ammonia, and water—or, increasing the supply of oxygen benzoic acid, choleic acid, urea, carbonic acid, and water : and that proteine with a little water may yield gelatine and choloidic acid (one of the acids of the bile) ; while again proteine, added to uric acid, urea, and water, may yield gelatine.* We cannot quote the details ; but although professedly hypothetical, and intended chiefly as a means of promoting the study of this curious subject, we cannot help thinking that there is much actual truth in these chemical statements :

* Such of our readers as are familiar with the chemical works of the day will understand that these relations are best expressed in the form of equations, in which chemical symbols or abbreviations are employed. The system of notation adopted by the author is extremely simple and clear, but we do not quote his equations, because the explanations necessary for understanding them may not be within the reach of many readers, and would, if given here, occupy too much space. We have preferred, therefore, attempting to describe these interesting coincidences of composition in as few words as possible. The principle to be borne in mind is, that any given number of atoms or equivalents of certain elements admits of many different arrangements, each of which may yield a new compound, or a new group of compounds, the sum of the elements in each group or arrangement remaining the same. This principle has been long known and constantly applied in explaining the changes which occur in inorganic chemistry : it is here extended, with the aid of exact analyses, to the more complex changes in the animal body.

they agree with observation in many cases, and in all are founded on very careful experiments. We would again remind the reader of the analogy between these supposed transformations and the metamorphosis of sugar into carbonic acid and alcohol. The author terminates this section with the following conclusion, drawn from a comparison of all the facts known in regard to the food, the secretions, and the excretions of the herbivora, namely :—

‘ That if the elements of proteine and starch, oxygen and water being present, undergo metamorphosis, and mutually affect each other, we may obtain, in certain circumstances, as the products of this complex metamorphosis, choleic acid, urea, ammonia, and carbonic acid, and besides these no other product whatever.’

Soda is essential to the formation of bile in the herbivora ; and as they secrete an immense quantity of bile, they require a large supply of salt. If there be a deficiency of soda, proteine, with water and oxygen, will yield no bile, but only fat, urea, and carbonic acid. This is the reason why an animal cannot be fattened if too abundantly supplied with salt.

In this class of animals the carbon of the bile amounts to five or six times the quantity of that contained in the daily amount of metamorphosed tissue, or what is the same thing, five or six times the carbon of the proteine in their food, which supplies the daily waste of matter. Hence the starch, &c., of their food must necessarily contribute to the formation of bile. Further, in consequence of the large amount of soda required for their bile, the urine of the herbivora is loaded with soda, while that of the carnivora contains but little. On the other hand, the urine of the latter is rich in phosphates, which occur in very small proportion in that of the former ; the phosphoric acid in their food, which is not abundant, being retained to assist in the formation of the bones and of the substance of the brain and nerves.

It is only the herbivora that can be fattened, and that only when they are stalled. In the wild state, they become full and plump, but not fat, as is seen in the deer and hare, while the carnivora have always lean and sinewy muscles. Cattle, when confined, and fed on food containing much starch, &c., are in the best circumstances for becoming both fleshy and fat. Their organism possesses the power of assimilating, or converting into animal tissue, all the compounds of proteine in their food ; while the starch, &c., respiration being checked, cannot be entirely converted into bile, or

used in respiration. It is from this source that fat is derived.

We do not remember to have met with a more beautiful instance of adaptation to circumstances than this of the production of fat in stall-fed animals, considered in relation both to its cause and its effect; and for the development of this curious subject we are indebted to the sagacity of Professor Liebig.

He first directs attention to the composition of starch and sugar, in which carbon is to hydrogen as 43 to 6 nearly in 100 parts, the rest being oxygen; while the proportion of these elements in fat is 79 to 11 nearly—in other words, the same. From this he concludes that the only way in which starch can pass into fat is by a loss of oxygen; and, in fact, if we subtract from the composition of starch a certain amount of oxygen, the remainder will express exactly the proportion of the elements in fat. Now the direct cause of the production of fat is a deficiency of oxygen, so that the separation of fat tends directly to make up for the deficiency which caused it; and the growth of fat in a sedentary man, or in a stall-fed animal, is a beautiful provision of nature to furnish from another source the oxygen which respiration ought to have supplied, and which is required to keep up the animal heat. The author has, we think, succeeded in proving the existence of a very close connection between the formation of fat and the respiratory process, and he gives a very interesting explanation of the various means resorted to for fattening animals; all of which, although hitherto empirical, admit of the most satisfactory elucidation on the principles here indicated. Thus,—

‘Experience teaches us that, in poultry, the maximum of fat is obtained by tying the feet and by a medium temperature. These animals, in such circumstances, may be compared to a plant, possessing in the highest degree the power of converting all food into parts of its own structure. The excess of the constituents of blood forms flesh and other organized tissues, while that of starch, sugar, &c., is converted into fat. When animals are fattened on food destitute of nitrogen, only certain parts of their structure increase in size. Thus, in a goose fattened in this method, the liver becomes three or four times larger than in the same animal when well fed with free motion; while we cannot say that the organized structure of the liver is thereby increased. The liver of a goose fed in the ordinary way is firm and elastic; that of the imprisoned animal is soft and spongy. The difference consists in a greater or less expansion of its cells, which are filled with fat.’—p 94.

One of the most remarkable of the ani-
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mal products is gelatine. It constitutes the mass of the skin, of most membranes, and of the organic part of the bones. But it differs from fibrine, albumen, and caseine in this, that, although formed from proteine, it cannot, like these substances, be made again to yield proteine. Once formed, gelatine no longer belongs to the series of compounds of proteine. The consequence of this is, that it is altogether incapable of yielding blood, or consequently of contributing to the growth or nutrition of the fibrous or other tissues which contain proteine. Animals fed exclusively on gelatine soon die with all the appearances of starvation. Yet there is no doubt that, when mixed with other animal food, it serves some purpose in the economy; for dogs eat bones, and the gelatine is not to be found in their excretions. Besides, the uniform experience of medical men proves that food composed principally of gelatine, such as strong soup or jelly, is most advantageous as an article of diet for convalescents.

There has lately occurred in Paris a controversy on the use of the gelatine of bones for hospital soup, as recommended by D'Arcet, and the most contradictory opinions as to its qualities are daily published. Professor Liebig has, we think, decided this question. He has shown that gelatine cannot yield blood, and that by itself, therefore, it cannot support life. But he supposes that it is dissolved in the stomach, and, being conveyed in the blood to every part of the body, acts as nutriment to the gelatinous membranes and bones alone. This ingenious idea explains both how gelatine mixed with other animal matter forms a good diet; and how it is peculiarly adapted for the sick and convalescent, in whom it acts by giving nutrition to the gelatinous tissues, and so sparing much of the energy of the enfeebled digestive system, which is thus not consumed in producing gelatine for these tissues, but is expended in the digestion of sanguiferous nourishment. We can now readily credit the statements of D'Arcet, who has shown that in all the hospitals where the gelatine of bones has been used as a principal, but not the only, article of animal food, the patients relish it, the success of the treatment has been much increased, and the period of convalescence on the average much diminished. Now that we possess what appears to be the true theory of the action of gelatine, it is to be hoped that the prejudice, previously very natural, which exists in this country against its use, may be overcome, and that our hospitals

may participate in the benefits of D'Arcet's benevolent system, which, when successfully conducted, has likewise the advantage of superior economy.

The food best adapted for man is that which contains a due mixture of azotised matter (fibrine, albumen, &c.), and non-azotised matter (sugar, starch, &c.). Hear our author :—

‘A nation of hunters, on a limited space, is utterly incapable of increasing its numbers beyond a certain point, which is soon attained. The whole of the carbon necessary for respiration must be obtained from the flesh of animals, of which only a limited number can find food on the space supposed.

‘But 15 lbs. of flesh contain not more carbon than 4 lbs. of starch; and while the savage, with one animal and an equal weight of starch, could support life and health for a certain number of days, he would be compelled, if confined to flesh alone, in order to procure the carbon necessary for respiration and for the animal heat, to consume five such animals in the same period.

‘It is easy to see, from these considerations, how close the connection is between agriculture and the multiplication of the human species. The cultivation of our crops has ultimately no other object than the production of a maximum of those substances which are adapted for assimilation and respiration in the smallest possible space. Grain and other nutritious vegetables yield us, not only in the form of starch, &c., the carbon which protects our organs from the action of oxygen, and serves to produce also the heat essential to life, but also, in the form of vegetable fibrine, albumen, and caseine, our blood, from which all the other parts of the body are developed.

‘Man, when confined to animal food, respire, like the carnivora, at the expense of the matters produced by the metamorphosis of organised tissues: and, just as the lion, tiger, and hyena, in the cages of a menagerie, are compelled to accelerate the waste of the organised tissues by incessant motion, in order to furnish the matters necessary for respiration and for animal heat, so the savage, for the same object, is forced to make the most laborious exertions, and to go through a vast amount of muscular exercise. He is compelled to consume force, merely in order to supply matter for respiration.

‘Cultivation is the economy of force. . . . The unprofitable exertion of power, the waste of force in agriculture, in other branches of industry, in science, or in social economy, is characteristic of the savage state, or of the absence of cultivation.’—pp. 76—78.

Nature furnishes one substance in the animal kingdom which is perfectly fitted to sustain life. It is milk, a mixture of caseine, sugar, fat, and salts, with water. It is curious that the nearest approach to this in artificial food is bread, which is a mixture of vegetable fibrine (gluten) and starch, along with salts. Bread and water, it is well known, will support life permanently. Flesh will do so likewise—with the aid of

severe muscular exertion. Thus the chief objects of our agriculture are found to be those substances which are most effectual, even when taken alone, in supporting animal life. The potato is not to be forgotten. It is not so rich in fibrine as wheat-flour, but it has enough, with the starch or respiratory matter it contains, to be a most valuable article of diet.

We must briefly notice another very interesting section of this work. It is that which treats of the action of medicines and poisons on the system.

The first class of such agents is that of substances which produce a very marked effect, without their elements taking a direct share in the changes which ensue. These bodies originate as it were an action, which is subsequently propagated from particle to particle. They are uniformly substances in a state of change or transformation, and appear to act on the blood as yeast does on a solution of sugar. In this class appear miasms, contagions, and the singular sausage poison of Wurtemberg. The latter is an excellent sample. Sausages, made in a peculiar way, are much used in that country. When ill-prepared, they become poisonous, and their effects are invariably fatal. The patient gradually dries up into a sort of mummy, and, after weeks or months of misery, death closes the scene. But there is no poisonous substance to be detected in the sausage. It is, according to our author, in a peculiar state of fermentation, which is not checked by the action of the stomach, and which unfortunately is communicated to the blood. It never ceases till every part capable of solution has been destroyed, and death, of course, must follow. But, as it appears that the poisonous sausage may be rendered quite safe by boiling, and by other simple means of arresting fermentation, we may hope that the true theory of the poison will lead to a successful treatment of this frightful accident, which unhappily is very frequent. Miasms and contagions act on the very same principle; and the reason that all are not affected by them seems to be, that they require the presence of a peculiar compound in the blood, which enters into decomposition, and when the whole of this peculiar matter is destroyed, the disease disappears. If there be much, the case is severe—if little, the case is mild; and apparently, in many contagious diseases, the peculiar decomposable matter, once destroyed, can never be renewed; so that these diseases occur but once.

The second class of these agents consists of those whose elements take a share in the changes produced. This class is subdivided into orders, of which the first includes the metallic poisons. These enter directly into combination with the tissues, and if the vital force cannot destroy the compounds thus formed, death ensues. The second order contains empyreumatic and antiseptic substances, which act by checking the vital transformations; just as, out of the body, they check fermentation or putrefaction.

The third order consists of substances whose elements take a share in certain vital processes of secretion or excretion, and thus excite abnormal appearances, either accelerating, disturbing, or retarding the functions. These may be divided into azotised and non-azotised.

It is very remarkable that no medical agent devoid of nitrogen is poisonous in moderate quantity; while those containing nitrogen, all except three, are poisonous in a very small dose. This last division includes the vegetable alkalis, morphia, quinine, strychnia, &c.

Professor Liebig remarks that—

‘We shall never be able to discover how men were led to use the infusion of a certain leaf (tea), or the decoction of a certain seed (coffee). But some cause there must be, which has induced whole nations to make the practice a necessary of life. And it is surely still more remarkable, that the peculiar effects of both plants on the health must be ascribed to one and the same substance; the presence of which in two vegetables belonging to different natural families, and the produce of different quarters of the globe, could hardly have presented itself to the boldest imagination. Yet recent researches have demonstrated that caffeine, the active principle of coffee, and theine, that of tea, are, in all respects, perfectly identical.

‘It is not less worthy of notice, that the American Indian, living entirely on flesh, discovered for himself, in tobacco smoke, a means of retarding the change of matter in the tissues of his body, and thereby of making hunger more endurable; and that he cannot withstand the action of brandy, which, acting as an element of respiration, puts a stop to the change of matter by performing the function which properly belongs to the products of the metamorphosed tissues, when the diet is entirely animal. Tea and coffee were originally met with among nations whose diet is chiefly vegetable.

‘Without entering minutely into the medicinal action of caffeine (theine), it will surely appear a most striking fact, even if we chose to deny its influence on the process of secretion, that this substance, with the addition of oxygen and the elements of water, can yield taurine, the nitrogenised compound peculiar to bile.

‘A similar relation exists in the case of the peculiar principle of asparagus and althæa, asparagine; which also, by the addition of oxygen and the elements of water, yields the elements of taurine.*

‘The addition of the elements of water and of a certain quantity of oxygen to the elements of theobromine, the characteristic principle of the cacao-bean (theobroma cacao,) yields the elements of taurine and urea, of taurine, carbonic acid, and ammonia, or of taurine and uric acid.

‘To see how the action of caffeine, asparagine, theobromine, &c., may be explained, we must call to mind that the chief constituent of the bile contains only 3·8 per cent. of nitrogen, of which only the half, or 1·9 per cent., belongs to the taurine.

‘Bile contains, in its natural state, water and solid matter, in the proportion of 80 parts by weight of the former to 10 of the latter. If we suppose these 10 parts by weight of solid matter to be choleic acid, with 3·87 per cent. of nitrogen, then 100 parts of fresh bile will contain 0·171 parts of nitrogen in the shape of taurine. Now this quantity is contained in 0·6 parts of caffeine; or 2·8-10 grains of caffeine can give to an ounce of bile the nitrogen it contains in the form of taurine. If an infusion of tea contain no more than 1-10th of a grain of caffeine, still, if it contribute in point of fact to the formation of bile, the action, even of such a quantity, cannot be looked upon as a nullity. Neither can it be denied that, in the case of an excess of non-azotised food and a deficiency of motion, which is required to cause the change of matter in the tissues, and thus to yield the nitrogenised product which enters into the composition of the bile—that in such a condition, the health may be benefited by the use of compounds which are capable of supplying the place of the nitrogenised product formed in the healthy state of the body, and essential to the production of an important element of respiration. In a chemical sense—and it is this alone which the preceding remarks are intended to show—caffeine or theine, asparagine, and theobromine, are, in virtue of their composition, better adapted to this purpose than all other nitrogenised vegetable principles. The action of these substances, in ordinary circumstances, is not obvious, but it unquestionably exists.

‘With respect to the action of the other nitrogenised vegetable principles, such as quinine, or the alkaloids of opium, &c., which manifests itself, not in the processes of secretion, but in different phenomena, physiologists and pathologists entertain no doubt that it is exerted chiefly on the brain and nerves. This action is commonly said to be dynamic—that is, it accelerates, or retards, or alters in some way, the phenomena of motion in animal life. If we reflect that this action is exerted by substances which are material, tangible, and ponderable; that they

* We omit the elaborate tables of equations appended to these statements. They would only be intelligible to readers who are sure to study the original work.

disappear in the organism; that a double dose acts more powerfully than a single one; that, after a time, a fresh dose must be given, if we wish to produce the action a second time,—all these considerations, viewed chemically, permit only one form of explanation: the supposition, namely, that these compounds, by means of their elements, take a share in the formation of new, or the transformation of existing, brain and nervous matter.

‘However strange the idea may, at first sight, appear, that the alkaloids of opium or of cinchona bark, the elements of codeine, morphia, quinine, &c., may be converted into constituents of brain and nervous matter, into organs of vital energy, from which the organic motions of the body derive their origin; that these substances form a constituent of that matter, by the removal of which the seat of intellectual life, of sensation, and of consciousness, is annihilated: it is, nevertheless, certain, that all these forms of power and activity are most closely dependent, not only on the existence, but also on a certain quality of the substance, of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves; inasmuch, that all the manifestations of the life or vital energy of these modifications of nervous matter, which are recognized as the phenomena of motion, sensation, or feeling, assume another form as soon as their composition is altered. The animal organism has produced the brain and nerves out of compounds furnished to it by vegetables: it is the constituents of the food of the animal, which, in consequence of a series of changes, have assumed the properties and the structure which we find in the brain and nerves.

‘If it must be admitted as an undeniable truth, that the substance of the brain and nerves is produced from the elements of vegetable albumen, fibrine, and caseine, either alone, or with the aid of the elements of non-azotised food, or of the fat formed from the latter, there is nothing absurd in the opinion that other constituents of vegetables, intermediate in composition between the fats and the compounds of proteine, may be applied in the organism to the same purpose.

‘Brain and nervous matter is, at all events, formed in a manner similar to that in which bile is produced; either by the separation of a highly nitrogenised compound from the elements of blood, or by the combination of a nitrogenised product of the vital process with a non-azotised compound (probably, a fatty body.) All that has been said in the preceding pages on the various possible ways by which the bile might be supposed to be formed, all the conclusions which we attained in regard to the co-operation of azotised and non-azotised elements of food, may be applied with equal justice and equal probability to the formation and production of the nervous substance.

‘We must not forget that, in whatever light we may view the vital operations, the production of nervous matter from blood presupposes a change in the composition and qualities of the constituents of blood. That such a change occurs is as certain as that the existence of the nervous matter cannot be denied. In this sense, we must assume, that from a compound of proteine may be formed a first, second, third, &c.,

product, before a certain number of its elements can become constituents of the nervous matter; and it must be considered as quite certain, that a product of the vital process in a plant, introduced into blood, will, if its composition be adapted to this purpose, supply the place of the first, second, or third product of the alteration of the compound of proteine. Indeed it cannot be considered merely accidental, that the composition of the most active remedies, namely, the vegetable alkaloids, cannot be shown to be related to that of any constituents of the body, except only the substance of the nerves and brain. All these remedies contain a certain quantity of nitrogen, and, in regard to their composition, they are intermediate between the compounds of proteine and the fats.

‘In contradistinction to their chemical character, we find that the substance of the brain exhibits the characters of an acid. It contains far more oxygen than the organic bases or alkaloids. We observe, that quinine and cinchonine, morphia and codeine, strychnia and brucia, which are, respectively, so nearly alike in composition, if they do not produce absolutely the same effect, yet resemble each other in their action more than those which differ more widely in composition. We find that their energy of action diminishes, as the amount of oxygen they contain increases (as in the case of narcotine), and that, strictly speaking, no one of them can be entirely replaced by another. There cannot be a more decisive proof of the nature of their action than this last fact: it must stand in the closest relation to their composition. If these compounds, in point of fact, are capable of taking a share in the formation or in the alteration of the qualities of brain and nervous matter, their action on the healthy as well as the diseased organism admits of a surprisingly simple explanation. If we are not tempted to deny, that the chief constituent of soup may be applied to a purpose corresponding to its composition in the human body, or that the organic constituent of bones may be so employed in the body of the dog, although that substance (gelatine in both cases) is absolutely incapable of yielding blood; if, therefore, nitrogenised compounds, totally different from the compounds of proteine, may be employed for purposes corresponding to their composition; we may thence conclude that a product of vegetable life, also different from proteine, but similar to a constituent of the animal body, may be employed by the organism in the same way and for the same purpose as the natural product, originally formed by the vital energy of the animal organs, and that, indeed, from a vegetable substance.

‘The time is not long gone by when we had not the very slightest conception of the cause of the various effects of opium, and when the action of cinchona bark was shrouded in incomprehensible obscurity. Now that we know that these effects are caused by chrysalizable compounds, which differ as much in composition as in their action on the system; now that we know the substances to which the medicinal or poisonous energy must be ascribed, it would argue only want of sense to consider the action of these substances inexplicable; and to do so, as many

have done, because they act in very minute doses, is as unreasonable as it would be to judge of the sharpness of a razor by its weight.

'Thus, as we may say, in a certain sense, of caffeine or theine and asparagine, &c., as well as of the non-azotised elements of food, that they are food for the liver, since they contain the elements by the presence of which that organ is enabled to perform its functions, so we may consider these nitrogenised compounds, so remarkable for their action on the brain and on the substance of the organs of motion, as elements of food for the organs as yet unknown, which are destined for the metamorphosis of the constituents of the blood into nervous substance and brain. Such organs there must be in the animal body, and if, in the diseased state, an abnormal process of production or transformation of the constituents of cerebral and nervous matter has been established; if in the organs intended for this purpose the power of forming that matter out of the constituents of blood, or the power of resisting an abnormal degree of activity in its decomposition or transformation, has been diminished; then, in a chemical sense, there is no objection to the opinion, that substances of a composition analogous to that of nervous and cerebral matter, and, consequently, adapted to form that matter, may be employed, instead of the substances produced from the blood, either to furnish the necessary resistance, or to restore the normal condition.

'An accurate investigation would probably discover differences in the composition of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves. According to the observations of Valentin, the quality of the cerebral and nervous substance is very rapidly altered from the period of death, and very uncommon precautions would be required for the separation of foreign matters, not properly belonging to the substance of the spinal marrow or brain. But, however difficult it may appear, the investigation seems yet to be practicable.'—pp. 178–190.

We consider these hints of the author's, for they are no more, on a most obscure subject, as worthy of careful investigation. We know, as he justly observes, that nervous matter is formed from our food, which does not contain a trace of it; and there is no absurdity in supposing that an organic compound of appropriate composition, may exert an influence of one kind or other on its formation.

Another very important section treats of the nature of the vital force, of that power which regulates all the operations of the body, and which impresses on them their peculiar character. The Professor first points out those particulars in which the vital force, in its manifestations, agrees with other causes of motion or change. He shows that although we cannot hope ever to know what vitality is in its essence, yet it is in our power to trace the laws by which its action is regulated. These laws

he proceeds to investigate; and in a most ingenious dissertation he traces many analogies between the vital force and the forces of gravitation, cohesion, chemical attraction, and electricity. He arrives ultimately at the conclusion, that the vital force is a force *sui generis*, in some respects analogous to, yet distinct from all the forces just enumerated. We endeavour in vain to penetrate the veil that conceals the mystery of life from our sight; but in tracing, as far as we are permitted to do so, the causes of motion in the animal body, we come ultimately to chemical attraction, modified in a very remarkable manner by the unknown force. We have seen that chemical attraction explains the change or waste of matter, and the animal heat; and we may add here, that the nervous influence appears to depend, in some way, on chemical changes in the substance of the brain. It is certain, at least, that the exercise of the functions of the brain is attended by waste of its substance, just as the use of the muscles is attended by waste of their substance. Mr. Liebig regards the nerves as conductors of the vital force, by means of which an equilibrium of force may be established; or available vital force may be conveyed from one part where it is not wanted, to another where it is rapidly consumed in producing motion. As the involuntary muscles never cease their motions, sleep is necessary that the waste in the voluntary as well as involuntary muscles may be supplied. In the waking state, one voluntary muscle may be acquiring new matter, while another which is exercised is undergoing waste. In pursuing this investigation, we find that the waste of matter, the supply of oxygen, and the amount of force, mechanical or otherwise, exerted in the body, are most closely connected together. In plants for want of nerves, the vital force cannot be conducted away from the point where it is produced; it therefore manifests itself in an unlimited growth or increase of mass. In animals the presence of nerves permits the vital force to assume at one time the form of chemical attraction, at another that of mechanical force; and when the nerves lose, wholly or partially, their conducting power, we have paralysis, syncope, or spasm. But we feel the impossibility of giving anything like an accurate notion of this most interesting section, unless we were to quote the whole of it. Recommending it, therefore, to the physiologist, we shall merely transcribe the concluding paragraph.

'In what form, or in what way, the vital

force produces mechanical effects in the animal body is altogether unknown, and is as little to be ascertained by experiment as the connection between chemical action and the phenomena of motion which we can produce with the galvanic battery. All the explanations which have been attempted are merely representations or descriptions, more or less accurate, of the phenomena, and comparisons of known phenomena with these unknown ones. In this respect we resemble the ignorant man, to whom the motion of an iron piston-rod in a cylinder, in which the eye can detect no visible agent, and its connection with the turning of thousands of wheels at a distance from the piston-rod, appear incomprehensible.

'We know not how a certain something, in itself invisible and imponderable, namely, heat, gives to some bodies the power to exert an enormous pressure on surrounding objects; we know not even how this something is produced, when we burn wood or coal.

'So it is with the vital force, and with the phenomena presented by living bodies. The cause of these phenomena is not chemical attraction; it is not electricity—nor magnetism: it is a force which possesses the properties common to all causes of motion and of change in the form and structure of matter; and it is a peculiar force, because it exhibits manifestations not to be found in any of the other forces.'

The remaining sections contain the application of the principles developed in this one to the investigation of the modifications in waste and supply which characterize the vital processes in infancy, in adult age, and in old age; they offer to us besides a theory of health and of disease, in the most general sense; and finally an elaborate research into the means by which the blood in the lungs is enabled to absorb oxygen and to convey it to those parts where it is to be employed in the vital transformations. These sections are probably the portions of the work which will attract the greatest share of attention among physiologists, but it would be unfair to the author to give an imperfect account of his striking and original views on such subjects, and more we could not attempt in this already too long article. The Appendix contains a large number of the most recent and accurate analyses, which constitute the evidence on which the conclusions of our author are founded. Among other things it includes extracts from a most ingenious paper by Gundlach, on the production of wax from sugar by the bee. Professor Liebig has throughout been most conscientious in quoting his authorities, and in giving due credit to his predecessors and cotemporaries.

While we have given but a very imperfect sketch of this original and profound

work, we have endeavoured to convey to the reader some notion of the rich store of interesting matter it contains. The chemist, the physiologist, the medical man, and the agriculturist, will all find in this volume many new ideas and many useful practical remarks. It is the first specimen of what modern organic chemistry is capable of doing for physiology; and we have no doubt that, from its appearance, physiology will date a new era in her advance. We have reason to know that the work, when in progress, at all events the more important parts of it, were submitted to Müller of Berlin, Tiedemann of Heidelberg, and Wagner of Göttingen, the most distinguished physiologists of Germany; and without inferring that these gentlemen are in any way pledged to the author's opinions, we may confidently state that there is but one feeling among them as to the vast importance of chemistry to physiology at the present period: and that they are much gratified to see the subject in such able hands.

ART. V.—*Journal of a Tour in Greece and the Ionian Islands.* By William Mure of Caldwell. 2 vols. 12 mo. Edinburgh and London. 1842.

Good sense and good taste will enliven the most barren, and freshen the most worn-out, subject. Mr. Mure's Journal is not only the work of a shrewd and intelligent observer, and of a sound though modest scholar, but withal a very pleasant book. He is neither too rapid nor too elaborate in his descriptions; his classical illustration is apposite and copious, but without pedantry; and his glimpses of the existing state of things in the new Hellenic Kingdom apparently just and discriminating. He is no romantic Philhellene, yet inclined to judge the leaders in the war of freedom, as well as the young kingdom of Greece, with fairness and candour.

Travels in Greece are now inevitably doomed, like the country itself, to this singular and ill-harmonised contrast of the grey and venerable Ancient with the glaring and unimposing Modern. The ruins were doubtless far more solemn and picturesque when nothing was seen but an indolent and turbaned Turk reclining among shattered pediments and fallen pillars, not disturbing the grave stillness, but with the contrast of his

barbaric costume heightening as it were, the classic grace of the broken statues or mutilated reliefs, and almost deepening, by showing into what hands Greece had fallen, the melancholy emotions of decay and desolation. The associations which stirred within at the thought of what Greece had been—Greece, the wreck of whose religion appeared in those pillars of unrivalled height or exquisite proportion—Greece, the sculptor of those living forms, fragments of which strewed the ground—Greece, whose history was crowding on the memory with all its stately and heroic names, whose poetry was sounding within our hearts, and whose philosophy perhaps had been our favourite study—what that Greece had been was more forcibly displayed by what it was, the dominion of that utterly unintellectual Barbarian, the possession of a rude iconoclastic Mahometan. We doubt whether all this was not far more congenial to the frame of mind in which he who was worthy to gaze on the ruins of Greece contemplated those memorials of the past, than now that they are peopled by the busy and bustling so-called descendants of the Athenian and the Spartan, or shown by guides and conservators appointed for the purpose by a Secretary of State. As to the actual remains of ancient buildings, they likewise were perhaps safer under the contemptuous neglect of the Turk, his superstitious awe of those haunted places, or his jealousy of those supposed treasure-houses of buried wealth, than when they are built about by modern dwellings, and enclosed perhaps in lines of regular streets. The Turk might occasionally use them as a quarry when he wanted stone, or pound their fragments into mortar; and if decay, storm, or accident threw them down, he would take no precaution to preserve them: but at least they escaped the greatest danger—restoration. In fact desolation is the proper accompaniment of ruins; repose, silence, remoteness from the haunts of men, even difficulty of access, are required to give them their full influence over the mind. Even scenery which is hallowed by great events is desecrated and vulgarised by intrusive modern change. We have every ardent wish for the prosperity of the Græco-Bavarian kingdom; we hope that the subjects of King Otho, when they have thoroughly cast off the slough of their long servitude, may become a free, enlightened, and happy people; but, as lovers of elder Greece, and even as archæologists, we confess that we envy those who explored its wild oracular glens and fabled mountains, the sites of its dimly-

discovered cities, and the wrecks of its often-misnamed temples, when all the mysterious gloom of centuries of devastation brooded over them,—when the region was as it were, one vast Campo Santo, a land of hoary but sacred sepulchres, with scarcely a sound of life, and peopled only with the shadows of the mighty dead. No doubt we shall gain much in the accuracy of our knowledge. The German scholars, who are encouraged by the court of Athens, will explore every site, measure every building, and assign every temple to its proper gods, (and we are the last to speak disdainfully of this kind of erudition); but much, we fear, of the romance of classic pilgrimage (if we may couple such words) will be lost; we shall be less able to realize the Greece of older times; the imagination, the only restorer of the past, will be checked in its re-creative energies, and perhaps, knowing far more, we shall understand less of the Greece of our youthful adoration and our maturer reverence.

We shall endeavour to keep Mr. Mure's classical studies, as far as we may, apart from his observations on the present state of things in Greece. We are indebted to him for some very happy illustrations of ancient authors, especially of Homer. The first place, indeed, on which he trod the poetic region of Greece was Ithaca; and we looked not without interest to the opinions of a scholar, so sensible and well informed, on the great Homeric question connected with the kingdom of Ulysses. We acknowledged ourselves (some years since) somewhat disturbed by the arguments of a certain Professor Völcker, who had thrown very great doubts on the Homeric geography of these Islands.* We have since read the reply to those doubts by General Rühle von Lilienstern, which has in a great degree restored our peace of mind, and brought us back to the orthodox Homeric faith; though we are still somewhat embarrassed by the disappearance of Dulichium. This indeed was a difficulty which had puzzled Strabo and Pausanias before us, and we presume we must content ourselves with placing it as part of, or as connected with, the mainland at the mouth of the Achelous. But we are now fully convinced that the ancient Ithaca need not be banished, as by Völcker, to the extreme west of the whole group of islands, but may be restored to its traditionary site in the island which has so long borne the name.

This is no trivial and unimportant question to those who feel, like ourselves, unexhausted interest in all which throws light on the history of the two great poems of antiquity, or rather on that of poetry itself. It is intimately connected with the personality of Homer, with the unity of the poetry, that is, its composition by one master-mind, the native place of the poet, and the parts of Greece in which the *Odyssey*, at least, if not the *Iliad*, was recited in the courts of the heroic kings. It involves the extent of the Greece of the heroic ages, the limits to which their early federation reached, the boundaries of their acquaintance with the circumjacent regions. Was Ithaca within or without these boundaries? If the descriptions in the *Odyssey* are altogether loose and inaccurate; if the relative situation of Ithaca with regard to the other islands, not according to strict geographical rule, but the ordinary observation of the common voyager, is entirely wrong, if the localities in the island itself, as they appear in the poem, are irreconcilable with the permanent form, structure, and character of the land; if there are no indenting bays; if the whole shore is a flat, level sand, where sea-nymphs could have found no rocks in which to form their grottoes; if there be no site for the city which would answer to the vivid description of the poet,—then Ithaca must be altogether excluded from the Greece with which his hearers were familiar: it was, if not an imaginary island, one the fame of whose existence had dimly reached the popular ear, and which was the lawful domain, we say not of poetic invention, but of any vague conception which the poet might form from common rumour, or the floating intelligence derived from adventurous voyagers. For, it must be borne in mind that Homeric poetry offers itself to the hearer as truth; truth, that is within the limited sphere of the hearer's knowledge. The Muses are the daughters of memory, not of invention; the poet of those days is the sole historian, and, in a great degree, amenable to the laws of history. The poetic privilege of unreality, of avowed fiction, is altogether of a later period, when poetry has begun to be an artificial and conventional amusement. In everything, therefore, regarding common life, the work would be subjected to the most rigid, though intuitive, criticism. If the poet of the *Iliad*, among his warrior hearers, had represented a man slain outright by a blow, which they had often given and received in battle without being much the worse for it, he would have been silenced by the contemptuous

clamours of the whole assembly; he would have been rejected as an impudent liar, rather than as a bad poet. So, if he described scenes and places well known to his audience, any important deviation from truth would have been resented as an attempt to abuse their faith, to impose upon them by an idle deception; and it would have been equally dangerous to have departed from the received historic traditions. These, indeed, might receive some poetic elevation; the heroes might be raised to a higher eminence of power, valour, or dignity, and their honoured descendants would not be too nice in their reception of this more or less delicate or ingenious flattery. The founder of a lineage might be brought down from the gods, or carried up to them, without any remonstrance on their part against the poetic apotheosis. But still they would require adherence to the well-known outlines of his deeds, strict accuracy in the genealogical tree, and fidelity to all the more memorable transactions of their ascertained ancestors' lives. In religious matters the poet would be allowed a wider range. From the infinite richness of mythological legend he might adopt what would suit his purpose; and, however wonderful the fable, religious awe would forbid the hearer from supposing but that it *might* be true. Gods mingling in the affairs of men, gods with human passions, and not impassive to wounds from human hands, were within the range of popular belief, and no man would venture to take offence at the *improbability* of such stories. Such an unnatural and untimely scepticism would have been in danger, like Socrates at a later period, of a charge of infidelity and atheism. Provided the true mythic character of each deity was preserved—the attributes assigned according to the general traditional faith—provided no foreign gods were introduced into the legitimate hosts of Olympus—the field of wonder and of preternatural power lay open to the poet; and in one sense, therefore, Homer might indeed be, as he is said to have been, the inventor of the Grecian mythology, not as having created a single deity, or, unless as bearing on the direct action of his poems, attributed a single act, unauthorised by traditional acceptance, to any one of the acknowledged deities; but as having popularised and made common to the whole of Greece the tutelary deities of the separate states and races, as having moulded up the countless local traditions and national legends into something like a general system; as having collected all the scattered divini-

ties of the whole region into one Olympus.

So likewise, all beyond the geographical boundaries of Grecian knowledge would be the realm, we say not of acknowledged fiction, but of imagination, 'which might mythicise any report of a wandering voyager, or greedily catch at any monstrous yet stirring tale of

'Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.'

It is curious that the few circumstances which had reached Homer relating to the Eastern and civilized part of the ultra-Grecian world are mainly correct—the hundred gates of Thebes, the manufactures of Sidon; but the western coast of Africa, and the yet scarcely discovered Sicily,—everything indeed west of Ithaca,—is peopled with lotus-eaters, Cyclopes, with half-divine nymphs, and dim swarms of departed spirits.

In which world then does Ithaca lie—in the realm of Greek familiar knowledge, or in the wide and undiscovered ocean? When the poet of the *Odyssey* described the bays, the havens, the landing-places, the city of this island, did he draw directly from nature, or remotely from imagination? Were his hearers as ignorant, generally, of the situation of these islands, and of their outline and character, as of the coasts of Sicily or Italy? If either the one or the other had ever visited this region, the general features will be found consistent with truth. If they are utterly and inexplicably wrong both as to its situation and its permanent outline, the author of the *Odyssey* may have been a Peloponnesian, or at least have repeated his poems at the courts of the Peloponnesian kings; but the commerce with these islands must have been precarious and unfrequent—they must have lain beyond the usual coasting adventure of the young navigators of the mainland.

But there can be no reasonable doubt that the modern Theaki is the Ithaca of Homer. Let us hear the opinion of Mr. Mure, the latest, and certainly not the least intelligent and impartial, writer who has brought his personal observation to bear upon this question:—

'The impression which a personal visit to this island can hardly fail to leave on the mind of the impartial student of Homer is, that, so great is the general resemblance between its natural features and those of the one described in the *Odyssey*, the difficulty is, not so much to discover in each case a bay, rock, cavern, or mountain answering to his description, as to decide, among the many that present themselves, on the precise one which he may happen to have had in view.

In estimating the amount or value of this correspondence, he will also bear in mind how unreasonable it were to exact from the poet of any age, although possessed of the closest personal familiarity with the district selected for his scene of action, the rigid accuracy of the land-surveyor, or to deny him the privilege of his profession, even in his description of real objects, to depart a little from the truth, where a slight variation of site or appearance was necessary to their full effect. To pronounce, therefore, as some have done, in the face of so great a mass of general evidence to the contrary, that Homer had no personal knowledge of Ithaca, because the more fastidious commentator may find difficulty in arranging on his classical atlas, consistently with existing appearances, the hut of Eumæus, the fountain of Arethusa, or the port of Phorceys, were almost as unreasonable as to deny the "Author of *Waverley*" any personal knowledge of Scotland, because of an equal difficulty of identifying the bay of Ellangowan or the castle of Tillietudlem.

'Equally unwarrantable, on the other side, are the attempts of the more orthodox school of Homeric interpreters to force on existing objects or localities a closeness of harmony with his description, such as was, doubtless, as little congenial to his own taste as conducive to the interest of his poem; and this over-subtlety, as displayed in the elegant but not very critical work of Gell, the patriarch of modern Ithacan topographers, is among the chief causes that have led some of his successors into the opposite extreme. For my own part, I confess that, while nothing can be more delightful than to recognize a strong general resemblance between the descriptions of scenery contained in any poetical work of deep interest, and the real localities to which they refer, it would tend but little to enhance this pleasure could I be convinced of the accuracy of all their minutest details, even to the back-door, kitchen-offices, and draw-well of the hero's dwelling.'—Vol. i., pp. 60, 61.

We are, perhaps, inclined to allow less latitude to the actual fiction of which a poet, like Homer, might claim the privilege; but we think that, especially in the more distant and, as it were, outlying parts of his picture, he might content himself with appearances, and these appearances as surveyed by a poetic vision, disposed to find what might suit the exigencies of the story. So with regard to the main difficulty, the island of Asteris, where the suitors concealed their galley as they lay in ambush for Telemachus in the strait between Cefalonia and Ithaca. There is, it seems, a rock called Dyscallio, but it is small and low; and, instead of having a port on each side, has no harbour whatever. Now we can perfectly understand that Homer, however familiar with Ithaca, may never actually have sailed round Dyscallio; and, even if his songs were recited in Ithaca, may have surmised that the Ithacans in general, though constantly in sight of the island,

might have known no more of its actual conformation. It is perhaps no violent liberty—(less so we think than to make Asteris, from A and ΕΤΕΡ=*uneasy*—a floating island, created by Homer for the occasion, as Mr. Mure proposes)—to conjecture that Dycallio in the bard's days may have been somewhat larger and better suited to his description. This is Strabo's opinion, who would rather have recourse to this kind of natural change than to the ignorance or the licence of poetic fiction, *κατάφρασις τῶν τόπων κατὰ τὸ μυθώδες*. But if this be inadmissible, the hollowing out, as it were, of a port with two entrances, or a kind of open roadstead, the *λίμνες ναύλοχοι, ἀμφίδουμοι* under the lee of that *small rocky island*, as it is described by the poet, *πετρίσσα—ὅς μεγάλη*—would be no unpardonable deception of the poetic eyesight, a stretch of the fancy which would hardly be detected by the hearer best experienced in the navigation of these straits. We admit that Dycallio actually lies rather too far to the north; but even this, if we consider the manner in which these small rocky islands loom upon the sight, when seen from different points; and perhaps allowing for the clearness of the atmosphere, which would enable the ambushed suitors to descry the bark of Telemachus immediately that it put forth from the shore,—this, with but a little voluntary or involuntary ignorance in the poet, a little intentional or unintentional self-deception by the fancy, would account fully for the slight inexactitude, without seriously impeaching either the general knowledge or the fidelity of the historical poet.

With regard to the mountains of Ithaca—the Neritos and the Neios—there is little difficulty in their identification. Even Mr. Mure's more sober judgment was struck with the singular coincidence of the spot assigned by Sir W. Gell for the residence of the swineherd Eumæus.

'On the summit of the cliff is a small rocky plain, interspersed with olive-groves and straggling "kalyvia," or farm-cottages. As a site for the dwelling of Eumæus, the spot corresponds well with the Belvedere, or "place of open prospect," which Homer assigns to that establishment. The face of the cliff is also hollowed out at its summit in various places, partly by nature, partly perhaps by art, into open cavities or sheltered terraces, where we might figure the swineherd reposing as the poet describes him:—

"Encircled by his cloven-footed flock,
From Boreas safe beneath the hollow rock."

The proposal to place the residence of Eumæus on the little plain above the precipice also realizes in a very lively manner to the apprehension the spirit of Ulysses' protestation to the old man,

that, if his tale turned out to be false, he might punish him by throwing him from the top of the neighbouring cliff. Gell's account of the exact correspondence of the present generation of rustic dwellings to the poet's description of that of the swineherd is probably itself a little poetical. Yet even those I saw presented, it must be allowed, some curious points of resemblance. They consist of one, or at the most two, oblong cottages, sometimes with a "circular court" contiguous, surrounded by a fence, which, although neither "lofty," "large," nor "beautiful," corresponds closely in other respects to that described by Homer; being a rude wall, "built with loose stones," and "crowned" with a *chevaux de frise* of "dead thorns," or other prickly plants. The same style of fence is still very generally used both in Greece and Italy: in the latter country, for example, it is common round the vineyards in the retired parts of the interior of Rome.'—Vol. i., pp. 68-70.

We are indebted to Mr. Mure for the more distinct and satisfactory solution of the most important of the Homeric geographical problems as relates to Ithaca—the situation of the city of Ulysses. On which side of the island was it to be placed? There are strong arguments for the east and for the west. It was, in fact, quietly observed Mr. Mure, on both:—

'The ruins of the city of Ulysses are spread over the face of a precipitous conical hill, called Aetó, or the "eagle's cliff," occupying the whole breadth of the narrow isthmus which connects the two main sub-divisions of the island, and which is here not more than half a mile across. The walls stretch from N. W. to S. E.; their form is that of an irregular triangle the apex of which is the acropolis, or castle of Ulysses, by pre-eminence, crowning the extreme summit or peak of the mountain, and about as bleak and dreary a spot as can well be imagined for a princely residence. There can, therefore, be little doubt that this is the place to which Cicero so emphatically alludes as the city of Ithaca, in eulogising the patriotism of the hero:—"Ut Ithacam illam, in asperimis saxis tanquam nidulum affixam, sapientissimus vir immortalitati anteponeret,"—"That wisest of men, who preferred his own Ithaca, perched like a bird's-nest among the most rugged of precipices, even to immortality."

'On each side of the isthmus is a port. That of Opiso Aetó, towards Cefalonía, is the best which the channel shore of the island supplies. The hill of Aetó is separated by two small valleys, connected by a narrow neck at their upper extremities, from the ridge of Stefano, already noticed as the highest of the southern division of the island, and identified by Gell with the ancient Neius. Admitting the accuracy of this view, nothing can be more appropriate than the epithet "Under-Neius" (*ὑπονεῖος*), applied by Telemachus to his residence; for the mountain, in fact, covers Aetó to the south and east, which consequently may be said to "lie under it," both as regards shade and shelter.

'In this way, too, a singular degree of reality attaches to a fine scene of the *Odyssey*, where, during the debate in the agora, a pair of eagles suddenly descend from the mountain, and, after hovering with ominous cries and gestures above the assembly, rush screaming through the air, over the habitations of the city to the right. The right hand, in the primitive language of Hellenic divination, is synonymous with the east or south-east. Supposing, therefore, the agora to have been situated in the centre of the city, the course of the eagles over the houses to the right would have lain directly towards their native mountain, whither, after executing their divine commission, they might naturally be expected to return.

'The walls are in many places well preserved, especially those of the citadel, which remain to a considerable height in almost their whole circumference. They are chiefly of polygonal masonry, with a tendency here and there to the ruder Tirynthian or Cyclopiian style. In several portions of the area both of the city and acropolis, the line of the streets, and the form of the buildings, are also distinctly traceable, in rows of contiguous square compartments, chiefly of the last-mentioned ruder style of structure.

'The peculiarities of this situation seem to mark it out by nature as the spot which the lord of the Cefalonian isles, if he preferred Ithaca as his place of residence, would have selected as, in a military point of view at least, the most appropriate for his seat of government. On a narrow isthmus, connecting, or rather separating, the two subdivisions of the island, it commands the channel, together with a prospect of the whole east coast of Cefalonia, and possesses a tolerable port on each side, giving ready and speedy communication with both the eastern and western portions of his little empire.'—pp. 71–74.

We must not, however, linger upon Ithaca, though we have not yet exhausted Mr. Mure's Homeric illustrations. It was certainly a happy adventure for a genuine worshipper of the old bard to find himself, in these days of steam-boat rapidity, or at least of bold British seamanship, navigating, as Mr. Mure did at a later period of his travels, a part of the Grecian seas, with all the delay, the timidity, of old Ulysses himself, vainly struggling with baffling or adverse winds, making some way, then driven back, coming to an anchor every night, and disembarking on every shore. We trust that our traveller at the time derived as much amusement and consolation from his poetic reminiscences as he imparts to his reader, and that his parallel of Homeric and modern Greek navigation compensated for the severe trial of his patience. The whole passage (vol. ii., p. 33) is full of interest to the classical student.

There are, however, one or two minute illustrations of the Homeric poetry which we are unwilling to withhold from our read-

ers. The following extract contains one of these, which we select the more willingly because it relates to a passage in the *Iliad*. It is well known that all the scepticism with regard to the unity and the authorship of these two great poems rests on the subtle observation of minute points, betraying either that discrepancy of design, of opinions, of manners, and of age, which separates each poem into discordant fragments of different bards and different times; or, according to the views of more modest doubters, assigns different though individual authors to each poem, and considers one, perhaps, an Ionian or an *Æolo-Thessalian*, the other a *Peloponnesian*, at least an inhabitant of European Greece. It is fair, therefore, that all the slight incidental touches which seem to indicate similarity as to mode of life, habits and feelings, in the poet of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and so to reassert the one Homer, should be collected with the same industry, and exhibited with the same fulness. Now, if there were one author of the *Odyssey*, it is quite clear that he was well-skilled, and, it should seem, personally versed in the navigation of his day; he could not possibly have ventured constantly, before an audience many of them no doubt mariners, and probably 'honourable pirates,' to be so minute on nautical matters, on everything relating to the ship, its rigging, its management, its perils and its escapes, if he had not been perfectly confident in his own acquaintance with seamanship. Of course of these matters there is much less in the *Iliad*; but any observation which indicates familiarity with the sea will, as far as it goes—and we admit that the present illustration does not go far—tend to show that the poet of the *Iliad* was no idle, luxurious landsman, but that he too had occasionally at least, ploughed the dark blue waters of the *Ægean* or the *Ionian* sea:—

'We sailed about eight on the morning of the 27th, and for the first few hours were becalmed, being indebted for what little progress was made to the oars of three men and a boy, who composed the crew of the caique. The water at first was level and smooth as glass; but on advancing a mile or two into the open sea, although there was still not a breath of wind, the tranquillity gave place to a heavy rolling swell. While considering what could be the cause of this sudden agitation of the water amid the perfect stillness of the atmosphere, I observed towards the south, at some miles distance, a dark line on the surface of the sea, gradually spreading in the direction of our vessel, and in a quarter of an hour a fresh breeze filled the sails. This phenomenon was new to me, and I was the more struck with it, from its bringing home to my mind at once

the full power of a fine simile of Homer, which hitherto I had never properly understood or appreciated. The veteran hero Nestor while engaged with a wounded comrade in his tent, hearing the tumult of battle thickening around the Greek entrenchment, goes forth to reconnoitre; and the effect produced on his mind by the dismal spectacle of national discomfiture that presents itself is thus figuratively illustrated:—

ὡς δ' ὅτε πορφόρη πύλαος μέγα κόρατι κωφῇ,
 ὁσόμενον λιγύων δνίμων λαίψηρὰ κέλευθα,
 αἶψως, οὐδ' ὅρα τι προκυλινδουαὶ οὐδ' ἱτίρωσα,
 πρὶν τινα κεκρίμενον καταβήμεναι ἐκ Διὸς οὔρου.

Il. xiv. 16.

"So doth the darkly-rolling sea presage,
 With hollow swell, the coming tempest's rage;
 While yet nor here nor there its waves are driven,
 Till Jove send down the threatened gale from heaven."

'The effect here described is precisely what I now witnessed. It is one of familiar occurrence in narrow seas and archipelagos. The wind which freshens in one portion of a maritime region of this nature—often, perhaps, behind a cape or island, and at such a distance as to be unobserved by the navigator in another—sends across the otherwise smooth surface of the water the sort of undulation so aptly described by the phrase rendered *hollow swell*, literally *mute wave*, in the above passage. The whole phenomenon has been dramatised, as it were, by Homer, under the admirable figure of the sea itself darkly foreboding, by the heaving of its bosom, the coming disturbance of its waters, while yet uncertain as to the direction in which they are to be impelled; as the old hero gloomily presages the approach of the adverse tide of war, though as yet doubtful as to the mode in which he may be affected by it, or the measures to be adopted for stemming its course. It was the more gratifying to have the full value of this fine image realized to the senses on the very spot, perhaps, where it may have been first presented to the poet.'—pp. 82-84.

Our second illustration is more homely, but curious in its minute truth, and may be inserted for the benefit of future travellers in Greece, who, like Ulysses and Mr. Mure, may run the danger of being worried by the inhospitable dogs of the country:—

'Among the numerous points of resemblance with which the classical traveller cannot fail to be struck, between the habits of pastoral and agricultural life as still exemplified in Greece, and those which formerly prevailed in the same country, there is none more calculated to arrest his attention than the correspondence of the shepherd's encampments scattered here and there over the face of the less-cultivated districts, with the settlements of the same kind whose concerns are so frequently brought forward in the illustrative imagery of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Accordingly, the passage of Homer, to which the existing peculiarity above described affords the most appropriate commentary, is the scene of the latter poem where the hero, disguised

as a beggar, in approaching the farm of the swineherd, is fiercely assaulted by the dogs, but delivered by the master of the establishment, who pelts them off with stones. Pope's translation, with the exception of one or two expressions, here conveys with tolerable fidelity the spirit of the original:—

"Soon as Ulysses near the enclosure drew,
 With open mouths the furious mastiffs flew;
 Down sat the sage, and, cautious to withstand,
 Let fall the offensive truncheon from his hand.
 Sudden the master runs—aloud he calls,
 And from his hasty hand the leather falls;
 With showers of stones he drives them far away
 The scatter'd dogs around at distance bay."

Odys. xiv. 29.

This whole scene, together with many others that follow, both as regards the character of the establishment and the habits of its inmates, corresponds very closely to many a one which I myself have witnessed in the course of my journey. But there is one curious point in the description which more especially demands attention; where Ulysses, alarmed at the fury of the assault, is said to have "sat down, cunningly dropping the stick from his hand." I am probably not the only reader of the poem who has been puzzled to understand the object of this manœuvre on the part of the hero. I was first led to appreciate its full value in the following manner. At Argos, one evening, at the table of General Gordon, then commanding-in-chief in the Morea, the conversation happened to turn, as it frequently does where tourists are in company, on this very subject of the number and fierceness of the Greek dogs; when one of the company remarked that he knew of a very simple expedient for appeasing their fury. Happening, on a journey, to miss his road, and being overtaken by darkness, he sought refuge for the night at a pastoral settlement by the wayside. As he approached, the dogs rushed out upon him, and the consequences might have been serious had he not been rescued by an old shepherd (the Eumæus of the fold,) who sallied forth, and, finding that the intruder was but a benighted traveller, after pelting off his assailants, gave him a hospitable reception in his hut. His guest made some remark on the watchfulness and zeal of his dogs, and on the danger to which he had been exposed from their attack. The old man replied that it was his own fault for not taking the customary precaution in such an emergency; that he ought to have stopped and sat down until some person whom the animals knew came to protect him. As this expedient was new to the traveller, he made some further inquiries, and was assured that if any person in such a predicament will simply seat himself on the ground, laying aside his weapon of defence, the dogs will also squat in a circle round him; that as long as he remains quiet they will follow his example; but that as soon as he rises and moves forward they will renew their assault. This story, though told without the least reference to the *Odyssey*, with which it had not connected itself in the mind of the narrator, at once brought home to my own the whole scene at the fold of Eumæus with the most vivid reality. The existence of

the custom was confirmed by other persons present, from their own observation or experience. I never, myself, happened to be under any necessity of putting its efficacy to the test.'—Vol. i., pp. 98–100.

Mr. Mure entered the mainland of Greece by the mouth of the Achelous, and thus traversed the Homeric Dulichium, whether we place the wealthy kingdom of Penelope's most powerful suitors on the islands at the mouth of the river or on the continent. His own observation, and the intelligence which he obtained from his boatmen, induced him to concur with Colonel Leake in doubting the formation of the new land, or the junction of the islands (the Echinades) to the Continent, by the accumulation of the deposits of the Achelous.

'I saw no spot of land, at least on this part of the continent, the natural features of which could justify the hypothesis of its ever having belonged to the group of islands that extend along its shore; existing appearances would seem to corroborate the testimony of our mariners, in spite of the strong argument which the general conviction of the ancients, and the amount and nature of the alluvial deposit, afford to the contrary.'—Vol. i., p. 86.

He visited the extensive ruins of Œniadæ, his engravings of which are chiefly remarkable, as showing the repeated occurrence of the arch in buildings unquestionably of ancient Grecian structure. This assertion of Mr. Mure, as tending to prove that it was not from ignorance of its principle, or difficulty as to its construction, that the Greeks neglected or declined to employ this great element of later architecture, runs directly counter to the general opinion. This, however, is not the only instance which he has adduced in his text, and illustrated by his drawings. In the second volume of his work he describes a still more curious, and we may add, very picturesque, arched bridge, over a tributary of the Eurotas:—

'No entire ancient bridge of any kind—still less an arched bridge of a genuine Hellenic period—had hitherto been known to exist within the limits of Greece; and even the ability of the Greek masons to throw an arch had been very generally questioned. Here I saw an arched bridge of considerable size and finished structure, and in a style of masonry which guarantees it a work of the remotest antiquity—probably of the heroic age itself. This monument, therefore, while it tangibly connects us with a period of society separated from our own by so wide a blank in the page of history, realizes to our senses a state of art to all appear-

ance proper and peculiar to itself; and which, but for the existence of this and a few other venerable remains of the same class, might be considered (as the men by whom they were constructed have been, by some modern schools of skeptics) to be but the unreal visions of a poetical fancy. The beauty of its situation adds much to its general effect. It is built just where the stream it traverses, a respectable tributary of the Eurotas, issues from one of the deepest and darkest gorges of Taygetus. I could learn no other name for this river than that of the neighbouring village on its banks, which is called Xerokampo (Dry-field.) It brings down a considerable body of water, dammed up immediately below the bridge for the supply of the village fountain. The masonry of the arch, the piers, and the portions of wall immediately connected with either, are ancient, and in good preservation. The parapet is modern, of poor rubble work, and where the outer Cyclopian facing of the retaining wall at the extremity of each flank has fallen away, traces are also visible of Turkish repairs. The span of the arch is about twenty-seven feet; the breadth of the causeway, between the parapets, from six to seven. Each parapet is about one foot three inches in thickness, giving nine or ten feet for the whole breadth of the arch. There are no visible remains of pavement. Although the precipitous nature of the ground rendered it impossible to obtain any full view of the upper or western front of this monument, I was yet enabled to ascertain that the masonry is at least as well preserved on that side as on the one represented in the annexed engraving.

'The largest stones are those of the arch: some of them may be from four to five feet long, from two to three in breadth, and between one and two in thickness. In size and proportions they are nearly similar to those which form the interior lining of the heroic sepulchres of Mycenæ, and the whole character of the work leads to the impression of its being a structure of the same epoch that produced those monuments. Even those who may not be willing to acquiesce in this view will scarcely venture to dispute its genuine Hellenic, or rather Spartan, antiquity. Apart from the style of the masonry, it is hardly in a situation to admit of its being a work either of the Macedonian or Roman periods, lying as it does in this remote corner of the peninsula, where in later times it is little likely there could have been a thoroughfare of sufficient importance to warrant such expensive undertakings. Its existence, therefore, seems sufficient in itself to establish the use of the arch in Greece at a very remote epoch.'—Vol. ii., pp. 248, 249.

* This discovery of Mr. Mure's, if he be right, as he apparently is, as to the antiquity of this bridge, will require a correction in the two articles *Arch* and *Bridge* in the new 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.' In the latter it is distinctly asserted that 'the Romans were undoubtedly the first people who applied the arch to the construction of bridges.' We mention this, however, rather to give ourselves an opportunity of recommending this excellent work, edited by Dr. Wm. Smith, with

This is still more remarkable, if, according to Mr. Mure's arguments, in a paper to which he refers in the *Annals* of the Roman Archæological Institute, the 'Treasury' of Minyas at Orchomenos was vaulted on the principle of the arch of concentric layers. If the arch was well known, and thus applied—(it must be remembered that Sir G. Wilkinson has clearly shown its occasional use in very early Egyptian buildings)—in the first, the Pelasgic period of Greece, it should seem to have been deliberately declined by later architects in favour of their more simple principle of supporting the roof. Was it from the fine and intuitive perception of its general incongruity with the character of their architecture, the bold, long, horizontal lines, reposing in all their massy weight on tall straight columns? The debased character of the Roman-Grecian buildings of the empire is clearly attributable to the introduction of this uncongenial element into the regular Grecian form; and it will be curious if, at the sacrifice of occasional strength and solidity of structure, the Greeks at this very early period repudiated, on pure æsthetic grounds, that which might have been fatal to the majesty and the beauty of their peculiar style.

We must not, however, leave this bridge—at which we have arrived by this architectural connexion, rather than by following the course of Mr. Mure's journey—without reference to another Homeric illustration. This bridge lies upon the only road by which Telemachus could have performed the journey assigned to him from the court of Nestor, at Pylos, to that of Menelaus, at Sparta. From Navarin (Pylos), the dwelling of Nestor, to Calamata (Phæræ), is a day's journey, which might be performed by Nestor's fine horses—particularly, we may observe, as the prudent housekeeper put into the carriage a good store of provisions, such as Jove-trained kings might condescend to eat—

the assistance of Mr. George Long, Mr. Donaldson, and other well-known scholars, and published by Messrs. Taylor and Hessey. We do not pretend to have examined this Dictionary throughout; but the articles which we have consulted appear to us admirably done: they are terse in style, and pregnant, yet not cumbrously so, with accurate knowledge;—the best and latest authorities are constantly cited; even Mr. Mure is appealed to in some of the later articles; the slight illustrative engravings are numerous, well chosen, and well executed. It was a work much wanted, will be invaluable to the young student, and, as a book of reference, (it is a single handsome double-columned 8vo.) will be most acceptable on the library table of every scholar.

Ἐν δὲ γυνὴ ταμίην εἶτον καὶ οἶνον ἔθηκεν,
Ὅψα τε, οἷα ἔδοσαι διωρεφείης βασιλῆης—

But the second day's journey from Phæræ to Sparta is more difficult. The direct road, according to Mr. Mure, would lie over the loftiest, the most rugged summit of Taygetus. This line in his opinion would be impracticable for a carriage, even for the chariot of Nestor, though probably accustomed to rude encounters, even where the roads—as appears sometimes, at least in later times, to have been the case—were grooved for the wheels. At any rate, the ascent and descent would have occupied longer time. A more circuitous, yet more level road, practicable for a chariot, and now used as a bridle-road down into the plain of Elis, led over this bridge and through a lateral valley.

'There can, therefore,' observes Mr. Mure, 'be little doubt that this is the line of route which Homer makes Telemachus travel; and everything warrants the belief that the poet himself, if not his hero, may have passed over this very bridge. The distance to Calamata by this line may be about fifteen hours, or near forty miles; a long journey, no doubt, in such a country, but not probably beyond the force of a pair of steeds from the mews of the "Geranian horseman, Nestor."—Vol. ii., p. 254.

This journey of Telemachus, as usual in Homer, is very rapidly despatched. Whether up hill or down hill, the speed of the horses might seem to be unchecked—*τὰ δ' οὐκ ἔκοντε περίσθην*. Of the mountain-pass, whether more or less difficult, there is not a word—unless it is intimated on their arrival on the 'corn-bearing plain,' where they finished their course—

Ἴζον δ' εἰς πεδίον κυρηφόρον; ἔνθα δ' ἔπειτα
Ἦγον ὁδόν — *Odys.* iii. *sub fin.*

We revert to the order of Mr. Mure's journey, but reluctantly pass over his descriptions of many celebrated places—Delphi, Chæroneæ, Thebes, Platea. The manner in which these scenes, hallowed by such lofty associations, crowd upon the traveller, is thus strikingly brought before us:—

'We are habituated from our schoolboy days to consider as one of the most interesting features of the history of Greece the contrast between the narrow limits of the country and the boundless influence on the destinies of mankind; the surpassing glory that encircles not only the tiny land herself in her integrity, but many of her petty subdivisions; the number and celebrity of the great men she produced, and the magnitude of the events enacted on so confined a theatre. It is, however, only through the medium of a visit to the country that the full force of this reflection can be brought home to the

mind; when one actually sees clustered, within the ordinary distance of English market-towns from each other, the ruins of cities far better known to fame than many a mighty empire, with its countless myriads of square miles or of population. A ride of less than twelve hours, at a foot-pace, enabled us to visit at least four places of distinction in Homer's age, with an ease and rapidity which cannot be better represented than by the flowing lines in which he has recorded their names:—

—“Προῦνι τε πετρήσαν,
Κρίσαν τε ζῶπην, καὶ Δαυλίδα, καὶ Πανοπήν.”

“The rocky Delphi, Crissa the divine,
Daulis and Panopea.”

The three succeeding days would have sufficed a traveller more favoured by the elements than myself to traverse, with the same equipage, at the same pace—besides numerous other small states of less distinction—the territories of Thebes, Plataea, Eleusis, and Athens. Argos, Mycenæ, and Tiryns—the cities of Danaus, Hercules, Perseus, Agamemnon—with their colossal walls, bearing living testimony to the gigantic energies by which those heroes so well deserved the renown that still attends their names—are all within the compass of a pleasant day's walk to a tolerable pedestrian. The whole population of the state of Athens, in its best ages, is computed to have been about one-third of that of London; while the whole of that of Greece proper at the present day, which during eight years resisted the concentrated energies of the Mahomedan empire, is considerably less than that of Constantinople.—Vol. i., pp. 210, 211.

We proceed to Athens, where it is impossible any longer to preserve inviolate our classical reminiscences—where, between the enthusiastic student of antiquity and the shades of Themistocles, Socrates, and Demosthenes, arise the unidealized forms of King Otho, his ministers, and his German professors. Modern buildings, too, are springing up amid the sacred ruins of the great days of Athens; the commencement at least of a large marble palace confronts, though at respectful distance, the hallowed Acropolis, with its Parthenon and other majestic relics of antiquity. We are disposed to agree with Mr. Muir in the regret which he expresses that Athens was chosen to be the metropolis of the Græco-Bavarian kingdom. There is no inconsiderable danger in provoking the glorious reminiscences of the past. The new Rome, which was built upon, or, rather, by the side of the old, was still the mistress of the world: she ruled by another authority, she swayed the world by other arms; but, in fame, in wealth, in power, she was still the metropolis of the civilized nations: even as regards the arts, the Rome which

could build St. Peter's, might look without shame upon the ruins of the Coliseum.

But will not modern Athens appear like a foreign usurper, awakening unwelcome and humiliating thoughts of the Athens of old? She must crowd and choke up the venerable remains of antiquity by new and staring edifices; however skilfully she may adopt the style of Attic architecture, she will at best be but a tame and servile imitator: if she departs from it, all will become incongruous. The remains of the Periclean edifices will stand in their simple majesty as a perpetual reproof to rivals, which cannot surpass, and probably will scarcely aspire to equal them: at all events, there will be that constant jarring discordance between the two periods which will desecrate the older and more venerable, and disparage whatever real architectural merit may be attained by the new. Let us hear Mr. Muir's sober and dispassionate judgment:

‘The selection of Athens as the capital—a tribute partly to her pre-eminence in ancient history, partly, no doubt, to the number and beauty of her extant remains—was not probably in any point of view, the most fortunate that could have been made. That it was not so in either a political or military respect is a common, if not a universal, opinion among those best qualified to judge in such matters, upon grounds which it were foreign to our purpose to recapitulate. But to the antiquary or the artist the selection is still more to be deplored. At the conclusion of the war the whole area of the city was one heap of rubbish, strewn over the surface of a soil composed, in many places, perhaps, to the depth of thirty or forty feet, of fragments of ancient Athenian magnificence. There was never so favourable an opportunity offered on so favourable a spot for antiquarian discovery; and a well-conducted series of excavations, however slowly carried into effect, would not only have brought to light many treasures of ancient art, but have uncovered to a great extent the plan of the ancient city, its streets and principal edifices. Here the circumstances are far more propitious than in the waste grounds of Rome. In her case after the destruction of the old city, the inhabitants removed into the open space of the Campus Martius, and the ruins of their former habitations became, and have more or less remained ever since, a quarry for the materials employed in the construction of a large and splendid modern city. At Athens, on the other hand, as the buildings of the old city mouldered into ruins, the hovels of the modern town sprang up on the same site: and as the lightest materials were preferred in their construction, it is to be supposed that the more valuable remains of antiquity have been allowed to lie in a great measure undisturbed. The selection of Athens as the seat of government, followed up by the draft of a plan

for a new town, and the rapid spread of new structures over the portion of the ancient site where the noblest edifices were formerly accumulated, has permanently extinguished all hopes of profiting by these favourable circumstances. As regards the Acropolis it may further be remembered that the natural features of this rock have at all periods rendered its summit a dangerous position for the monuments that adorn it; and the wonder is, perhaps, how any portion of them should have survived the vicissitudes to which they have already been exposed. As long as the capital of the country surrounds its base—in spite of all the present schemes to convert it into a great museum of art—an Acropolis, in the military sense of the word, it must still remain. While Greece continues to enjoy the uninterrupted blessings of peace, the improvements of Signor Pittákys may continue to be successfully prosecuted; but should she, as can hardly fail to be the case at no very distant period, again become the theatre of war, foreign or domestic, the site of the Parthenon will probably be one of the first victims of its ravages. On the approach of an enemy, by sea or by land, it can hardly fail to become, if not the chosen stronghold of a faction, a place of refuge for persons and goods. Motives of public or personal security will then outweigh all considerations of taste and virtù; its museums and temples will afford, even in its present dismantled state, too convenient a material for its re-fortification; and will again be converted into magazines or bastions, and their valuables into weapons of defence.

‘The best mode of promoting the interests of Greek art, as concentrated around Athens, would have been to have made her, not the London or Paris, but the Windsor or Versailles of the new court. The seat of government might have been fixed at Nauplia, or in whatever other position was considered most central and convenient: Athens might have become the favourite villa or country residence of the sovereign. The town being then limited to such buildings as were requisite for the accommodation of his court, might have been so planned as to encroach as little as possible on the area of the ancient city, which would thus have been left as one extensive field for the prosecution of the most interesting of all researches.’—Vol. ii., pp. 74-76.

The late war, it is remarkable, seems hardly to have injured any of the great, or even of the smaller, monuments of antiquity:—

‘There is indeed nothing which conveys a more distinct idea of the excellence of the ancient masonry than the almost complete state of preservation in which we still find every fragment that existed at the commencement of the revolution, amid the total and often reiterated ruin of the surrounding modern edifices with which they were in many cases connected as integral parts, and in common with which they have been exposed to all the recent vicissitudes of fire, battery, bombardment, and wilful dilapidation. Yet there they stand, both at Athens

and elsewhere, each in its place, fresh and entire, as drawn by the last generation of travellers. I scarcely think I missed a single ruin, or even a single stone, noted by either Dodwell, Gell, or Leake, on our line of route, with the exception of such as have been carried off by antiquarian plunderers. During the various sieges of Athens at least 6000 cannon-shot or shells were aimed at the Acropolis; yet, by a strange enough fatality, the only very serious damage its building sustained, the fall of the porch of the Erechtheum, was caused, not by the shot, but by the precautions taken by Gouras, the chief of the garrison, to render it harmless. Having selected this edifice as his own quarters, he attempted to render it bomb-proof by heaping earth on its roof, which, after his own death, sinking beneath the weight, buried under its ruins his widow, so distinguished for her beauty and virtue, together with some of the principal ladies of Athens, who had sought the same place of refuge during the bombardment. In a large number of cases, indeed, the desolation of the war has been, in so far, beneficial to the present race of antiquaries by disencumbering ancient relics of the Turco-Greek habitations under which they were concealed. The successive sacks and sieges have here performed the same service, in stripping them of these unseemly appendages, as the aquafortis in cleansing the surface of a gem or vase from the filth with which it had been encrusted in its subterranean abode. Among the more pointed illustrations of these remarks may be quoted, in addition to this elegant monument [the Choric Monument of Lysicrates], which, from its diminutive size, tended more immediately to suggest them, the neighbouring Tower of Andronicus Cyrrhestes and the Doric Temple of Corinth. By reference to the old drawings of these remains it will be seen that, previous to the war, both were in a great measure encased in modern masonry. Both now stand in the centre of a considerable extent of free space.’—Vol. ii., pp. 93, 94.

If the Turks and Greeks had been better skilled in the arts of attack and defence, the result might not have been so favourable; and there is little security that future convulsions will be conducted with such feeble and ill-concerted measures. War has no æsthetic reverence for works of art—a chance bomb first made the fatal breach in the Parthenon, which had defied centuries of ordinary decay; and should the Acropolis ever endure a *civilized* battering, the subsequent traveller would speak gently enough of ‘antiquarian plunderers.’

We will hope indeed that these are but remote dangers; and we confess we look with more immediate apprehension on the questionable proceedings of restoration which have been adopted—and are, it seems, to be carried much farther—doubtless from the best of motives, by the present government. As yet these operations have been

confined to the Acropolis. There can be no doubt of the general propriety of the recent proceedings as far as regards disencumbering the ancient ruins on this spot from modern structures. Mr. Mure, however, pleads eloquently, and we think successfully, for one which forms a main feature in all the views of the Acropolis, the great square Frank tower on the southern side :—

‘ It is built almost entirely of solid blocks of marble, from the ruins of the Propylæa, or of other ancient buildings in the neighbourhood. While its materials, therefore, are the same, its masonry is also so compact and substantial, as to require a somewhat close examination before any great difference can be perceived between its style or merit and that of the contiguous works of the Periclean age. It forms, whether as seen from the interior of the Acropolis or the immediate environs, a great addition both to its dignity as a fortress, and to its picturesque beauty; and in the distance gives its whole outline a relief and effect which the other more classical edifices on its summit fail to impart. The ancient building on which it is erected, the right wing or bastion of the Propylæa, is confessedly but an unimportant constituent part of that edifice, being much smaller than the one on the opposite side, containing the Pinacothek; nor is there good reason to suppose that the materials of the tower itself comprise any valuable remains of antiquity. Under all these circumstances I cannot but think that its demolition would be an act of Gothic barbarism, little short of that of which its constructors may have been guilty in the robbery of the neighbouring buildings to procure materials for their work.’—*Vol. ii., p. 66.*

No one unquestionably can object to the reconstruction of the small Temple of Victory, which had *totally* disappeared since the days of Spon and Wheler, and which has been completely reposed from its old materials. The walls, the porticoes, the entablature, with its reliefs, belonging to a very perfect period of Grecian art, were found almost in a perfect state of preservation, and replaced with great skill :—the whole temple has re-appeared like a new edifice; its white marble columns and walls stand glittering in the sun with a splendour little short of that which they displayed when fresh from the chisels of their original constructors. Many fragments, likewise, of the Erechtheum have been disinterred and replaced, and to this there can be no objection, though we have great doubt as to the new Caryatids, which is in process of execution by a Swiss sculptor. But against the restoration of the Parthenon we enter our strongest protest; even if, and that is most improbable, the proportions of every restored part should

be perfect; even if time—and in that atmosphere it would require a very long time—should harmonize the new and the old work so as to soften away the patched and mended appearance; should the sculptures be copied by accurate casts from those in England and elsewhere—it will not, it cannot be the Parthenon of the Athenian republic; Signor Pyttakys cannot be Phidias, or King Otho—Pericles. All may look smooth and bright, and finished—the columns may stand in their ancient regularity, and a well-poised roof protect us from the weather—a marble pavement may be agreeable to the tread—but the temple in which Aristides, and Socrates, and Demosthenes worshipped is gone; the temple (let us revert to our own sacred associations) on which St. Paul gazed from the Areopagus is no more: we say nothing of the loss of the picturesque effect of the ruins—which Mr. Mure, looking upon their yet unviolated outlines, is so feelingly anxious to preserve; but we plead for all the deep and indelible associations, which are more to us even than the highest architectural majesty and beauty. That we should have the Parthenon as it was, is now impossible; but let us still indulge the undisturbed conviction that all which we do see belongs to the real, the Periclean, the Phidian Parthenon.

We are unwilling to leave the subject without some notice of the curious discoveries made in the excavations of the Acropolis, the legitimate spoils of which have already filled one museum, and require another. Of this museum Mr. Mure writes,—

‘ Among its more interesting contents are the architectural fragments of the old Hecatompedon or primitive Parthenon, destroyed by the Persians; which were found imbedded in the rubbish employed, after the completion of the new structure, to level the surrounding area. They are of stone, of not very fine quality, covered with stucco, on which the ornamental portions are painted of various colours, chiefly blue, red, and yellow.* There have also been discovered, similarly buried, numerous large blocks of marble, wrought and unwrought, among which are some colossal drums of columns, originally destined for the peristyle of the new temple, but

* No doubt most of our readers have seen some of the masterly drawings and paintings of Egyptian temples, &c., executed during a recent tour by Mr. Roberts, R. A. The splendid *colouring* of the pillars and interior walls of those edifices had not been seen with careless eyes by the old Greek travellers. We are glad to observe that Mr. Roberts is publishing a series of engravings from his delineations, both of these Egyptian remains and of the most interesting architectural monuments of the Holy Land; two numbers of the work have reached us, and most beautiful they are.

thrown aside from some defect in the material or the execution. A large portion of the rubbish in which they are imbedded consists of marble chippings, the same doubtless that once strewed the workshops of Ictinus and Phidias. From the midst of it have also been culled many of that minor class of relics, which, by their very homeliness, realize more effectually to the imagination the epoch from whence they have been preserved, and thus speak more directly and powerfully to the sympathies, than gigantic ruins or high-wrought works of finished art. Such are the fragments of the tools handled by the workmen, or even perhaps by the great masters themselves, to whom these precious models of the perfection of art are indebted for their existence; the lead pencils employed in sketching the design, the chisel and mallet in its execution; the wooden dovetails that connected the drums of the columns, and other contiguous blocks of the masonry of the Hecatompedon; pieces of charred wood, still fresh from the flames of the Persian conflagration; besides small bronze images and coeval fragments of the inferior departments of art.—Vol. ii., pp. 77, 78.*

We may here break off our account of Mr. Mure's observations on the antiquities of Greece, which we have kept as much as might be apart from other subjects, at the same time strongly recommending our readers to follow him in his Peloponnesian tour to Corinth, Argos, Mycenæ, Lacedæmon, and Olympia. Mr. Mure surveyed the existing state of things in this young kingdom, we have said, with dispassionate impartiality; our general impression of the measures of the government from his journal would not be altogether favourable, but he gives a striking summary of its peculiar difficulties. His general principle seems to be, that with its limited resources, the primary object should be to promote that which is clearly and practically useful, rather than to enter into larger and more magnificent schemes. He doubts the wis-

dom of making great roads, at very considerable cost, where there is no traffic, and where the communication of this kind does not seem to be demanded by public convenience. This, however, we cannot but think questionable censure. He is chiefly opposed, however, to the erection of the vast marble palace for the king, while the exigencies of the state are so considerable, and even the streets of Athens are unpaved, filthy, and inconvenient. We have an engraving of this palace, as the frontispiece of a work which we have received and read with much interest, though of course, as regards the opinions of the writer, not with entire and unquestioning confidence. We allude to Mr. Strong's official, and it should seem, authorised account of 'Greece as a kingdom.'* It presents the statistics of Greece from the government returns in as ample and various forms, though in a far more compendious shape, than that vast pile of blue books which annually accumulate on the floors of an English member of parliament, and over which Joseph Hume is brooding with parental solicitude. We are disposed to make some extracts from this work, which in a literary point of view is very well executed, in order to show, more clearly than we could from any other quarter, the actual state of things in the kingdom of Otho. The Grecian dominions, according to the boundaries finally established by the intervention of the great powers, contain 'in all 13,837.68 British geographical square miles—which are equal to about 12,000,000 acres; of these not one-ninth part is private property, by far the greater portion belonging to the state.'

'The following Tables will show the statistics. The figures represent stremas, one of which is 1000 square peeks, or as many French square metres.

* A Russian traveller of large fortune, M. Davidoff, who received part of his education in this country, and is now, we believe, in the diplomatic service of the Emperor Nicolas, published a few years ago in his own language a magnificent work on the remains of Greek Architecture, the engravings of which we can understand rather better than the text. These afford far minuter details of the actual working of the ancient builders and masons than can be found in any other work whatever. The section on the Parthenon is especially curious and valuable, and we are surprised it at least has not

been rendered accessible to the European public by a translation either into French or English.

* 'Greece as a Kingdom; or, a Statistical Description of that Country, from the Arrival of King Otho, in 1833, down to the present time. Drawn up from Official Documents and other Authentic Sources. Dedicated by express permission to His Majesty the King of Greece. By Frederick Strong, Esq., Consul at Athens for their Majesties the Kings of Bavaria and Hanover.' London, 1843.

No. 1.—*General Division of the Land.*

	Morea.	Continent.	Islands.	Total.
Mountain and rocks.....	5,000,000	5,000,000	5,967,226	15,967,226
Rivers and lakes.....	1,500,000	2,000,000	3,500,000
Forests.....	3,000,000	4,000,000	7,000,000
Arable land.....	11,436,409	8,171,949	300,000	19,908,358
Gardens.....	35,000	69,000	115,000	219,000
Vineyards.....	240,000	186,000	321,000	750,000
Currant plantations.....	14,440	2,120	16,560
Olive groves.....	12,551	21,455	7,604	41,610
Lemon and mulberry groves.....	260	116	110	486
Towns and villages.....	157,340	47,360	7,060	211,760
Total stremas.....	21,396,000	19,498,000	6,721,000	47,615,000

No. 2.—*Table of the Description of Land available for Cultivation.*

	Morea.	Continent.	Islands.	Total.
Arable land.....	11,436,409	8,171,949	300,000	19,908,358
Gardens, vineyards, &c.....	959,591	326,051	453,774	1,739,416
Total stremas.....	12,396,000	8,498,000	753,774	21,647,774

No. 3.—*Table of the Number of Stremas available for Cultivation.*

	Morea.	Continent.	Islands.	Total.
Cultivated.....	4,960,000	2,917,812	703,774	8,581,586
Not cultivated.....	7,436,000	5,580,188	50,000	13,066,188
Total stremas.....	12,396,000	8,498,000	753,774	21,647,774

No. 4.—*Table of cultivated Lands belonging to Government and Individuals.*

	Morea.	Continent.	Islands.	Total.
Government lands.....	4,000,000	2,018,020	50,000	6,068,020
Private property.....	960,000	699,792	653,774	2,513,566
Total stremas.....	4,960,000	2,917,812	703,774	8,581,586

No. 5.—*Table of uncultivated Lands belonging to Government and Individuals.*

	Morea.	Continent.	Islands.	Total.
Government lands.....	6,000,000	4,000,000	40,000	10,040,000
Private property.....	1,436,000	1,580,188	10,000	3,026,188
Total stremas.....	7,436,000	5,580,188	50,000	13,066,188

The number of inhabitants to the square (British) mile was, according to the census of 1836, in the Morea 63; on the continent 26; in the Islands 35. The total population had risen between the returns of 1836 and 1840, from 751,077 to 856,470. Mr. Mure gives the population at only 560,000 before the war, but thinks this a high estimate; he quotes however a government return in 1837, as giving 926,000: differing from Mr. Strong, whose returns show less than that amount in 1840. The population of Athens is 26,237, including the garrison, 1367, and foreigners, 3573. The price of provisions is tempting. We subjoin a few items. Beef, in British money, is 2½*d.* the British pound; mutton, 2½*d.* Vegetables are very cheap; and the fruit, apricots, figs, and even peaches, are cheaper than apples and pears, at 1*d.* or 1½*d.* To return to the population: throughout the kingdom the small number of illegitimate children speaks favourably for the state of morality in Greece. In several entire provinces there are none at all, in others only one or two. The proportion is considerably less than 1 per cent. on the whole amount of births. The climate appears unfavourable to the rearing of children. One-half of the deaths take place at a very tender age. Teething appears to be a very difficult process.

As to the constitution, the king is a monarch in the highest sense, and considering the large proportion of the land which is in the actual possession of the state, it is impossible to conceive authority more fully vested in the sovereign. He is assisted by a council of state, now consisting of about twenty members nominated by himself. The whole territory is divided into communes (*Δημοί*) of three classes: 1st, containing a population of 10,000 and upwards: 2d, from 2,000 to 10,000; 3d, of less than 2000.

The communes of the first class are governed by a mayor (*Δημαρχος*), forty-six aldermen (*Παρεδροί*), and a municipal council (*Δημοτικόν Συμβούλιον*) of eighteen members. In the smaller communes there is a *Δημαρχος*, but proportionably fewer aldermen and a less numerous council. The demarchos is the 'great unpaid;' his office is purely honorary; he receives no salary, and has no exemption from public imposts: he is guaranteed, however, the expenses of his office. He administers with the advice and assistance of his *Παρεδροί* and council, the whole local government of the district. All the municipal officers are elected by the commune. The privilege of election is, with some restrictions, in all male inhabitants above twenty-

five years of age. Before they poll they take a bribery-oath, which we are bound to insert, partly as a specimen of the current official language, partly as it may afford some hint to Mr. Roebuck in his Catonian plans to *restore* the immaculate virtue of our ten-pound voters. If it were administered in its original Greek among the constituencies of Sudbury, Harwich, or Ipswich, could its awful sounds be without effect?—

Ὁρκίζω εἰς τὴν Ὑπερῶν καὶ Ἀδιαίρετον Τριάδα καὶ εἰς τὰ Ἱερὰ Ἐὐαγγέλιον, ὅτι θέλω δώσει τὴν Ψῆφόν μου κατὰ συνείδησιν, καὶ ἔχω πρὸ ὀφθαλμῶν μόνον τὰ πρὸς τὸν Βασιλέα μου, πρὸς τὴν Πατρίδα, καὶ πρὸς τὸν Λέγον μου χρεὶν, ἐλευθερὸς ἀπὸ πάσαν ξένην ἐπιρροήν, κατ' ἰδίαν μου πεποιθὲν, καὶ ὅτι δὲν ἰδέχθη, οὔτε θέλω δεχθῆ ποτε εἰς τοῦτο δῶρα ἢ ὑποσχέσεις ἡμέτερας ἢ ἐπείσεως.

'I swear by the Most Holy and Undivided Trinity, and the Holy Gospels, to deliver my vote conscientiously, and with due regard to my king, my country, and my commune, to the best of my conscience, independently and free of any foreign influence; and further, that I have not received, nor will I ever receive, any money, present, or bribe from any one whatsoever, either directly or indirectly, for the purpose of influencing me in my vote.'

Every commune is responsible for the acts of violence and of robbery committed within its jurisdiction. It is bound to the restitution of property, and to indemnify persons wounded by violence, or, in case of their death, their wives and families. Some of Mr. Mure's adventures, and others which he relates, intimate pretty clearly that this law has not yet been found quite effective to correct the kleptic or *heroic* habits of centuries.

Commerce and agriculture, but chiefly the latter, must be the conservative, or rather the civilizing, elements of modern Greece. On the commerce, as well as on all other points, the work of Mr. Strong affords ample details: we will only observe that the mercantile navy of Greece, according to the returns, exhibits a progressive increase in the total of the tonnage employed in commerce. In 1841 it amounted to 111,201 tons, employing 18,609 mariners. The number of persons employed solely in agriculture is about 100,000, being nearly one-half of the male (adult?) and about one-eighth of the total population of the kingdom. But though possessing such an extent of fertile and uncultivated land, Greece still imports corn, chiefly from the ports of the Black Sea. The two great practical defects in Grecian agriculture are, the awkwardness of their implements, which have hardly improved

since the days of Hesiod,* and the want of cattle to work the ground—in other words, of capital. Mr. Gropius, the Austrian Consul, once said to Mr. Strong, that if the Bavarian government would send into Greece a couple of thousand of oxen, it would benefit the country more than twice as many bayonets. 'Greece,' says Mr. Strong, 'could easily find room for five millions of inhabitants, and furnish food for them all.' Mr. Strong, indeed, looks forward to fill up this want of cultivators in proportion to the productive capabilities of the country, not merely by the regular increase of the native Greek population, but by extensive immigration.

'The tide of emigration, from the over-peopled states of Northern Europe, has for many years flowed towards America; latterly, it has taken a turn in the direction of Australia, but, by and by, it may alter its course, and set in towards the shores of Greece, which offers many inducements to colonists. In the first place, the fineness and salubrity of its climate render a house almost superfluous for nine months of the year, and the settlers, on their arrival in the spring, might, without any hardship, live in tents till they had finished their agricultural labours for the season, and then be able to construct their habitations, for which there is abundance of materials, before the commencement of the periodical rains. Secondly, they would not have to encounter such difficulties as meet them in North America, of clearing the ground by incalculable labour, felling tree by tree, and then digging out the roots; but on the first day of their arrival in Greece, by setting fire to the shrubs and bushes, they could clear as much land as they require, and commence ploughing the next morning. The only beasts of prey they would find would be the harmless jackals, which, at the utmost, might make a midnight attempt on their poultry. Lastly, they would find every facility afforded them by the government. All religions are freely tolerated;† and foreign colonists, coming to Greece with the intention of purchasing land and establishing themselves in the kingdom, enjoy the privilege of importing free of duty, &c. &c. &c. Strong, p. 164.

(Here follows a *schedule*.)

A third great impediment, however, to the more successful cultivation of Greece

* We may here refer to the new 'Dictionary of Antiquities' already noticed, for a series of articles on the agricultural operations and implements of the Greeks and Romans, executed with remarkable care, and illustrated by most curious engravings.

† The Greek Church has declared itself independent of the Patriarch of Constantinople. The old love of controversy has already revived: we have seen several theological publications, of small compass indeed, printed at Athens in ancient Greek, on the whole not discreditable in style: one on the question of 'Mixed Marriages,' which has already begun to agitate the community.

is the want, or rather the partial distribution, of water. The catabothra, or emissaries, among the most curious and gigantic works of ancient Greece, and to which some attention was paid by the Turks, are now completely choked up, and vast plains of the most fertile land are become stagnant marshes, or the beds of shallow lakes. If land should rise in demand, the government, by a wise, even if costly, expenditure, on the cleansing out and restoring these vast drains, would no doubt amply repay themselves in the end for such an outlay. We quote Mr. Strong's observations on this emissary of the Lake Copais, as well on its own account, as for the passage which follows relating to the general change in the watercourses of the country since the flourishing days of Greece.

'That Lake Copais might be drained, there can be no reasonable doubt; the only difficulty would be to furnish the pecuniary means. Crates of Chalcis, an eminent hydraulic engineer in the time of Alexander the Great, perforated an artificial channel through the mountains, of sufficient size to admit of the passage of the waters, though increased by the winter rains, which were thus carried off into the sea, the mouth of this artificial channel being opposite the island of Eubœa. The length of the conduit was about an English mile; and in order to clean it in case of its becoming obstructed, upwards of forty vertical shafts were sunk at different stations from the surface of the mountain through which it passed, so as to permit of easy access to the part where the stoppage existed.

'This magnificent work is now completely choked up, but the vertical shafts still exist and the whole might be cleared out, and thus drain the extensive plain of Copais. The inundations are very gradual. The water begins to rise in the winter, after the fall of the first rains, not with the boisterous impetuosity of an Alpine mountain torrent, tearing up trees and destroying houses, but so gently as to be almost imperceptible; and an ancient Hellenic causeway, which is annually submerged, appears again periodically without any visible damage or alteration, though one half the year under water.

'But the clearing out of the subterranean water-courses though the most efficacious and radical, are not the only means to be adopted; for as the water which covers the greatest part of the country is only about a couple of feet deep, a solid wall of not more than three feet in height would protect many thousands of acres from inundation, the waters of which are now only carried off and exhaled in the summer, when it is too late to cultivate the land.

'There is no doubt that in Greece the appearance of the country has changed most materially during the last twenty or thirty centuries; and though the positions of mountains and rivers remain the same, even their aspect must have undergone a complete change. Herodotus says that the Athenians hunted bears in the forests on Mount Lycabettus, where now there is

scarcely a shrub to be found a foot high. From other writers we know that Hymettus, Pentelicon, and Parnassus were covered with forests to their summits. They now present the appearance of skeletons of mountains, bare rocks without any vegetation, or only producing a few stunted trees, whose roots seek in vain for nourishment among the soilless crevices. The trees which formerly covered these mountains having died away by degrees, the soil kept together by their roots, and increased by the decomposition of their leaves, has, in the course of time, been washed down by the heavy periodical rains into the valleys, the level of which has, no doubt, considerably risen, as is abundantly proved by many antique ruins having been discovered in digging the foundations of modern houses. In the plain of Olympia the pedestals of the columns of the Temple of Jupiter, which have lately been discovered, are nearly twenty feet below the present surface of the ground.

'That the rivers have shared the same fate is also easily proved. The Cephissus, for instance, has dwindled down to a little stream, not sufficient for irrigating the gardens in the plain of Attica; and yet, at one time, it was so deep as to form a barrier to the progress of Xerxes and his whole army, who, not being able to cross it, encamped upon its banks. The classical Ilyssus is now quite dry, though the buttresses of the magnificent bridge which connected the Athenian side of the river with the Stadium still exist, showing that the span of the arch was fifty feet; and, judging by appearances, the depth of water must have been at least twelve or fourteen feet. At Sparta are still to be seen the iron rings inserted in the stones forming the quays of the Eurotas, formerly used for the purpose of making fast the galleys. The water in that river now does not reach to the knee in any part; and the Inachus, which was formerly navigable up to Argos, is a dry torrent-bed except during the rainy season.'—*Strong*, pp.167, 169.

Artesian wells are proposed to remedy this defect, but the Greeks, according to Mr. Strong, are ignorant even of the common pump.

All such improvements, of course, must depend on the finances of the country. We find, however, from the abstract of income and expenditure, that there was in 1840—for the first time indeed—but still, if we may trust the figures, in that year, the last of which we have the financial statement, there was a surplus of \$19,770 dollars. The revenue shows a regular and progressive increase, the expenditure appears to diminish. This, with the large and gradually available fund which the state possesses in the property of the soil, might offer, under prudent yet wisely speculative management, resources proportionately more hopeful than those of most European kingdoms.

For the rest of the details of the army,

and church establishment of Greece we must content ourselves with a general reference to Mr. Strong's book—not without rendering our thanks for the information afforded us.

When, indeed, we throw off the archæologist—when we consider Greece, not merely as a sacred treasure-house of the monuments and of the lofty reminiscences of antiquity, but look upon it as taking its place, however humble, in the great federation of European nations—we think that, as a Christian power, in its peculiar position, it may become of greater political importance than many may be at present disposed to allow. In this small kingdom a great man might, we think, at least lay the foundation of great things. If, by a wise and paternal administration, he could at the same time people the deserted fields, and cultivate them to their height; if, while thus fully developing the national resources, he could create a national spirit; if, confining her military expenditure to the defence of the country, Greece were to aspire gradually to become what nature seems to have destined her for, in her limited waters, and what she was in the palmy days of Athens, a maritime power, she might gradually grow in consideration. And when the time comes, as come it apparently must, sooner or later—when changes take place, in at least the European dominions of Mahometanism—when the waning Crescent may be compelled to retire to its native Asia—it might be convenient to have a small, indeed, but flourishing and well-governed Christian state, whose frontiers might be advanced without danger to the balance of Europe; and which, strong, not in her own strength, but in that of the great powers of Europe, who might find it their interest to put her forward, might receive accession of territory, of which no one could be jealous; and obtain by common consent a part of those spoils which might otherwise give rise to interminable wars.

But if Greece is to arrive at this glorious destiny, its sceptre must be wielded with a firm and vigorous hand; and whether it is now, or is likely to be, so wielded, is a question on which we must, at present at least, decline to enter. The scattered intelligence which reaches us seems by no means altogether of propitious omen; yet some highly intelligent countrymen of our own have of late, after deliberate examination, established their families in the capital of King Otho.

ART. VI.—1. *Report of the Commissioners for Inquiring into the Condition of Children employed in Mines, &c., with two Appendices of Evidence.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. 3 vols. Folio, pp. 2022. London, 1842.

2. *History of Fossil Fuel, the Coal-trade and Colliers, &c.* London. 8vo. 1841. Second Edition.

3. *Speech of Lord Ashley in the House of Commons on the 7th June, 1842, on moving for leave to bring in a Bill to make Regulations respecting the Age and Sex of Children and Young Persons employed in Mines and Collieries.* London. 8vo. pp. 58.

ON this our fair Earth, with its canopy of air and cincture of waters, the prying mind of man observes a host of animated forms, which, with every apparent capacity for liberty and power of change, seem each in its kind to be tethered to its own region by invisible influences of such potency that to transgress them is to die. A certain zone is allotted to each of the four-footed races—a certain range and altitude to the bird—and a certain stratum of waters to the finny tribe; the surface and the caverns of the ocean have each their inhabitants, ever embraced by the same common element, yet ever remaining strangers to each other. Something of the same complexity and economy is visible in the ordering of that great moral universe, which is made visible here through the agency of men—who, whatever may be the capacity of the individual for intellectual advancement, has his brotherhood with his humbler companions of earth; and, like them, is chained to those regions where he can alone procure the conditions of physical existence. Practically, we always find, and have ever found, large sections of our race exhibiting grades and differences of action and suffering; so that we are compelled to acknowledge that that which is to sustain and perfect the social fabric, considered as a whole, is not one in form and shape—not found in one spot—but scattered over the earth—acquired by a variety of efforts under varying circumstances, but everywhere, and under all its varieties, taxing all the faculties of mind and body in the individual, that the great destinies of the race may be fulfilled.

Here, however, the parallel between the physical world and the social ceases. The author of both has ordained, in the former, that so long as each tribe of animals plays its appointed part, so essential to the great organism of nature, all its ca-

pacities for enjoyment shall be satisfied. To man alone he has entrusted the perilous duty of guarding his own happiness. Labour for sustenance is his lot, in common with all flesh; variety in the kind, and intensity in the degree of labour, is a necessary inheritance, on which the very existence of the social and moral system hinges. But whether or not he shall vindicate, in the midst of this, his noble nature and destinies, depends greatly upon himself, and also in no small degree on the society in which his lot is cast.

Here, by three ponderous folios, we have disclosed to us—in our own land, and within our own ken—modes of existence, thoughts, feelings, actions, sufferings, virtues, and vices, which are as strange and as new as the wildest dreams of fiction. The earth seems now for the first time to have heaved from its entrails another race, to astonish and to move us to reflection and to sympathy.

Here we find tens of thousands of our countrymen living apart from the rest of the world—intermarrying—having habits, manners, and almost a language, peculiar to themselves—the circumstances surrounding their existence stamping and moulding mind and body with gigantic power. The common accidents of daily life are literally multiplied to this race of men a hundred-fold; while they are subject to others which have no parallel on earth. It is not, then, a matter for wonder that their minds should borrow from the rocks and caverns they inhabit something of the hardness of the one and something of the awful ‘power of darkness’ of the other; and that their hearts and emotions should exhibit the fierceness of the elements amidst which they dwell.

It is mainly to Lord Ashley, who has headed this great movement for the moral improvement of the working classes, that we are indebted for these volumes, issued apparently for the purpose of letting the public know the true condition of the mining population, and so forcing, by the weight of opinion and individual co-operation, society at large to attempt an amelioration.

The legislature of past years has undoubtedly been to blame in taking no cognizance of such a state of things as is now exhibited. But are they blameless who employ these men, and reap the benefit of labours which have induced a premature old age in their service? Have they, with so much in their power, fulfilled their duties—have they considered how to strengthen the connection of the master and the hireling by other ties than those of gain? Has our Church, clerical and lay, been diligent in civilizing

these rough natures? Have proprietors, enriched by the development of minerals, enabled the Church to increase her functionaries in proportion to the growth of new populations? These are questions which must be asked, and answered, before the burden of change is laid on a few, which should be borne by many. We feel that this benefit must be conferred by all; and the power of the state must be propped by the self-denial of the owner—and the mild, untiring energies of the Church must be aided by the kindly influences of neighbourhood—before it can be hoped that such a race as the miners can be brought to abandon their rooted prejudices and brutal indulgences. Living in the midst of dangers—and on that account supplied with higher wages, and with much leisure to spend them—they unite in their characters all that could flow from sources which render man at once reckless and self-indulgent—a hideous combination, when unleavened by religion and the daily influences of society—little likely to be removed by Acts of Parliament alone, and never if Acts of Parliament find none but official hands to aid in enforcing them.

It is essential, before we attempt a rapid sketch of the lives of the hewers of coal, that the reader should establish in his own mind some standard by which to test their actual condition; for a very unjust estimate will be found if he forgets to divide what is from what is not essential to their lot. Each and every profession and calling has its dangers, which are peculiar to it, and to a certain degree inseparable from it; and hence the comparison must not be made between one class and another, so much as between what each class is, and what it ought to be.

There are many states more deadly than that of the miner, and very many where the amount of poverty and suffering is at least equal, if not greater. The army, in the discharge of its ennobling duties at home and abroad exhibits a greater mortality. Many sections of our artisans and manufacturers are in these respects fully as deeply smitten—luxury and pampering send as many to the workhouse as privation and want. In the economy of the universe, life seems of infinitely small account, as compared with duties discharged: these have no direct reference to time, but to that duration of which time is but a fragment; these are as compatible with fewness of years as with length of days—and the award is pronounced to be not more for him who has toiled the whole day in the moral vineyard, than for them who had the opportunity of labouring but one hour.

The simple test of each man's condition is whether he has all that is requisite for the due discharge of his duties in the sphere in which his lot is cast. 'Are his moral and physical energies duly fostered and directed? or are they abused and clouded by the insatiable avarice of those who employ him, crushed by their power, or converted from a service of freedom to slavery?' Let us take this criterion, and judge.

The moment that a new colliery is to be won (*i. e.* established), the face of the country is changed—numerous ugly cottages spring up like a crop of mushrooms—long rows of waggons, laden with ill-assorted furniture, are seen approaching, and with them the pitmen and their families. This is the signal for the departure of the gentry, unless they are content to remain amidst 'the offscouring of a peculiar, a mischievous, and unlettered race,' (p. 519, App. 1.) to see their district assume a funereal colour—'black with dense volumes of rolling smoke,' and echoing with the clatter of endless strings of coal-waggons.

Thus, morally and physically insulated, the collier becomes gregarious and clanish, and is rarely seen by any save those who traffic with him. A stranger, to obtain a view, must go for the express purpose, and at some hour either before they descend or when they emerge from the pit, when he cannot fail to be struck with the gaunt and sinewy form, the black grisly aspect, and peculiar costume of this singular race, who stalk across the fields, clothed in a short jacket and trousers of flannel, with a candle stuck in the hat, and a pipe in the mouth.

A more intimate knowledge of his peculiarities is a difficult task, requiring much tact and a circuitous approach. 'A prominent feature of his character,' says a commissioner, 'is deep-rooted suspicion of his employer—his master (he thinks) can have no desire to benefit him: a trait which has arisen from the practice of the proprietor rarely being the worker of the mine; while the lessee has little interest in common with the men beyond the bond by which he is to obtain the most return of labour for the least expenditure. The lessee contracts with the 'butty' or *vieuwer*, to bring up the coal; and he and his 'doggy'* hire the gang of pitmen, furnish them with tools, pay their wages and superintend their work.

The entrance to most mines is by means

* This is the sobriquet given to the foreman by a race who are individually better known to each other by similar appellations, than by their proper names.

of a well or shaft, varying in diameter from seven to fifteen feet, the sides of which ought to be, and generally are, lined with wood, iron, or brickwork, for a certain extent. They are of amazing depths in the region of the Tyne—and comparatively shallow in Staffordshire and Yorkshire. The shaft of Monkwearmouth Colliery would contain the Monument eight times piled on itself. Up and down this shaft the men are daily sent by means of machinery; each journey averaging from two to three minutes in the profound mine just mentioned; while in shallower shafts, of 600 feet, about a hundred men can be let down in one hour. The sensations in a similar attempt by a stranger are described as awful. The motion as the 'skip' (or basket of four) descends, is not in itself disagreeable—the light diminishing gradually until there is total darkness: when arrived at the bottom, 'all that could be seen of the heavens up the shaft seemed to be of the size of a sugar-basin' (p. 8)—and this in a comparatively shallow mine. And now a new world is opened:—there are roads branching out for miles in every direction, some straight, broad, and even, others undulating and steep, others narrow, propped by huge pillars; the whole illuminated, and exhibiting black, big-boned figures, half-naked, working amid the clatter of carriages, the incessant movements of horses, the rapid pace of *hurriers*, the roar of furnaces, and the groaning and plunging of steam-engines. Perhaps in no community is there such an amount of restless and violent muscular activity—and it is literally incessant; for though the main body of workers ascend daily, still the economy of the mine requires constant superintendence on the spot. The community consists of men and boys—and, in some, of women—horses, and asses. Rats and mice find their way in the provender; and cats are brought down to keep these in check. The cricket is chirping everywhere; the midge, and sundry varieties of insects, are found. The chief, if not the sole, of the vegetable tribes, are fungi, such as mushrooms, which multiply near the manure.

The temperature of these regions is always warm, and in many mines oppressively hot, so that, even when there is no particular exertion, abundant perspiration flows from the body: this accounts for the nudity of the miner; who, however, in well-ventilated mines, is very sensible of the changes in the atmosphere above-ground. There is great variety in the ac-

commodations, and we request the reader to bear this constantly in mind. Where the seam of coal is large, as in Staffordshire, the underground works are such as to afford every facility of movement and posture, while, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, one of the sub-commissioners describes his exploration of some of the passages in words betokening a very lively reminiscence of his journey: 'I had to creep on my hands and knees the whole distance, the height being barely 20 inches, and then I went still lower on my breast, and crawled like a turtle to get up to the headings.' In others, Mr. Scriven was 'hurried,' *i. e.* pushed, by a miner, on a flat board mounted on four wheels, or in a corve (*i. e.* basket) 'with his head hanging out over the back, and his legs over the front, in momentary anticipation of being scalped by the roof, or of meeting with a broken head from a pendant rock.' These passages are of great length; for 'at the Booth Pit (he says) I walked, rode, and crept 1800 yards to one of the nearest faces.' (App. II. p. 62.) In many pits the drainage is bad, so that the men work in water—which in some is brackish—and in the Monkwearmouth Colliery produces boils on the skin of freshmen. There is, or ought to be, a most careful system of ventilation, otherwise the whole community are in imminent peril; and this is effected by means of another shaft placed within a short distance of the first, and connected with it by a passage, in shallow mines; or by dividing the longer shaft of the deeper ones into two or three perpendicular segments, and keeping up a large fire in one, so that the rarefied air in this sucks up the colder air which descends the others, and is made by means of doors to go into every part of the mine before it makes its exit. Thus the noxious gases—carbonic acid, or 'choke-damp'—and the carburetted hydrogen or wild-fire—'fire-damp,' 'sulphur'—are diluted and carried off. The generation of these gases is, in the northern mines, incessant and rapid, so that one ventilating door neglected for five minutes is sufficient to cause an explosion. (App. I., p. 125.) Such is the habitation for twelve hours of each day—therefore, for half the years of his life—of the miner. Everything is adverse to him. His own ignorance and vice—too often the avarice of his employer—the light—which in winter is darkness to him from Sunday to Sunday—earth, air, fire, and water combine, and are ready to burst the chains which art has forged for them, and overwhelm him in the twinkling

of an eye;—nevertheless, one Commissioner says—

‘The assemblage at dinner which is in a large hall cut out in the coal, is the most lively, uproarious, and jovial I have ever seen.’—p. 9.

And another:—

‘Certainly, the miners are a set of brave men. As a class, the collier is exceedingly reckless and foolhardy.’

Let us now obtain a general idea of the miner at his work, as represented by several of the Sub-commissioners. The *coal-viewer* is the chief man of the colliery: as his duties consist in planning and conducting the great operations of the mine, he is supposed to be a person of great talents and acquirements as an engineer; and therefore entitled to the distinguished position he holds in society. The *under-viewer* has to settle and superintend the accounts of the work-people.

The overmen and deputy-overmen may be said to be the mining police—watchers over the due discharge of the work and the safety of the mine. The overman has risen from the lowest stations of his craft, by talent and conduct, to his present situation, yielding perhaps 100*l.* a year. His is the general superintendence of the pit, while the deputy-overmen, his lieutenants, see that his orders are carried into effect; the latter measure off the quantity of work to each hewer: to the ‘putter,’ or lad who removes what has been hewed, they assign the number of ‘tubs,’ to be taken from this or that hewer; they make out the accounts of the work of men and boys, and pay on reckoning days; they are distributed over various parts of the mine during the working hour for the purpose of ordering and controlling. It is their duty when the main body of workmen have left the mine after their day’s work, to see that all is right in the pit; to move the proppings and timbers, so as to ensure safety from falling in of the roof, &c., &c. At one o’clock in the morning the overman himself goes down to ascertain that the deputies have done their duty, and that the state of the noxious gas is safe.

The *trapper*, a child of eight years of age, awakened by his mother at half-past two A. M., puts on his clothes by the ever-blazing fire of a collier’s cottage, fills his tin bottle with coffee, and starts with a lump of bread for the pit:—he is let down the shaft, and walking in the bowels of the earth for more than a mile along the horse-way, he reaches the *barrow-way*, used by the young men and boys who push their trams with the tubs on rails to the *flats*—a debateable land, where the horse and bar-

row ways meet, and where the coals are transferred to the ‘rolley,’ or horse-carriage, to be ultimately delivered at the shaft by means of the quadruped, instead of the biped who had hitherto brought them from the hewer. The child takes his place on one of the barrow-ways, in a small hole scooped out for him of the size of a chimney-nook: his duty is to sit by the side of the ‘door or trap,’ which closes the way, and to open it the moment he hears the *putter* running up his tub: for twelve hours he squats down with the door-string in his hand, without light, and without daring to move from the spot. ‘He sits solitary, and has no one to talk to him, for in the pit the whole of the people, men and boys, are as busy as in a sea-fight.’ His father may have given him for the first week or two a candle, but the boy’s daily wages of tenpence is soon not thought enough to spare three-half-pence for light. He may take to his coffee-bottle and bread, but should he fall asleep, a smart cut with the ‘yard-wand’ from a deputy-overman never fails to rouse him—a mild punishment as compared with that which the putter would have inflicted had he found the door closed, and his tram stopped: ‘*I got my hammers twice,*’ means, I was twice so beaten. (App. I., p. 583.) Thus the young creature soon learns practically that on him depend the lives of the whole community; on the closing of the door the ventilation of the mine hinges. At four o’clock a cry of ‘loose, loose!’ is shouted down the shaft, and carried on by signal voices for ‘many miles’ through the roads and passages to the very extremity of the mine. The trapper hears it, but must wait until the last putter has passed with his tram, and then he pursues his journey to the foot of the shaft, waits his turn for ascent, and returning to his father’s cottage, finds a dinner of potatoes and bacon, a large fire, and, it is hoped, a quiet home; he is then thoroughly washed in hot water and put to bed. He avoids a game with his coevals, lest he should fall asleep the next day at his trap. The *Saturday* after ‘pay-Friday’ is a holiday at the pit, which is spent by him in sleep till nine, and then in picking up horse-manure on the high-ways for his father’s garden. Sunday is, in many places at least, devoted to his school, and to his church, to his walk with his playmates, and to his ‘good dinner,’ and his bed; and then comes Monday and the pit. After a few years he is promoted *honoris causa*, from the barrow to the horse-way, where he now keeps the trap—but without additional pay. The doors on the roley-way being heavier, re-

quire an increase of strength, supplied to him by increase of years. He is now more out of the way of the 'yard wand;' instead of which, any laxity or sleepiness is visited by a slash from the driver's thong—or, in the event of remonstrance or impertinence, a blow from his fist.

In the course of time the trapper becomes himself a *driver*. He now descends the shaft at four A. M., and finds his horse ready caparisoned for him by the horse-keeper; so that he has only to hook him to the carriage or rolley, and to attach two similar machines to the first; 'rejoicing in his horse, his carriage, his whip, and, most of all, in the candle by his side,' he starts to the termination of the horseway, where he is to receive loaded tubs from the 'putter:' these he mounts on his 'rolleys,' and, thus charged, he delivers them at the shaft: should he meet an empty train the driver must give way to him; or should he find a sleeping trapper, he luxuriates in his new-born power.' (App. I., p. 131.) So is his first journey made; but before the day's work is over he will have thus traversed about 30 miles of ground, sitting on the limber of his rolley.

The *driver* in time becomes a '*putter*,' a signal promotion in every way—his position in honour and emolument being greatly enhanced—his salary depending on his exertions, and his rank next to that of the *hewer*. He arrives with the drivers and trappers, at the same early hour in the morning, and takes his tram, or small four-wheeled sledge, on which he places the empty tub, and proceeds to the spot indicated by the deputy-overman, where a '*hewer*,' who has already been working two hours, has collected a heap of coal. By his help the tub is soon filled with six cwt.—the whole weight of carriage and all now being eight cwt., he has to 'hurry' or 'put'

this to the 'flats,' or junction between the horse and barrow ways; and this is accomplished by his pushing forward, flinging himself into an elongated and stooping posture—both for the sake of the purchase and power he thereby gains, and to get through these galleries of three or four feet high without scalping himself: sometimes he pushes with his head—which he first pads by stuffing his 'loggers,' or footless stockings, into his cap. Every tub is marked down by the young man at the flats; and his rank and his profit urge his exertions: he has no time to eat. The hewer has had two hours' start of him, and is away early, leaving him alone to fill his own tub and do his own work: in his absence he holds the first rank among the workers in the mine. At last the signal is given, and 'Loose, loose!' being heard, the putter walks to the shaft, waits his turn, may have a word or two with the 'onsetter,' who loads the 'cage' or 'basket' for ascent, and soon finds himself at home, washed to the waist, and seated before his plentiful meal of potatoes and bacon. The exertions he has made secure speedy sleep, from which he is roused only by the 'callman's' rap at his window, to begin the duties of another day. His wages depend on the distance he goes and the number of tubs he brings. If the tram be 90 yards—as ascertained by the deputy-overman's 'yard wand'—to and fro is one journey. When he performs this twenty-one times he scores 16d., having traversed 2 miles and 260 yards. If the putter is not equal to the tram he has an assistant or 'half-marrow; if he needs less aid he takes 'a foal,' or small boy, as helper, and the wages are proportionably divided. In some districts there is an abstract sort of a miner, who is portioned into eight parts, (p. 157) thus;

A boy of 10 years is two eighths, and earns	10s. per month.
" 13 years is three-eighths	" 15s. "
" 15 years is one-half,	" 20s. "
A girl at 16 years is one-half,	" 20s. "
A boy at 18 years is three-fourths,	" 30s. "

The *hewer* or *koler* is generally twenty-one years of age or upwards. He goes to the pit at two in the morning, having breakfasted, and learns from the deputy-overman what is to be done. He strips to the waist in some mines, but in others, even where women and girls are employed, he works quite naked. Some 'undergo,' that is, begin excavating, by squatting on their hams: while in other places they lie on their backs or sides, and fling in their whole weight into

the blow they strike with their 'pick:' to bring down the harder mass they use gunpowder and a drill. When he has worked about two hours the 'putters' come to clear away the coal: he must be careful that the tub is full measure, or he forfeits it; also that there is nothing but coal in it, or he is fined; finally, he appends an iron ticket to each tram, that his work may be put to his credit. He has usually done his day's work by eleven; and he has to find his powder

his picks, and his candles, so that, with these expenses and his fines, he earns about 50*l.* a year (in the Durham Districts.)

Besides these chief inhabitants of the mines there are masons, and carpenters, and furnace-men; in a word, this subterranean world must be as complete in itself as a ship-of-war. A father with his three sons can earn 2*l.* 10*s.* a-week; his own labour as hewer will average 23*s.*; the putter will earn 20*s.*; the rolley driver 7*s.*, and the trapper 5*s.*: besides which he has a certain quantity of coals brought to his door, and the rent of his cottage is trifling.

We have seen how rapidly a collier village springs up, and, according to one commissioner, how speedily the houses of the neighbouring gentry become untenanted; but another (Dr. Mitchell) thinks the tall chimneys of the coal-works enhance the beauties of the plains of Warwickshire; and certainly no one who has once witnessed the glowing furnaces, as seen in the depths of night, will easily forget the sight. The village community consists of colliers, venders of beer, and small dealers exclusively. The cottages are whitewashed and plastered, and the roof slated. The degree of neatness within is of course dependent on the individual; but there are abundant descriptions which bear testimony to the virtue of cleanliness, towards which the large coal-fire and hot water are great helps. These villages are of course run up at a minimum of expense by the landlord, and therefore are seldom picturesque. Even in an agricultural district a collier's cottage may be readily known by a heap of rubbish and filth without, and a fierce bulldog within doors.

In such a village Dr. Mitchell enumerates a population of 5000 souls, with thirty beer-shops, but without a church or chapel, save the meeting-house of the indefatigable Wesleyan, who, let it be noted, has hitherto been in many of these regions the only Protestant missionary.

'The Methodists,' says Mr. Leifchild, 'have chiefly, and in several instances exclusively, undertaken the charge of providing religious instruction in the collieries. Considerable moral amelioration has ensued through their agency, for which they merit, and have received from nearly all parties their meed of praise.'—*Report on Northumberland and North Durham*. App. I., p. 533.

Romanism in many, though not in all, parts of its empire, has flung its all-grasping discipline among such a race, dived with them into the earth, and intercepted,

with its matin or its even song, the miner as he emerges from or descends into his perilous place of labour; but our Protestant system has ever been defective in its machinery, as well as curtailed in its resources; and, moreover, the upper classes of Englishmen, speaking generally, have scarcely yet learnt to be the *companions* of the poorer orders of society, however meritorious their claims as distributors of charity. These reports prove that the Wesleyan has followed them in every village, and gone from cottage to cottage, to leave in person his tracts and his discipline. Hence the English colliers, where they have any religion at all, are Methodists.

The collier generally has a love for some gaudy furniture, 'which is,' as Mr. Scriven remarks, 'ill-assorted to the rest of his gear.'

'In every house may be seen an eight-day clock, a chest of drawers with brass handles and ornaments, reaching from the floor to the ceiling; a four-post bed with large coverlet, composed of squares of printed calico; bright saucepans, and other tin-ware, displayed on the walls.'—*Dr. Mitchell*, p. 137.

There are public ovens for common use in the village. The collier is often fond of his garden, which is an allotment in some neighbouring field. It is said that the love of flowers may still be remarked in the number of nosegays which are worn on Sundays even at Newcastle. The best garment is denominated 'the posy jacket,' from the huge posy which used to be held indispensable on gala-days.

'At the village of South Hetton,' says Dr. Mitchell, 'a miner, with much pleasure, showed his little garden, and expatiated on the beauties of his flowers. Mr. Potter, the viewer, stated that at the prize-shows the miner often competed successfully with the gentlemen's gardeners.'—p. 137.

This is a pleasing feature—but those of a worse sort predominate in the portrait drawn by the commissioners. According to these gentlemen, the colliers are, as a class, rude, given to drunkenness and gambling, turbulent, quite illiterate, and not seldom sunk in the depths of ignorance of all save their mine.

'We want,' says Mr. Somers, surgeon of Bedworth, in Warwickshire, 'the Temperance society among us very much. They drink very much here. The colliers are very ignorant; few can read or write. It is much better among the ribbon-weavers. The colliers, who earn the most money, do not keep their families better than the rest who earn less.'—*App. I.*, p. 167.

'A good many go to public-houses on Saturday night and get drunk. Some spend all their money, and the next week *clam* for it; that is, go without victuals, or get what they can from their companions in the pit. Their wives and families must do what they can, and are regularly starved. We have always a good dinner on Sundays.—We have teetotalers, but very few; none of them miners. We could not follow the work up without beer. If one of that sort were to attempt to come amongst us, we should soon take him to the canal.—*Charles Bleden's Evidence—Ibid.* p. 67.

Drunkenness is unfortunately fostered in every way, by the laxity in giving licences to beer-shops. The wages are paid at a public-house, or at a truck-shop, quite as bad; sick societies are carried on in similar places. The wages given in pound notes and gold at the end of the fortnight require to be converted into silver: many a publican takes care to have on the occasion 'two or three hundred pounds' worth, and much is left behind in payment for drink. The men, women and children, are all contaminated by this vice, with its dreadful consequences to health, economy, and morals. In Lancashire, where the scale of 'humanity' is terribly low, Mr. Halliwell of Wigan says that the ale-houses are thronged on Saturday nights by quite young boys, who return to them in crowds on Sunday morning as soon as the doors are open. 'I say that every collier gets drunk on Saturday, if he can afford it.' Fighting and breaches of the peace are, of course, the natural immediate consequences: the results are, starvation and rage for the body; and for the mind, brutal passions and their baleful effects.—*Vide App. II.*, p. 158.

'What are their amusements?' In answer to this, Mr. Palmer, the surgeon, entered into a statement of the number of bull-dogs kept by the miners, and the cruel sports in which they were employed; but as the magistrates within the last six years have suppressed such proceedings, they may be allowed to sink into oblivion. He next dwells on their singing and dancing the double-shuffle to the music of the fiddle or hurdygurdy. The noise of the shoes is the source of delight; and the hobnail of the colliers affords great advantage. 'Sometimes in summer they will sit all round the door of the public-house in a great circle, all on their hams, every man his bull-dog between his knees; and in this position they will drink and smoke.' (*App. I.*, p. 63.) The same gentleman furnishes an anecdote which is very characteristic of this tribe:—

'There is a Scotch dealer in Birmingham, who

sends his people all round the country with muslins and shawls. When a collier has contracted a debt which he shows no inclination to discharge, the dealer sends a formal sort of paper, and gets it served on the collier as a writ. If this does not produce the money, by and by comes another paper called a "writ of horning and caption" [a term of *Scotch* law,] 'and giving notice of formidable consequences. The collier now becomes alarmed at such proceedings, and ceases to be a debtor.'—*App. I.*, p. 64.

His practice and belief in the art and mystery of physic are very remarkable. One-half of the children die before they are three years old, mostly poisoned, according to the evidence of Mr. Cooper, of Bilston, and Mr. Webb, of Bankhouse, with the great collier nostrums of opium and gin, so that the practitioner is rarely called except 'in extremis.'—*App. I.*, p. 30.

In one instance the surgeon happened to take up a 'pick,' with which a comrade had half killed his fellow. A grave collier had placed the weapon in the room with the sick, in order to watch if the blood on the iron rusted, in which case, he avowed, the wound would canker. This trait will recall to the reader the sympathetic cures of the middle ages, when ointments were applied to the weapon to heal the wounds of the knight. Sir Kenelm Digby, at a period much nearer our own days, gives a similar recipe.

The mode of recovering a man suffocated with choke-damp is to bury his neck and shoulders in a recently-dug hole. The remedy is a little more rude, but perhaps not less successful, than the application, *secundum artem*, of cold water and air by the licensed practitioners.

Besides intemperance, the collier is a gambler, of that species which delights in cock and dog fighting, bowling, card-playing, and chuck-penny. Instances are not wanting of a whole month's wages of a father and his sons being staked on a cock, dog, or favourite bowler. There is much expense incurred by the constant training of cocks. Drunkenness is said, however, not to be habitual, but a periodical vice; but these periods, besides hebdomadal, include every occasion for joy or grief, as at births, marriages, and deaths, where the doctor concerned is 'always pressingly and considerably invited to partake of the good things purchased by the money which should have gone in payment of his services.'—*App. I.*, p. 729,

In the West Riding (*Report*, p. 163) 'the family breakfast is bread, milk, or porridge; the luncheon, huge lumps of bread, and often bits of cheese or bacon, in the pit; a hot meal when they come home at

five or six ; and often porridge, or bread and milk again, at supper.'

A striking contrast with the above is the state of the East of Scotland miner. He has hard work in an ill-ventilated mine ; no butcher's meat, but instead, oatmeal-porridge or oat-cake. 'Even the hewer does not enjoy the luxury of small beer ; and the children invariably drink the water in the pit.' They are represented as dirty and ragged, and exhibiting 'at a glance the attributes of a population neglected and abandoned to a course of life which has blunted the commonest perceptions of human comfort.'—*R. H. Franks's Report*, App. I., p. 396.

In Ireland their appearance was very healthy ; they said they worked hard, and must live well ; they used bread instead of potatoes ; had meat twice or thrice a week ; 'changed their clothes once a week ; and the commissioner 'fancies' that they washed once a week.—*Report*, p. 173.

In our English and Welsh mines the labour gives ample remuneration ; and there is a very general concurrence as to the quantity and quality of food being sufficient and good. The exceptions are oftener to be traced to the improvident or intemperate habits of the family than to the pressure of unmerited want, or any other tangible source. On the whole, the English miner, though more severely worked, is better paid, than any class of operatives but the highest-grade artisan, and is better off than the agricultural labourer. With his large wages and sensual appetite, he is often both a gross and a dainty feeder—the first in the market for a dish of green peas and a young goose or duck.'

Mr. Sub-commissioner Waring contrasts the cases of two boys ; the one cursed with 'a drunken father' and 'an improvident slattern of a mother,' the other 'cared for.' The former, Hervey, and the latter, aid each other as putters in dragging daily a corve with two cwt. of coal fifty or sixty times a distance of 160 yards. Hervey earns for this 2s. 6d., and the other 3s. a-week. 'Hervey, after his day's work, gets whatever he can catch at home ; has gone without food for two or three days.' His appearance is stunted, starveling, and melancholy ; 'has never in his life possessed a pair of stockings.' The other boy's careful parents 'feed him well, and keep whole garments on his back ; and though two years younger than Hervey, he is a head taller.'—p. 172.

With respect to clothing and external appearance, the collier is described as being rather anxious about the stiffness of

his well-starched shirt-collar and his 'ruffles,' though in some districts his favourite dress is black. The women are remarkable for their smartness on holidays ; and, conscious of having been quite disguised when below, often, however profligate in fact, carry themselves aboveground like modest persons.

The race is everywhere broadly distinguished from the rural population of the district ; but the distinguishing features are far from being the same everywhere. Dr. Mitchell says that the artist would do well to study in the pits of Shropshire for models not to be surpassed by the antique. In some other of our English counties, where the seams are high, as in Warwickshire, the miner is 'as big as a heavy dragoon.' In every place the 'torso' of the hewer is, from the nature of the work, wonderfully developed. But Mr. Wm. Morrison, the medical attendant of the Lambton collieries, gives a description, of which the parallel must be sought for in the Byzantine historian's account of the Huns :—

'The outward man distinguishes a pitman from every other operative. His stature is diminutive ; his figure misshapen and disproportionate ; his legs much bowed ; his chest prominent, and greatly developed. His brows are overhanging, and the forehead retreats ; the cheek-bones are prominent, and the cheek hollow. I have seen agricultural labourers, blacksmiths, carpenters, and even the distressed stocking-weaver to whom the term "jolly" might not unaptly be applied, but I never saw a "jolly collier."—*App. I.*, p. 662.

All the colliers, however, have some points in common. The intense muscular exertion, and the constant perspiration in the heat of the mine, render obesity an impossibility ; and this discipline, it is agreed on all hands, makes them recover most astonishingly from the effects of accidents, wounds, and operations. Moreover, some features above described are common to all classes of the population which are early overworked, and may be seen in hideous perfection among women who, in Italy, France, Germany, and Greece, labour in the fields. They become old and care-worn at a very young age.

With regard to the mental peculiarities of the colliers, it certainly appears that they are not a reading community ; and this gentleman (Mr. Morrison) adds quaintly enough, 'that much cannot be expected from men who are so long engaged in very hard work daily, and possess but very indifferent educations, if it be remembered how many educated persons will not open

a book for days together without the reasonable excuse of the pitman.' The young child may daily earn from 10*d.* to 18*d.* to add to the wages of his father; and this is a great sum to forego for study in the school instead of labour in the mine: hence the expediency of the hour carries the day: even in the most intelligent districts of Scotland, in the midst of the peasantry that produced and appreciated Robert Burns, we find the authors of the 'New Statistical Account' stating the great and growing reluctance among the colliers to spare their children time for any schooling; * thus the young collier boy becomes the ignorant and powerful savage in good time. The term we have applied is used not as a synonyme for ferocity so much as of incivilisation; for no one can read these reports without coming to the conclusion that there is a large fund of kindly human nature in this neglected race. 'They will dispense charity largely,' says Mr. Morrison, 'but indiscreetly. A person with a clean white apron and three small children at his side, singing a hymn in a pit village, will be loaded with alms.'—*App. I.*, p. 729.

Their notion of acuteness is that of all ignorant people, namely, tricking, which, if practised on a superior in the face of the whole community, is sure to meet with vast applause; yet, though petty frauds are common, it is not so as to positive theft. 'A person residing near a colliery may never lose anything of great value.'—p. 729. There is, in fact, a remarkable absence of great crimes—though little is to be said as to chastity or peacefulness; and able-bodied pauperism is unknown.

Whenever from any causes, says a commissioner, the collier is 'unchained,' the police are on the alert for scenes of riot and fight. 'I have seen a dozen pitch-battles of a Christmas morning,' says another witness (Lancashire). And if our limits permitted, we could give a brief account of their strike and turn-out in 1832, affording a fine canvass for all the peculiarities which characterize a people so constituted in the thews and sinews of body and mind.

Where the Wesleyans have laboured with most success, the pitmen themselves are fond of being preachers and holders-forth; and in several mines swearing is punished by fine or the withdrawal of their beer, which the non-*jurors* divide among themselves.

The state of woman is the true test of

civilisation in every community. We shall see how degraded she is in those districts, where she is exposed to the dangers of the mines and the still greater hazards entailed by the scenes she is forced to witness. But in others, where she is left at home, there is still much room for amendment.

The general ignorance may be exhibited in a very few touches.

Ann Eggle, aged 18:—'I am sure I don't know how to spell my name. I don't know my letters. I went a little to a Sunday-school, but soon gave it over. I walk about and get fresh air on Sundays. I never go to church or chapel. I never heard of Christ at all; nobody has ever told me about him, nor have my father and mother ever taught me to pray. I know no prayer—I never pray—I have been taught nothing about such things.'—*App. Part I.*, p. 252.

This, reader, is in Yorkshire, in Messrs. Thorpe's colliery.

Eliza Coats, aged 11:—'I do naught on Sundays. I don't know where I shall go if I am a bad girl. I never heard of Jesus Christ. I think God made the world, but I don't know where God is.'—*Ibid.*

Wm. Cruchilow, aged 16:—'I can read the Bible—go to school five nights in the week. I don't know anything of Moses. Never heard of France. I don't know what America is. Never heard of Scotland nor Ireland. Can't tell how many pence there are in a year. There are twelve pence in a shilling, and twenty shillings in a pound. There are eight pints in a gallon of ale.'

Edward Whitehead, aged 15:—'I go to church three times on Sundays. I do not know where Birmingham is, nor where London is. I never heard of Ireland; I have seen Irishmen.'

Wm. Butler, aged 19:—'I go to church on Sundays. I read the Testament, and sometimes in the Bible, but no other book. I can say my catechism. We sometimes work a few hours at a time. When there is no sale, we get no money, but only ale when we leave at eleven. I generally get drunk on such occasions.'

These three are specimens from Warwickshire. The next is Yorkshire again.

Peter Dale, aged 12:—'I have been to Sunday-school, and can read nicely in a spelling-book [he had been to school about two years.] Jesus Christ was God's son; he wasn't born at all; he was nailed to a cross; he came to save sinners; sinners are bad men, that dranked, and sweared, and lied. I think there are sinners on earth now. If I am a good boy, and try to please him, I shall go to Jesus—if not, I shall go to hell. I don't know what disciples were, unless they did nothing wrong; can't tell who the apostles were. Four times five is twenty; five times six is twenty-eight. I never heard what's the biggest town in England. Scotland is a town, isn't it, Sir? I go to chapel as well as school; I never go larking on Sundays.'—*App. part I.*, p. 250.

* See, for instance, 'New Statistical Account of Ayrshire,' p. 763.

These form not remarkable examples—we could fill pages with the like—they exhibit what is to be found in masses; still there are many exceptions, and, as we shall show presently, many more spots might be made exceptions to this dense and awful darkness, if society, and especially the owners of collieries, would do more generally what many of them have already done—they themselves superintend the bodily and mental condition of those whose whole nature is devoted for their interests. For these poor people themselves an hour struck from their sleep, after twelve to sixteen hours' hard work, to be spent in a school, is a hardship, and may be an apology for ignorance; and perhaps a little fresh air and sunshine on a Sunday will be more valued by such a worker than the purer light and moral atmosphere that is revealed in the meeting-house or church. These facts concern us as much as they weigh on them.

But we must say a little more as to the physical nature and effects of the employment. It must be remembered that the comfort of the miner depends on the space, drainage, and ventilation of his 'house'; that as to space, in the thin-seam coal-mines no more is excavated than is absolutely requisite; and that if the passages were to be enlarged, by destroying the hard and even rocky beds containing the coal, the mine would not pay, but must, with all its inhabitants, be abandoned—at least this is the excuse urged for working many wretched places.

'The mines in Shropshire are too low for men to do such work; some are no more than eighteen or twenty inches. The boys crawl on their hands and knees.'—*Report*, p. 67.

- Of course it requires some ingenuity to drag a basket containing several hundred weight of coal through such a passage—'hence they are harnessed, by means of a girdle and chain, to the carriage.' The labour is very severe; and often maims and cuts the flesh. Dr. Mitchell says all this is borne by the children in general with 'great fortitude and resignation.' But much of the evidence is such as follows:—

John Pearce, aged 12, says:—'About a year and a half ago I took to the girdle and chain. I don't like it; it hurts me; it rubs off my skin: I crawled on hands and feet; I often knocked my back against the top of the pit, and it was very sore. When I went home at night I often sat down to rest me by the way, I was so tired. The work made me look older than I was. I thought if I kept at this work I should be nothing at all, and so I went to the bank to work. I think it great hurt to a boy to draw the same

as a horse draws. A great many boys find that they are unable, and give over drawing with girdle and chain. It is hard, very hard, Sir.'

Robert North, aged 16:—'Went into the pit at seven years of age to fill the skips. I drew about twelve months; when I drew by the girdle and chain my skin was broken, and the blood ran down; I durst not say anything; if we said anything they, the butty, and the reeve who works under him, would take a stick and beat us. Men could not do the work, and they compelled us.'

'I wish,' says the Sub-commissioner J. M. Fellowes, 'to call the attention of the Board to the pits about Brampton. The seams are so thin that several have only a two-feet headway to all the workings; they are worked altogether by boys from eight to twelve years of age, on all fours, with a dog-belt and chain; the passages being neither ironed nor wooded, and often an inch or two thick in mud. In Mr. Barnes's pit these poor boys have to drag the barrows with 1 cwt. of coal or slack sixty times a day sixty yards, and the empty barrows back, without once straightening their backs, unless they choose to stand under the shaft and run the risk of having their heads broken by a coal falling.'—*Report*, p. 71.

The effect of such exertions at such an age and in such a place is not so surprising as it is shocking. 'Out of five children that I examined, three were not only bow-legged, but their arms were similarly bowed, and the body far from being well developed.'—*J. M. Fellowes*, App., part II., p. 254.

The remedy is the substitution of machinery, especially as it has been proved to have been successful in Derbyshire, where, Mr. Joseph Tomlinson, of Alfreton, says, 'he should consider it inhuman to put boys to such work.' The seams, he adds, are thirty-one inches, and are worked by a wheel and rope, 'which mode we found quite convenient.' It is, we presume, chiefly in small pits, or those of owners of little capital—or where the property is in the hands of *trustees*—that these—shall we term them—atrocities are still perpetrated: Dr. Mitchell, at least, seems to believe that the large capitalists have generally abolished the girdle and chain and substituted the railroad and the 'dan,' or carriage.

Another aggravation of the natural hardship of a miner's life is apprenticeship. The 'butties' of Staffordshire are represented as ransacking the workhouses of Walsall, Wolverhampton, Dudley, &c., &c., for stout boys of eight or nine years of age, who are bound to them for twelve years, and give up all their wages to their taskmasters. While the boy's companions are earning fourteen shillings a week he gets nothing, and is sent into places where no other person will go. This state of slavery destroys in him all independence of spirit:

he soon becomes vicious, degraded, reckless.

The treatment of these lads by the men and bigger boys about them is what might be expected from a race inured to toil and effort, with strong passions, and strong muscles, and in a savage state. Mr. Scriven's account of one apprentice would seem exaggerated were it not supported by examples of equal atrocity. 'He was often struck with the pick;' and Mr. Scriven ascertained that the scar he saw must have been a legacy from this instrument, 'which had pierced the large muscles, and must all but have penetrated to the hip joint. The skin of the spine was scarred over, from being rubbed off in the narrow passages, through which he had been compelled to draw the coals. He ran away, after having been obliged to eat candles and sleep in the *wastes*, but ultimately found employment and good treatment from another quarter.'—*Report*, p. 43. We find many instances of reckless brutality. 'A coal is sent at their heads—a gash on the head made with a pick—an eye knocked out—ribs broken;—or the ass-stick, as big as my thumb,' is applied—in short, the discipline, as they are pleased to term it, is Spartan. It is pleaded that such discipline is necessary to the safety of the mine—that it is not *excessive*—that, if it were, the parents and relatives of the children would resent it or remove them; lastly—which we see no reason to doubt—that it is against the wishes and positive orders of the proprietors, and 'butties' turn off those proved to exercise it.

The punishment for theft is unmerciful. The culprit's head is placed between the legs of one of the biggest boys, and each boy in the pit—and in the instance quoted there were twenty—inflicted twelve strokes on the loins and rump with a cat, which was beaten to a jelly. The doctor said he could not survive—but he did. 'It is a general punishment, for the oldest colliers bore testimony to the custom, and thought it quite justifiable.'—(*Report*, p. 44.)

If there was anything which could tinge with a deeper hue these scenes and deeds, it would be the possibility that all such evils might be inflicted on women; and so they are in the following districts, which we purposely name:—1. West Riding of York, southern part; 2. Bradford and Leeds; 3. Halifax; 4. Lancashire; 5. South Wales; 6. East of Scotland.

In the last of these provinces the whole state of the mine as to care, ventilation, draining, and as to employment of women,

reads so miserably, that we fain would hope the account overdrawn.

Mr. Scriven, in his Report, writes thus of the employment of women:

'There is no distinction whatever in their coming up and going down the shaft—in the mode of hurrying or thrusting—in the weight of corves—or in the distances they are hurried—in wages or dress: indeed it is impossible to distinguish either in the darkness of the gates (*i. e.* ways) in which they labour, or in the cabins, before the broad light of day, an atom of difference between one sex and another.'—*App. II.*, p. 73.

The commissioner found, after inspecting Messrs. Waterhouse's pit at Huddersfield, and when hoisted in a corve to the bank with another human being—that it was a girl. She, like the rest, was naked, save 'the rag which hung round her waist, which was once called a shift.'

Mary Barrett, aged 14, at Messrs. Spencer's, says:—'I work always without stockings, shoes, or trousers. I wear nothing but a shift. I have to go up to the headings with the men. *They are all naked there.* I am got well used to that.'

Patience Kershaw, aged 17:—'The bald place on my head is made by thrusting the corves.'—*Ibid.* p. 80.

Benjamin Berry:—'I have known two drawers (at Mr. Lancaster's, Worsley,) a lad and a lass, one of them three-eighths and the other one-half, draw 800 yards on the level with rails each way ten times without rails, that is, 30,400 yards = 17½ miles nearly. The lad was 17 and the wench 14.'—*Ibid.* p. 215.

Peter Gaskell of the same mine:—

'Prefers women to boys as drawers. They are better to manage, and keep better time: they will fight, and shriek, and do everything but let anybody pass them.'—*Ibid.* p. 217.

Of Ellison Jack, a girl 11 years old, a coal-bearer at Loan Head, in the immediate neighbourhood of 'the Modern Athens,' Mr. Franks, a sub-commissioner, gives the following account:—

'She has first to ascend a nine-ladder pit to the first rest:—even to which a shaft is sunk to draw up the baskets or tubs of coals filled by the bearers. She then takes her creel (a basket formed to the back, not unlike a cockle-shell flattened towards the neck, so as to allow lumps of coal to rest on the back of the neck and shoulders,) and pursues her journey to the wall-face, or, as it is here called, the room of work. She then lays down her basket, into which the coal is rolled—and it is frequently more than one man can do to lift the burden on her back—the tugs or straps are placed over the forehead, and

the body bent in a semi-circular form, in order to stiffen the arch. Large lumps of coal are then placed on the neck, and she then commences her journey with her burden to the pit bottom, first hanging her lamp to the cloth crossing her head.'—*Report*, p. 92.

This *one* journey is mounting a succession of ladders, each eighteen feet high, from mainroad to mainroad, till she comes to the pit bottom, where her load is to be cast. The height ascended and the distance of the road, added together, exceed the height of St. Paul's; and it not unfrequently happens that the tugs break, and the load falls on those females who are to follow.

But we will not multiply these spectacles of human misery and degradation; and to whom can they be traced? Is the contractor alone in fault?—is the proprietor scatheless? Or shall we blame the parents and relations, by whose avarice and improvidence, according to Mr. Sub-commissioner Scriven (p. 74. *App.* I.) in almost every instance, these females are thus subjected to moral and physical evils of the worst kind? On both sides the guilt is great—very great—but surely vastly greater in him who has not even the excuse of poverty for receiving 'the thirty pieces of silver.' The example of discontinuing this hateful practice has, however, been set in what we must consider as the very worst district. No sooner did the abomination come to the knowledge of the Duke of Buccleuch than his grace commanded its utter abolition in all his collieries; and the same course was immediately followed by the family of Dundas of Arniston, and others of his neighbours:—

'Until the last eight months,' says William Hunter, overman in a colliery at Arniston, 'women and lassies were wrought below in these works, when Mr. Alexander Moxton, our manager, issued an order to exclude them from going below, having some months prior given intimation of the same. Women always did the lifting or heavy part of the work, and neither they nor the children were treated like human beings; nor are they where they are employed. Females submit to work in places where no man nor even lad could be got to labour in: they work in bad roads up to their knees in water, in a posture nearly double: they are below till the last hour of pregnancy: they have swelled ankles and haunches, and are prematurely brought to the grave, or, what is worse, a lingering existence. Many of the daughters of miners are now at respectable service. I have two who are in families at Leith, and who are much delighted with the change.'—*Ibid.* p. 94.

No wonder! And we trust many more proprietors will now be encouraged to fol-

low such examples, especially as it can be proved to the able-bodied husband and father that there is no necessity for him to lose anything by a change so beneficial to his wife and children.

The Duke of Buccleuch's manager, Mr. James Wright, says:

'I feel confident that the exclusion of females will advantage the collier in a physical point of view, and that it will force the alteration of the economy of the mines. Owners will be compelled to alter their system. They will ventilate better, make better roads, and so change the system as to enable men who now work only three or four days a-week to discover their own interest in regularly employing themselves. *Since young children and females have been excluded from his Grace's mines, we have never had occasion to increase the price of coal.*'

In Mr. Ramsay of Barnton's mines women and very young children have, for the last four years, been excluded. See the results:—

'Men labour here, on an average, from eleven to twelve days in the fortnight; whereas, when they depended on their wives and children, they rarely wrought nine. Colliers are now stationary: the women themselves are opposed to moving since they have felt the benefit of home.'—*App.* I., p. 400.

We might quote abundance more to the like effect: several witnesses dwell in a very touching manner on the consequences of the mother and elder daughters of a family being in the pit, while the infants are surrendered to strange hands. What can be looked for under such circumstances as to early education? It would be a mockery to use the term at all. But while there is a general concurrence as to the extent of the mischief, and the possibility of stopping it, some apparently well-disposed managers urge the necessity of proceeding gradually. A warning, they say, of perhaps two years must be given, in order that families may prepare for a change in many of their arrangements, and especially that young girls may have time to make some preparation for entering on duties and services of a new description. Others, again, dwell on the difficulties arising from the obstinate self-will and prejudice of the collier-clan on this subject. For example, Mr. Wilson of Bantaskine, a proprietor and manager, says:—

'There is no power at present existing in the masters to prevent children being carried down. Those who attempt the improvement of miners need much patience: long-rooted neglect has rendered them excessively clannish, and they unite in secret to discomfit any proposed new ar-

rangement. They hold secret conclaves in mines, and make rules and regulations which are injurious and absurd.'—App. I., p. 400.

We should have thought that what had been done by one proprietor might have seemed feasible to another. But it must be remembered that many of the mines are owned by persons of moderate, and perhaps encumbered estate; and when the attempt has been made by the less rich proprietor to exclude children under a certain age and females from the mine, he has been in peril of 'losing his best workmen.' (App. I., p. 400.) Hence the eagerness of Mr. Wilson and others that this wholesome measure should be initiated by government, and made compulsory on all—so precluding the possibility of the collier's finding another slave-market whither to transport himself with his wife and children when his own has dared to denounce his traffic in their flesh and blood.

We may here again cite the respectable manager of the Duke of Buccleuch's collieries :—

'I would be against the interference of legislature in any case but where it is absolutely necessary, but here I conceive it to be their imperative duty. If a measure were passed enacting that no females were to be employed in our pits at all, no boys allowed to go down under twelve years of age, and only then if they can both read and write—in all cases the work limited each day to ten hours—if such a measure were to pass, I do not know a greater boon that could be conferred, not only on the mining population, but on the proprietors of Scotland. The latter have a deep interest in the matter, and many of them are willing to do everything in their power to ameliorate the condition of the collier population on their properties; but others are indifferent, and however much individuals may do as individuals, no measure can be effectual which does not extend over the whole.'—App. I., p. 407.

The evidence of Sir George Grant Suttie, Bart., is equally forcible :—

'I have no control over the colliers in my employment. I beg leave to state to you that the employment of women in the mines of Scotland is one of the reasons which tend to depreciate the character and habits of the collier population, and that to remedy this evil a legislative enactment is required.'—App. I., p. 470.

He adds, that though the gains of the colliers are double that of the agricultural population, yet their comforts are less, as indicated by their houses—for the wife is absent—and frequently the fathers remain idle the greater part of the week, while the mothers and the children are in the pit.

We have cited all the districts in Great Britain that employ women in mines. The rest, amounting to 'fifteen,' do not permit this degradation; while Ireland is distinguished not only by the absence of this hateful characteristic, but also for not employing children at all :—

'I visited the five principal establishments (in the county of Kilkenny and in Queen's County,) and found that no children or females of any age, and but very few young persons were employed. I inspected about a dozen of the different shafts worked by contractors, and found *none but men employed*: indeed, I was informed that none but strong, able young men would be of any use in the pits, the labour being severe. I did not see any apparently under eighteen years of age. Even the hurriers were strong young men who go along the narrow low passages of seldom more than three feet, the body stretched out: they draw the sledges on which wooden boxes containing coals are placed, by a girdle round the loins, and a long chain fastened to the sledge going between their legs. It was matter of wonderment to me how these "hurriers," many of whom were stout men, upwards of six feet high, could manage to get along these very narrow passages at such a rate as they do, considering the excessive labour and difficulty I myself found in proceeding along about 130 yards in each of the pits: in many places there was just room for me to crawl through.'—App. I., p. 872.

It would be unfair if we were to omit, however, the reasons advanced in favour of letting children at a *very young* age descend into the mines. They are briefly these :—1. That in many mines the seams are too thin to be worked by any but very young boys. 2. That unless sent down very young a boy could not learn how to work. 3. That many persons could not support the children unless this were allowed. 4. That accidents are so frequent as to make it anything but rare for a wife and a mother to become a widow, and therefore wholly dependent on her children's exertions for subsistence: to prevent such from availing themselves of them would be to pass a sentence of absolute starvation :—for instance, in one small village (Banton in Scotland) there are forty widows kept from applying to the Kirk Session by the earnings of their children. (App. I., p. 486.) 5. That at present there are twelve years of boys' labour—supposing them to enter at eight and not to become hewers till they be twenty years of age. If you forbid the entrance into the mine till the boy is ten years old, there will only be ten years of boys' labour. The effect will be tantamount to diminishing the number of boys, so that where twelve used

to find employment only ten would now do so.

The reader must judge of the weight of the above arguments, which afford a fine scope for the ingenuity of the expediency-monger and the casuist, as to whether the displacement of capital, and therefore of labour, might not lead to greater misery than that which is sought to be avoided:—whether the shutting-up the small-seamed collieries, which are often the best coal—and which, or some of them, can only be wrought by very young creatures—would not enhance the price of a commodity, on the due supply of which, it may be readily shown, the life of the community at large hinges more entirely than on anything save food. In a word, a fine mesh of tangled argument may be spun by any logical head imbued with Paley's principle of 'the greatest happiness to the greatest number'—a principle, by the way, which to see in its details demands an omniscient being, and to carry out an almighty one. We leave all this to the reader, who, to use another phrase of Paley's, '*can afford to keep a conscience.*'

We proceed to another point. The influence of man on his fellow-men may or may not be kindly; but that of the physical circumstances which surround the miner is quite appalling; and even through the stiff and bald detail of the Sub-commissioners there are touches of reality which transcend all imagination. 'The life of a collier,' says one of these gentlemen, 'is of great danger both for man and child—a collier is never safe after he is swung off to be let down the pit.' He is in danger, in the first place, from fire in its most frightful form, assuming a character which the sublime language of Milton can scarcely depict—

'Floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire.'

When the ventilation of a colliery has been allowed to become bad, a quantity of carburetted hydrogen gas accumulates in the 'wastes,' and ignites on the first approach of any light, save the blessed Davy-lamp: the whole mine is instantly filled with terrific flashes of lightning, the expanding fluid driving before it a roaring whirlwind of flaming air, which tears up everything—scorching some to a cinder, burying others under enormous rocks and fragments shaken from the roofs and passages—and then, thundering up the shaft, wastes its volcanic fury in a thick discharge of dust, stones, and the mangled limbs of men and horses. One of these explosions took place at the moment that

some of the miners were swinging down into the pit: the force of the wind blew them back into the air. One or two fell on the bank, and were saved; but the rest were again precipitated into the shaft.

The author of the 'History of Fossil Fuel' has given a minute account of a catastrophe, of which the main points are the following.

In the forenoon of the 25th May, 1812, 121 men were in the Felling Colliery, when a terrible explosion was heard; a slight earthquake was felt half a mile round; a cloud of dust rose high into the air, and, borne away by a strong west wind, fell in thick showers at the distance of a mile and a half, causing a darkness like twilight over the village of Heworth.

As soon as the explosion was heard, a crowd of the relations of the colliers rushed to the pit. The men worked the 'gin' with astonishing expedition, and, letting down the rope, rescued 32 persons, of whom three (boys) died in a few hours. An eye-witness, the Rev. M. Hodgson, says that the shrieks, wringing of hands, and howling were indescribable: they who had their friends restored to them seemed to suffer as much from excess of joy as they had lately done by grief. But these were the few. Several attempts were made to rescue those who did not appear: within a few hours eight or nine bold men descended into the pit-bottom, but found that the entrance into the workings, or galleries, was impeded by an upright column of smoke, which convinced them that the mine was on fire. It was in vain that the 'viewers' assured the people that all hope was at an end; and that the only thing left was to extinguish the ignited coals by closing up the mine itself. Each proposition to this effect was met with yells of 'Murder!' from the kindred, followed by symptoms of determined resistance. Two or three days elapsed, while the widows and orphans never ceased to hover about the pit-mouth in the hope to hear some cry for succour—but all silent as death; and at length the shaft was permitted to be hermetically closed. It was re-opened on the 8th of July, on which day a great concourse assembled to witness this service of danger—some curious only, but the greater part came, with streaming eyes and broken hearts, to seek a father, a son, or husband—constables were appointed to keep off the crowd—and two surgeons were on the spot, in case of accidents. Eight men at a time descended, who remained four hours in, and eight hours out of the mine. When the first shift of men came up, a message

was sent for coffins; those which had been prepared were sent in cart-loads through the village of Low-Felling. As soon as the cart was seen, the women rushed out of their houses with shrieks which were heard to a great distance. The bodies were found most of them marked by fire—some scorched, and dry as mummies. In one place twenty were crammed in ghastly confusion—some torn to pieces—while others appeared unscathed, and in attitude as if overpowered by sleep. It was only by some article of clothing—a shoe—or by some token, as a tobacco-box—that many friends could recognise the corpse. A neat pyramid, nine feet high, bearing the names and ages of eighty-nine sufferers, is placed over one huge grave in Heworth chapel-yard.

One would think that the memory of one such catastrophe would suffice as a warning against all carelessness. The same book, however, gives a long succession of equally horrid events; and yet all the sub-commissioners were struck with the recklessness of the miners—one was obliged for his own preservation, to knock the Davy lamp out of the hands of his guide, who chose in a most suspicious place to trim it, by exposing the flame without the protecting wire-work to the gas. Another, on whom probably a practical joke was played, seems to have been much horrified at the miners, 'who, by way of amusement, would inflate the mouth with a sufficient quantity to produce a steam, by contracting the lips, and setting fire to it, as from an Argand burner, to the great glee of others who looked on.'—*Report*, p. 137.) Another of these gentlemen was bid to walk with his candle exactly opposite his breast; for above him was a layer of wildfire, and below another of choke-damp, the intermediate stratum being alone respirable, the specific gravities of each determining its position. It is mostly in the northern mines that these gases abound in such quantities that nothing but the fullest ventilation could permit their being worked at all. Some of the mines of Scotland are, however, just sufficiently aired to prevent actual explosion—no thought being given to render the atmosphere incapable of producing chronic disease, and so shortening life. Perhaps the *argumentum ad crumenam* may have more weight than that *ad hominem*: it is proved that economy of material is much greater where the mine is thoroughly ventilated than where it is not, as there, in consequence of dampness, the wood work and machinery rot away 'in half the time.' On the same principle of sheer economy, leaving all the mere hu-

manity part out of the question as a trifle, we may be allowed to express a little surprise at the inconsistency of expending 150,000*l.* in sinking a shaft, paying enormous sums for machinery, and the furnishing and draining a mine—and though fully aware that the whole may be blown to pieces if a trap-door be left open 'five minutes'—yet confiding that risk to the care and good sense of children aged from five to seven years!!—(See *Report*, p. 147.)

'Dr. Walsh has thus described two of the less common harbingers of choke-damp, and fire-damp, those ministers of death, whose approach is frequently as insidious as it is destructive. "At one time, an odour of the most fragrant kind is diffused through the mine, resembling scent of the sweetest flowers; and while the miner is inhaling the balmy gale, he is suddenly struck down and expires in the midst of his fancied enjoyment: at another, it comes in the form of a globe of air enclosed in a filmy case; and while he is gazing on the light and beautiful object floating along, and is tempted to take it in his hand, it suddenly explodes, and destroys him and his companions in an instant."—*History of Fossil Fuel*, p. 256.

Another of the awful effects produced by the element is when the mine, that is the coal itself, takes fire. Once ignited, it will go on burning for years, nay, centuries—as witness Wednesbury in Stafford, or Dudley in Worcestershire, where

'Smoke may be seen distinctly issuing at more places than one, and it is stated that in one of the wells the water is sufficiently hot to be used for washing and culinary purposes. Smoke and steam issue from the crevices on both sides of the road, and on holding the hand to the place the stones are felt warm, as also the steam issuing. This part of the town is built over a pit, from which the good coal has been long extracted, and what is now on fire is the slack or small coal left behind. If a shaft were attempted to be opened the flames would burst forth.—(*Dr. Mitchell*, *App. I.*, p. 4.)

The combustion is generally spontaneous, but it may and has arisen through carelessness—or wilfulness, as in 1823 in one of Lord Fitzwilliam's collieries.

Many of the mines not only have encroached on the penetralia of earth, but have been extended under the beds of rivers or of the ocean itself; and we find in our time not a few instances where the waters have broken loose and filled them.

'A catastrophe which occurred in consequence of a sudden irruption of water into the pits at East Ardsley, near Wakefield, in June, 1809, when ten individuals perished, has been made the subject of a Drama, by the Rev. J. Plumptre, B. D., Vicar of Great Grandsen, Herts, entitled "Kendrew, or the Coal Mine." The author

says in his preface, that, "having visited a coal-mine, at the Heaton Colliery, near Newcastle, in the summer of 1799, he adopted that as the foundation of his scenery; and endeavoured so to construct his piece, that, should it ever be performed, the audience might have an opportunity of having the interior of a coal-mine, to which we are indebted for so much comfort, as it were presented and realized to them." It is not likely, however, that the drama was ever recited on the stage: the first act opens with a scene representing the top of the shaft, with the drawing-machinery, &c., and a pitman singing a song, of which the following is the first verse:—

"Although the poor collier is dirty and grim,
The world yet derives great advantage from him:

Whilst you sit in your houses secure from the storm,
His labour contributes to make you so warm."

'It will readily be conceived that the sound and appearance of an instantaneous rushing of a large body of water into the workings must be awful indeed to those engulfed therein—particularly when the lights are mostly or entirely extinguished! One of the earliest boyish impressions which the writer retains is connected with an event of this nature, which occurred in a Yorkshire colliery in the beginning of the year 1805. The bottom of a large dam suddenly gave way, and poured its contents into the mine beneath: one of the colliers, recording the deliverance of himself and fellows in verse, the mediocrity of which was relieved by the real impressiveness of the occurrence, thus sang:—

"'It early in the morning was our troubles did begin;

Near two o'clock, we understand, the waters rushed in:

Then many waded in the deep in such a wretched plight,

Their case it dreary was indeed—they had no kind of light!

To hear the cries, and see the tears on this occasion shed,

The tragic scene, it was enough to cause the heart to bleed:

But the all-seeing eye of God, from whom we draw our breath,

Beheld, and by his Providence preserved us all from death," &c.'

—*History of Fossil Fuel*, pp. 250, 251

In Mr. Curwen's great pit at Workington, which was carried two miles under the sea, it was observed by the men that the mine had been oozing salt water for some time, and some of them got away, but in the night, the 'single night' of the 28th July, 1837, the sea broke in, and none were ever found to tell how it happened. The bodies even were never recovered—and so the funeral service was read over the pit-mouth. The spot where the water broke in was discernible in the sea by the blackness of the waves. The mine had been

worked fifty years, and its excavations took two hours and a half to be filled.—*Report*, p. 145.

In June, 1833, Mr. Montgomery, banker in Irvine, while fishing in the Garnock, observed a gurgling motion in its current, which, though first mistaken by him for salmon-leaps, soon led to the suspicion of its true cause, and, accordingly the neighbouring headsmen of the mine was warned—he, however, was at first slow to believe—but the men below heard the gurgling of the waters—and were only dragged out, pursued by the waves, when these had risen up to their necks. At first the river ran smooth, but rapidly; but on the following afternoon a portion of the mine sunk, and the stream disappeared, leaving its bed dry for a mile. The pressure in the pits became so great from the whole workings of the mines, which extended over 'many miles,' being filled, that the air, pent up between the waters and the crust of overlying earth, burst through, 'and many acres of ground were to be seen all at once bubbling up like the boiling of a cauldron.' Immense quantities of sand and water were thrown up for five hours, and fell like showers of rain. 'In a short time the whole of Bartonholme, Longford, Snodgrass, and Nethermains, were laid under water, by which calamity from five to six hundred persons were deprived of employment, and the extensive colliery-works so injured as to preclude all hope of their ever being restored to their former state.'—(*History of Fossil Fuel*, p. 250.)

But there is a class of accidents far more frequent than these awful visitations of elemental agents. The descent into shafts is in the richer mines managed by steam machinery—in the less wealthy by the 'gin' or wheel worked by a horse—and in the poorest by a wheel worked by hand, such as that used in drawing water from wells. In all these the frightful accident has occurred of the load being 'wound over,' and the men pitched down the shaft. This happened in one instance from the little boy whom the proprietors employ at 7s. a week—in order to save the additional 23s., which would have to be paid to a man fit for such a duty—neglecting to stop the steam-engine in time, his attention being attracted by 'a mouse on the hearth!!'—(*Report*, p. 144.) The motive of economy is that assigned in the Evidence; and it states the exact saving as above.

Another class of accidents arise from carelessness and want of due inspection as to the ropes and tackle of descent. Then again the shaft, which should be well lined,

is in the poorer mines but negligently protected; and a small stone loosened from its side, or flung from the pit-mouth, suffices, with the impetus of descent, to kill. The corves, which ought to be shedded over, are often open. The pit-mouths, which should be surrounded by a wall, so as to hinder people falling down them at night, are not unfrequently unguarded—not so much from the fault of the proprietors, as because the people will steal the bricks for their own use. There are some painful descriptions scattered among the Reports of deaths arising from falling in of the roofs, when economy tempts to remove the pillars that have supported them. Sometimes, after such operations, a very unexpected mode of filling up these galleries takes place spontaneously—the floors are pressed up towards the roof—or, as one of the witnesses terms it, ‘the earth is on the move.’ There are innumerable sources of danger to the *drivers*, from accidents peculiar to them; and, finally, there is no peril common to any other adventurous profession from which the miner is exempt.

The historian of ‘Fossil Fuel’ has a note (p. 291) which we cannot but quote :—

‘There is, indeed, no class of persons, sailors themselves not excepted, who have greater reason to live in constant readiness to encounter sudden death than the colliers who work in some of our deep and impure mines. The following is a striking illustration of the prevalence of pious sentiments under circumstances of excruciating trial:—In one of the Newcastle collieries, thirty-five men and forty-one boys died by suffocation, or were starved to death; one of the boys was found dead with a bible by his side, and a tin box such as colliers use; within the lid he had contrived to engrave with the point of a nail this last message to his parent and brother: “Fret not, my dear mother, for we are singing the praises of God while we have time. Mother, follow God, more than ever I did. Joseph, think of God, and be kind to poor mother.”’—p. 291.

The miners, while ‘undergoing,’ tap the seam with their picks, to ascertain if it rings clear or sounds cracked. In doubtful cases Dr. Mitchell describes them as quitting their work, *lighting their pipes*, and holding a consultation—others flying precipitately from the falling masses which would, and often do, crush them. They usually have good warning of such catastrophes by ‘the groaning of the earth,’ but often enough neglect the awful voice. The hewer may be seen lying at full length cutting away; and though provided with all the timber ready at hand to prop up and render his work safe, neglecting the means which are

to prevent eight or ten tons of coal falling in any instant on him. Is it wonderful, then, that men living amid such constant dangers should be callous, or what appears callous to a sub-commissioner,—startled at three or four urchins jumping, with fearless certainty of foot and eye, from the bank into a corve about to descend;—or that occasionally some lad of an engine-keeper, having been well thrashed by a hewer, should so manage the machinery as to let his enemy in the corve drop with the velocity of descending lead down the shaft—of course with imminent risk of life from breakage of the rope to which the man clings? The minds of such people become familiarized with death, and the ever-recurring accidents are speedily forgotten:

‘There would be more feeling a hundred times,’ says the Chief-Constable at Oldham, ‘if a policeman were to kill a dog in the streets than about killing a collier. They are quite an uneducated set of people, who go to cockpits, and races, and fights, and many are gamblers and drinkers. There are so many killed, that it becomes quite customary to expect such things. In a day or two’s time even a man’s wife and children seem to have forgotten it. The chiefest talk is just at the moment, until the body gets home, and then people feel, “Oh, it is only a collier!”’—(*Report*, p. 144.)

In Scotland there are no coroners to investigate the causes and modes of accidental deaths, and the instances known, yet neglected, are quite frightful. Mary Sneddon says—‘Brother Robert was killed on the 21st January last. He was brought home, coffined, and buried in Bo’ness kirkyard. No one came to inquire how he was killed: they never do in this place.’ Mr. James Hunter, overseer to Alloa colliery, states that ‘the sheriff sometimes comes down. He did in the last case after the death of John Patteson, which was occasioned by being over-wound at the pit-head; he looked at the ropes and examined their strength, and then walked away, and no further notice was taken. This is the common practice.’ (p. 150.) The commissioners remark two things—the great difficulty of obtaining from the surgeons any register of accidents; and the constant endeavour in the proprietors, managers, and overseers of mines to lay the blame on the foolhardiness of the miners. If a chain broke, and half a dozen men were precipitated to the bottom of a shaft, ‘they should have examined the rope or chain before they descended’ is the excuse; which is about as just and valid as if in railway travelling it were considered the duty and business of the passengers to inspect the carriages and

trains by which they are to be conveyed. In well regulated mines, however, it is the especial business of one person to inspect the head-gear. This should be the case in all. A mining police is wanted.

With respect to the general effect of mining labour on the human frame, this Report states, in conclusion, that the work in a well regulated coal-mine is not only not injurious but healthful, developing and expanding the body into forms, which one of the sub-commissioners compares to the finest models of ancient sculpture. In Staffordshire, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, and in great part of Yorkshire, the men are described as strong and powerful, 'living like fighting-cocks;' presenting 'in the broad and stalwart frame of the swarthy collier as he stalks home, all grime and muscle, a striking contrast with the puny, pallid, starveling, little weaver, with his dirty white apron and feminine look.'—(*Report*, p. 163.)

Whatever the imagination may picture as to the interior of a mine, the reality turns out to be far from frightful, where this speculation is conscientiously worked; that is to say, where the passages are sufficiently high not to keep the body bent, the air sufficiently pure to sustain health amid the gigantic efforts the miner must make, the temperature salubrious, and all other appurtenances fit and matching. This is what a mine should be, and what many ought to be, if the eye of public opinion and the hand of the law were directed aright. But this they are not; and so we have descriptions of people working in passages like drains: yet even here we should beware of drawing too broad conclusions—true words may paint falsely. A person working twelve hours a-day up to his knees in wet and muck would speedily die—above ground; but the uniform temperature of the mine, with even inefficient ventilation, removes very much of the dangers of what reads like constant exposure to wet. On the whole it is rather to the over-work than to anything else that most of the constitutional damages to the frame may be traced—although a bad atmosphere will of course largely complicate the result.

Where the work is excessive, and beyond the physical powers, it retards puberty, shortens manhood, and brings on premature old age; and the instances are numerous of this exhausting labour in young children, who are too tired to do anything but sleep. 'One man remembers he has many a time dropt to sleep with the meat in his mouth.' 'Mothers say that their children come home so stiff and tired that they are obliged to lift them into bed'—

'are too tired to speak'—'fall asleep before they can eat their suppers.' There are instances detailed where a curved spine and abscesses of the hip-joint did not shield the worker from labour—diseases which exhaustion and a wet mine would readily induce. (*Report*, p. 177.) At page 179, the witness says, 'I have often seen them lying on the floor fast asleep: then they fall asleep in the pit, and are killed by wag-gons running over them.'

The first direct effect of over-work is exhibited in the extraordinary development of the muscles; 'those of the back stand out like ropes.' The collier-boys were therefore found greatly superior to those of other callings in this respect. The immediate consequence of development in one set of organs is diminution in another; and hence, with few exceptions, the colliers are described as a 'stunted race:' the exceptions are Warwickshire, Leicestershire, and Ireland. The third effect of over-work is early decay of the organ over-worked—in the collier, therefore, of the muscular system.

'After they are turned forty-five or fifty they walk home from their work like cripples, stiffly stalking along, often leaning on sticks. Where the lowness of the gates induces a very bent posture, I have observed an inward curvature of the spine; and chicken-breasted children are very common in low, thin coal-mines.'—(*Report*, p. 185.)

This decrepitude is common, however, to many other classes than miners: indeed any tribe of mechanics may be known by their forms as modified by their trade.

Diseases of the heart and lungs are rife among colliers—the former as the result of over-action, the latter from that and the vitiated and heated air of certain mines. In East Lothian, Dr. Alison says, pulmonary disease begins between the ages of twenty and thirty, and gradually increasing, carries off the collier, if he be spared by other disorders. 'Want of proper ventilation is the cause: no part requires more looking to than East Lothian. The men die off like rotten sheep.' (*Report*, p. 189.) Another pulmonary disease, almost peculiar to colliers, is 'black-spit,' or 'spurious melanosis.' The symptoms are, according to Dr. Alison, 'emaciation, constant shortness of breath, quick pulse, occasional stitches, copious expectoration, mostly perfectly black, of the colour and consistence of blacking, a hacking cough. It is never cured.' (p. 190.) It is said there are no consumptive nor red-faced (apoplectic?) colliers. The cheap-worked mines are cer-

tainly the graves of men. When they are well ventilated, on the other hand, it is remarkable that children who are ill above ground recover in the equable warmth below: the half-starved cotton spinner, driven thither by his necessities, often emerges with gain of health and flesh,

All these varied circumstances and modified results must be candidly considered. As we said at the outset, there are great evils and dangers in many other callings, which might perhaps, if reported on by a set of gentlemen, however honest and sincere, appear actually crammed with mere misery and oppression, yet which are not *de facto* inconsistent with a fair average of well-being. Many trades, and *professions* too, are undoubtedly unfavourable to length of days. The colliers are not cut off nearly so soon as some other classes—yet they, generally speaking, are a short-lived people. At forty they are incapable of work in Shropshire and Staffordshire—‘are regular old men, as much as some at eighty;’ at fifty in Warwickshire. In Derbyshire the collier is aged at forty; and the loader, being twenty-eight and thirty. (p. 192.) And so is it wherever we track them. As a race, they may be said to be extinct at fifty-five. There are only half as many old men above seventy among colliers as among agriculturists; and twice as many deaths by accidents. Yet, with all this, the collier is fond of his colliery, preferring it to every other calling; and, if he quits his mine for a time, speedily returns to it. The spirit of adventure, and rough enjoyment, and independence, makes him gamble with life.

We cannot conclude without one or two examples more of the good that may be done by the proprietor, where he seriously turns his thoughts to the condition of his miners. And, first, look at the collier population of Alloa, amounting to 1100, as affected by the kind exertions of their landlord, the late Earl of Mar. He gave them the means of education, improved their cottages, encouraged gardening, prohibited the wives working in the mines; ‘and so,’ says Mr. John Craich, ‘raised their character in a wonderful degree.’ The provident society of the Alloa Colliery has at present 1200*l.* in the bank!

The present Earl of Elgin had for many years before his father’s death the management of the property in Scotland; and under his eye an improved system appears to have been established in the collieries. James Grier, manager, says ‘that twenty-five years ago few persons thought themselves safe near the spot after dark; now a

more sober set of workmen are not to be found in Scotland.’—*App. I.*, p. 497.

Another witness says:—

‘With respect to the moral condition of the colliers I can affirm they are much better than they were twenty years ago: formerly their food and clothing were of the commonest description, but now a collier’s family, if careful, eat of the best and most wholesome food, and have the clothing of the first-rate merchant of twenty years ago.’

It is particularly satisfactory to quote such examples from Scotland, where certainly they were and are most needed: but we are bound to say that the settlement of the legislative question as to mines and miners must be infinitely more difficult as regards that than any other part of the empire. The evils of the want of a liberal and uniform Poor Law for Scotland are becoming every day more and more terrible; and till that gigantic mischief is remedied, it will avail little to attempt regulations as to particular classes of the lower population there.

To return to England—let us hear one of the ablest of these Sub-commissioners:—

‘The worst of all the many adversities which beset the mental and moral progress of the working classes, is the indifference towards them of the higher orders of society. It is a fearful thing to see how exempt the employers of labour often hold themselves from moral obligations of every description towards those from whose industry their own fortunes spring. Even they who contribute at all to the education or moral improvement of their workmen do so, in nineteen cases out of twenty, merely by money, and without personal pains and superintendence of their own.’—*Mr. Symons, App. I.*, p. 201.

How the reverse of such a feeling has operated the following account will prove: Mrs. Stansfield, of Flockton, and her family, large proprietors both of mines and land, erected a room 56 feet long as a Sunday-school, and covered its walls with maps and pictures, and placed a piano in it. At nine on each Sunday morning a bell heard in the neighbouring village summons about sixty-four children, who prepare, by prayer and psalmody, for reading catechisms and hearing Scripture: after these preliminaries they are taken to the church, about half-a-mile off; and a similar exercise is repeated in the evening. Tickets, bearing a value of 1*d.* or 2*d.* a dozen, are given for attendance at school and chapel; and four of these can be obtained

each Sunday. From these funds all the girls but the youngest purchase their bible, prayer, and hymn-books.

The first Sunday in August an examination takes place, to which the parents are invited: it is termed *the feast of August*, and is anticipated by all with delight.

From the elder girls of the school eight are selected; who, on each Wednesday, are joined by twenty young men and lads, and are formed into a singing class. Some have attained great proficiency: Mr. Symons says that, at a concert given by Mr. Miles Stansfield, he saw Sarah Wood and seven other girls, who had spent the whole day in toilsome labour in the mine, performing some of the most difficult pieces of Spohr's Last Judgment, and Haydn's Masses, with zest and skill. 'They had been practised only a few months, once or twice-a-week, and they sang that most chromatic oratorio admirably, with some of the first chorus-singers in Yorkshire.'

'Mr. Briggs, the partner of Mrs. Stansfield, and Mr. Miles Stansfield, her son, have, in addition to these means of mental culture for the children, opened a gymnasium and cricket-ground for the men. Twice a-week they are admitted by means of tickets; and the scene presented by the commingling of all ages and both sexes for the purposes of recreation strongly corroborated the impression I had formed of the good-heartedness (in spite of the ignorance) of the collier population. Nor is the kindly and grateful feeling which exists on the part of the workpeople of Messrs. Stansfield and Briggs towards their employers by any means confined to the playground:—it exists most warmly throughout the village.'—*Ibid.*, p. 203.

A slight trait, incidentally placed in a foot-note, will perhaps bring the whole scene more vividly before the reader than the description by Mr. Symons of the contention for prizes—these Titans, in the various games of bell-race, jumping in sacks, throwing weights, running, leaping over poles, &c.—'An individual of great strength is appointed to act as constable, whose office is to enforce the laws, to turn out strangers entering without tickets, or any members misconducting themselves, and to close up the ground at night.'

A further experiment was made on these sons of earth—an attempt to entice them, through music, from their ordinary haunt of the public-house, and its potent attractions of strong drink and fierce gambling. At first twenty only appeared, and these 'in their shirt-sleeves.' 'The concert riveted their attention, and they became quiet and expressed great delight.' At the 'feast of August,' 1841, the twenty had

swelled into 'a multitude of colliers,' with their families, who attended the concert as well as the games, remaining the whole evening, and declaring, at its close, 'This beats cock-fighting!'

We think we shall please many by giving one extract more from the historian of 'Fossil Fuel.' It may be surmised, from something already quoted, that this able writer himself began life in the pit; but, if so, we have it not in our power to add his name to a list which it would by no means discredit.

'The Cornish miners have often been referred to as being a remarkably observant and intelligent race of men: combining, as they commonly do, each in his own person, the labourer, the adventurer, and the merchant, they have acquired a degree of shrewdness and industry that could not fail to be noted, especially by strangers with whom they came into contact. The colliers, on the other hand, whether less knowing or not, have been, in this respect at least, less known: they have almost uniformly been the servants of capitalists between whom and the actual labourers there have existed several gradations of rank—so to speak—the duties of the uppermost of which, however, bear very lightly, if at all, on the real independence of the lowest—the latter, indeed, frequently rising meritoriously from the bottom to the top of the scale. Many honourable instances of this might be mentioned. It is no proof of the general intelligence of any body of operatives that men of talent have occasionally risen from among them to distinguished stations in society; but it is natural to associate the ultimate fame or notoriety of an individual with his original calling, and this without the least disparagement or disrespect. It is on this principle that one feels a certain description of interest in knowing that the late celebrated Doctor Hutton was originally a hewer employed in Old Long Benton Colliery; that Mr. Stephenson, the intelligent engineer of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, was originally a coal-miner; that the late Rev. W. Huntingdon, an eccentric but talented preacher in the metropolis, was a coal-heaver; and even that the late "king of the conjurors," as the ingenious Ingleby was called, was a pit-man, who first practised sleight of hand among his companions on the banks of the Tyne. Thomas Bewick too, "the celebrated xylographer and illustrator of nature," may be mentioned as another instance. His father was a collier in the neighbourhood of Hexham; and Thomas with his brothers, one of whom died after giving promise of high excellency in the beautiful art of wood-engraving, was early immured in that subterranean, laborious, and loathsome employment.—"I have heard him say," remarks his friend Mr. Dovaston, "that the remotest recollection of his powerful and tenacious memory was that of lying for hours on his side between dismal strata of coal, by a glimmering and dirty candle, plying the pick with his little hands—those hands afterwards destined to elevate the arts, illustrate nature, and promulgate her truths,

to the delight and instruction of the moral and intellectual world."—*History of Fossil Fuel*; pp. 289, 290.

Since this article was put in type Lord Ashley has obtained the unanimous assent of the House of Commons for the introduction of a bill 'to make Regulations respecting the Age and Sex of Children and Young Persons employed in the Mines and Collieries of the United Kingdom.' After perusing this Report—with its detailed Appendices, and the *terrible* woodcuts that accompany them—it was impossible for us to doubt that Lord Ashley would receive the cordial support of Her Majesty's Government in such a measure. But we were not prepared for, and therefore we were indeed most highly gratified by, the unanimity of the House of Commons on the 7th of June. We would fain hail it as an evidence that not by any one class of politicians alone, but by all, the danger of neglecting the moral and social and also the physical condition of the poor in this rich and powerful empire has at length been understood and appreciated; and as an omen and pledge that henceforth, as now, English gentlemen of all parties will be found ready to act together as men and as Christians when the afflictions of their humble fellow-countrymen are brought under their consideration as legislators. Lord Ashley's speech was indeed a happy specimen of clear statement, intermixed with numberless touches of simply and deeply pathetic eloquence:—no man could listen to it without being reminded of Wilberforce. Such a speech might well, as a display of high talents, excite admiration and applause; but these are not days when rhetoric, or even oratory, can produce, in regard to subjects of this kind, any decisive practical effect. The House must have been operated on by circumstances of a very different character: they felt, we hope and believe, that this was the first step in a path which must be pursued, if our working classes—unequalled in the history of the world for courage, energy, and native goodness of feeling—are to be reconciled to the great existing institutions of their country—not excepting the institution of property, which, like all the rest, can only deserve to be supported as being for the general advantage.

'I hope, Sir,' said Lord Ashley, 'that the House will not consider that I am speaking dogmatically on these subjects: my intercourse with the working classes, both by correspondence and personal interview, has for many years been so extensive, that I think I may venture to say that I am conversant with their feelings and habits and can state their probable movements.

I do not fear any violent or general outbreaks on the part of the population: there may be a few, but not more than will be easily repressed by the ordinary force of the country. But I do fear the progress of a cancer, a perilous, and, if we much longer delay, an incurable cancer, which has seized upon the body social, moral, and political; and then in some day, when there shall be required on the part of our people an unusual energy, an unprecedented effort of virtue and patriotism, the strength of the empire prostrate, for the fatal disorder will have reached its vitals.

'There are, I well know, many other things to be done; but this, I must maintain, is an indispensable preliminary: for it is a mockery to talk of education to people who are engaged, as it were, in unceasing toil from their cradle to their grave. I have endeavoured for many years to attain this end by limiting the hours of labour, and so bringing the children and young persons within the reach of a moral and religious education. I have hitherto been disappointed, and I deeply regret it, because we are daily throwing away a noble material!—for, depend upon it, the British people are the noblest and most easily governed of any on the face of the earth. Their fortitude and obedience under the severest privations sufficiently prove it. (Loud cheers.) *Sure I am, that the minister of this country, whoever he be, if he will but win their confidence by appealing to their hearts, may bear upon his little finger the whole weight of the reins of the British empire.* And, Sir, the sufferings of these people, so destructive to themselves, are altogether needless to the prosperity of the empire. . . . Could it even be proved that they were necessary, this House, I know, would pause before it undertook to affirm the continuance of them. . . . What could induce you to tolerate further the existence of such cruelties? Is it not enough to announce these things to an assembly of Christian men and British gentlemen? For twenty millions of money you purchased the liberation of the negro; and it was a blessed deed. You may, this night, by a cheap and harmless vote, invigorate the hearts of thousands of your countrypeople, enable them to walk erect in newness of life, to enter on the enjoyment of their inherited freedom, and avail themselves (if they will accept them) of the opportunities of virtue, of morality, and religion. These, Sir, are the ends that I venture to propose: this is the barbarism that I seek to restore. The House will, I am sure, forgive me for having detained them so long; and still more will they forgive me for venturing to conclude, by imploring them in the words of Holy Writ, "*To break off our sins by righteousness, and our iniquities by showing mercy to the poor, if it may be a lengthening of our tranquillity.*"'—*Speech, &c.*, p. 57.

- ART. VII.—1. *Gardening for Ladies*. By Mrs. Loudon. London. 1841.
2. *The Ladies' Companion to the Flower Garden: being an Alphabetical Arrangement of all the Ornamental Plants usually grown in Gardens and Shrubberies; with full Directions for their Culture*. By Mrs. Loudon. London. 1841.
3. *The Flower Garden: containing Directions for the Cultivation of all Garden Flowers*. pp. 515. London. 1841.
4. *An Encyclopædia of Gardening: comprising the Theory and Practice of Horticulture, Floriculture, Arboriculture, and Landscape-Gardening, &c. &c.* By J. C. Loudon, F.L.S., H.S., &c. 8vo. pp. 1270. London.
5. *An Encyclopædia of Plants; with Figures of nearly Ten Thousand Species*. Edited by J. C. Loudon. 8vo. pp. 1159. London. 1829.
6. *Elements of Botany, Structural, Physiological, Systematical, and Medical*. By John Lindley, Ph. D., Professor of Botany in University College. London. 1841.
7. *A Pocket Botanical Dictionary: comprising the Names, History, and Culture of all Plants known in Britain*. By Joseph Paxton, F.L.S., H.S., &c. London. 1840.
8. *Botany for Ladies; or, a Popular Introduction to the Natural System of Plants*. By Mrs. Loudon. pp. 493. London. 1841.
9. *The Orchidaceæ of Mexico and Guatemala*. By James Bateman, Esq. In Parts.
10. *Illustrations of the Genera and Species of Orchidaceous Plants*. By Francis Bauer, Esq., with Notes and Prefatory Remarks. Dr. Lindley. London. 1840.
11. *Sertum Orchideum; or, a Wreath of the most beautiful Orchidaceous Plants*. By Dr. Lindley. 1840-1.
12. *A History of British Ferns*. By Edward Newman, F.L.S. 8vo. 1840.
13. *Poetry of Gardening*, from 'The Carthusian,' a Miscellany in Prose and Verse. pp. 528. London. 1839.

If Dr. Johnson would not stop to inquire whether landscape-gardening demands any great powers of the mind, we may surely be excused from the like investigation on the humbler subject of gardening-proper. But whether or not these pursuits demand, certain it is that they have exercised, the talents of as numerous and brilliant an assemblage of great names as any one subject can boast of. Without travelling into distant times or countries, we find among our own philosophers, poets,

and men of taste, who have deemed gardening worthy their regard, the names of Bacon, Evelyn, Temple, Pope, Addison, Sir W. Chambers, Lord Kames, Shenstone, Horace Walpole, Alison, Hope, and Walter Scott. Under the first and last of these authorities, omitting all the rest, we would gladly take our stand in defence of any study to which they had given their sanction on paper and in practice. Even in its own exclusive domain, gardening has raised no mean school of literature in the works of Gilpin, Whateley, the Masons, Knight, Price, and Repton.

Time would fail us to tell of all those royal and noble personages whom old Gerard enumerates in his 'Herbal' as having either 'loved to live in gardens,' or written treatises on the subject. We know that Solomon 'spoke of plants, from the cedar that is in Lebanon to the hyssop that groweth out of the wall:'—though here the material surpassed the workmanship, for in all his wisdom he discoursed not so eloquently, nor in all his glory was he so richly arrayed as one 'lily of the field.' The vegetable drug mithridate long handed down the name of the King of Pontus its discoverer, 'better knowne,' says Gerard, 'by his sovereigne Mithridate, than by his sometime speaking two-and-twenty languages.' 'What should I say,' continues the old herbalist, after having called in the authorities of Euax king of the Arabians, and Artemisia queen of Caria, 'what should I say of those royal personages, Juba, Attalus, Climenus, Achilles, Cyrus, Masynissa, Semyramis, Dioclesian—all skilled in the excellent art of simpling?' We might easily swell the list by the addition of royal patrons of horticulture in modern times. Among our own sovereigns, Elizabeth, James I., and Charles II., are mentioned as having given their personal superintendence to the royal gardens, while a change in the style of laying out grounds is very generally attributed to the accession of William and Mary—though we doubt whether a horticultural genius would have met with any better or more fitting reception from the hero of the Boyne than did the great wit to whom he offered a cornetcy of dragoons. The gardens of Tzarsco-celo and of Peterhoff were severally the summer resorts of Catherine I. and Elizabeth of Russia, where the one amused herself with building a Chinese village, and the other by cooking her own dinner in the summer-house of Monplaisir.

There are more thrilling associations connected with the Jardin Anglais of the Trianon at Versailles, where some rose-trees yet grow which were planted by

Marie Antoinette; nor will an Englishman easily forget the grounds of Claremont, which yet cherish the memory and the taste of that truly British princess who delighted to superintend even the arrangement of the flowers in the cottage-garden. At the present moment great things are promised at Windsor, both in the 'ornamental and useful department; and we trust that the alterations now in progress, avowedly under the eye of royalty, will produce gardens as worthy of the sovereign and the nation, as is the palace to which they are attached.

Little new is to be said upon the history of gardening. Horace Walpole and Daines Barrington have well nigh exhausted the subject, and all later writers go over the same ground. Beginning with the Eden* of our first parents, we have the old stories of the orchard of the Hesperides, and the dragon, and the golden fruit (now explained to be oranges,)—the gardens of Adonis—the Happy Isles—the hanging terraces of Babylon—till with a passing glance at those of Alcinous and Laertes, as described by Homer, we arrive at the Gardens of Epicurus and the Academe of Plato. Roman history brings up the rear with the villas of Cicero and Pliny, the fruits of Lucullus, the roses of Pæstum, and Cæsar's

'Private arbours and new-planted orchards
On this side Tiber.'

To how different a science in each of these instances the term, 'garden' has been applied we have now no time to inquire; but we may perhaps be allowed, before entering upon the fresher and more inviting scene of the English parterre, to say one word in correction of an error common to all writers on the horticulture of the an-

* We are sorry that Mr. Loudon in his *Encyclopædia*, to which every writer on Gardening must feel infinitely obliged, should think it worth while to repeat some silly sneers of Horace Walpole on this subject; as if (what indeed he himself seems to scout) a garden necessarily implied clipped hedges and trellis-work, or as if the new world, fresh from the hand of the Creator, could be anything else than a garden. We might fix on many other passages to find fault with him on the same score. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. He had better stick to his spade. What have sceptical hints and revolutionary opinions to do with gardening? What indeed can be more opposite to its pure and quiet spirit? To say the least of it, it is ingratitude both to God and man in one whose daily occupation is amongst the fairest works of creation, and whose income is derived from the purest pursuit of an enlightened aristocracy. We trust we may see no more of this. Mr. Loudon may take our word for it, that the circulation and usefulness of his otherwise valuable works are badly marred by these flourishes.

cients. They would have us consider all classical gardens as little more than kitchen-gardens or orchards—to use the expression of Walpole, 'a cabbage and a gooseberry-bush.' This is a great mistake. The love of flowers is as clearly traceable in the poets of antiquity as in those of our own times, and their allusions to them plainly show that they were cultivated with the greatest care. Fruit-trees no doubt were mingled with their flowers, but in the formal, or indeed in any style, this might be made an additional beauty. The very order* indeed of their olive-groves had a protecting deity at Athens, and with such exactness did they set out the elms which supported their vines, that Virgil compares them to the rank and file of a Roman legion. But the 'fair-clustering'† narcissus and the 'gold-gleaming'‡ crocus were reckoned among the glories of Attica as much as the nightingale, and the olive, and the steed; and the violet§ was as proud a device of the Ionic Athenians, as the rose of England, or the lily of France. The Romans are even censured by their lyric poet¶ for allowing their fruitful olive-groves to give place to beds of violets, and myrtles, and all the 'wilderness of sweets.' The first rose of spring|| and the 'last rose of summer'¶ have been sung in Latin as well as English. Ovid's description of the Floralia will equal any account we can produce of our May-day; nor has Milton himself more glowingly painted the flowery mead of Enna than has the author of the *Fasti*. Cicero** distinctly enumerates the cultivation of flowers among the delights of the country; and Virgil†† assures us that, had he given us his *Georgic* on Horticulture, he would not have forgotten the narcissus or acanthus, the ivy, the myrtle, or the rose-gardens of Pæstum. The moral which Burns drew from his 'mountain daisy' had been marked before both by Virgil‡‡ and Catullus;§§ and indeed a glance at the *Eclogues*, the *Georgics*, or the *Fasti*, will show the same love of flowers in their authors which evidently animated Aristophanes, where he described the gentleman of 'merry old Athens' as 'redolent of honey-

* Soph. *CEd.* Col. 705.

† Soph. *CEd.* Col. 682.

‡ Aristoph. *Equit.* 1324. *Acharn.* 637.

§ Hor. *ii.* xv. 5.

|| Virg. *Georg.* iv. 134.

¶ Hor. *Od.* i. xxviii. 3.

** 'Nec vero segetibus solum, et pratis, et vineis, et arbutis res rusticæ lætæ sunt, sed etiam in hortis et pomariis; tum pecudum pastu, apium examinibus, florum omnium varietate.'—De Sen. c. 15.

†† Georg. iv. 124.

‡‡ *Æn.* ix. 436.

§§ Catull. xi.

suckles and holidays;’* and which is so conspicuous in our own Shakspeare as to have led to some late ingenious surmises that he was born and bred a gardener.†

Addison amused himself by comparing the different styles of gardening with those of poetry—‘Your makers of parterres and flower-gardens are epigrammatists and sonnetteers; contrivers of bowers and grottos, treillages and cascades, are romance-writers;’ while the gravel-pits in Kensington Gardens, then just laid out by London and Wise, were heroic verse. If our modern critics were to draw a similar comparison, we suppose our gardens would be divided into the Classical and the Romantic. The first would embrace the works of the Italian, Dutch, and French, the second those of the Chinese and English schools. The characteristics of the three symmetric styles are not easily to be distinguished, but from the climate and character of the nations, perhaps even more than from the actual examples existing in their respective countries, a division has been made which is recognized in most works on gardening, and may be useful in practice in keeping us to that ‘leading idea’ on which the critics insist so strongly, but which has been sadly neglected in most modern examples.

The Italian style is undoubtedly the offspring, or rather the continuation, of the xystus and quincunx of the ancient Romans. With them the garden was only the amplification of the house: if indeed their notion of a villa did not almost sink the consideration of the roofed rooms in the magnificence of the colonnades and terraces that surrounded them. The same spirit has animated the style of modern Italy. The garden immediately about the house is but the extension of the style and materials of which the buildings themselves are composed. Broad paved terraces—

* *σπίλακος ἔξω καὶ ἀπαγορεύς*. Aristoph. [Nub. 1007.]

† We may perhaps return to the subject of ancient gardens. Meanwhile we answer to Daines Barrington’s remark, that, ‘he knew of no Greek or Latin word for nosegay,’ that the ancients wore their flowers on their head, not in their bosom; and there is surely mention enough about ‘*σπίφανοι*’ and ‘*coronæ*.’ But we need hardly wonder at such an oversight in an author who, noticing the passages on flowers in our early poets, makes no allusion to Shakspeare. To H. Walpole, who says ‘their gardens are never mentioned as affording shade and shelter from the rage of the dog-star,’ we can now only quote

‘*Spissa ramis laurea fervidos
Excludet ictus;*’

and

—‘*platanum potantibus umbram;*’

and Hor. ii. xi. 13. The platanus was the newly introduced garden-wonder of the Augustan age.

and, where the ground admits of them, tiers rising one above the other—vases and statues (not half hidden in a shrubbery, or indiscriminately scattered over a lawn, but) connected, and in character with the house itself—these, with marble fountains and such relics of antiquity as may have been discovered in the neighbourhood, form the chief beauties of the magnificent gardens of Italy, which have in many instances swallowed up the whole wealth of their princely possessors. Spite of Walpole’s sneer about ‘walking up and down stairs in the open air,’ we own that there are to us few things so beautiful in art as stately terraces, tier above tier, and bold flights of stone steps, now stretching forward in a broad unbroken course, now winding around the angle of the terrace in short and steep descents, each landing affording some new scene, some change of sun or shade—a genial basking-place, or cool retreat—here the rich perfume of an ancestral* orange-tree, there the bright blossom of some sunny creeper—while at another turn a balcony juts out to catch some distant view, or a recess is formed with seats for the loitering party to ‘rest and be thankful.’ Let all these be connected by colonnades with the architecture of the mansion, and you have a far more rational appendage to its necessarily artificial character than the petty wildernesses and picturesque *abandon* which have not been without advocates up to the very lintel and threshold.

Isola Bella, the creation of Vitaliano Borromeo, may be considered as the extravagant type of the Italian style. A barren rock, rising in the midst of a lake, and producing nothing but a few poor lichens, has been converted into a pyramid of terraces, supported on arches, and ornamented with bays and orange-trees of amazing size and beauty.

The French are theatrical even in their gardens. There is an effort after spectacle and display which, while it wants the grace of the Italians, is yet free from the puerilities of the Dutch. The gardens of Versailles may be taken as the great exemplar of this style; and magnificent indeed they are, if expense and extent and variety suffice to make up magnificence. Two hundred acres and two hundred millions of francs were the materials which Louis XIV. handed over to Le Nôtre, wherewith to construct them. To draw petty figures in dwarf-box, and elaborate patterns

* There are in Holland many orange-trees which have been in the same family 200 and 300 years; one at Versailles has the inscription ‘*Semé en 1484*’

in particoloured sand, might well be dispensed with where the formal style was carried out with such magnificence as this, but otherwise the designs of Le Nôtre differ little from that of his predecessors in the Geometric style, save in their monstrous extent. This is the 'grand manner' of which Batty Langley, in his 'New Principles of Gardening,' published in 1728, has given such extraordinary specimens. We wish it were only possible for us to transfer a few of his designs to these pages, that the absurdity of that fashion might be fully shown up. Some notion may be formed of his system, to which we may perhaps return, from his starting with the principle that the 'true end and design of laying out gardens of pleasure is, that we may never know when we have seen the whole.* The great wonder of Versailles was the well-known labyrinth, not such a maze as is really the source of much idle amusement at Hampton Court, but a mere ravel of interminable walks, closely fenced in with high hedges, in which thirty-nine of Æsop's Fables were represented by painted copper figures of birds and beasts, each group connected with a separate fountain, and all spouting water out of their mouths. A more dull and fatuous notion it never entered into the mind of bloated extravagance to conceive.†

Every tree was here planted with geometrical exactness,—parterre answered to parterre across half-a-mile of gravel,—

'Grove nods to grove, each alley has its brother,
And half the garden just reflects the other.'

'Such symmetry,' says Lord Byron, 'is not for solitude,' and certainly the gardens of Versailles were not planted with any such intent. The Parisians do not throng

* Brown—who, though an uneducated man, and alluded to, we suppose, by Sir W. Chambers where he speaks of 'peasants emerging from the melon-ground to take the periwig and turn professor,' left many good sayings behind him—used to say of these tortuous walks, that you might put one foot upon zig and the other upon zag.

† Some idea may be formed of the more than childishness of the thing from a contemporary account. 'These water-works represent several of Æsop's Fables: the animals are all of brass and painted in their proper colours, and are so well assigned, that they seem to be in the very action the Fable supposes them in, and the more so, for that they cast water out of their mouths, alluding to the form of speech the Fable renders them in.' Here follows the description of a particular fountain. 'Fable XIII. The Fox and the Crane.—Upon a rock stands a Fox with the Crane; the Fox is lapping somewhat on a flat gilded dish, the water spreads itself in the form of a table-cloth; the Crane by way of complaint spouts up water into the air; and so on through thirty-eight others.—*Versailles Illustrated*, 1726.

there for the contemplation to be found in the 'trim gardens' of Milton. There is indeed a melancholy, but not a pleasing one, in wandering alone through those many acres of formal hornbeam, where we feel that it requires the 'galliard and elinguant' air of a scene of Watteau—its crowds and love-making—its hoops and minuets—a ringing laugh and merry tambourine—to make us recognize the real genius of the place. Taking Versailles as the gigantic type of the French school, it need scarcely be said that it embraces broad gravelled terraces, long alleys of yew and hornbeam, vast orangeries, groves planted in the quincunx style, and water-works embellished with, and conducted through, every variety of sculptured ornament. It takes the middle line between the other two geometric schools; admitting more sculpture and other works of art than the Italian, but not overpowered with the same number of 'huge masses of littleness' as the Dutch. There is more of promenade, less of parterre; more gravel than turf; more of the deciduous than of the evergreen tree. The practical water-wit of drenching the spectators was in high vogue in the ancient French gardens; and Evelyn, in his account of the Duke of Richelieu's villa, describes with some relish how 'on going, two extravagant musketeers shot at us with a stream of water from their musket-barrels.' Contrivances for dousing the visitors—'especially the ladies'—which once filled so large a space in the catalogue of every show-place, seem to militate a little against the national character for gallantry; but the very fact that everything was done to surprise the spectator and stranger evinces how different was their idea of a garden from the home and familiar pleasures which an Englishman looks to in his. Paintings on a large scale, and illusive perspectives* at the end of their avenues, may be ranked among their characteristic embellishments.

But during the madness of the Revolution, gardens of course could not be allowed alone to remain unaltered; and as Reason and Nature were to carry everything before them, here too the English style was

* An instance of these 'agreeable deceptions,' perfectly characteristic of the French taste of the day, may be given from Evelyn's tour:—'In the *Rue de la Seine* is a little garden, which, though very narrow, by the addition of a well-painted perspective, is to appearance greatly enlarged; to this there is another part, supported by arches, in which runs a stream of water, rising in the aviary, out of a statue, and seeming to flow for some miles, by being artificially continued in the painting, where it sinks down at the wall.'

of course adopted with the same enthusiasm and intelligence as they showed in taking up the democratic parts of our constitution. Ermenonville, the seat of Viscomte Girardin, was the first place of consequence laid out in the *natural style*, and a more complete specimen of French adaptation was never heard of. We have not space even to glance at half its charms; but some idea of the *genius loci* may be conveyed from the fact that 'a garden in ruins' was one of its lions. And it seems that the Viscomte kept a band of musicians continually moving about, now on water, now on land, to draw the attention of visitors to the right points of view at the right time of the day; while Madame and her daughters, in a sweet mixture of the natural, the revolutionary, and the romantic, promenaded the grounds, dressed in brown stuff, '*en amazones*,' with black hats; and the young men wore '*habillemens les plus simples et le plus propres à les faire confondre avec les enfans des campagnards*.*' One instance, more Frenchified and ridiculous still, was that of the 'Moulin Joli' of Watelet. He was a writer of a system of gardening on utilitarian principles; but, having erected divers temples and altars about his grounds, he felt himself bound, in consistency with his theory, to employ occasionally troops of sacrificers and worshippers, to give his gimcrack pagodas and shrines the air of utility! In good keeping with his garden was the encomium of the Prince de Ligne. '*Allez-y, incrédules! Méditez sur les inscriptions que le gout y a dictées. Méditez avec le sage, soupirez avec l'amant, et bénissez Watelet.*'

The line of demarcation between the Dutch and French styles is perhaps more imaginary than real. The same exact symmetry everywhere prevails. There is a profusion of ornaments, only on a smaller scale,—

'Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees,'—

with stagnant and muddy canals and ditches, purposely made for the bridge that is thrown over them; but they abound also in the pleasanter accompaniments of grassy banks and slopes, green terraces, caves, water-works, banquetting-houses set on mounds, with a profusion of trellis-work and green paint—'furnished,' in the words of Evelyn, 'with whatever may render the place agreeable, melancholy, and country-like, not forgetting 'a hedge of jets d'eau surrounding a parterre.'

In the neighbourhood of Antwerp is a lawn with sheep—like the grey wethers of Salisbury Plain—of stone, and shepherd and dog of the same material to match. Generally, however, the scissiors and the yew-tree make up the main 'furniture' of the garden; and there is something so venerable, and even classical,* about cones and pyramids, and peacocks of box and yew, that we should be loth to destroy a single specimen of the topiary art that was not in flagrant disconnection with the scene around it.

However, the most striking and indispensable feature of a private garden in the Dutch style is the '*lust-huis*,' or pleasure-house, hundreds of which overlook every public road and canal in Holland. Perched on the angle of the high wall of the enclosure, or flanking or bestriding the stagnant canalulet which bounds the garden, in all the gaiety and cleanliness of fresh paint, these little rooms form the resort, in summer and autumn evenings, of the owners and their families, who, according to sex and age, indulge themselves with pipes and beer, tea and gossip, or in observing the passengers along the high road,—while these, in their turn, are amused with the amiable and pithy mottoes on the pavillions, which set forth the 'Pleasure and Ease,' 'Friendship and Sociability,' &c. &c., of the family-party within.

We have thought it necessary to give a slight sketch of the principal continental styles, before we entered upon the consideration of that which is universally recognized as appropriate to the English garden. In a former number of our Review a history of the changes that have passed over English gardens was given, in his usual happy manner, by Sir Walter Scott, which precludes the necessity of more than a passing reference to the same subject. London and Wise were among the earliest innovators on the old Dutch school in England, and received the high praise of Addison in the '*Spectator*' for the introduction of a more natural manner in Kensington Gardens, then newly laid out. Bridgeman followed, laying the axe to the root of many a verdurous peacock and lion of Lincoln-green. Kent, the inventor of the Ha-ha, broke through the visible and formal boundary, and confounded the distinction between the garden and the park. Brown, of 'capability' memory, succeeded, with his round clumps, boundary belts, semi-natural rivers, extensive lakes, broad green

* Gaz. Lit. de l'Europe, quoted by Loudon, Encyc., p. 86.

* See Pliny and Martial—we may say *passim*.

drives, with the everlasting portico summer-house at the end. Castle Howard, Blenheim, and Stowe, were the great achievements of these times; while the bard of the Leasowes was creating his sentimental farm, 'rearing,' says D'Israeli, 'hazels and hawthorns, opening vistas, and winding waters,'

'And having shown them where to stray,
Threw little pebbles in their way ;'

displaying—according to the English rhymes of a noble foreigner who raised a 'plain stone' to the memory of 'Shenstone'—'a mind natural,' in laying out 'Arcadian greens rural.'*

Whateley's book completed the revolution. It was instantly translated into French, the 'Anglomanié' being then at its height; and though the clipped pyramids and hedges did not fall so recklessly as in England, yet no place of any pretension was considered perfect without the addition of its 'jardin Anglais.† The natural style was now for some time, in writings and practice, completely triumphant. At length came out 'Price on the Picturesque,' who once more drew the distinction between the parterre and the forest, in opposition to the straggling, scrambling style, which Whateley called 'combining the excellences of the garden and the park.'

From the times of Socrates and Epicurus to those of Wesley, Simeon, and Pusey, the same story is to be told; and if theology and philosophy could not escape, how should poor gardening expect to go free?

* Dr. Johnson, who, we think, used to boast either that he did or did not (and it is much the same) know a cabbage from a cabbage-rose, has a passage in his 'Life of Shenstone' so perfectly Johnsonian that we must transcribe it:—'Now was excited his delight in rural pleasures, and his ambition of rural elegance; he began from this time to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters; which he did with such judgment and such fancy as made his little domain the envy of the great and the admiration of the skilful—a place to be visited by travellers and copied by designers. Whether to plant a walk in undulating curves, and to place a bench at every turn where there is an object to catch the view—to make water run where it will be heard, and to stagnate where it will be seen—to leave intervals where the eye will be pleased, and to thicken the plantation where there is something to be hidden—demand any great powers of the mind, I will not inquire: perhaps a surly and sullen spectator may think such performances rather the sport than the business of human reason. But it must at least be confessed that to embellish the form of nature is an innocent amusement, and some praise must be allowed by the most scrupulous observer to him who does best what multitudes are contending to do well.'

† Horace Walpole's description of M. Boutin's garden.

It is the natural effect of the bold enunciation of a broad principle, that it will oftener be strained to cover extreme cases than be applied to the general bearing of the subject. Withdraw the pure and intelligent mind that first directed its application, and hundreds of professed disciples and petty imitators spring up, whose optics are sharp-sighted enough to see the faults condemned in the old system, though their comprehension is too limited to embrace the whole range of truth and beauty in the new; with just so much knowledge as to call up a maxim or phrase for the purpose of distorting it, and passing it on the world as the *ipse dixit* of the master, though without intellect enough to perceive the time, the measure, or the place, which alone make its application desirable. Wilkes was at much trouble to assure George III. that he was not a Wilkite; and if many an ordinary man has need at times to exclaim, 'Preserve me from my friends,' all great ones have much more reason to cry out, 'Defend me from my disciples.' Perhaps all this is a little too grandiloquent for our humble subject; but if a marked example of discipular ultraism and perversion were wanting, no stronger one could be found than that supplied by the followers of Price. And if we have made more of this matter than it deserves, we care not, for our great object is to impress upon our readers that this unfortunate word 'picturesque' has been the ruin of our gardens. Price himself never dreamt of applying it, in its present usage, to the plot of ground immediately surrounding the house. His own words are all along in favour of a formal and artificial character *there*, in keeping with the mansion itself; and as Sir Walter Scott remarks, he expresses in a tone of exquisite feeling his regret at his own destruction of a garden on the old system. He might, indeed, have used the term with reference to those splendid terraces, arcades, and balconies of Italy with which we are familiar in the architectural pictures of Panini; but he would have shrunk with horror to have his theory applied to justify the substitution of tadpole, and leech, and comma, and sausage figures for the trim gardens of symmetrical forms, even though he might see in them (as Addison says) 'the marks of the scissors upon every plant and bush.'

Scott very justly finds fault with the term 'landscape gardening,' which is another that has proved fatal to our parterres. If such a word as 'landscaping,' be inadmissible, it is high time to find some phrase which will express the laying out of park

scenery, as completely distinct from 'gardening' as the things themselves are.

Though it may be questioned whether a picture should be the *ultimate* test of the taste in laying out gardens and grounds, Price, even on this view, offers some very ingenious arguments in defence not only of Italian but even of the old English garden; and his feelings now would evidently have led him still further to adopt the formal system, had his theory not stood a little in the way. He seems to recognize a threefold division of the domain—the architectural terrace, and flower-garden in direct connection with the house, where he admits the formal style; the shrubbery or pleasure-ground, a transition between the flowers and the trees, which he would hand over to the 'natural style' of Brown and his school; and, thirdly, the park, which he considers the proper domain of his own system. This is a distinction which it would be well for every proprietor to keep in view, not for the sake of a monotonous adherence to its divisions in every case, but in order to remember that the tree, the shrub, and the flower, though they may be occasionally mingled with effect, yet require a separate treatment, and the application of distinct principles, where they are to be exhibited each in its full perfection. Our present subject of complaint is the encroachments which the natural and picturesque styles have made upon the regular flower-garden. Manufacturers of bye-lanes and lightning-struck cottages are all very well in their own department, but that must not be in the vicinity of the house. We suppose that even Wheateley himself would admit that the steps and threshold of the door must be symmetrical, and would probably allow a straight pathway more appropriate, and even more natural than a winding one, leading directly to the door of the house. Once get a single straight line, even the outline of the building itself, and it then becomes merely a matter of situation, or convenience, or taste, how far the straight lines and right angles shall be extended; and though nature must needs be removed a few paces further into her own proper retreat, yet simplicity may still remain in regular and symmetrical forms, as much as in undulations and irregularities and mole-hills under the very windows of the drawing-room. Nothing, as Scott has remarked, is more completely the child of art than a garden. It is, indeed, in our modern sense of the term, one of the last refinements of civilized life. 'A man shall ever see,' says Lord Bacon, 'that when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come

to build stately sooner than to garden finely.' To attempt, therefore, to disguise wholly its artificial character is as great folly as if men were to make their houses resemble as much as possible the rudeness of a natural cavern. So much mawkish sentimentality had been talked about the natural style, that even Price himself dared not assert that a garden must be avowedly artificial. And though now it seems nothing strange to hazard such a remark, yet its truth still requires to be brought more boldly and closely home to us before we can expect to see our gardens what they ought to be.

Since the publication of Price's book no writer has appeared advocating any particular theory or system of gardening. Principles and practice have become of a like composite order, and, in general it has been left to the gardener to adopt at his own pleasure, the stucco, and cast-iron and wire ornaments, that fashion has from time to time produced, to suit the last importations or the favourite flower of the season. The early part of the nineteenth century presents a great coolness in the garden mania with which the eighteenth was so possessed; and it was hardly till after the peace that public attention again took this direction. We presume that it will only be in the philosophical fashion of the day to say that this was a natural reaction of the public mind, after the turmoil of a foreign war, to fall back upon the more peaceful occupations of home. The institution of the Horticultural Society of London, however, took place a little earlier, and it no doubt gave both a stimulus and a stability to the growing taste of the nation.

It may be amusing to run over some few statistics of the progress of horticulture since that time. It is now only thirty-three years since the foundation of the London Society, the first comprehensive institution of its kind: there are now in Great Britain at least 200 provincial societies, founded more or less upon its model. We find merely in the 'Gardener's Chronicle' for last year notices of the exhibitions of 120 different societies. Everything else connected with gardening has increased in the like proportion. There were at that time not more than two botanical, and those strictly scientific, periodical works; there are now at least twenty monthly publications, each devoted to some branch or other of botany or horticulture; and, what may perhaps still more surprise those of our readers who live apart from the influence of the gardening world, there are or were very lately, published every week three newspapers

professedly monopolized by horticultural subjects. Even during the last year, two new societies have sprung up in the metropolis—the London Floricultural and the Royal Botanic, each taking a line of its own, distinct, though not antagonistically so, from that of any previously formed institution: and both, we believe, prospering, and likely to prosper.

Many of our readers, who have heard of a fashionable, and a scientific, and a sporting, and (stranger name still!) a religious world; may perhaps be in unhappy ignorance of the floricultural one. But such indeed there is, with its own leaders, language, laws, exclusiveness—aye, even its party bitterness, and personal animosities. And shameful indeed it is that such pure and simple objects should be the source of the unseemly quarrels and bickerings which are too often obtruded into floricultural publications; that men should extract 'envy and malice and all uncharitableness' out of 'the purest of all human pleasures'—

'Even as those bees of Trebizond,
Which from the sunniest hours that glad
With their pure smile the garden round
Draw venom forth that drives men mad!'
Lallah Roohk.

The division of labour, both in the horticultural and floricultural world, is carried to an extent that the uninitiated little dream of. There are not only express exhibitions for each particular plant that has been adopted into the family of 'florist's flowers'—as for the tulip, dahlia, pink, and heartsease—but there are actually several existing 'cucumber clubs' and 'celery societies'; and, within a very short period, four or five treatises have been published on the culture of the cucumber alone. Then we must speak of the 'flake' of the carnation—the 'edging' of the picotee—the 'crown' and the 'lacing' of the pink—the 'feather and flame' of the tulip—the 'eye and depth' of the dahlia—the 'tube, the truss, and the paste' of the auricula—and the 'pencil' and 'blotch' of the pansy. Besides these peculiar pets of the fancy, there are the old-fashioned polyanthus, the ranunculus, the geranium, the calceolaria, the crysanthemum, and the hyacinth, which are also under the especial patronage of the florists; and, lately, the iris, the gladiolus, the fuchsia, and the verbenas, may be considered as added to the list.

The tulipomania of Holland is well known: it was at its height in the year 1637, when one bulb—its name is worth

preserving—'the Viceroy'—was sold for 4203 florins; and for another, called 'Semper Augustus,' there were offered 4600 florins, a new carriage, a pair of grey horses, and a complete set of harness!*

The florimania, as it has been called—we should rather say 'anthomania'—has never reached so ridiculous a height in England, nor, with all our love for flowers, is it likely to do so, though there are staid men of business among us who would doubtless be amazed at the sums of money even now occasionally lavished on a single plant. A noble Duke, munificent in his patronage of horticulture, as in everything else, and who—though till quite lately, we believe, ignorant of the subject—now understands it as thoroughly as he appreciates it, is said to have given one hundred guineas for a single specimen of an orchideous plant; and we know of another peer, not quite so wise in this or perhaps other matters, who, seeing a clump of the rich and gorgeous double-flowering gorse, instantly gave his gardener an order for fifty pounds' worth of it!

Before we have done with the florists and botanists we must say one word about their nomenclatures. As long as the extreme vulgarity of the one and the extreme pedantry of the other continue, they must rest assured that they will scare the majority of this fastidious and busy world from taking any great interest in their pursuits. Though 'a rose by any other name will smell as sweet,' there is certainly enough to prejudice the most devoted lover of flowers against one that comes recommended by some such designation as 'Jim Crow,' or 'Metropolitan purple,' or 'King Boy,' or 'Yellow Perfection.' When indeed calceolarias and pansies increase to 2000 'named varieties,' there must of course be some difficulty in finding out an appropriate title for every new upstart; but in this case the evil lies deeper than the mere name: it consists in puffing and palming off such seedlings at all, half of which are either such counterparts of older flowers, that nothing but the most microscopic examination would detect a difference, or else so utterly worthless as to be fit only to be thrown away. This is an increasing evil; and if anything gives a check to the present growing taste for choice flowers, it

* At the sale of Mr. Clarke's tulips at Croydon, in the year 1836, 100*l.* was given for a single bulb, 'Fanny Kemble'; and from 5*l.* to 10*l.* is no uncommon price for the new and choice sorts. We see also frequent advertisements of geraniums and dahlias, the first year of their 'coming out,' at the like price.

will arise from the dishonesty and trickery of the trade itself.

Meanwhile, let there be at least some propriety in the names given. We cannot quite agree with Mr. Loudon, who seems to approve of such names as 'Claremont-nuptials primrose' and 'Afflicted-queen carnation!' though they do point to the years 1816 and 1821 as the dates of their respective appearances: neither will we aver that Linnæus was not something too fanciful in naming his 'Andromeda,*' and in calling a genus *Bauhinia*, from two illustrious brothers of the name of Bauhin, because it has a *double* leaf; but surely there is marked character enough about every plant to give it some simple *English* name, without drawing either upon living characters or dead languages. It is hard work, as even Miss Mitford has found it, to make the maurandias, and alstræmerias, and eschscholtzias—the commonest flowers of our modern gardens—look passable even in prose. They are sad dead letters in the glowing description of a bright scene in June. But what are these to the pollopetemonopetalæ and eleutheromacrostemones of Wachendorf, with such daily additions as the native name of iztactepotzacuxochtil icohueyo, or the more classical ponderosity of *Erysimum Peroffskyanum*—

'—like the verbum Græcum,
Sperinagoraiolekitholakanopolides,
Words that should only be said upon holidays,
When one has nothing else to do.'

As to poetry attempting to immortalize a modern bouquet, it is utterly hopeless; and if our cultivators expect to have their new varieties handed down to posterity, they must return to such musical sounds as buglosse, and eglantine, and primrose, before bards will adopt their pets into immortal song. We perceive some attempt made lately in Paxton's Magazine and the better gardening journals to render the names somewhat more intelligible by Englishing

* The following is his reason for thus naming this delicate shrub, one of those bog-plants not half so much cultivated as it deserves to be:—'As I contemplated it, I could not help thinking of Andromeda, as described by the poets—a virgin of most exquisite beauty and unrivalled charms. The plant is always fixed in some turfy hillock in the midst of the swamps, as Andromeda herself was chained to a rock in the sea, which bathed her feet, as the fresh water does the root of the plant. As the distressed virgin cast down her blushing face through excessive affliction, so does the rosy-coloured flower hang its head, growing paler and paler till it withers away. At length comes Perseus, in the shape of summer, dries up the surrounding waters and destroys the monsters, rendering the damsel a fruitful mother, who then carries her head erect.'—*Tour in Lapland, June 12th.*

the specific titles, as *Passiflora Middletoniana*—Middleton's Passion-flower, and the like; but this is not enough: the combination of a little observation and taste would soon coin such names as 'our plainer sires' gave in 'larkspur,' and 'honeysuckle,' and 'bindweed,' or even in 'ladies'-smocks,' and 'ragged-robin,' and 'love-lies-bleeding.'

As names run at present, the ordinary amateur is obliged to give up the whole matter in despair, and rest satisfied with the awful false quantities which his gardener is pleased to inflict upon him, who, for his own part, wastes hours and hours over names that convey to him no information, but only serve to puff him up with a false notion of his acquirement, when he finds himself the sole possessor of this useless stock of 'Aristophanic compounds and insufferable misnomers.' Crabbe, whom nothing was too minute to escape, has admirably ridiculed this botanical pedantry:—

'High-sounding words our worthy gardener gets,
And at his club to wondering swains repeats;
He there of Rhus and Rhododendron speaks,
And Allium calls his onions and his leeks.
Nor weeds are now; from whence arose the weed,
Scarce plants, fair herbs, and curious flowers proceed;
Where cuckoo-pints and dandelions sprung,
(Gross names had they our plainer sires among)
There Arums, there Leontodons we view,
And Artemisia grows where wormwood grew.'

To make confusion worse confounded, our botanists are not satisfied with their far-fetched names; they must ever be changing them too. Thus it is a mark of ignorance in the world of flowers to call our old friend geranium otherwise than *Pelargonium*; the *Glycine* (*G. sinensis*)—the well known specimen of which at the Chiswick Gardens produced more than 9000 of its beautiful, lilac, laburnum-like racemes from a single stem—is now to be called *Wistaria*: the new Californian annual *Zenothera* is already *Godetia*; while the pretty little red *Hemimeris*, once a *Celsia*, is now, its third designation, an *Alonsoa*; and our list is by no means exhausted.*

* There is a curious perversion of name in the tuberose, which has nothing to do with 'tubes' or 'roses,' but is the corruption of its specific name, *Polianthes tuberosa*, simply signifying 'tuberous.' so Jerusalem artichoke has nothing to do with the hill of Sion, but is vulgarized from the Italian *Girosole*, sun-flower, of which it is a species; so Mayduke cherry, from Medoc; and 'grass' from asparagus. Gilliflower is probably July-flower, but it would take an essay to discuss which is the true gilliflower of our great-grandmothers.

Going on at this rate, a man might spend the morn of his life in arriving at the present state of botanical science, and the rest of his days in running after its novelties and changes. We are only too glad when public sanction triumphs over individual whim, and, as in the cases of Georgina proposed for Dahlia, and Chryseis for Eschscholtzia, resists the attempted change.

One class of plants, which, though it has lately become most fashionable and cultivated by an almost separate clique of nursery-men and amateurs, cannot yet be said to rank with florists' flowers, is that of the Orchidaceæ, trivially known, when first introduced, by the name of air-plants. It is scarcely more than ten years ago that any particular attention was bestowed upon this interesting tribe, and there are now more genera cultivated than there were then species known. Among all the curiosities of botany there is nothing more singular—we had almost said mysterious—than the character, or, to speak more technically, 'the habit' of this extraordinary tribe. The sensation which the first exhibition of the butterfly-plant (*Oncidium papilio*) produced at the Chiswick Gardens must still be remembered by many of our readers, and so wonderful is the resemblance of the vegetable to the insect specimen, floating upon its gossamer-stalk, that even now we can hardly fancy it otherwise than a living creature, were it not even still more like some exquisite production of fanciful art. Their manner of growth distinct from, though so apparently like, our native misletoe, and other parasitical plants—generally reversing the common order of nature, and throwing summersets with their heels upward and head downward—one specimen actually sending its roots into the air, and burying its flowers in the soil,—living almost entirely on atmospheric moisture,—the blossoms in some species sustained by so slender a thread that they seem to float unsupported in the air,—all these things, combined with the most exquisite contrast of the rarest and most delicate colours in their flowers, are not more extraordinary characteristics of their tribe than is the circumstance that in nearly every variety there exists a remarkable resemblance to some work either of animate nature or of art. Common observation of the pretty specimens of this genus in our own woods and fields has marked this in the names given to the fly, the bee, and the spider-orchis,* but in the exotic orchises

this mimicry is still more strongly marked. Besides the butterfly-plant already alluded to, there is the dove-plant, and a host besides, so like to other things than flowers, that they seem to have undergone a metamorphosis under the magic wand of some transforming power.

Remembering the countries from which most of them come—the dank jungles of Hindoostan—the fathomless woods of Mexico—the unapproachable valleys of China—one might almost fancy them the remains of the magic influence which tradition affirms of old to have reigned in those wild retreats: and that, while the diamond palaces of Samarcand, and the boundless cities of Guatemala, and the colossal temples of Elephanta, have left but a ruin or a name, these fairy creations of gnomes and sprites, and afreets, and jinns (if so we must call them), being traced on the more imperishable material of Nature herself, have been handed down to us as the last vestiges of a dynasty older and more powerful than European man. It is impossible to view a collection of these magic-looking plants in flower without being carried back to the visions of the Arabian Nights—not indeed wandering in disguise through the streets of Bagdad with Haroun and his vizier (we beg pardon—*wezeer*), but entering with some adventurous prince the spell-bound palace of some sleeping beauty, or descending with Aladdin into the delicious subterranean gardens of fruits, and jewels, and flowers.

To pass from the romantic to the useful, we cannot do a kinder deed to our manufacturers than to turn their attention to the splendid works of Mr. Bateman and Dr. Lindley, dedicated to this class of plants. It is well known how contemporaneous was the cultivation of flowers and manufactures in some of our large cities—at Norwich, for instance, where the taste yet survives, and where there is a record of a flower-show being held so early as 1687)—the flowers which the foreign artisans brought over with them suggesting at the same time thoughts of years gone by and designs for the work of the hour. Our new schools of design might literally take a leaf—and a flower—out of the books we have mentioned, and improve our patterns in every department of art by studying examples of such exquisite beauty, variety and novelty of form and colour as the tribe of orchideous plants affords.

Another class of plants, very different from that just mentioned, to which we would call the attention of designers, is that

* These British species are now transferred by botanists to the genus *Ophrys*.

of the Ferns. Though too commonly neglected by the generality, botanists have long turned their attention towards this extensive and elegant class. These humble denizens of earth can boast their enthusiasts and monographists, as much as the pansy or the rose; nor has the exquisite tracery of their fronds escaped the notice of the artist and the wayfarer. But few, perhaps, even of those who have delighted to watch the crozier-like germ of the bracken bursting from the ground in spring, and the rich number of its maturity among the green gorse of autumn, are aware that Britain can produce at least thirty-six distinct species of its own, with a still greater number of subordinate varieties; these, too, constituting but a very small fraction of the 1508 species which Sadler enumerates in his general catalogue. Mr. Newman, in his recent work, has figured more than eighty varieties, the natural growth of our own isles alone, and mentioned fourteen distinct species found in one chasm at Ponterwyd! Though some of the tail-vignettes of his volume fail in representing—as how could it be otherwise?—the natural *abandon* and elegance of this most graceful of all plants, we would still recommend the great variety and beauty of his larger illustrations as much to the artist and manufacturer, and embellisher, as to the fern-collector himself.

Our notice of ferns might seem rather foreign to the subject of ornamental gardening (though we shall have something to say of a fernery bye and bye,) were it not for the opportunity it affords us of introducing, probably for the first time to many of our readers, a botanical experiment, which, though for some years past partially successful, has but lately been brought to very great perfection for the purposes both of use and ornament. We allude to the mode of conveying and growing plants in glass-cases hermetically sealed from all communication with the outer air. There are few ships that now arrive from the East Indies without carrying on deck several cases of this description, belonging to one or other of our chief nurserymen, filled with orchideous plants and other new and tender varieties from the East, which formerly baffled the utmost care to land them here in a healthy state. These cases frequently furnished by the extreme liberality of Dr. Wallich, the enterprising and scientific director of the Hon. Company's gardens in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, form on ship-board a source of great interest to the passengers of a four-months' voyage, and, after

having deposited their precious contents on our shores, return again by the same ship filled with the common flowers of England,

'That dwell beside our paths and homes,'

which our brethren in the East affectionately value by association above all the brilliant garlands of their sunny sky.

This interchange of sweets was a few years ago almost unattainable, the sea-air and spray, as is well known, being most injurious to every kind of plant; but their evil effects are now completely avoided by these air-tight cases, which admit no exterior influence but that of light. Without entering into any deep physiological explanation, it may be enough to say that vegetable, unlike animal life, does not exhaust the nutritive properties of air by repeated inhaling and exhaustion; so that these plants aided perhaps by the perfect stillness of the confined atmosphere, so favourable to all vegetation, continue to exist, breathing, if we may so say, the same air, so long as there is moisture enough to allow them to deposit every night a slight dew on the glass, which they imbibe again during the day. The soil is moistened in the first instance, but on no account is any further water or air admitted. The strangers which we have seen thus transmitted, being chiefly very small portions of succulents and epiphytes, though healthy, have shown no inclination to flourish or blossom in their confinement; but it must be remembered that the temperature on the deck of a ship must be very much lower than what this tribe requires, and the quantity of wood-work which the case requires to stand the roughnesses of the voyage, greatly impedes the transmission of light. As soon as the slips are placed in the genial temperature of the orchideous house, they speedily shoot out into health and beauty.

But while this mode of conveyance answers the purposes of science, a much more beautiful adaptation of the same principle is contrived for the bed-room garden of the invalid. Who is there that has not some friend or other confined by chronic disease or lingering decline to a single chamber?—one, we will suppose, who a short while ago was among the gayest and the most admired of a large and happy circle, now through sickness dependent, after her One staff and stay, for her minor comforts and amusements on the angel visits of a few kind friends, a little worsted-work, or a new Quarterly, and in the absence or dulness of these, happy in the possession of some fresh-gathered flower, and in watering and tending a few pots of favourite plants,

which are to her as friends, and whose flourishing progress under her tender care offers a melancholy but instructive contrast to her own decaying strength. Some mild autumn-evening her physician makes a later visit than usual—the room is faint from the exhalations of the flowers—the patient is not so well to-day—he wonders that he never noticed that mignonette and those geraniums before, or he never should have allowed them to remain so long—some weighty words on oxygen and hydrogen are spoken—her poor pets are banished for ever at the word of the man of science, and the most innocent and unfailing of her little interests is at an end. By the next morning the flowers are gone, but the patient is no better; there is less cheerfulness than usual; there is a listless wandering of the eyes after something that is not there;* and the good man is too much of a philosopher not to know how the working of the mind will act upon the body, and too much of a Christian not to prevent the rising evil if he can; he hears with a smile her expression of regret for her long-cherished favourites, but he says not a word. In the evening a largish box arrives directed to the fair patient, and superscribed, 'Keep this side upwards—with care.' There is more than the common interest of box-opening in the sick chamber. After a little tender hammering and tiresome knot-loosening, Thompson has removed the lid;—and there lies a large oval bell-glass fixed down to a stand of ebony, some moist sand at the bottom, and here and there over the whole surface, some tiny ferns are just pushing their curious little fronds into life, and already promise, from their fresh and healthy appearance, to supply in their growth and increase all the beauty and interest of the discarded flowers, without their injurious effects. It is so. These delicate exotics, for such they are, closely sealed down in an air-tight world of their own, flourish with amazing rapidity, and in time produce seeds which provide a generation to succeed them. Every day witnessing some change, keeps the mind continually interested in their progress, and their very restriction from the open air, while it renders the chamber wholesome to the invalid, provides at the same time an undisturbed atmosphere more suited to the development of their own tender frames. We need scarcely add, that the doctor the next morning finds the wonted cheerful smile restored, and though recovery may be beyond the skill, as it is

beyond the ken, of man, he at least has the satisfaction of knowing that he has lightened a heart in affliction and gained the gratitude of a humble spirit, in restoring, without the poison, a pleasure that was lost.

For more minute particulars of the management of these chamber-gardens, we must refer our readers to page xviii. of Mr. Newman's Introduction, where also they will find described the ingenious experiments of Mr. Ward, of Wellclose Square,* of the same kind, but on a much larger scale; and if delicate health restricts any friend of theirs to the confinement of a close apartment, we recommend to them the considerate kindness of our good physicians, and to 'go and do likewise.'

Gardening, as well as Literature, has its 'curiosities,' and a volume might be filled with them. How wonderful, for instance, the sensitive plant which shrinks from the hand of man,—the ice-plant that almost cools one by looking at it,—the pitcher-plant with its welcome draught,—the hair-trigger of the stylidium,—and, most singular of all, the carnivorous 'Venus' fly-trap' (*Dionæa muscipula*)—

'Only think of a vegetable being carnivorous!'—

which is said to bait its prickles with something which attracts the flies, upon whom it then closes, and whose decay is supposed to afford food for the plant. Disease is turned into beauty in the common and crested moss-rose, and a *lusus nature* reproduced in the hen-and-chicken daisy. There are phosphorescent plants, the fire-flies and glow-worms of the vegetable kingdom. There are the microscopic lichens and mosses; and there is the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, each of whose petals is a foot long, its nectary a foot in diameter, and deep enough to contain three gallons, and weighing fifteen pounds! What mimicry is there in the orchisses, and the hare's-foot fern, and the Tartarian lamb (*Polypodium Baronyetz*!) What shall we say to Ge-

* Since writing the above we have had Mr. Ward's book 'on the Growth of Plants in closely-glazed Cases' put into our hands. If we had seen this work before, we should have done more justice to Mr. Ward, as the inventor and improver of this system; he seems indeed to be the very medical practitioner of whom we spoke. Messrs. Loddiges' establishment alone have made use of 500 of Mr. Ward's cases.

† So, we believe, rightly spelt; though otherwise by Dr. Darwin, whose well-balanced and once-fashionable lines are now so forgotten that we think our readers will not be sorry to be reminded of their pompous existence.

'Cradled in snow and fann'd by arctic air,
Shines, gentle BAROMETZ! thy golden hair;

* ὁμπόταν δ' ἐν ἀγχοῖς
ἔπει πᾶς ἀρροδίτα.—ÆSCH. Agam. 408.

rarde's Barnacle-tree, 'whereon do grow certaine shells of a white colour tending to russet, wherein are contained little living creatures : which shells in time of maturity do open, and out of them grow those little living things, which falling into the water do become fowles, which we call Barnacles?' What monsters (such at least they are called by botanists) has art produced in doubling flowers, in dwarfing, and hybridizing ;—' painting the lily,'—for there are pink (!) lilies of the valley, and pink violets, and yellow roses, and blue hydrangeas ; and many are now seeking that ' philosopher's stone of gardening,' the blue dahlia—a useless search, if it be true that there is no instance of a yellow and a blue variety in the same species. Foreigners turn to good account this foolish rage of ours for everything novel and monstrous and unnatural, more worthy of Japan and China than of England, by imposing upon the credulous seeds and cuttings of yellow moss-roses, and scarlet laburnums, and fragrant pæonies, and such like.

Strange things too have been attempted in garden ornaments. We have spoken of water-works, like the copper tree at Chatsworth, to drench the unwary ; and the Chinese have, in the middle of their lawns, ponds covered with some water-weed that looks like grass, so that a stranger is plunged in over head and ears while he thinks he is setting his foot upon the turf. In the ducal gardens at Saxe-Gotha is a ruined castle, which was built complete, and then ruined *exprès* by a few sharp rounds of artillery ! Stanislaus, in the grounds of Lazienki, had a broad walk flanked by pedestals upon which living figures, dressed or undressed 'after the manner of the antients,' were placed on great occasions. The floating gardens, or Chinampas, of Mexico, are mentioned both by Clavigero and Humboldt. They are formed on wicker-work, and when a proprietor wishes for a little change, or to rid himself of a troublesome neighbour, he has only to set his paddles at work, or lug out his towing-rope, and betake himself to some more agreeable part of the lake. We wonder that the barbaric magnificence which piled up mimic pyramids, and Chinese watch-towers, and mock Stonehenges, never bethought itself of imi-

tating these poetical Chinampas. It was one of Napoleon's bubble schemes to cover in the gardens of the Tuileries with glass—those gardens which were turned into potato-ground during the Revolution, though the agent funnily complains that the Directory never paid him for the sets ! One of the most successful pieces of magnificent gardening is the new conservatory at Chatsworth, with a carriage-drive through the centre, infinitely more perfect, though we suppose not so extensive as the covered winter-garden at Potemkin's palace of Taurida, near St. Petersburg, which is described as a semicircular conservatory attached to the hall of the palace, wherein 'the walks wander amidst flowery hedges, and fruit-bearing shrubs, winding over little hills,'—in fact a complete garden, artificially heated, and adorned with the usual embellishments of busts and vases. When this mighty man in his travels halted, *if only for a day*, his travelling pavilion was erected, and *surrounded by a garden à l'Anglaise !* 'composed of trees and shrubs, and divided by gravel walks, and ornamented with seats and statues, all carried forward with the cavalcade !' We ought in fairness to our readers to add that Sir John Carr, notorious by another less honourable phenomenon, is the authority for this ; though, indeed, his statement is authenticated by Mr. Loudon (*Encyc. Gard.*, sect. 842.) We have heard of the effect of length being given to an avenue by planting the more distant trees nearer and nearer together ; but among gardening crotchets we have never yet seen a children's garden as we think it might be made—beds, seats, arbours, moss-house, all in miniature, with dwarf shrubs and fairy roses, and other flowers of only the smallest kind ; or it might be laid out on turf, to suit the intellectual spirit of the age, like a map of the two hemispheres.

It is time that we pass to that portion of our subject which is generally considered under the peculiar patronage of the ladies. Evelyn, a name never to be mentioned by gardeners without reverence, says somewhere, in describing an English place which he had visited, 'My lady skilled in the flowery part ; my lord in diligence of planting ;' and this is a division of country labour which almost universal consent and practice have sanctioned. The gardens at Wimbledon House and Ealing Park (we dare not trust ourselves to take a wider view, or we know not where to stop) are alone enough to show what the knowledge and taste of our countrywomen can achieve in their own department ; and with the assistance of Mrs. Loudon, the fair posses-

Rooted in earth each cloven hoof descends,
And round and round her flexile neck she bends ;
Crops the grey coral moss, and hoary thyme,
Or laps with rosy tongue the melting rime ;
Eyes with mute tenderness her distant dam,
Or seems to bleat, a *Vegetable Lamb !*
Bot. Gard., ii., 283.

sors of the smallest plot of garden-ground may now emulate on an humbler scale these splendid examples.

In her 'Gardening for Ladies,' Mrs. Loudon, indeed, initiates them far beyond the mere culture of flowers, and those lighter labours which have usually been assigned to the amateur. She enters into practical details in real good earnest, gives directions to her lady-gardeners to dig and manure their own parterres—on this latter subject there is no mincing of the matter—and calls a spade a spade. Perhaps she satisfies herself that, if not a feminine, this has at least been a royal pastime, and so throws in the weight of King Laertes in Homer* to balance the scale. But really, what with our nitrate of soda, bone-dust, gypsum, guano, all our new patent pocket-manures, portable, compressed, crystalline, liquid, desiccated, disinfected, and the rest of them, we are by no means sure that this most necessary but rather disagreeable portion of horticulture may not soon be performed by the same delicate nerves that have hitherto fainted at the mention of it.

Ten years ago, when our authoress married Mr. Loudon, 'it was impossible,' she says, 'to imagine any person more completely ignorant of everything relating to plants and gardening' than herself. She has been certainly an apt scholar, and no expert reviewer can doubt there is some truth in her remark that her very recent ignorance makes her a better instructor of beginners, from the recollection of her own wants in a similar situation. One wrinkle of hers we recommend strongly to our fair readers, the gardening gauntlet,† described and pictured in page 10. We have seen this in use, and can assure them that it is far from an inelegant, and certainly a most comfortable assistant in all the operations of the garden. Let us also add a contrivance of our own, a close-woven wicker-basket, on two very low wheels, similar to those used at the Euston Square and most railway stations for moving luggage, only

on a smaller scale: it is much more useful than a wheelbarrow for carrying away cuttings, dead leaves, and rubbish of all kinds.

There are in this volume many excellent general directions for the ordinary garden labours, some of which we shall notice, interweaving them with further observations of our own.

Watering is the mainstay of horticulture in hot countries. When King Solomon, in the vanity of his mind, made him 'gardens and orchards,' he made him also 'pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees;' and the prophets frequently compare the spiritual prosperity of the soul to 'a watered garden.' It is with us also a most necessary operation, but very little understood. Most young gardeners conceive that the water for their plants cannot be too fresh and cold; and many a pail of water that has stood in the sun is thrown away in order to bring one 'fresh from the ambrosial fount.' A greater mistake could not be made. Rain-water is best of all; and dirty and stagnant water, and of a high temperature—anything is better than cold spring-water. Mrs. Loudon recommends pump-water to be exposed in open tubs before it is used, and to be stirred about to impregnate it with air; perhaps the addition of liquid manure or any other extraneous matter would be useful. Those who have found how little service their continual watering has done to their plants in a dry summer would do well to attend to these simple rules.

Lawns and gravel-walks, the pride of English gardens, can hardly have too much care bestowed upon them. Oftentimes more of the beauty of a garden depends on the neatness with which these are kept than even on the flowers themselves. Great attention should be paid to the kinds of grass-seeds which are sown for new lawns. The horticultural seedsmen have selections made for this purpose. We must refer our readers to Mrs. Loudon's 9th chapter; but let them be sure not to omit the sweet-scented spring-grass (*Anthoxanthum odoratum*), which gives its delicious fragrance to new-made hay. Lime-water will get rid of worms when they infest the lawn in great quantities; but perhaps it is as well not to destroy them altogether. Most gardeners strive to eradicate the moss from their grass: it seems to us that it should rather be encouraged: it renders the lawn much more soft to the foot, prevents its being dried up in hot weather, and saves much labour in mowing. The most per-

* According to Cicero, *De Sen.* c. 15. 'Homerus Laertem lenientem desiderium, quod capiebat e filio, colentem agrum, et eum stercorantem facit.' 'Memorie lapsu,' say the critics, the passage in *Odys.* *ω. 326*, not bearing out this meaning. But in line *241* of the same book, the *ἀφελόχασε* may imply the renewal as well as the loosening of the soil. We should venture to translate it by the word 'munching.'

† Here, again, our old friend Laertes meets us. Truly there is nothing new under the sun. He had his gardening gloves before 'Miss Perry of Stroud,' celebrated by Mrs. Loudon as the inventor of them:—

Χαρίδας τ' ἐνὶ χερσὶ, βίβας ἔχων.—*Od.* *ω. 229.*

fect kind of lawn is perhaps that which consists of only one kind of grass; but for the generality a mossy surface would be far better than the mangy, bare aspect we so often see. The grass should never be mown without having also its edges trimmed. We have seen in some places a small slope of grass filling up the right angle usually left between the turf and gravel, and we think it an improvement.

The smoothness and verdure of our lawns is the first thing in our gardens that catches the eye of a foreigner; the next is the fineness and firmness of our gravel-walks. The foundation of them should always be thoroughly drained. Weeds may be destroyed by salt; but it must be used cautiously. No walk should be less than seven feet broad. For terraces, a common rule given is, that they should be twice the breadth that the house is high. Though, of course, it is enough for a 'lover's walk'—without which no country place is perfect—to accommodate a duad, yet, be it in what part of the grounds it may, every path should be broad enough to admit three persons walking abreast.

Who cannot call to mind many an awkward feeling and position where want of breadth in a garden-walk or wood-path has called into play some unsocial precedence or forced into notice some sly predilection? And who likes to be the unfortunate lag-behind—the last in a wood?

The edging of borders is always a difficult affair to manage well. Box, the commonest, and perhaps the best, is apt to harbour slugs, and get shabby unless closely attended to. The gentianella, where it flourishes well, is a beautiful edge-flower. Thrift, of which there is a new and handsome variety, was once (like its namesake) much more in vogue than it is now, and deserves to be restored. We have seen very pretty edgings made of dwarf oaks clipped; nothing could look neater; but it seemed like robbing the forest. Worst of all are large rugged flints, used commonly where they abound, and in small area-gardens. In a symmetrical garden, and where they harmonise with the house, strips of stone-work might be introduced; and we think that a tile might be designed of better shape and colour than any we have yet seen.

On the minor ornaments of gardens, such as rock-work, moss-houses, and rustic seats, Mrs. Loudon gives some very good hints, though we should be sorry to set up on our lawn the specimen baskets which embellish pp. 357 and 358; but, in truth, these things, contrary to the common rule, usually

look better in reality than on paper. Where beds of irregular wavy lines are required to be made, we have found nothing better than a good thick rope, which, thrown at random on the ground, will, with a little adjustment, give a bold and natural outline that it would be difficult to work out otherwise in tenfold the time.

The second work of Mrs. Loudon's on our list is in alphabetical arrangement, and exclusively devoted to flowers. In all our references to this book for practical purposes and for the present paper, we have scarcely once been disappointed. Though chiefly a book of reference, it is written in so easy a style and so perfectly free from pedantry, that, open it at what page we may, there is something to instruct, interest, and amuse. The practical directions are necessarily very compressed, but nothing of importance seems omitted. The greatest 'Ignoramus' in flowers could not have this volume on her table long without having every doubt and difficulty removed. We know of no book of the kind so likely to spread a knowledge of, and taste for, flower-gardening as this. With the addition of the botanical volume of Dr. Lindley, Mr. Paxton, or Mrs. Loudon, the beginner's gardening library would be complete. He would afterwards like to add the Encyclopædias of Plants and Gardening; the first of which is a typographical as well as scientific wonder, the second a perfect treasure-house of information on every subject connected with horticulture.

The rapid progress made in horticultural studies we have already alluded to in the immense increase of works devoted to these subjects. All the books set down at the head of the present article are good in their several ways, but we have purposely confined ourselves to those addressed to ladies and treating immediately of flowers. And it is this particular turn which gardening taste at the present moment is taking. We first had the Herbalist with his simples—'temperature' of every plant given, hot or cold in the second or the third degree—and 'a table of virtues' for both body and mind—'against the falling sickness'—'to glue together greene wounds'—'to comfort the heart, to drive away care, and increase the joy of the mind,' and the like. Then came the Kitchen-gardener, with his sallet-herbs and fruit-trees—then the Florist with his choice bulbs and thou-

* So, appropriately enough, signs herself a fair correspondent of one of our gardening Journals. We think this quite equal to Mr. Hume's 'Omnibi'.

sand and one varieties : meanwhile sprung up the critical school of essayists, which produced the Landscape-gardener; the modern march of intellect has added the Vegetable Physiologist; and, latest of all, the Agricultural Chemist. All these seem at the present moment to have centred their exertions in a single point, and to be giving in each his contribution to make up the perfection of the Flower-gardener. A very different spirit is now abroad from that when Sir W. Temple wrote 'I will not enter upon any account of flowers, having only pleased myself with seeing or smelling them, and not troubled myself with the care, which is more the lady's part than the man's, but the success is wholly with the gardener.' Now not only have we beat the old herbalists, kitchen-gardeners, and botanists on their own ground—for 'the herb,' 'the root,' and 'the weed,' tea—potatoes—tobacco*—were either unknown or hardly noticed by the earlier writers on these very subjects : but governments, and companies, and societies vie with men of science, and commerce, and wealth, in gladdening our British gardens with a new flower. Without dwelling on the dahlia, brought into fashion by Lady Holland in 1804, and the pansies first patronised and hybridized by Lady Mary Monk in 1812, what treasures have the last few years added to our gardens in the splendid colours of the petunias, calceolarias, lobelias, phloxes, tropæolums, and verbenas—the azure clematis—the blue salvia—the fulgent fuchsia! What gorgeous masses of geraniums,—the 'Orange-boven' and 'Coronation' and 'Priory Queen' for instance—and what rich and endless bouquets of roses—for there are more than 2000 varieties of 'the flower' in cultivation—did the last horticultural fête at Chiswick produce!

These exhibitions of the London Horticultural Society have done wonders in improving public taste and exciting the emulation of nurserymen. It is something, even if the prize is missed, to know that your flower will be gazed at by five or six thousand critical admirers. But

they have done more than this : they have brought together, on one common scene of enjoyment, an orderly and happy mass, from the labourer of the soil to the queen upon the throne. We could only have wished that royalty had been pleased to have paid a public as well as private visit to the gardens. Her Majesty would have gratified the loyalest and best-conducted portion of her subjects, and would have seen, on the only occasion perhaps when she could have done so without annoyance, a sight, as beautiful even as the flowers—the cheerful faces of thousands of well-dressed and happy-looking people of every degree, making the most innocent and enjoyable of holidays out of such simple elements as Music and Flowers. The 'Derby day' is certainly a glorious display of Old England, from the proprietor of the aristocratic drag to the hirer of the White-chapel *shay*-cart; but the line of distinction, both on the road and course, is too strongly marked between the drinker of champagne and of bottled stout, and it is rather the jostling than the amalgamation of ranks that is seen here. If we wished to show an 'intelligent foreigner' what every-day England really is—what we mean by the middle classes—what by the wealth, the power, the beauty of the gentry of England—what by the courtesy and real unaffectedness of our nobility—we would take him on a horticultural fête-day to see the string of well-ordered carriages and well-filled omnibusses, the fly, the hackney, and the glass-coach taking up their position with the britzcha, the barouche, and the landau, in one unbroken line from Hyde Park Corner to Turnham Green—bid him look at the good-humoured faces of those who filled them, and say whether any other country in the world could, or ever would, turn out a like population. Sir Robert Peel need not fear the return to be made to his property-tax, if he will cast his eye on the Windsor road about three o'clock on the first fine Saturday of May or June. Last year more than 22,000 persons visited these exhibitions; and from the way in which they have commenced this year, there is no reason to apprehend any falling off of numbers.* We rejoice in this; and trust that the same good arrangements will be continued, that the interest may be kept up in the only meeting where our artificial

* Parkinson, in 1629, says only of Tobacco—'With us it is cherished as well for the medicinal qualities, as for the beauty of its flowers; not a word of smoking. Gerarde, in 1633, though he knows 'the dry leaves are used to be taken in a pipe, set on fire, and sucked into the stomach, and thrust forth againe at the nostrills,' yet 'commends the syrup, above this fume or smoky medicine.' Of the potato, he mentions its being 'a meat for pleasure' as secondary to its 'temperature and vertues;' and that its 'too frequent use causeth the leprosie.' Neither of them, of course, mentions 'tea.'

* Fallen off! At the last show, in this very month, 14,000 passed the gates in one day! and many who started for the gardens, from the intensity of the crowd, never reached them. Of the 'arrangements,' on this occasion, we fear we cannot speak as charitably as we have above.

system tolerates the assemblage of every rank and class upon an equal footing.

We must reserve any further remarks on the Chiswick Gardens to some other opportunity, when we may have to consider generally our public gardens* and parks. In the meanwhile we may observe, that the formal style which we have already advocated for the private garden, seems even much more adapted to the public one; and that there are many neglected features in the Old English style, which might with peculiar propriety be restored in any new grounds laid out for public use—not, as has been done in some tea-gardens on the Croydon Railroad, cutting up the picturesque wildness of the beautiful Penge Wood, by hideous right-angled walks and other horrors too frightful to name—but where no natural scenery already exists, a place of promenade and recreation may be much more expeditiously, and, we think, more appropriately formed, in the Continental and Old English style, by long avenues, terraces, mounds, fountains, statues, monuments, prospect towers, labyrinths, and bowling-greens, than by any attempt of a ‘picturesque’ or ‘natural’ character.

We have before us Lord Bacon’s sketch for his ‘prince-like’ garden, and Sir William Temple’s description of his ‘perfect’ one; but though we would recommend them, the first especially, to the student of ancient gardens, and though Dr. Donne considered the second ‘the sweetest place’ he had ever seen, yet neither of them is so well suited to our present purpose of assisting the formation of garden-making in the present age, as the following extract from ‘the Poetry of Gardening.’† It represents so correctly our own ideas, and seems in the main so practicable, that making allowance for its ‘poetry’ and conceited style, we have, after some hesitation, determined to give the design at full length:—

‘My garden should lie to the south of the house; the ground gradually sloping for some short way till it falls abruptly into the dark and tangled shrubberies that all but hide the winding brook below. A broad terrace, twice as wide, at least, as the house is high, should run

along the whole southern length of the building, extending to the western side also, whence, over the distant country, I may catch the last red light of the setting sun. I must have some musk and noisette roses, and jasmine, to run up the mullions of my oriel window, and honey-suckles and clematis, the white, the purple, and the blue, to cluster round the top. The upper terrace should be strictly architectural; and no plants are to be harboured there, save such as twine among the balustrades, or fix themselves in the mouldering crevices of the stone. I can endure no plants in pots,—a plant in a pot is like a bird in a cage. The gourd alone throws out its vigorous tendrils, and displays its green and golden fruit from the vases that surmount the broad flight of stone steps that lead to the lower terrace; while a vase of larger dimensions and bolder sculpture at the western corner is backed by the heads of a mass of crimson, rose, and straw-coloured hollyhocks that spring up from the bank below. The lower terrace is twice the width of the one above, of the most velvety turf, laid out in an elaborate pattern of the Italian style. Here are collected the choicest flowers of the garden: the Dalmatic purple of the gentianella, the dazzling scarlet of the verbena, the fulgent lobelia, the bright yellows and rich browns of the calceolaria, here luxuriate in their trimly cut parterres, and with colours as brilliant as the mosaic of an old cathedral painted window,

—“broider the ground
With rich inlay.”

‘But you must leave this mass of gorgeous colouring and the two pretty fountains that play in their basins of native rock, while you descend the flight of steps, simpler than those of the upper terrace, and turn to the left hand, where a broad gravel walk will lead you to the kitchen-garden, through an avenue splendid in autumn with hollyhocks, dahlias, China asters, nasturtians, and African marigolds.

‘We will stop short of the walled garden to turn among the clipped hedges of box, and yew, and hornbeam, which surround the bowling-green, and lead to a curiously-formed labyrinth, in the centre of which, perched up on a triangular mound, is a fanciful old summer-house, with a gilded roof, that commands the view of the whole surrounding country. Quaint devices of all kinds are found here. Here is a sun-dial of flowers, arranged according to the time of day at which they open and close. Here are peacocks and lions in livery of Lincoln green. Here are berceaux and harbours, and covered alleys, and inclosures containing the primest of the carnations and cloves in set order, and miniature canals that carry down a stream of pure water to the fish-ponds below. Farther onwards, and up the south bank, verging towards the house, are espaliers and standards of the choicest fruit-trees: here are strawberry beds raised so as to be easy for gathering; while the round gooseberry and currant bushes and the arched raspberries continue the formal style up the walls of the enclosed garden, whose outer sides are clothed alternately with fruit and flowers, so that the “stranger within the

* Otherwise we might now have a word to say on the new fountain and the sheep-hurdles in St. James’s Park; and express a hope that a happier genius of the ‘Woods and Forests’ than has yet inspired us may preside over the designs for Victoria Park and the newly-acquired Primrose Hill.

† From ‘The Carthusian,’ a miscellany by the alumni of Charter-house, containing some good papers in prose and verse, and which deserves to be better known.

house" may be satisfied, without being tantalized by the rich reserves within the gate of iron tracery, of which the head gardener keeps the key.

'Return to the steps of the lower terrace: what a fine slope of green pasture loses itself in the thorn, hazel, and holly thicket below, while the silver thread of the running brook here and there sparkles in the light; and how happily the miniature prospect, framed by the gnarled branches of those gigantic oaks, discloses the white spire of the village church in the middle distance! while in the background the smoke, drifting athwart the base of the purple hill, gives evidence that the evening fires are just lit in the far-off town.

'At the right hand corner of the lower terrace the ground falls more abruptly away, and the descent into the lawn, which is overlooked from the high western terrace, is, by two or three steps at a time, cut out in the native rock of red sandstone, which also forms the base of the terrace itself. Rock plants of every description freely grow in the crevices of the rustic battlement which flanks the path on either side: the irregularity of the structure increases as you descend, till on arriving on the lawn below, large rude masses lie scattered on the turf and along the foundation of the western terrace.

'A profusion of the most exquisite climbing roses of endless variety here clamber up till they bloom over the very balustrades of the higher terrace, or creep over the rough stones at the foot of the descent. Here stretching to the south is the nosegay of the garden. Mignonette, "the Frenchman's darling," and the musk-mimulus, spring out of every fissure of the sandstone; while beds of violets,

"That strew the green lap of the new-come spring," and lilies of the valley scent the air below. Beds of heliotrope flourish around the isolated blocks of sandstone; the fuchsia, alone inodorous, claims a place from its elegance; and honeysuckles and clematis of all kinds trail along the ground, or twine up the stands of rustic baskets, filled with the more choice odoriferous plants of the greenhouse. The scented heath, the tuberose, and the rarer jasmines have each their place, while the sweet-briar and the wall-flower and the clove and the stock gilliflower, are not too common to be neglected. To bask upon the dry sunny rock on a bright spring morning in the midst of this "wilderness of sweets," or on a dewy summer's eve to lean over the balustrade above, while every breath from beneath wafts up the perfumed air,

"... stealing and giving odour,"

is one of the greatest luxuries I have in life.

'A little farther on the lawn are the trunks and stumps of old pollards hollowed out; and, from the cavities, filled with rich mould, climbers, creepers, trailers, and twiners of every hue and habit form a singular and picturesque group. The lophospermum, the ecrymocarpos, the maurandia, the loaia, the rodokiton, verbenas, and petunias in all their varieties, festoon themselves over the rugged bark, and form the gayest and gracefulest bouquet imaginable:

while the simple and pretty wall-snapdragon weeps over the side, till its tiny pink threads are tangled among the feathery ferns that fringe the base of the stump.

'The lawn now stretches some distance westward, its green and velvet surface uninterrupted by a single shrub (what a space for trapbat, or "les graces!") till towards the verge of the shrubberies, into which it falls away, irregular clumps of evergreens and low shrubs break the boundary line of greensward. Here are no borders for flowers, but clusters of the larger and bolder kinds, as hollyhocks and peonies, rise from the turf itself; here, too, in spring, golden and purple crocuses, daffodils, aconites, snowdrops, blue-bells, cyclamen, wood-anemones, hepaticas, the pink and the blue, chequer the lawn in bold broad strips, the wilder sorts being more distant from the house, and losing themselves under the dark underwood of the adjoining coppice. The ground here becomes more varied and broken; clumps of double-flowering gorse,

—"the vernal furze,
With golden baskets hung,"

the evergreen barberry, the ilex in all its varieties, and hardy ferns, bordering the green drive which leads to the wilder part of the plantations. Here, in the words of Bacon, "Trees I would have none in it, but some thicket made only of sweet-briar and honeysuckle, and some wild vine amongst; and the ground set with violets, strawberries, and primroses, for these are sweet, and prosper in the shade, and these are to be in the heath here and there, not in any order. I like also little heaps, in the nature of mole-hills (such as are in wild heaths,) to be set with wild thyme."

'Another broad drive of greensward dips from the lawn into the darkest and most tangled part of the wood: here, through a long vista, you catch a glimpse of the American shrubbery below. Rhododendrons, azaleas, calmiæ, magnolias, andromedas, daphnes, heaths, and bog-plants of every species in their genial soil, form a mass of splendid colouring during the spring months, while, even in winter, their dark foliage forms an evergreen mass for the eye to rest upon. Returning again to the lawn, and inclining to the south, you come to an artificial shrubbery, not dotted about in simple plants, but in large and bold clusters of the same species, so that the effect from a distance is as good as upon a nearer approach. Here, as elsewhere, not a sod of turf is broken; but, here and there, a bed of gay shrubby plants rises out of the smoothly-shorn grass, and in the background, amid masses of laburnum, lilac, and guelder-rose, fruit trees of every kind hang their bright garlands in spring, and their mellow produce in autumn. From thence winds a path, the delicia of the garden, planted with such herbs as yield their perfume when trodden upon and crushed,—burnet, wild thyme, and water-mints, according to Bacon's advice, who bids us "set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread."

'It were tedious to follow up the long shady path, not broad enough for more than two,—

the "lovers' walk," and the endless winding tracks in the natural wood, till you burst upon a wild common of

"Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, prickly gorse, and thorns,"

glowing with heather bloom, and scented with the perfume of the furze, just such an English scene as Linnæus is said to have fallen down and worshipped the first time he beheld it.*

If we rightly understand the plan here detailed, it is intended to combine the chief excellences of the artificial and natural styles; keeping the decorations immediately about the house formal, and so passing on by gradual transitions to the wildest scenes of nature.

The leading features then in such a garden would be an architectural terrace and flight of steps in connection with the house; lower terraces of grass-slopes and flower-beds succeeding: these branching off on one side towards the kitchen department, through an old English garden, of which a bowling-green would form a part, and where florists' flowers might be sheltered by the trim hedges; on the other towards an undulating lawn bounded by flowering shrubs and the larger herbaceous plants, with one corner for the American garden, beyond which would lie the natural copse-wood and forest-ground of the place: of course the aspect and situation of the house, and the character of the neighbouring ground and country, would modify these or any general rules which might be laid down for the formation of a garden; but we think some advantage might, in every case, be taken from these hints.

In a place of any pretension, a good clear lawn where children of a younger or older growth may romp about, without fear of damaging shrubs or plants, is indispensable.

Single shrubs and flowers, or groups of them, on the verge of this lawn, springing up directly from the turf, and dotted in front of shrubberies that bound it, are preferable to those growing with a distinctly marked border. The common peonies, and the Chinese variety—the tree-peony (*P. moutan.*), are excellent for this purpose; but there is nothing to surpass the old-fashioned hollyhock. This, as has been remarked, is the only landscape flower we possess—the only one, that is, whose forms and colours tell in the distance; and so picturesque is it, that perhaps no artist ever attempted to draw a garden without introducing it, whether it were really there or not. 'By far the finest effect (says the

author we have quoted) that combined art and nature ever produced in gardening were those fine masses of many-coloured holly-hocks clustered round a weather-tinted vase; such as Sir Joshua delighted to place in the wings of his pictures. And, what more magnificent than a long avenue of these floral giants, the double and the single,—not too straightly tied,—backed by a dark thick hedge of old-fashioned yew?†. Such an avenue—without 'the dark thick hedge,' which would certainly have been an improvement—we remember to have seen, in the fulness of its autumn splendour, in the garden at Granton, near Edinburgh, the *marine* villa of a deep lawyer—and another may have been inspected by many of our readers at Bromley Hill. Here the hollyhocks 'broke the horizon with their obelisks of colour; and the foreground was a mass of dahlias, American marigolds, mallows, asters, and mignonette. It was the most gorgeous mass of colouring we ever beheld; but was only one of the many beautiful effects produced on this spot by the taste of the late Lady Farnborough. For a moderate garden of limited size, this was the most complete we ever visited, the situation allowing greater variety than could well be conceived within so small a compass. A conservatory connected with the house led to a summer-room: this looked on a small Italian garden—the highest point of the grounds, and affording a dim view of the dome of St. Paul's in the distance; and thence you descended, by steep and grassy banks and steps of rock and root-work, from garden to garden, each having some peculiar feature of its own, till you came to the most perfect little Ruysdael rivulet, and such crystal springs, in all their natural wildness, that it seemed, when you saw them, you had never known what pure cold native fountains were before. Any common taste would have bedizened these springs with cockle-shells and crockery, and what not: but there they lay among the broad leaves of the water-lily and the burdock, glittering like huge liquid diamonds cast in a mould of nature's own making, and in their simplicity and pureness offering a striking contrast to the trim gardens, and the dusky distant city you had just left above.‡

Another source of great beauty in these

* We do not often indulge in prophesy, but we will venture to stake our gardening credit, that within five years' time, the hollyhock will again be restored to favour, become a florist's flower, and carry off horticultural prizes.

† There was no occasion in this place for the ex-

gardens was the evident care bestowed on the growth and position of the flowers. Every plant seemed to be just in its right place, both for its flourishing and its effect. There was a very great abundance and variety of the tenderer kinds that required protection in winter; but we believe they were, for the most part, kept in cold pits, very little forcing being used: and there were not more than six or eight gardeners or labourers at any time employed. We still have before our eyes the splendid masses of the common scarlet geranium, and a smaller bed of the leafed variety edged with a border of the ivy-leaf kind; nor ought we to forget the effect of a large low ring of ivy on the lawn, which looked like a gigantic chaplet, carelessly thrown there by some Titan hand.

A garden should always lie sloping to the south, and if possible, to the south of the house.* In this case, the chief entrance to the house should be, in an ordinarily sheltered situation, on the east or north; for, common as the fault is, nothing so entirely spoils a garden as to have it placed in front of the public approach. Views, it should be remembered, are always clearest in the opposite direction to the sun. Thus the north is most uninterruptedly clear throughout the day; the west in the morning; the east in the afternoon. Speaking with a view only to gardening effect, trees, which are generally much too near the dwelling for health, and beauty, and everything else, should be kept at a distance from the house, except on the east side. On the south and west they keep off the sun, of which we can never have too much in England: and on the north they render the place damp and gloomy; whereas, on that side they should be kept so far from the windows as to back and shelter a bright bank of shrubs and flowers, planted far enough from the shadow cast by the house so as to catch the sun upon them during the greater part

of the year and day. The prospect towards the north would then be as cheerful as any other.

It is astonishing how people continue to plant spruce and Scotch firs, and larches, and other incongruous forest-trees, so close, that they chafe the very house with their branches, when there are at hand such beautiful trees as the Lebanon and Deodara cedars; or, for smaller, or more formal, or spiral shrubs, the red cedar, the cypress, the arbor-vitæ, the holly, the yew, and—most graceful of all, either as a tree or shrub, or rather uniting the properties of both, and which only requires shelter to make it flourish—the hemlock spruce.

As a low shrubby plant on the lawn, nothing can exceed the glossy, dark, indented leaves and bright yellow spikes of the new evergreen berberies (*Berberis aquifolium* and *B. repens*), with their many hybrid varieties. They are becoming daily more popular, not only from their beauty, but as affording perhaps the best underwood covert for game yet discovered. The experiments made in the woods of Sudbury and elsewhere have completely succeeded; the plant being evergreen, very hardy, of easy growth, standing the tree-drip, and affording in its berry an excellent food for pheasants. Our nurserymen are already anticipating the demand, and we have no doubt that a few years' time will see this the main undergrowth of our game-preserves. The notice we took a few years ago (in an Article on the *Arboretum Britannicum*)† of the Deodara pine—now classed among the cedars—has—unless the dealers flatter us—given a great impetus to the cultivation of this

* Now changed to *Mahonia*.

† Q. R., vol. lxii. The Chili pine (*Araucaria imbricata*) is now treading upon the heels of the Deodara cedar as an ornamental garden-tree, but though announced as 'the largest tree in the world,' it will ever want the elegance of the latter. Even yet another monster is threatening us under the name of *Parlonia imperialis*: it was introduced into France from Japan by Dr. Siebold, and promises to be one of the most imposing plants in our gardens. We saw some young plants this spring in Mr. Rollison's nursery, which were obtained from the Royal Gardener at Versailles. The leaves of a specimen in the Jardin des Plantes are said to measure from 18 to 24 inches across. While speaking of trees, we would say one word on the acacia, Cobbett's famous locust-tree (*Robinia pseudoacacia*) now more than necessarily depreciated. We are fully aware of its defects as a timber-tree from the brittleness and splitting of its branches, and slowness of making bulk; but once get a bole large enough to cut a post out of it, and ask your carpenter whether it will not last as long as the iron fixed into it. It is more to our present purpose to say, that it is by far the best tree to be used for ornamental rustic-work, as its bark is as tough as its timber, and never peels off.

clamation of the Roman satirist on a similar scene which had been marred by art—

'Quanto prestantius esset

Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora topum.'

Juv. iii., 19.

And which shows, by the way, that there were some Romans, at least, who could appreciate the beauties of natural scenery.

* To show how difficult it is to lay down any general rule, uncontroverted, here is one from Macintosh's 'Practical Gardener,' one of the best practical works on horticulture we possess. 'In all cases, unless in small villas, or cottage residences, the flower-garden should be entirely concealed from the windows of the house, and be placed, if circumstances will admit of it, in the shrubbery.'

valuable tree. Its timber qualities as a British-grown tree have not of course been yet tested; but as an ornamental one—in which character only we can refer to it here—it has more than surpassed the highest expectations entertained respecting it. The nurserymen cannot propagate it fast enough by grafts, and layers, and the abundance of seed which the East India Company has so liberally distributed.

The olitory, or herb-garden, is a part of our horticulture now comparatively neglected; and yet once the culture and culling of simples was as much a part of female education as the preserving and tying down of 'rasps and apricocks.' There was not a Lady Bountiful in the kingdom but made her dill-tea and diet-drink from herbs of her own planting; and there is a neatness and prettiness about our thyme, and sage, and mint, and marjoram, that might yet, we think, transfer them from the patronage of the blue serge to that of the white muslin apron. Lavender, and rosemary, and rue, the feathery fennel, and the bright-blue borage, are all pretty bushes in their way, and might have their due place assigned them by the hand of beauty and taste. A strip for a little herbary, halfway between the flower and vegetable garden, would form a very appropriate transition stratum, and might be the means, by being more under the eye of the mistress, of recovering to our soups and salads some of the comparatively neglected herbs of tarragon, and French sorrel, and purslane, and chervil, and dill, and clary, and others whose place is now nowhere to be found but in the pages of the old herbalists. This little plot should be laid out, of course, in a simple geometric pattern; and, having tried the experiment, we can boldly pronounce on its success. We recommend the idea to the consideration of our lady-gardeners.

We can recall so much amusement in early years from the maze at Hampton Court, that we could heartily wish to see a few more such planted. Daines Barrington mentions a plan for one in *Switzer* (*Iconographia*, 1718) with twenty stops: that at Hampton has but four. A fanciful summer-house perched at the top of a high mound, with narrow winding paths leading to it, was another favourite ornament of old British gardens. Traces of many such mounds still exist; but the crowning buildings are, alas! no more. We must own our predilection for them, if it were only that the gilded pinnacle seemed to prefigure to the young idea 'Fame's proud

temple shining from afar' (it is always so drawn in frontispieces); while the hard climbing was a palpable type of the ambition of after years.

The snug smooth bowling-green is another desideratum we would have restored; and gardeners ought to know that the clipped yew hedges which should accompany it are the best possible protection for their flowers; and that there is nothing flowers need so much as shelter, the nursery-grounds, where almost alone these hedges are now retained, will testify. Where they already exist, even in a situation where shelter is not required, and where yet a good view is shut out, we should prefer cutting windows or niches in the solid hedge to removing it altogether. In conjunction with these, what can be handsomer than the iron tracery-work which came into fashion with the Dutch style, and of which Hampton Court affords so splendid an example? Good screens of this work,* which on their first introduction were called *clair-voyées*, may be seen at Oxford in Trinity and New College Gardens. Some years ago we heard of a proposition to remove the latter: the better taste of the present day will not, we think, renew the scheme. Though neither of these are in the rich flamboyant style which is sometimes seen, there is still character enough about them to assure us that, were they destroyed, nothing so good would be put up in their place. Oxford has already lost too many of its characteristic alleys and parterres. The last sweep was at the Botanic Garden, where, however, the improvements recently introduced by the zeal and liberality of the present Professor must excuse it. If any college-garden is again to be reformed, we hope that the fellows will have courage enough to lay it out in a style which is at once classical and monastic; and set Pliny's example against Walpole's sneer, that 'in an age when architecture displayed all its grandeur, all its purity, and all its taste; when arose *Vespasian's amphitheatre*, the temple of Peace, *Trajan's forum*, *Domitian's baths*, and *Adrian's villa*, the ruins and vestiges of which still excite our astonishment and curiosity,—a Roman consul, a polished emperor's friend, and a man of

* We were surprised, the first time we saw the entrance gates at Althorpe, which are of this description, painted sky-blue and gilt, till by chance we fell upon a passage in Evelyn, who speaks of them (we suppose they are the same) thus coloured in his time. The mention of them by him has rendered them classical, and we quite approve of the taste which renews them as he described.

elegant literature and taste, delighted in what the mob now scarce admire in a college-garden.' He little thought how soon sturdy Oxford would follow in the fashion of the day, and blunt the point of his period. Still more astonished would he have been to have had his natural style traced to no less a founder than Nero, and even the names of the Bridgeman and Brown of the day handed down for his edification.*

The same train of thought is followed out in 'The Poetry of Gardening'—

'Who to whom the elegance and gentlemanliness and poetry—the Boccaccio-spirit—of a scene of Watteau is familiar, does not regret the devastation made by *tasty* innovators upon the grounds laid out in the times of the Jameses and the Charleses? As for old Noll, I am certain, though I have not a jot of evidence, that he cared no more for a garden than for an anthem; he would as lief have sacrificed the verdant sculpture of a yew-peacock as the time-honoured tracery of a cathedral shrine; and his crop-eared soldiery would have had as great satisfaction in bivouacking in the parterres of a "royal pleasaunce" as in the presence-chamber of a royal palace. It were a sorrow beyond tears to dwell on the destruction of garden-stuff in those king-killing times. Thousands, doubtless, of broad-paced terraces and trim vegetable conceits sunk in the same ruin with their masters and mansions; and, alas! modern taste has followed in the footsteps of ancient fanaticism. How many old associations have been rooted up with the knotted stumps of yew and hornbeam! And Oxford too in the van of reform! Beautiful as are St. John's gardens, who would not exchange them for the *very* walks and alleys along which Laud, in all the pardonable pride of collegiate lionizing, conducted his illustrious guests, Charles and Henrietta? Who does not grieve that we must now inquire in vain for the bowling-green in Christchurch where Cranmer solaced the weariness of his last confinement? And who in lately reading Scott's Life but must have mourned in sympathy with the poet over the destruction of the "huge hill of leaves," and the yew and hornbeam hedges of the "Garden" at Kelso?

The good taste of the proprietors of Hardwick and Levens still retains these gardens as nearly as possible in their origi-

* Tacitus, in the Sixth Book of his 'Annals,' gives us this information:—'Ceterum Nero usus est patriæ ruinis, extruxitque domum, in quâ haud perinde gemmæ et aurum miraculo essent, solita pridem et luxu vulgata, quam arva et stagna et in modum solitudinum hinc sylvæ, inde aperta spatia et prospectus; magistris et machinatoribus Severo et Celere, quibus ingenium et audacia erat, etiam quæ natura denegavisset per artem tentare, et viribus principis illudere.' We since learn from 'Loudon's Encyclopædia,' sec. 1145, that this passage was suggested by Forsyth to Walpole, who promised to insert it in the second edition of his 'Essay,' but failed to do so.

nal state; but places like these are yearly becoming more curious from their rarity. We have heard of one noble but eccentric lord, the Elgin of the topiary art, who is buying up all the yew-peacocks in the country to form an avenue in his domain. Meanwhile the lilacs of Nonsuch, and the orange-trees of Beddington, are no more. The fish-pools of Wanstead are dry; the terraces of Moor-park are levelled. Even that 'impregnable hedge of holly'—the pride of Evelyn—than which 'a more glorious and refreshing object' did not exist under heaven—'one hundred and sixty foot in length, seven foot high, and five in diameter'—which he could show in his 'poor gardens at any time of the year, glitt'ring with its arm'd and vernish'd leaves—the taller standards, at orderly distances, blushing with their natural corall'—that mocked at 'the rudest assaults of the weather, the beasts, or hedge-breaker'—even this is vanished without a solitary sucker to show where it once stood. Proof it long was against the wind and 'weather,' nay, against time itself, but not against the autocratic pleasure of a barbarian Czar. The 'beast' and the 'hedge-breaker' were united in the person of Peter the Great, whose great pleasure, when studying at Deptford, was to be driven in a wheelbarrow, or drive one himself, through this very hedge, which its planter deemed impregnable! If he had ever heard, which he probably had not, of Evelyn's boast, he might have thus loved to illustrate the triumph of despotic will and brute force over the most amiable and simple affections; but at any rate the history of this hedge affords a curious instance not only of the change of gardening taste, but of the mutability and strangeness of all earthly things.

No associations are stronger than those connected with a garden. It is the first pride of an emigrant settled on some distant shore to have a little garden as like as he can make it to the one he left at home. A pot of violets or mignonette is one of the highest luxuries to an Anglo-Indian. In the bold and picturesque scenery of Batavia, the Dutch can, from feeling, no more dispense with their little moats round their houses than they could, from necessity, in the flat swamps of their native land. Sir John Hobbhouse discovered an Englishman's residence on the shore of the Hellespont by the character of his shrubs and flowers. Louis XVIII., on his restoration to France, made in the park of Versailles the fac-simile of the garden at Hartwell; and there was no more amiable trait in the life of that ac-

complished prince. Napoleon used to say that he should know his father's garden in Corsica blindfold by the smell of the earth; and the hanging gardens of Babylon are said to have been raised by the Median queen of Nebuchadnezzar on the flat and naked plains of her adopted country, to remind her of the hills and woods of her childhood:

Why should we speak of the plane-trees of Plato—Shakspeare's mulberry-tree—Pope's willow—Byron's elm? Why describe Cicero at his Tusculum—Evelyn at Wootton—Pitt at Ham Common—Walpole at Houghton—Grenville at Dropmore? Why dwell on Bacon's 'little tufts of thyme,' or Fox's geraniums? There is a spirit in the garden as well as in the wood, and 'the lilies of the field' supply food for the imagination as well as materials for sermons. 'Take of perfect happiness or pleasure,' says old Gerarde to the 'courteous and well-willing reader,' from his 'house in Holborn, within the suburbs of London'—'and what place was so fit for that as the garden-place wherein Adam was set to be the herbalist? Whither did the poets hunt for their sincere delights but into the gardens of Alcinous, of Adonis, and the orchards of the Hesperides? Where did they dream that heaven should be but in the pleasant garden of Elysium? Whither do all men walke for their honest recreation but thither where the earth hath most beneficially painted her face with flourishing colours? And what season of the yeare more longed for than the spring, whose gentle breath enticeth forth the kindly sweets, and makes them yield their fragrant smells?'

And what country, we may add, so suited, and climate so attempered, to yield the full enjoyment of the pleasures and blessings of a garden, as our own? Everybody knows the remark of Charles II., first promulgated by Sir W. Temple, 'that there were more days in the year in which one could enjoy oneself in the open air in England than in any other portion of the known world.' This, which contains so complete an answer to the weather-grumblers of our island, bears also along with it a most encouraging truth to those 'who love to live in gardens.' There is no country that offers the like advantages to horticulture. Perhaps there is not one plant in the wide world wholly incapable of being cultivated in England. The mosses and lichens dragged from under the snows of Iceland, and the tenderest creepers of the tropical jungles, are alike subject to the art of the British gardener.

Artificial heat and cold, by the due application of steam and manure, sun and shade, hot and cold water, and even ice—matings, flues in every variety of pit, frame, conservative wall, conservatory, greenhouse, hot-house, and stove, seem to have realized every degree of temperature from Kamskatka to Sincapore. But apart from artificial means, the natural mildness of our sky is most favourable to plants brought from countries of either extreme of temperature; and, as their habits are better known and attended to, not a year passes without acclimatizing many heretofore deemed too tender for the open air. Gardeners are reasonably cautious in not exposing at once a newly-introduced exotic; and thus we know that when Parkinson wrote, in 1629, the larch, and the laurel—then called bay-cherry—were still protected in winter. We are now daily adding to the list of our hardy plants; hydrangeas, the tree-peony, fuchsias, salvias, altromærias, and Cape-bulbs, are now found, with little or no protection, to stand our mid-England winters.

Then we alone have in perfection the three main elements of gardening, flowers apart, in our lawns, our gravel, and our evergreens. It is the greatest stretch of foreign luxury to emulate these. The lawns at Paris, to say nothing of Naples, are regularly irrigated to keep up even the semblance of English verdure; and at the gardens of Versailles, and Caserta, near Naples, the walks have been supplied from the Kensington gravel-pits. It is not probably generally known that among our exportations are every year a large quantity of evergreens for the markets of France and Germany, and that there are some nurserymen almost wholly engaged in this branch of trade. This may seem the more remarkable to those who fancy that, from the superiority of foreign climates, any English tree would bear a continental winter; but the bare appearance of the French gardens, mostly composed as they are of deciduous trees, would soon convince them of the contrary. It is not the severity or length of our December nights that generally destroys our more tender exotic plants, but it is the late frosts of April and May,—those 'nipping frosts,' which, coming on after the plant has enjoyed warmth enough to set the sap in action, freeze its life-blood to the heart's core, and cause it to wither and die. The late winter of 1837-8 proved this fact distinctly, which had hardly been sufficiently remarked before. That year, which cut down even our cypresses, and china-roses, and from which our gorse-fields have hardly

yet recovered, while it injured nearly every plant and tree on south walls and in sheltered borders, and in all forward situations, spared the tenderest kinds on north walls and exposed places; and in Scotland the destruction was hardly felt at all. It was the backwardness of their growing state that saved these plants; and the knowledge of this fact has already been brought to bear in several recent experiments. The double yellow rose, for instance, one of the most delicate of its class, is now flowered with great success in a northern exposition. It has led men also to study the hybernation of plants—perhaps the most important research in which horticulturists have of late engaged; and it has been ascertained that this state of winter-rest is a most important element in their constitution; but no doubt it will also be found that—as the dormouse, the sloth, the snake, the mole, &c., undergo a greater or less degree of torpidity, and some require it not at all—so in plants, the length and degree will vary much in different species, and according to their state of artificial cultivation. As a general rule, young gardeners must take heed not prematurely to force the juices into action in spring, nor to keep them too lively in winter, unless they are well prepared with good and sufficient protection till all the frosts are over. The practical effect of these observations will be, that many plants which have hitherto only been cultivated by those who have had flues and greenhouses at their command, will now be grown in as great or greater perfection by those who can afford them a dry, though not a warm shelter. One instance may serve as an example: the scarlet geranium, one of the greatest treasures of our parterres, if taken up from the ground in autumn, after the wood is thoroughly ripened, and hung up in a dry room, without any soil attaching to it, will be found ready, the next spring, to start in a new life of vigour and beauty.

One characteristic of our native plants we must mention, that if we miss in them something of the gorgeoussness and lustre of more tropical flowers, we are more than compensated by the delicacy and variety of their perfume; and just as our woods, vocal with the nightingale, the blackbird, and the thrush, can well spare the gaudy feathers of the macaw, so can we resign the oncidiums, the cactuses, and the ipomæas of the Tropics, for the delicious fragrance of our wild banks of violets, our lilies-of-the-valley, and our woodbine, or even for

the passing whiff of a hawthorn bush, a clover or bean field, or a gorse-common.

With such hedgerow flowers within his reach, and in so favourable a climate, it is not to be wondered that the garden of the English cottager has been remarked among our national distinctions. These may be said to form the foreground of that peculiar English scenery, which is filled up by our hedge-rows and our parks. The ingenious authoress of '*Leila in England*'* makes the little new-landed girl exclaim for the want of 'fountain-trees' and 'green parrots.' This is true to nature—but not less so the real enthusiasm of Miss Sedgwick, on her first arriving in England, at the cottage-gardens of the Isle of Wight. Again and again she fixes upon them as the most pleasing and striking feature in a land where everything was new to her. Long may they so continue! It is a trait of which England may well be proud; for it speaks—would we could trace it everywhere!—of peace, and of the leisure, and comfort, and contentedness of those who 'shall never cease from the land.'

We would make gardens in general a test of national prosperity and happiness. As long as the British nobleman continues to take an interest in his avenues and hot-houses—his lady in her conservatories and parterres—the squire overlooks his labourers' allotments—the 'squiresses and squirinas' betake themselves and their flowers to the neighbouring horticultural show—the citizen sets up his cucumber-frame in his back-yard—his dame her lilacs and almond-trees in the front court—the mechanic breeds his prize-competing auriculas—the cottager rears his sun-flowers and Sweet-Williams before his door—and even the collier sports his 'posy jacket'—as long, in a word, as this common interest pervades every class of society, so long shall we cling to the hope that our country is destined to outlive all her difficulties and dangers. Not because, like the Peris, we fight with flowers, and build amaranth bowers, and bind our enemies in links of roses—but because all this implies mutual interest and intercourse of every rank, and dependence of one class upon another—because it promotes an interchange of kindnesses and favours—because it speaks of proprietors dwelling on their hereditary acres, and the poorest labourer having an interest in the soil; because it gives a local attachment, and healthy

* This is a pleasing continuation of her '*Leila, or the Island*.' All Miss Tytler's books for children are worthy of being generally known.

exercise and innocent recreation, and excites a love of the country and love of our own country, and a spirit of emulation, devoid of bitterness; because it tells of wealth wisely spent, and competence widely diffused, of taste cultivated, and science practically applied; because, unlike Napoleon's great lie, it *does* bring 'peace to the cottage,' while it blesses the palace, and every virtuous home between those wild extremes; because it bespeaks the appreciation of what is natural, and simple, and pure; teaches men to set the divine law of excellence above the low human standard of utility; and because, above all, in the most lovely and bountiful of God's works, it leads them up to Him that made them, not in a mere dumb, inactive admiration of His wonderful designs, but to bless Him that He has given them pleasures beyond their actual necessities; the means of a cheerful countenance, as well as of a strong heart.

Still more—because—if ours be not too rude a step to venture within such hallowed ground—it speaks of a Christian people employed in an occupation, which, above all others, is the parable that conveys the deepest truths to *them*—which daily reads them silent lessons, if their hearts would hear, of the vanity of earthly pomp, of the beauty of heavenly simplicity, and purity, and lowliness of mind, of contentment and unquestioning faith—which sets before them, in the thorns and thistles, a remembrance of their fallen state—in the cedar, and the olive, and the palm-tree, the promise of a better country—which hourly recalls to their mind the Agony and the Burial of Him who made a garden the scene of both, and who bade us mark and consider such things, how they bud, and 'how they grow,' giving us in the vine a type of His Church, and in the fig-tree of His Coming.

Again, we would ask those who think that national amelioration is to be achieved by dose upon dose of Reform or Red-tapery, where should we now have been without our savings-banks, our allotment system, and our cottage gardens? And lest we should be thought to have been led away from flowers to the more general subject, we will add that when we see a plot set apart for a rosebush, and a gilliflower, and a carnation, it is enough for us: if the jasmine and the honeysuckle embower the porch without, we may be sure that there is a potato and a cabbage and an onion for the pot within: if there be not plenty there, at least there is no want; if not happiness, the nearest approach to it in this world—content.

'Yes! in the poor man's garden grow,
Far more than herbs and flowers;
Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind,
And joy for weary hours.'

Gardening not only affords common ground for the high and low, but like Christianity itself, it offers peculiar blessings and privileges to the poor man, which the very possession of wealth denies. 'The Spitalfields weaver may derive more pleasure from his green box of smoked auriculas,' than the lordly possessors of Sion, or Chatsworth, or Stowe, or Alton, from their hundreds of decorated acres; because not only personal superintendence, but actual work is necessary for the true enjoyment of a garden. We must *know* our flowers, as well as *buy* them. Our great-grandmothers, who—before they *were* great-grandmothers—'flirted on the sunny terraces, or strolled along the arched and shaded alleys' of our old manor-houses,

'had their own little garden, where they knew every flower, because they were few; and every name because they were simple. Their rose-bushes and gilliflowers were dear to them, because themselves had pruned, and watered, and watched them—had marked from day to day their opening buds, and removed their fading blossoms—and had cherished each choicest specimen for the posy to be worn at the christening of the squire's heir, or on my lord's birthday.'

In a like strain the wise and good author of 'Human Life' beautifully says—

'I would not have my garden too extended; not because flowers are not the most delicious things, speaking to the sentiments as well as to the senses, but on account of the intrinsic and superior value of moderation. When interests are divided, they are not so strong. Three acres of flowers and a regiment of gardeners bring no more pleasure than a sufficiency. Besides which, in the smaller possession, there is more room for the mental pleasure to step in and refine all that which is sensual. We become acquainted, as it were, and even form friendships, with individual flowers. We bestow more care upon their bringing up and progress. They seem sensible of our favour, absolutely to enjoy it, and make pleasing returns by their beauty, health, and sweetness. In this respect a hundred thousand roses, which we look at *en masse*, do not identify themselves in the same manner as even a very small border; and hence, if the cottager's mind is properly attuned, the little cottage-garden may give him more real delight than belongs to the owner of a thousand acres. All this is so entirely nature, that give me a garden well kept, however small, two or three spreading trees, and a mind at ease, and I defy the world.'

Nor do we find anything contravening this, in Cowley's wish that he might have 'a small house and large garden, few friends, and many books.' Doubtless he coveted neither the Bodleian nor Chatsworth, and intended his garden to be 'large' only in comparison with his other possessions.

It is this unlimited expenditure and unlimited interest which a garden requires, combined with the innocence of the amusement, that renders it so great a blessing—more even than to the cottager himself—to the country clergyman. We must leave to the novelist to sketch the happy party which every summer's evening finds busied on many an English vicarage-lawn, with their trowels and watering-pots, and all the paraphernalia of amateur gardeners; though we may ask the utilitarian, if he would deign to scan so simple a group, from the superintending vicar to the water-carrying schoolboy, where he would better find developed 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number,' than among those very objects and that very occupation where utility is not only banished, but condemned.

We would have our clergy know that there is no readier way to a parishioner's heart—next to visiting his house, which, done in health and in sickness, is the keystone of our blessed parochial system—than to visit his garden, suggesting and superintending improvements, distributing seeds, and slips, and flowers, and lending or giving such gardening books as would be useful for his limited domain. And many a poor scholar, in some obscure curacy, out of the way of railroads and book-clubs,

'In life's stillest shade reclining,
In desolation unrepining,
Without a hope on earth to find,
A mirror in an answering mind,'

has made the moral and intellectual wilderness in which he is cast bloom for him in his trees, and herbs, and flowers; and if unable, from the narrowness of his means and situation,

'To raise the terrace or to sink the grot,'

has found his body refreshed and his spirits lightened, in growing the salad to give a relish to his simple meal, and the flower to bedeck his threadbare button-hole,—enabled by these recreations to bear up against those little every-day annoyances which, though hardly important enough to tax our faith or our philosophy, make up in an ill-regulated or unemployed mind the chief ills of life.

Pope, who professed that of all his works

he was most proud of his garden, said also, with more nature and truth, that he 'pitied the man who had completed everything in his garden.' To pull down and destroy is quite as natural to man as to build up and improve, and this love of alteration may help to account for the many changes of style in gardening that have taken place. The course of the seasons, the introduction of new flowers, the growth of trees, will always of themselves give the gardener enough to do; and if the flower-garden is perfect, and there is a nook of spare ground at hand, instead of extending his parterres, which cannot be kept too neat, he had better devote it to an arboretum for choice trees and shrubs; or take up with some one extensive class—as for a thornery or a pinery; or make it a wilderness-like mixture of all kinds. Such ground will not require mowing more than twice or thrice in the year, and will afford much pleasure, without much labour and expense. If there is a little damp nook or dell, with rock-work and water at command, let it by all means be made a fernery, for which Mr. Newman's book will supply plenty of materials.

But we are straying too far from our immediate subject of flower-gardens and flowers, and with a few more remarks upon the latter, we must bring this *dissertation* to a close: otherwise we should have something to say of the unique beauties of Redleaf, and the splendid Italian garden lately designed at Trentham by the genius of Mr. Barry; something more, too, of the gorgeous new importations which every day is now bringing, some for the first time, into blossom. We are even promised new varieties of orbiculous plants from Mr. Rollisson's experiments in raising seedlings for the first time in this country.

To produce new seedling varieties of one's own, by hybridizing and other mysteries of the priests of Flora, is indeed the highest pleasure and the deepest esotericism of the art. The impregnating them is to venture within the very secrets of creation, and the naming them carries us back to one of the highest privileges of our first parents. The offspring becomes our own *τεκνόν*; which, according to Aristotle, claims the highest degree of our love. We should feel that, in leaving them, we were leaving friends, and address them in the words of Eve,

'O flowers,
My early visitation and my last
At even, which I had bred up with tender hand,
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?'
Par. Lost, xi.

We cannot but admire the practice of the Church of Rome, which calls in the aid of floral decorations on her high festivals. If we did not feel convinced that it was the most bounden duty of the Church of England, at the present moment, to give no unnecessary offence by restorations in different matters, we should be inclined to advocate, notwithstanding the denunciations of some of the early Fathers, some slight exception in the case of our own favourites. We shall not easily forget the effect of a long avenue of orange-trees in the Cathedral of St. Gudule at Brussels, calling to mind as it did the expression of the psalmist—'Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.' The white lily is held throughout Spain and Italy the emblem of the Virgin's purity, and frequently decorates her shrines; and many other flowers, dedicated to some saint, are used in profusion on the day of his celebration. The oak-leaf and the palm-branch have with us their loyal and religious anniversary, and the holly still gladdens the hearts of all good Churchmen at Christmas—a custom which the Puritans never succeeded in effacing from the most cant-ridden parish in the kingdom. Latterly, flowers have been much used among us in festivals, and processions, and gala-days of all kinds—the dahlia furnishing, in its symmetry and variety of colouring, an excellent material for those who, perhaps, in their young days sowed their own initials in mustard-and-cress, to inscribe in their maturer years their sovereign's name in flowers. Flowering plants and shrubs are at the same time becoming more fashionable in our London ball-rooms. No dread of 'noxious exhalations' deters mammas from decorating their halls and staircases with flowers of every hue and fragrance, nor their daughters from braving the headaches and pale cheeks, which are said to arise from such innocent and beautiful causes. We would go one step further, and replace all artificial flowers by natural ones, on the dinner-table and in the hair. Some of the more amaranthine flowers, as the camellia and the hoy, which can bear the heat of crowded rooms, or those of regular shapes, as the dahlia and others, would, we are sure, with a little contrivance in adjusting and preserving them, soon eclipse the most artistical wreaths of Natier or Forster, and we will venture to promise a good partner for a waltz and for life to the first fair *débutante* who will take courage to adopt the natural flower in her 'sunny locks.'

ART. VIII.—*Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay, Author of 'Evelina,' 'Cecilia,' &c.* Edited by her Niece. Vols. I., II., III. London. 1842.

WHEN we reviewed, ten years ago, that strange display of egotism which Madame D'Arblay was pleased to call '*Memoirs of her Father*,' we expressed a wish that she would

'condense and simplify into a couple of interesting (and interesting they would be) volumes her own story and her contemporaneous notes and *bona fide* recollections of that brilliant society in which she moved from 1777 to 1793. We lay some stress on the words *bona fide*—not as imputing to Madame D'Arblay the slightest intention to deceive, but because we think that we see in almost every page abundant proof that the habit of *novel-writing* has led her to colour, and, as she may suppose, embellish, her *anecdotes with sonorous epithets and factitious details* which, however, we venture to assure her, not only blunt their effect, but discredit their authority.'—*Quart. Rev.*, vol xlix., p. 125.

We were not then in the secret of Madame D'Arblay's having from her earliest youth kept the diary now presented to us; but we *guessed*, from many passages in the '*Memoirs of Dr. Burney*,' that she was in possession of copious contemporaneous materials for her own, and we candidly forewarned her of the kind of errors into which she was likely to fall in preparing her notes for publication. Our conjectures are now too fully verified; the interest is indeed much less than we anticipated, but in all the rest—the diffuseness—the pomposity—the prolixity—the false colouring—the factitious details—and, above all, the personal affectation and vanity of the author, this book exceeds our worst apprehensions.

At first sight the Diary seems a minute record of all that she saw, did, or heard, and we find the pages crowded with names and teeming with matters of the greatest apparent interest—with details of the social habits and familiar conversation of the most fashionable, most intellectual, and, in every sense, most illustrious personages of the last age. No book that we ever opened, not even Boswell's '*Johnson*,' promised at the first glance more of all that species of entertainment and information which memoir-writing can convey, and the position and respectability of the author, with her supposed power of delineating character, all tended to heighten our expectation; but never, we regret to say, has there been a more vexatious disappointment. We have

indeed brought before us not merely the minor notabilities of the day, but a great many persons whose station and talents assure them an historical celebrity—King George III., Queen Charlotte, and their family—Johnson, Burke, Sir Joshua, and their society—Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Delany, and their circles—in short, the whole court and literary world; and all in their easiest and most familiar moods:—their words—their looks—their manners—and even their movements about the room—pencilled, as it would seem, with the most minute and scrupulous accuracy: but when we come a little closer, and see and hear what all these eminent and illustrious personages are saying and doing, we are not a little surprised and vexed to find them a wearisome congregation of monotonous and featureless prosers, brought together for one single object, in which they, one and all, seem occupied, as if it were the main business of human life—namely, the *glorification of Miss Fanny Burney*—her talents—her taste—her sagacity—her wit—her manners—her temper—her delicacy—even her beauty—and, above all, her *modesty*!

We really have never met anything more curious, nor, if it were not repeated *ad nauseam*, more comical, than the elaborate ingenuity with which—as the ancients used to say that *all roads led to Rome*—every topic, from whatsoever quarter it may start, is ultimately brought home to Miss Burney. There can be, of course, no autobiography without egotism; and though the best works of this class are those in which *self* is the most successfully disguised, it must always be the main ingredient. We therefore expected, and, indeed, were very willing, that Miss Burney should tell us a great deal about herself; but what we did not expect, and what wearies, and, we must candidly add, disgusts us, is to find that she sees nothing beyond the tips of her own fingers, and considers all the rest of man and womankind as mere satellites of that great luminary of the age, the author of '*Evelina*.' In fact, the first sentence of her '*Diary*,' though no doubt meant to pass for a *modest irony*, turns out to be a mere matter-of-fact expression of her true sentiments:—

'Part I. 1778. This year was ushered in by a grand and most important event! At the latter end of January, the literary world was favoured with the first publication of the ingenious, learned, and most profound Fanny Burney! I doubt not but this memorable affair will, in future times, mark the period whence chronologers will date the zenith of the polite arts in this island.

'This admirable authoress has named her most elaborate performance, "*EVELINA; or, a Young Lady's Entrance into the World*."—Vol. I., p. 37.

This assumed pleasantry is her own real view of the case, and affords indeed the *text*, as it were, on which the rest of the work is a most illustrative commentary.

We insist thus early, and thus strongly, on this extravagant egotism, not merely because it is the chief feature of the book, but for the higher and more important purpose of doing justice to the eminent persons who make a very mean and very foolish figure when thus dragged at the wheels of the triumphant car of Miss Burney,—for so we must call her, while the '*Diary*' is written in that name. We know that ingenious and sensible people, from not adverting to her real and sole object—namely, *herself*—have been led to consider those eminent personages as responsible for all the nonsense and twaddle which she has chosen to put into their mouths. A weekly critic,* for instance, who very shrewdly detected, and very adroitly exposed, the mock humility and inordinate vanity of the '*diarist*,' is nevertheless so far inattentive to the consequences they produce as to assume her reports to be a true representation of the manners and conversation which she describes, and to flatter himself that society now-a-days would not tolerate the '*commonplace mediocrity and twaddle*' of '*Johnson and Burke*,' or '*the enormous pretensions and vulgarity of Mrs Montague, Miss Carter, and Hannah More*.' We do not deny the existence of the '*mediocrity*' and '*vulgarity*' attributed to those eminent persons by Miss Burney; they stare us out of countenance in every page: but we very much wonder that any attentive reader, and above all one whose appreciation of the author is otherwise so just, should not see that '*the twaddle*' and '*vulgarity*' are Miss Burney's own; and that her natural propensity to those defects (of which there are innumerable other proofs) is mainly assisted by her affecting, in the true jog-trot of a novelist, to give, *verbatim*, all the details of long conversations—sometimes many days old—which the readiest pen and the quickest apprehension could not have done even on the instant.

In truth nothing can be so vapid as that mode of reporting conversation must inevitably be, *even in the cleverest hands*. Boswell, the best and most graphic of narra-

* Athenæum, 23d April, 1842. The description of Miss Burney's style and character in that article is very clever and just.

tors, never attempts so hopeless a task for above two or three consecutive paragraphs, but more commonly contents himself with preserving the general spirit of the discourse—catching here and there the most striking expressions, and now and then venturing to mark an emphasis or an attitude. A clever artist may *sketch* a very lively likeness of a countenance which he has only seen *en passant*, but if he were to attempt—in the absence of the object—to fill up the outline with all the little details of form and colour, he would find that his efforts only diminished the spirit and impaired the resemblance. So it is of reporting public *speeches*—and so still more of reporting *conversations*. But even if Miss Burney had had more of Boswell's happy knack, it would not have much mended the matter, for her sole and exclusive object was—not to relate what Burke or Johnson, or anybody else should say on general subjects, but what flattering things they said about *Fanny Burney*. The result is, that we have little amusement and less faith in the details of those elaborate dialogues, which occupy, we believe, more than half her volumes—their very minuteness and elaboration sufficiently prove that they cannot be authentic; and they are, moreover, trivial and wearisome beyond all patience. How—we will not say, the author of 'Evelina' and 'Cecilia,' but—how any person of the most ordinary degree of taste and talents could have wasted time and paper in making such a *much ado about nothing* we cannot conceive; nor did we—till we had read this book—imagine that *real life and proper names* could by any *maladresse* of a narrator be made so insufferably flat, stale, and unprofitable. The severity of this judgment obliges us to justify it by some examples. We are well aware that they will appear tedious and fulsome, and that our readers may wish that we had spared them such wearisome extracts; but there is really no other way of giving them a tolerable idea of the book, and when we have the misfortune to think unfavourably of a work, we are anxious to allow it, as much as possible, to *speak for itself*.

'Wednesday [at Streatham].—At breakfast, Dr. Johnson asked me if I had been reading his "Life of Cowley?"

"O yes," said I.

"And what do you think of it?"

"I am delighted with it," cried I; "and if I was somebody, instead of nobody, I should not have read it without telling you sooner what I think of it, and unasked."

Again, when I took up Cowley's Life, he made me put it away to talk. I could not help

remarking how very like Dr. Johnson is to his writing; and how much the same thing it was to hear or to read him; but that nobody could tell that without coming to Streatham, for his language was generally imagined to be laboured and studied, instead of the mere common flow of his thoughts.

"Very true," said Mrs. Thrale, "he writes and talks with the same ease, and in the same manner; but Sir, [to him,] if this rogue is like her book, how will she trim all of us by and by! Now she dainties us up with all the meekness in the world; but when we are away, I suppose she pays us off finely."

"My paying off," cried I, "is like the Latin of Hudibras,—

—who never scanted

His learning unto such as wanted;"

for I can figure like anything when I am with those who can't figure at all."

"Mrs. T.—Oh, if you have any *mag* in you, we'll draw it out!

"Dr. J.—A rogue! she told me that, if she was somebody instead of nobody, she would praise my book!

"F. B.—Why, Sir, I am sure you would scoff my praise.

"Dr. J.—If you think that, you think very ill of me; but you don't think it.

"Mrs. T.—We have told her what you said to Miss More, and I believe that makes her afraid.

"Dr. J.—Well, and if she was to serve me as Miss More did, I should say the same thing to her. But I think she will not. Hannah More has very good intellects, too; but she has *by no means* the elegance of Miss Burney.

"Well," cried I, "there are folks that are to be spoilt, and folks that are not to be spoilt, as well in the world as in the nursery: but what will become of me I know not."

"Mrs. T.—Well, if you are spoilt, we can only say, nothing in the world is so pleasant as being spoilt.

"Dr. J.—No, no; Burney will not be spoilt: she *knows too well what praise she has a claim to*, and what not, to be in any danger of spoiling.

"F. B.—I do, indeed, believe I shall never be spoilt at Streatham, for it is the last place where I can feel of any consequence.

"Mr. T.—Well, Sir, she is *our* Miss Burney, however; we were the first to catch her, and now we have got, we will keep her. And so she is all our own.

"Dr. J.—Yes, I hope she is; I should be very sorry to lose Miss Burney.

"F. B.—Oh dear! how can two such people sit and talk such—

"Mrs. T. Such stuff, you think? but Dr Johnson's love—

"Dr. J.—Love? no I don't entirely love her yet; I must see more of her first; I have much too high an opinion of her to flatter her. I have, indeed, seen nothing of her but what is fit to be loved, but I must know her more. I *admire her, and greatly too*.

"F. B.—Well, this is a very new style to me! I have long enough had reason to think myself loved, but admiration is perfectly new to me.

"Dr. J.—I admire her *for her observation, for her good sense, for her humour, for her discern-*

ment, for her manner of expressing them, and for all her writing talents.'—Vol. i., pp. 120-122.

Such is the *amabæan* trash—the *vitulæ tu dignus et hie* style—in which the 'author of *Evelina*' sings her own praises in the names of the sage Johnson and the lively Thrale—anything less sage or less lively we can hardly conceive. Now let us see how she deals with the amiable Reynolds and the brilliant Sheridan:—

'Some time after, Sir Joshua, returning to his standing-place, entered into *confab* (!) with Miss Linley and your slave, upon various matters, during which Mr. Sheridan, joining us, said,

"Sir Joshua, I have been telling Miss Burney that she must not suffer her pen to lie idle—ought she?"

'Sir Joshua.—No, indeed, ought she not.

'Mr. Sheridan.—Do you, then, Sir Joshua, persuade her. But perhaps you have begun something? May we ask? Will you answer a question candidly?

'F. B.—I don't know, but as candidly as *Mrs. Candour* I think I certainly shall.

'Mr. Sheridan.—What, then, are you about now?

'F. B.—Why, twirling my fan, I think.

'Mr. Sheridan.—No, no; but what are you about at home? However, it is not a fair question, so I won't press it.

'Yet he looked very inquisitive; but I was glad to get off without any downright answer.

'Sir Joshua.—Anything in the dialogue way, I think, she must succeed in; and I am sure invention will not be wanting.

'Mr. Sheridan.—No, indeed; I think, and say, she should write a comedy.

'Sir Joshua.—I am sure I think so; and hope she will.

'I could only answer by incredulous exclamations.

"Consider," continued Sir Joshua, "*you have already had all the applause and fame you can have given you in the closet; but the acclamation of a theatre will be new to you.*"

'And then he put down his trumpet, and began a violent clapping of hands.

'I actually shook from head to foot! I felt myself already in Drury Lane, amidst the hubbub of a first night.

"Oh, no!" cried I, "there may be a noise, but it will be just the reverse." And I returned his salute with a hissing.

'Mr. Sheridan joined Sir Joshua very warmly.

"Oh, Sir!" cried I, "you should not run on so,—you don't know what mischief you may do!"

'Mr. Sheridan.—I wish I may—I shall be very glad to be accessory.

'Sir Joshua.—She has, certainly, something of a knack of characters;—where she got it I don't know,—and how she got it I can't imagine; but she certainly has it. And to throw it away is—

'Mr. Sheridan.—Oh, she won't—she will

write a comedy,—she has promised me she will!

'F. B.—Oh!—if you both run on in this manner, I shall—

'I was going to say *get under the chair*, but Mr. Sheridan, interrupting me with a laugh, said,

"Set about one? very well, that's right!"

"Ay," cried Sir Joshua, "that's very right. And you (to Mr. Sheridan) would take *anything of hers*, would you not?—unsight, unseen?"

'What a point-blank question! who but Sir Joshua would have ventured it!

"Yes," answered Mr. Sheridan, with quickness, "and make her a bow and my best thanks into the bargain."

'Now, my dear Susy, tell me, did you ever hear the fellow to such a speech as this?—it was all I could do to sit it. (!)

"Mr. Sheridan," I exclaimed, "are you not mocking me?"—Vol. i., p. 187-189.

And so, from every conversation that happens in her presence, her industrious vanity extracts—we were going to say *honey*—but *treacle*, though it spoils the metaphor, is the more appropriate term. Even when a person says nothing, she construes his very silence into an expression of *admiration* so great as to amount to *awe*. Witness her first interview with Arthur Murphy:—

'Now I must try to be rather more minute. On Thursday, while my dear father was here, who should be announced but Mr. Murphy; the man of all other strangers to me whom I most longed to see? . . .

'When he had been welcomed by Mrs. Thrale, and had gone through the reception-salutations of Dr. Johnson and my father, Mrs. Thrale, advancing to me, said,

"But here is a lady I must introduce to you, Mr. Murphy; here is another F. B."

"Indeed!" cried he, taking my hand, "is this a sister of Miss Brown's?"

"No, no: this is Miss Burney."

"What!" cried he, staring, "*is this—is this—this is not the lady that—that—*"

"Yes, but it is," answered she, laughing

"No, you don't say so? You don't mean the lady that—"

"Yes, yes, I do; no less a lady, I assure you."

'He then said he was very glad of the honour of seeing me; and I sneaked away.'—Vol. i. p., 195.

No less than *nine* pages are expended in an account of her reception at one of Sir Joshua's evening parties, in which a lively lady of the day, Mrs. Cholmondeley, is introduced as bearing a prominent part, but—like everybody else—all to the ultimate honour of Fanny Burney. We select, as a further specimen, *two* pages out of the *nine*:—

'Mrs. Chol.—I have been very ill; monstrous ill indeed! or else I should have been at your house long ago. Sir Joshua, pray how do you do? You know, I suppose, that I don't come to see you?

'Sir Joshua could only laugh; though this was her first address to him.

'Mrs. Chol.—Pray, miss, what's your name?

'F. B.—Frances, ma'am.

'Mrs. Chol.—Fanny? Well, all the Fannys are excellent! and yet,—my name is Mary! Pray, Miss Palmer, [Sir Joshua's niece] how are you?—though I hardly know if I shall speak to you to-night. I thought I should never have got here! I have been so out of humour with the people for keeping me. "If you but knew," cried I, "to whom I am going to-night, and who I shall see to-night [*i. e.* Fanny Burney], you would not dare to keep me muzzling here!"

'During all these pointed speeches her penetrating eyes were fixed upon me; and what could I do?—what, indeed, could anybody do but colour and simper?—all the company watching us, though all very delicately avoided joining the *confab*.

'Mrs. Chol.—My Lord Palmerston, I was told to-night that nobody could see your lordship for me, for that you supped at my house every night? "Dear, bless me, no!" cried I, "not every night!" and I looked as confused as I was able; but I am afraid I did not blush, though I tried hard for it!

'Then, again, turning to me, [F. B.]

"That Mr. What-d'ye-call him, in Fleet-street, is a mighty silly fellow;—perhaps you don't know who I mean?—one T. Lowndes, [*the printer of 'Evelina'*]"—but maybe you don't know such a person?"

F. B.—No indeed, I do not! that I can safely say.

'Mrs. Chol.—I could get nothing from him; but I told him I hoped he gave a good price; and he answered me, that he always did things genteel. What trouble and tagging we had! Mr.—(I cannot recollect the name she mentioned) laid a wager the writer was a *man*:—I said I was sure it was a *woman*: but now we are both out; for it is a *GIRL*!

'In this comical, queer, flighty, whimsical manner she ran on, till we were summoned to supper; for we were not allowed to break up before; and then, when Sir Joshua and almost everybody was gone down stairs, she changed her tone, and, with a face and voice both grave, said,

"Well, Miss Burney, you must give me leave to say one thing to you; yet, perhaps you won't, neither, will you?"

"What is it, ma'am?"

"Why it is that I *admire you more than any human being!* and that I can't help."

'Then, suddenly rising, she hurried down stairs.'—Vol. i., pp. 174–176.

If all this egotism had been, as it professes, intended for the confidential eye of a sister, it would have been in some degree excusable: but it was not so; and the pretence of its being so intended is but another

of the shifts in which her exuberant vanity, disguises itself. The journal went the round of her own domestic circle, and was then regularly transmitted to Mr. Crisp and his coterie at Chessington*—and afterwards to Mr. and Mrs. Lock of Norbury Park, and we know not whom else—and it seems, beyond all doubt, to have been prepared and left by her for ultimate publication. Strange blindness to imagine that anything like fame was to be gathered from this deplorable exhibition of mock-modesty, endeavouring to conceal, but only the more flagrantly exposing, the boldest, the most *horse-leech* egotism that literature or Bedlam has yet exhibited.

If indeed—which would be a charitable but hardly credible explanation—she was herself under a delusion as to her feelings and motives—if she really mistook the itchings of vanity for the tremors of diffidence—it would only remind us of what she herself said of poor mad Barry, the painter—that 'with an innocent belief that he was the *most modest of men*, he nourished the most *insatiable avidity* for applause.' In mentioning a Dr. Shepherd, one of the canons of Windsor, she says, "In no *farce* did a man ever *more* floridly open upon his own perfections," (vol. iii., p. 436;) and we may safely say that in no *farce* did man or woman ever so floridly open on their own perfections as Miss Burney; and assuredly neither Barry, nor Shepherd, nor any other glutton of flummery that we have ever heard of, could manage to feed themselves *with their own spoons* with such appetite and activity as 'the author of *Evelina*.' Dr. Johnson has said of another celebrated novelist, 'Sir, that fellow, Richardson, was not content to sail quietly down the stream of reputation, without longing to *taste the froth from every stroke of the oar*.' But Richardson never thought of the happy process by which Miss Burney conducted her system of self-adoration, and which we really think the cleverest trait in her whole history. It was no easy task to reconcile and carry on, *pari passu*, the pretension of modesty and the cravings of vanity; but her device, if not successful, is at least ingenious—she never, in her own proper person, very directly or outrageously praises Fanny Burney—she never absolutely says '*I am the cleverest writer—I am the most amiable woman in the world*'—on the contrary, she humbles herself with all the genuine modesty of a newly-elected *Speaker*—but then, on the other hand, she thinks it her duty, as a mere historian and relater of

* See Quarterly Review, vol. xlix.

facts, to record, in the most conscientious detail, all the panegyrics and compliments—however extravagant, which anybody and everybody might address her. '*Dear Dr. Johnson pronounced that F. B. was the cleverest writer that ever lived; Sweet Mrs. Thrale exclaimed that F. B. was the most charming girl in the world;*' and then having sucked in all these sugared details with undisguisable relish, F. B. thinks it decent to blush, to stammer, to tremble, to fall into hysterics of wounded modesty, and to bewail to her confidants the intolerable torture; the eternal martyrdom of that universal admiration and worship to which she, poor victim, is thus reluctantly exposed. Even after what we have said, the following specimen of humility will, we think, startle our readers, and it is the more remarkable, because it forces into notice another feature of her vanity, which, we should have supposed, Miss Burney, instead of recording, would have been equally anxious to obliterate from her own memory, and from that of others:

'And now I cannot resist telling you of a dispute which Dr. Johnson had with Mrs. Thrale, the next morning, concerning me, which that *sweet woman* had the *honesty and good sense* (!) to tell me. Dr. Johnson was talking to her and Sir Philip Jennings of the amazing progress made of late years in literature by the women. He said he was himself astonished at it, and told them he well remembered when a woman who could spell a common letter was regarded as all-accomplished; but now they vied with the men in everything.

"I think, Sir," said my friend Sir Philip, "the young lady we have here is a very extraordinary proof of what you say."

"So extraordinary, Sir," answered he, "*that I know none like her,*"—nor do I believe there is or there ever was, a man who could write *such a book so young.*"

"They both stared—no wonder, I am sure!—and Sir Philip said,

"What do you think of Pope, Sir? could not Pope have written such a one?"

"Nay, nay," cried Mrs. Thrale, "there is no need to talk of Pope; a book may be a clever book, and an extraordinary book, and yet not want a Pope for its author. I suppose he was *no older than Miss Burney when he wrote Windsor Forest;*"—[Pope is said to have written '*Windsor Forest*' at 16,]—and I suppose '*Windsor Forest*' is equal to '*Evelina*!'"

"Windsor Forest," repeated Dr. Johnson, "though so delightful a poem, by no means required the knowledge of life and manners, nor the accuracy of observation, nor the skill of penetration, necessary for composing such a work as '*Evelina*;' he who could ever write '*Windsor Forest*' might as well write it young as old. Poetical abilities require not age to mature them; but '*Evelina*' seems a work that should

result from long experience, and deep and intimate knowledge of the world; yet it has been written without either. Miss Burney is a *real wonder*. What she is, she is intuitively. Dr. Burney told me she had had the fewest advantages of any of his daughters, from some peculiar circumstances. And such has been her timidity, that he himself had not any suspicion of her powers."

"Her modesty," said Mrs. Thrale (as she told me,) "is really *beyond bounds*. (!!!) It quite provokes me. And, in fact, I can never make out how the mind that could write that book could be ignorant of its value."

"That, madam, is another wonder," answered my dear, dear Dr. Johnson, "*for modesty with her is neither pretence nor decorum; 'tis an ingredient of her nature;* for she who could part with such a work for twenty pounds, could know so little of its worth, or of her own, as to leave *no possible doubt of her humility.*"—vol. i, pp. 235, 236.

The '*good sense*' of that '*sweet woman*' in repeating these hyperboles is nearly on a par with the '*modesty and humility*' of the writer, who, let it never be forgotten, not only circulated them amongst her friends at the time, but bequeathed them to the wonder of posterity; though conscious, all the while, that the main point of Dr. Johnson's admiration—namely, the *extreme youth of the author*—was an elaborate deception on the part of herself and her friends. We beg leave to refer to our former article on Madame D'Arblay's '*Memoirs of her Father*;' for the details of this manœuvring; suffice it here to repeat that it was at the outset represented that *Evelina* was the work of a *girl of seventeen*—very shy—remarkably backward—and hardly yet emerged from the school-room;—that it was written and printed by stealth, as a mere *childish frolic*—unknown to her father, and even *unseen by herself*, until, after the lapse of six months, its immense success forced it upon their notice. All this was very surprising, but it was so confidently asserted, that no one we believe doubted its truth, till Madame D'Arblay began her career of self-adulation, in the '*Memoirs of her Father*.' Here it was observed that while repeating, with many heightening circumstances, the previous story of her *extreme youth* when '*Evelina*' was published, she involved in studied obscurity not merely the time of her own birth, but every other date and circumstance which could directly or indirectly tend to ascertain it. This strange silence on the most remarkable peculiarity of her whole story excited, at first curiosity, and afterwards suspicion, and at length it was with some difficulty ascertained by the

parish register of Lynn, in Norfolk, that Frances, the second daughter of Charles Burney, was born in the summer of 1752;* and that consequently she was at the time of the publication of 'Evelina' (1778)—*not seventeen*, but—between *twenty-five and twenty-six* years old. This, it is obvious, changes the whole aspect of the affair—the miracle is reduced to a very ordinary fact. Whatever be the merit of the novel, it would not, as the work of a *woman of five-and-twenty*, have excited the wonder and enthusiasm that it did, when supposed to be written, in the circumstances stated, by a *girl of seventeen*: the foregoing dialogue, for instance, between Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale never could have happened. But this is not all. The original story, of the father's utter ignorance of the work, has been essentially modified. It is now admitted that she told him of it, and even obtained his previous sanction to its publication; but still, in order to keep up the original delusion, we are asked to believe that though thus told of the novel and thus sanctioning its publication, he never saw a line of it—never inquired its name, and had not even the curiosity to ask whether it had actually been published or not—that this state of things lasted for *six months*—and that Miss Burney never knew by what means her father discovered the profound secret that the new novel which was making so much noise under the title of 'Evelina' was in fact that very publication to which he had consented the year before; and which (though anonymously) was dedicated to himself. How or with whom this deception originated, it were now idle to inquire. It perhaps began in some, if not innocent, at least very venial attempt at preserving the author's incognito till the fate of the work should be decided: it then was probably persisted in from vanity; and it was subsequently aided in the eyes of the world by the personal appearance of the heroine, which both in figure and feature continued, long after she had attained womanhood, to be remarkably childish. Even up to 1787 the last date to which these volumes carry us, when she had attained the mature age of 35, we find her still playing off all the little airs and manners of '*Miss in her Teens*.'

But whatever may have been the motive or excuse for the original deviation from

truth, it was followed up by such immediate and important consequences, that neither Miss Burney nor her family could ever extricate themselves from it: it was, as we have said, the main cause of the kind of enthusiasm excited by the book and for its author: it was, as we have just seen, the prominent topic of Johnson's admiration, and of that of the literary world. It was one of the alleged motives of the royal favour subsequently shown to her: in short, it was the foundation of her fame and her fortune; and it must be admitted, in excuse for her perseverance in this false position, that a retreat would have required an exertion of nerve and spirit from which even the sturdiest moralist might have shrunk.

We are convinced that this unlucky secret caused her many awkward embarrassments and many anxious moments, and had an injurious effect both on her own personal manners and the style of her subsequent works. It is impossible in reading her journals not to be struck by the everlasting conflict between her inordinate appetite for praise and her professed uneasiness at any mention of her works. Much of this uneasiness was no doubt mere affectation, put on as a kind of cloak, under which she might enjoy her vanity more decently; but there was also probably some real trepidation at bottom. We cannot conceive a more painful catastrophe than if, on one of those numerous occasions where a crowd of eminent admirers were celebrating her precocious talents, the truth had by any accident transpired, and it had appeared that this *artless girl* and her *amiable family* had been guilty of so enormous a deception on the public as the subtraction of *one-third* from her real years. We can therefore very well imagine the mixture of fright and vanity with which she must have heard the bold and voluble Mrs. Cholmondeley descanting on her *youth*, and pronouncing her with such marked emphasis '*not a woman, but a girl*—*a girl of 27!*'

But though it is possible that this deception began in accident or thoughtlessness, we cannot doubt that the natural predisposition of her mind was towards artifice and manœuvring. It was early remarked as a prominent defect in her novels that all her heroines were exhibited as the victims of trifling annoyances and imaginary difficulties, from which two words of candour and common-sense would have extricated them. The same error runs through her own memoirs. She represents herself as thrown into confusions, embarrassments, terrors, miseries, and so forth, by the most

* See Quarterly Review, vol. xlix., where it is stated from the parish register that she was baptized in July, 1752. In the introduction to the Memoirs her age is (for the first time by her or her friends) stated, and it appears that she was born on the 13th June, 1752.

ordinary occurrences of common life. If she is spoken to, she is in a flutter of modest agitation; if not spoken to, she is still more alarmed at such ominous silence. If complimented, she is inclined to *creep under the chair*: if not attended to she retreats into indignant seclusion. She is afraid to make tea at an evening party, lest she should appear too obtrusive; and if she does not, she is in still worse agonies, lest she should be thought supercilious.

The most trifling incident—a word or a look—if it concerns her own important self, is treated with all the pomp of history; and the idlest and most trivial conversations are registered with more detail and care than if they were evidence in a court of justice on some momentous cause. The enormous extent of this prolixity will be superabundantly shown by the following instance. After Mr. Thrale's death, a young gentleman, of the name of Crutchley, who had been his ward, and was now one of his executors, made a visit to Streat-ham, where Miss Burney had previously come to console the widow, who, as it turned out, did not need much consolation. This visit produces the following scene:—

‘Sunday morning nobody went to church but Mr. Crutchley, Miss Thrale, and myself; and some time after, when I was sauntering upon the lawn before the house, Mr. Crutchley joined me. We were returning together into the house, when Mrs. Thrale, popping her head out of her dressing-room window, called out, “How nicely these men domesticate among us, Miss Burney! Why, they take to us as natural as life!”

“Well, well,” cried Mr. Crutchley, “I have sent for my horse, and I shall release you early to-morrow morning. I think yonder comes Sir Philip.”

“Oh! you'll have enough to do with *him*,” cried she, laughing: “he is well prepared to plague you, I assure you.”

“Is he?—and what about?”

“Why, about Miss Burney. He asked me the other day what was my present establishment. ‘Mr. Crutchley and Miss Burney,’ I answered. ‘How well those two names go together,’ cried he; ‘I think they can't do better than make a match of it: I will consent, I am sure,’ he added; and to-day, I dare say, you will hear enough of it.”

‘I leave you to judge if I was pleased at this stuff thus communicated; but Mrs. Thrale, with all her excellence, can give up no occasion of making sport, however unseasonable, or even painful.

“‘I am very much obliged to him, indeed!’ cried I, *drily*, and Mr. Crutchley called out, “*Thank him!—thank him!*” in a voice of pride and of pique that spoke him mortally angry.

‘I instantly came into the house, leaving him to talk it out with Mrs. Thrale, to whom I heard

him add, “So, this is Sir Philip's kindness!” and her answer. “I wish you no worse luck!”

‘Now, what think you of this?—was it not highly insolent?—and from a man who has behaved to me hitherto with the utmost deference, good nature, and civility, and given me a thousand reasons, by every possible opportunity, to think myself very high indeed in his good opinion and good graces? But these rich men think themselves the constant prey of all portionless *girls*, and are always upon their guard, and suspicious of some design to take them in.’—Vol ii., pp. 24, 25.

We would not justify Mr. Crutchley's rudeness in showing in the lady's presence any pique at the flattering proposition made to him; but it might be suggested, in extenuation, that Miss Burney began the fray by ‘*drily*’ expressing *her own* dissatisfaction; and it must be observed, moreover, that the ‘portionless girl’ was now in her *nine-and-twentieth year*, and somewhat older, we believe, than the reluctant swain. It seems, however, that the poor man had no *swainish* thoughts in his head, and was quite at a loss to guess the cause of the resentment with which Miss Burney visited him—as appears throughout *sixteen or seventeen mortal pages* of such dialogue as this;—

“Why, Miss Burney! why, what's the matter?”

“Nothing.”

“Why, are you stricken, or smitten, or ill?”

“None of the three.”

“Are you affronted?”

‘Not a word. Then again he called to Miss Thrale,—

“Why, Queeny—why, she's quite in a rage! What have you done to her?”

‘I still *sulked* on, vexed to be teased; but, though with a gaiety that showed he had no suspicion of the cause, he grew more and more urgent, trying every means to make me tell him what was the matter, till at last, much provoked, I said,—

“I must be strangely in want of a confident indeed, to take *you* for one!”

‘Then Miss Thrale, stimulated by him, came to inquire if I had really taken anything amiss of *her*. No, I assured her.

“Is it of *me*, then?” cried Mr. Crutchley, as if sure I should say no; but I made no other answer than desiring him to desist questioning me.

“So I will,” cried he; “only clear *me*,—only say it is not *me*.”

“I shall say nothing about the matter; so do pray be at rest.”

“Well, but it can't be *me*, I know; only say that. It's Queeny, I dare say.”

“No, indeed.”

“Then it's *you*,” cried Miss Thrale; “and I'm glad of it, with all my heart!”

‘He then grew quite violent, and at last went

on with his questions till, by being quite silent to them, he could no longer doubt who it was. He seemed then wholly amazed, and entreated to know what he had done; but I tried only to avoid him, and keep out of his way. . . .

'He was presently, however, with us again; and when he came to my side, and found me really trying to talk of other matters with Miss Thrale, and avoid him, he called out,—

"Upon my life, this is too bad! *Do* tell me, Miss Burney, what is the matter? If you won't, I protest I'll call Mrs. Thrale, and make her work at you herself."

"I assure you," answered I, "that will be to no purpose; for I must offend *myself* by telling it, and therefore I shall mention it to nobody."

"But what in the world have I done?"

"Nothing; you have done nothing."

"What have I *said*, then? Only let me beg your pardon,—only let me know what it is, that I *may* beg your pardon."

'He was not, however, to be so dismissed. Again he threatened me with Mrs. Thrale, but again I assured him nothing could less answer to him.

"Well, but," cried he; "if you will not let me know my crime, why, I must never speak to you any more."

"Very well, if you please we'll proclaim a mutual silence henceforward."

"Oh," cried he, "*you*, I suppose, will be ready enough; but to *me* that would be a loss of very great pleasure. If you would tell me, however, I am sure I could explain it off, because I am sure it has been done undesignedly."

"No, it does not admit of any explanation; so pray don't mention it any more."

"Only tell me what part of the day it was."

'Whether this unconsciousness was real, or only to draw me in so that he might come to the point, and make his apology with greater ease, I know not; but I assured him it was in vain he asked, and again desired him to puzzle himself with no further recollections.

"Oh," cried he; "but I shall think of everything I have ever said to you for this half-year. I am sure, whatever it was, it must have been unmeant and unguarded."

"That, Sir, I never doubted; and probably you thought me hard enough to hear anything without minding it."

"Good Heaven, Miss Burney! why, there is nobody I would not sooner offend,—nobody in the world!"

"Well, ma'am, I hope we are now friends?"

"Yes!" cried I.

"And is it all quite over?"

"Entirely."

"Why, then, do, pray," cried he, laughing, "be so good as to let me know *what was our quarrel*?"

"No—no, I shan't!" (cried I, laughing too, at the absurdity of quarrelling and seeming not to know *what for*;) "it is all over, and that is enough."

"No, by no means enough: I must really beg you to tell me; I am uneasy till I know. Was it that silly joke of mine at dinner?"

"No, I assure you, it was no joke!"

"But was it at dinner, or *before* dinner?"

"Is it not enough that it is over? I am sorry you knew anything of the matter, and I am obliged to you for taking so much trouble about it; so there let it rest."—Vol. ii., pp. 27-37.

And this kind of stuff is the staple commodity of the whole 'Diary.' The utter inanity and worthlessness of the greater portion of the dialogues, with which Miss Burney expands her volumes, have a tendency to render us, at first sight, indifferent to what is nevertheless a very serious offence,—the unpardonable breach of confidence, in thus stealthily treasuring up for publication every idle word which was uttered in the unsuspecting freedom of private society. She anticipated in her youth faults that more usually accompany a gossiping 'widowhood.' She was '*idle, wandering about from house to house; and not only idle, but a tattler also, and a busybody, speaking things which she ought not.*' We need not here discuss under what peculiar circumstances, or to what limited extent, such a practice might be justifiable, because there are in Miss Burney's case no extenuating circumstances whatsoever. The parties are all chatting in private intercourse, sometimes on personal subjects, always in the confidence that there is no tale-bearer by to repeat elsewhere anything that may have been said to the annoyance or disparagement of other parties, still less that there is a deliberate spy, who writes it all down, first for the amusement of her own friends, and eventually for publication to all the world. We can call this by no softer name than *treachery*; and the editor who has thought fit to publish this insipid, yet sometimes, we fear, malicious trash, not only injures the author's character, but, we think, compromises her own. She will probably say in her defence that Madame D'Arblay intended—perhaps directed—that it should be published; but even if that be so, her *niece* should have had more tenderness for her memory than to have obeyed such an injunction.

This we say on general principles, and feel ourselves bound not to permit such a breach of good faith to pass uncensured; but we admit that individually there is not much harm done. Miss Burney is in general so absorbed in the merits of Miss Burney, that the faults or foibles of her acquaintance occupy a very secondary place in her thoughts or pages, and her little malice is generally so obscure in its object, and so tedious in its process that, though a few surviving friends of certain parties may be offended, there are but two or three in-

stances in which we think it worth while to enter a specific protest. These occur chiefly during the period of Miss Burney's domestication in Queen Charlotte's family, to which we shall now lead our reader's attention.

Miss Burney was in the summer of 1786 appointed second Keeper of the Robes to the Queen. This appointment she owed partly, it is said, to her literary reputation, but much more, we believe, to the friendship of the venerable Mrs. Delany, with whom, after Mrs. Thrale's miserable *mésalliance* with Piozzi, Miss Burney had become very intimate. This good old lady, born in 1700, and the widow of the celebrated Dr. Delany, lived in great intimacy with the old Duchess of Portland (granddaughter of Lord Treasurer Oxford, and Prior's 'Lovely, noble, little Peggy') and through her had become known to their Majesties, who, when the Duchess's death deprived Mrs. Delany of her usual country visit to Bulstrode, fitted up and appropriated to her use, as a summer residence, a small house belonging to the King, close to the gate of Windsor Castle, where they often made her morning visits, and whence she was frequently invited to the domestic evenings of the royal family. The elegant and considerate benevolence of their Majesties to this venerable relique of the days of Addison, Pope, and Swift, was made more generally known about twenty years ago by the publication of Mrs. Delany's letters; and the best part of the present work is its minute corroboration of the amiable feelings and unaffected urbanity and condescension of those illustrious personages and their whole family, not merely to Mrs. Delany but indeed to every one who entered or approached their domestic circle;—but more of this hereafter. At Mrs. Delany's their Majesties saw Miss Burney, and on a vacancy in the office of Keeper of the Robes, caused by the retirement to her own country of a Mrs. Haggerdorn, who had originally accompanied the Queen to England, Miss Burney was appointed assistant, or, as she would have had it, *colleague* of Mrs. Schwellenberg—a name preserved in that lively satire, the 'Heroic Epistle,' and bespattered in the filthy and forgotten libels of Pëter Pindar. The main object of the selection of Miss Burney for the place—the satisfaction of Mrs. Delany, and the facilitating her intercourse with her royal friends—was no doubt accomplished, but in all other respects the choice seems not to have been very fortunate. Miss Burney thought herself above her business, though we rather suspect that she was

really below it, and whether from vanity, or ignorance, or shyness, seems to have done it with a mixture of remissness and assumption which exercised all the indulgence of her gentle and tolerant mistress. These circumstances naturally occasioned her some petty distresses, which her peculiar propensity inflates and aggrandizes into such serious calamities that a hasty reader would conclude from her evidence that a court life, even under the best of sovereigns, is one of intolerable mortification and misery. The fact may be so abstractedly; but assuredly Miss Burney's miseries were chiefly of her own manufacture. This, to prevent misapprehension about what is called the *Court*, deserves some elucidation. First, Miss Burney had officially nothing to do with the *Court*, properly so called, and what she saw of the *Court* were the glimpses, through half-opened doors and down long passages, of a distant and humble spectator; her place was entirely domestic—in fact, *menial*; and, though in daily personal attendance, she never was admitted for a moment into the private *society* of the Sovereign—not even to stand in an outer room to listen to the evening music, nor, when Mrs. Siddons was once invited to the Castle to read a play, could Miss Burney find out 'a convenient adjoining room' where she might overhear the recital: though that favour was granted to Mrs. Schwellenberg (iii. 427.) Her real position was that which in ordinary life would be called *lady's-maid*; and, though such menial offices about the person of the Sovereign do not derogate from, but indeed rather confirm, the character of *gentility* in the holders, yet they exclude them from the royal circle, either in public or in private. There is a well-known instance in which a lady of rank, appointed by special favour to a very profitable sinecure of this class, found to her great mortification, that she could no longer go to *Court*, as her birth entitled her, and as she had done during all her previous life.

This inferior position was evidently a great grievance to Miss Burney, who was marvellously discomposed at finding that there was a bell in her room by which the Queen could *ring for her*, and who represents herself as blushing when the Treasurer of the Household paid her her salary, the Treasurer himself, as Miss Burney fancied, blushing also at having to offer such an indignity to the 'author of *Evelina*.'

One is, at first, somewhat surprised at finding that the Queen, having attached a literary lady to her service, appears to have talked so little to her on literary subjects.

This, as we shall see presently, was a great disappointment to Miss Burney; but there are two evident reasons for it—first, her appointed station and duties were not easily reconcilable with literary topics, and the Queen's good sense had a tendency to keep every person and thing in their proper places—but, secondly, some little advances made by the Queen in that direction were discouraged by Miss Burney's own *maladresse*. It is remarkable how little of literature Miss Burney seems herself to have had—how little, at least, the memoirs show. She hardly ever alludes to a book except '*Evelina*' and '*Cecilia*!' She appears not to have read Cumberland's *Observer*—a work in which she herself, and most of her friends, are alluded to—till the Queen read some passages to her, and afterwards lent her the volumes. The first she seems to have heard of Hawkins' '*Life of Johnson*'—which we would have supposed she would have been most impatient to read—was from the King, who 'talked it over with great candour and openness.' One night that the Queen was explaining to Mrs. Schwellenberg a passage in Cowper's '*Task*,' published about two years before, she turned to Miss Burney, and asked her if she knew the poem? '*Only by character*,' was the answer. Her taste for Shakspeare may be gathered from the following eulogy on Hamlet :—

'How noble a play it is, considered in parts; how wild and how improbable taken as a whole! But there are *speeches*, from time to time, of such exquisite beauty of language, sentiment, and pathos, that I could wade through the most thorny of roads to arrive at them, especially when, in meeting with them, I meet at the same time with a sympathy like Mrs. Delany's in feeling and enjoying them.'—Vol. iii., p. 238.

To complain of the *wildness* and *improbability* of a romantic drama, of which two mad people and a ghost are the chief ingredients, seems somewhat hypercritical; and the '*thorny roads*' through which one is to '*wade*' (with the help of Mrs. Delany's *sympathy*,) to certain *speeches* in Hamlet, look to us like a confusion of ideas as well as of metaphors. Now and then she makes literary blunders, slight in themselves, but rather strange in a professed author. Living within ten yards of *St. George's Chapel*, she calls it a '*Cathedral*.' A lively allusion made by one of Jacob Bryant's friends to his antediluvian studies, she thus mystifies :—'Bryant is a good scholar, and knows all things whatever up to Noah, but not a single thing beyond the Flood.' This sounds like the very re-

verse of what was intended; namely that 'Bryant knew everything from the creation of the world down to the deluge, but nothing since.' The Queen, she says, lent her

'An old Scotch ballad to read, that had lately been printed in Germany, with an introductory essay upon the resemblance still subsisting between the German and Scotch languages. The ballad is entitled the '*Gaberlunzie Man*.' It had to me no recommendation, save its *curiosity* in a vocabulary and glossary, that pointed out the similitude of the two languages.'—Vol. iii., p. 164.

Most persons who had never before seen 'The Gaberlunzie Man' would have probably been struck with its happy though not very delicate humour, its very clear versification, and the *curiosity* of such a ballad having been written by a king—James V. of Scotland. But as to the German pamphlet which the Queen showed her, it had been printed to illustrate a philological fact—and it satisfied even Miss Burney as to that fact—yet she complains that it did not do something else—we know not what! In short her general literature seems to have been very slight; but she had been so *fêlle* and flattered as a first-rate author, that we are not at all surprised to find that she expected that the Queen intended to make her a kind of literary aide-de-camp :—

'Wednesday, August 17th.—From the time that the Queen condescended to desire to place me in immediate attendance upon her own person, I had always secretly concluded she meant me for her *English Reader*; since the real duties of my office would have had a far greater promise of being fulfilled by thousands of others than by myself. This idea had made the prospect of reading to her extremely awful to me: an exhibition, at any rate, is painful to me, but one in which I considered Her Majesty as a judge, interested for herself in the sentence she should pronounce, and gratified or disappointed according to its tenour—this was an exhibition formidable indeed, and must have been considered as such by anybody in similar circumstances.

'Not a book, not a pamphlet, not a newspaper, had I ever seen near the Queen, for the first week, without feeling a panic; I always expected to be called upon. She frequently bid me give her the papers; I felt that they would be the worst reading I could have, because full of danger, in matter as well as manner: however, she always read them herself.

'To-day [17th Aug.] after she was dressed, Mrs. Schwellenberg went to her own room; and the Queen, instead of leaving me, as usual, to go to mine, desired me to follow her to her sitting dressing-room. She then employed me in helping her to arrange her work, which is chair-covers done in ribbon; and then told me to fetch her a volume of the *Spectator*. I obeyed with perfect tranquillity. She let me stand by her a

little while without speaking, and then, suddenly, but very gently, said, "Will you read a paper while I work?"

"I was quite "consternated!" I had not then the smallest expectation of such a request. I said nothing, and held the book unopened.

"She took it from me, and pointed out the place where I should begin. She is reading them regularly through, for the first time. I had no choice: I was forced to obey; but my voice was less obedient than my will, and it became so husky, and so unmanageable, that nothing more unpleasant could be heard. The paper was a curious one enough—all concerning a court favourite. I could hardly rejoice when my task was over, from my consciousness how ill it was performed. The Queen talked of the paper, but *forbore saying anything of any sort about the reader*. I am sorry, however, to have done so ill."—Vol. iii., pp. 117-119.

The mortification of Miss Burney at the Queen's having 'forborne to say anything of any sort about the reader' is obvious; but we suspect that it had a more serious and permanent effect on her temper and prospects, by dissipating all the hopes in which she had indulged of being elevated from the menial service of keeper of the robes to the higher and more lady-like duty of *Reader*. When she found that she really was to be Mrs. Schwollenberg's deputy, and like all other deputies subordinate to her principal—her vexation took a permanent shape and colour. She had not learned from honest Dogberry that, 'an two ride of a horse, one must ride behind,' and henceforward the struggle between her place and her pride made her, we have no doubt, exceedingly uncomfortable to herself and others.

At this period their Majesties' residence at Windsor was in a plain barrack-looking house, called the *Queen's Lodge*, erected a little to the south-eastward of the Castle, by Sir William Chambers, for George III., but fortunately demolished in the recent improvements. It is due to the memory of the Sovereign and the architect to say, that this excrescence, of which both the style and the position were, with reference to the Castle, exceedingly incongruous, was never meant to be permanent; but the Castle was not habitable for the royal family, nor capable of being made so at any reasonable expense, nor within any reasonable time; and George III., designing to restore it gradually, and wishing in the meanwhile to have the pleasure of living at Windsor, ran up, as we have understood, this lodge for a temporary residence, with the obvious intention of removing it when the Castle should be completed. In this house, with very limited accommodation

and very few attendants, it was the King's pleasure to live very much in the style of a *country gentleman*, riding a great deal, hunting, farming, superintending his workmen, &c. The royal ladies lived in the same unceremonious fashion: drove out and paid visits in the mornings, and read and worked round the tea-table in the evenings, while the King chatted, or played backgammon with the equerry in waiting, commonly his only attendant. There was also generally music, of which the audience was the royal family and their very small suite, now and then an occasional visitor, and a few persons like Mrs. Delany, who might be called private friends. Every now and then this domestic circle, but on a still smaller scale, was, for a little variety and change of air for the royal children, removed to Kew:—

'You will perceive the Kew life is different from the Windsor. As there are no early prayers, the Queen rises later; and as there is no form or ceremony here of any sort, her dress is plain, and the hour for the second toilette extremely uncertain. The Royal family are here always in so very retired a way, that they live as the simplest country gentlefolks. The King has not even an equerry with him, nor the Queen any lady to attend her when she goes her airings.'—Vol. iii., p. 37.

Once or twice a-week the King, and less frequently the Queen, would come to London, either for public business or for levees and drawing-rooms. To this regular and simple style of life their Majesties added early hours and strict punctuality; and living, as they did, in small houses and in so private a way, they received few visitors themselves, and expected—not unreasonably—that in this respect they should be imitated by their attendants. Miss Burney—(who, no doubt, regretted the gross flattery of other circles, and had been regaling herself with the idea of playing lioness in a royal den)—was very much disposed to infringe this rule, and it required some gentle hints from the Queen herself to bring her into discipline on this and some other points; for she had a wonderful alacrity at getting into petty scrapes, partly from ignorance, and partly from presumption. Miss Burney's ordinary duties may be compressed into the following summary:—

'I rise at six o'clock, dress in a morning-gown and cap, and wait my first summons [to the Queen], which is at all times from seven to near eight, but commonly in the exact half-hour between them.... The Queen never sends for me till her hair is dressed: this, in a morning, is always done by her wardrobe-woman, Mrs. Thielky, a German, but who speaks English

perfectly well. Mrs. Schwollenberg, since the first week, has never come down in a morning at all. The Queen's dress is finished by Mrs. Thielky and myself. No maid ever enters the room while the Queen is in it. Mrs. Thielky hands the things to me, and I put them on. By eight o'clock, or a little after, for she is extremely expeditious, she is dressed. She then goes out to join the King, and be joined by the princesses, and they all proceed to the King's chapel in the castle, to prayers, attended by the governesses of the princesses and the King's equerry. Various others at times attend; but only these indispensably. I then return to my own room to breakfast: I make this meal the most pleasant part of the day; I have a book for my companion, and I allow myself an hour for it. . . . At nine o'clock I send off my breakfast-things, and relinquish my book, to make a serious and steady examination of everything I have upon my hands in the way of business—in which preparations for dress are always included, not for the present day alone, but for the court-days, which require a particular dress; for the next arriving birthday of any of the royal family, every one of which requires new apparel; for Kew, where the dress is plainest; and for going on here, where the dress is very pleasant to me, requiring no show nor finery, but merely to be neat, not inelegant, and moderately fashionable. That over, I have my time at my own disposal till a quarter before twelve, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when I have it only to a quarter before eleven. . . . These times mentioned call me to the irksome and quick-returning labours of the toilette. The hour advanced on the Wednesdays and Saturdays is for curling and craping the hair, which it now requires twice a-week. A quarter before one is the usual time for the Queen to begin dressing for the day. Mrs. Schwollenberg then constantly attends; so do I; Mrs. Thielky, of course, at all times. We help her off with her gown, and on with her powdering-things, then the hair-dresser is admitted: she generally reads the newspapers during that operation. When she observes that I have *run to her but half-dressed*, she constantly gives me leave to return and finish as soon as she is seated. If she is grave, and reads steadily on, she dismisses me, whether I am dressed or not; but at all times she never forgets to send me away while she is powdering, with a consideration not to spoil my clothes *that one would not expect belonged to her high station*. Neither does she detain me without making a point of reading here and there some little paragraph aloud. . . . Few minutes elapse ere I am again summoned. I find her then always removed to her state dressing-room, if any room in this private mansion can have the epithet of state; there in a very short time, her dress is finished. She then says she won't detain me, and I hear and see no more of her till bed-time. . . . At five we have dinner. Mrs. Schwollenberg and I meet in the eating-room. . . . When we have dined we go upstairs to her apartment, which is directly over mine. Here we have coffee till the *terracing* is over; this is at about eight o'clock. Our *tête-à-tête* then finishes, and we come down again to the eating-room. There

the equerry, whoever he is, comes to tea constantly, and with him any gentleman that the King or Queen may have invited for the evening; and when tea is over he conducts them and goes himself to the concert-room. This is commonly about nine o'clock. From that time, if Mrs. Schwollenberg is alone, I never quit her for a minute till I come to my little supper at near eleven. Between eleven and twelve my last summons usually takes place, earlier and later occasionally. Twenty minutes is the customary time then spent with the Queen; half an hour, I believe, is seldom exceeded. I then come back, and after doing whatever I can to forward my dress for the next morning, I go to bed—and to sleep, too, believe me: the early rising, and a long day's attention to new affairs and occupations, cause a fatigue so bodily that nothing mental stands against it, and to sleep I fall the moment I have put out my candle and laid down my head.'—Vol. iii., pp. 27-31.

These are the materials out of which Miss Burney contrived to make herself—or at least says that she was made—exceedingly miserable; and we have little doubt that she did make herself exceedingly ridiculous and disagreeable to her companions. Her grand grievance is the domineering spirit and tyrannical oppression of Mrs. Schwollenberg. We can easily believe that this good lady, the Queen's countrywoman and oldest friend and favourite—and now grown old, sickly, and probably peevish—was not particularly pleased at the introduction of a young English *authoress* in the place of her old German associate, Mrs. Haggerdorn; and particularly as the new-comer's awkwardness, ignorance, and dissatisfaction at her subordinate situation created additional trouble and a species of annoyance which had never before broken the even tenour of Mrs. Schwollenberg's life. But, on the other hand, we think it is clear that Miss Burney's personal pretensions *forced* Mrs. Schwollenberg into something of a hostile vindication of her own position and the etiquette of her office: take for instance—the most frequent and fruitful cause of dissatisfaction to Miss Burney—the supreme command exercised by Mrs. Schwollenberg at the *dinner and tea tables*. In those days no gentleman and very few ladies were ever invited to dine at the royal table—but there was a regular and well-appointed table kept *nominally* for Mrs. Schwollenberg, but in reality for her and her assistant, and such attendants and occasional visitors as their Majesties—and particularly the *Queen*—might invite or cause to be invited to it. A similar table for the equeries was more specially filled by the *King's* invitation; and the guests at both tables were in the habit of meeting at tea in Mrs. Schwollenberg's

apartments, where his Majesty would often condescend to walk in, and invite some of the party (but never persons of Mrs. Schwellenberg's or Miss Burney's rank) to the music or drawing room. In the Queen's first offer to Miss Burney her place at this table was clearly marked :—

'Her Majesty proposed giving me apartments in the palace; making me belong to the *table of Mrs. Schwellenberg*, with whom all her own visitors—bishops, lords, or commons—always dine; keeping me a footman, and settling on me 200*l.* a-year.—Vol. ii., p. 418.

This is plain enough—the table was Mrs. Schwellenberg's, to which Miss Burney was to be added, together with Her Majesty's occasional visitors. But Miss Burney attempted from the very first to alter the established forms :—

'When summoned to dinner [*the first day*] I was offered the seat of Mrs. Haggerdorn, which was at the head of the table; but that was an undertaking I could not bear. I begged leave to decline it; and, as Mrs. Schwellenberg left me at my own choice, I planted myself quietly at one side.—Vol. iii., p. 14.

The reason of this move, we presume, was that the seat of Mrs. Haggerdorn was not the post of honour; but it is certain that Miss Burney, whether from shyness or pride, chose to depart from the practice of her predecessor. At tea she repeated a similar pretension, under a similar guise of humility :—

'I find it has always belonged to Mrs. Schwellenberg and Mrs. Haggerdorn to receive at tea whatever company the King or Queen invite to the Lodge, as it is only a very select few that can eat with their Majesties, and those few are only ladies; no men, of what rank soever, being permitted to sit in the queen's presence. *I mean and hope to leave this business wholly to Mrs. Schwellenberg, and only to succeed Mrs. Haggerdorn in personal attendance upon the Queen.*—Vol. iii., p. 17.

And she had previously, on this the very first evening of her residence, attempted a still higher stretch of independence—instead of accompanying Mrs. Schwellenberg into the tea-room, as her predecessor had always done and as all the rest of the company did, she ordered tea in her own room for herself and a visitor, who had called to congratulate her on her appointment.

Thus we find her, at the very outset, taking upon herself to innovate on the established order, by declining duties or honours, whichever they may have been, that

belonged to her predecessor, by entertaining her own visitors in the King's house, and by acting in a way which she confessed must have been so 'offensive' to Mrs. Schwellenberg, 'who had begun very civilly and attentively.' Yet, before she had completed seven full days in office we find her writing,—

'We [Mrs. S. and Miss B.] are commonly *lôte-à-lôte* at dinner: when there is any body added, it is from her invitation only. Whatever right my place might afford me of *also inviting my friends to the table I have now totally lost by want of courage to claim it.*—Vol. iii., pp. 30. 31.

She forgets that she had just before told us that it was *Mrs. Schwellenberg's table*—she forgets that she had refused to take Mrs. Haggerdorn's place—she forgets her 'offensive' separation from the tea-party on the first day; and then she complains that she has lost prerogatives enjoyed by Mrs. Haggerdorn, through Mrs. Schwellenberg's encroachment and her own meekness and *want of spirit*; and all this within the first week!

This table, its etiquettes, and its guests, became to Miss Burney a frequent occasion for all sorts of petty miseries, of which we really can comprehend no more than that she seems to have resolved never to be pleased with anything, and that, in spite of her professions of humility, resignation, and so forth, she plagued herself and everybody near her with absurd jealousies and pretensions. Of course all the blame is laid upon the arrogance of Mrs. Schwellenberg; but, by and by, it happens that Mrs. Schwellenberg falls sick, and removes to town for medical advice, leaving Miss Burney the 'presidency'—as she affects to call it—of the table. Let us see how she exercised it:

'No sooner did I find that my coadjutrix ceased to speak of returning to Windsor, and that I became, by that means, the presidentess of the dinner and tea table, than *I formed a grand design*—no other than to obtain to *my own use* the disposal of my evenings.

'From the time of my entrance into this court, to that which I am writing, I had never been informed that it was incumbent upon me to receive the King's equeuries at the tea-table; yet I observed that they always came to Mrs. Schwellenberg, and that she expected them so entirely as never to make tea till their arrival. Nevertheless, nothing of that sort had ever been intimated to me, and I saw no necessity of falling into all her ways, without commands to that purpose: nor could I conclude that the King's gentlemen would expect from me either the same confinement or readiness of reception

as had belonged to *two invalid old ladies*, glad of company, and without a single connexion to draw them from home.'—Vol. iii., pp. 171, 172.

In vain did the gentlemen assemble every evening as usual—in vain did they 'regularly tend their compliments to Miss Burney, to say that they were come to tea, and waiting for her.'

'I determined not to notice this; and consequently, the first time Mrs. Delany was not well enough to give me her valuable society at the lodge, I went to her house, and spent the evening there, *without sending any message to the equerries*, as any apology must imply a right on their part that must involve me in future confinement.

'This I did three or four times, always with so much success as to gain my point for the moment, but never with such happy consequences as to ensure it me for the time to come; since every next meeting showed an air of pique, and since every evening had still, unremittingly, the same message for John.'—Vol. iii., pp. 172, 173.

This kind of proceeding went on for several days, till at last it produced a direct remonstrance from Col. Goldsworthy, the King's first equerry, on the part of himself and the rest; and then Miss Burney discovered—as she says—that her own footman, who had so regularly announced that the gentlemen were waiting for her, had also previously announced to the gentlemen that she was waiting for them. We can hardly believe this—for though the footman may have delivered the routine message the *first* evening in the usual way, yet when both he and the gentlemen found that the lady was *not* waiting, and that the lady never came, it seems scarcely possible that such a mistake could have been repeated night after night; but, be that as it may, it does not alter the substance of the case. Miss Burney, according to her own statement, '*formed a grand design*' of assuming a personal authority where she had none, and of innovating on an established usage of the King's family in a most offensive way; and it seems to us, that her whole temper and deportment were on all occasions marked with different shades of the same perversity and impertinence.

These miserable tracasseries may seem to our readers—as indeed they are—very paltry and tedious; but they form so large a feature in the book, and dévelope so clearly the author's character, that we cannot, in justice to all parties, omit to place them in what we consider their proper light; and with this object we shall say a few words more on the subject of Miss Burney's

bête noire, 'old Madam Schwellenberg,' who, after all, really seems to have treated her young associate's very perverse proceedings with considerable forbearance—for Miss Burney, with all her avowed malevolence towards Mrs. Schwellenberg, acknowledges several instances of civility and kindness from her, particularly at first; while, on the other hand, she *specifies* but *one single* cause of complaint, and we may be assured that if she had more to tell it would not have been suppressed. But that specific complaint is, it must be owned, a serious one. In one of the journeys from Windsor to town, Mrs. Schwellenberg and Miss Burney being in the royal coach appropriated to their use, with Miss Planta and Mr. De Luc, two other of the attendants, Mrs. Schwellenberg desired that one of the glasses should be down—no very unreasonable wish with four people in a coach—but unfortunately she preferred its being down at Miss Burney's side; and we must say that, considering Mrs. Schwellenberg's age, ill health, and relative rank, and her long 'presidency' in that coach, *her* wishes ought to have prevailed. But Miss Burney's eyes were weak, and the cold air was exceedingly uncomfortable to her. Mr. De Luc first pulled up the glass for her relief, but Mrs. Schwellenberg objected to that—Mr. De Luc then goodnaturely proposed that Miss Burney 'should change places with Miss Planta, who sat opposite to Mrs. Schwellenberg, and consequently on the sheltered side;' to this all agreed except Miss Burney, who told them—'*briefly*'—that is, angrily—that she '*was always sick in riding backwards*.' (vol. iii., p. 460.) The elegance of the fact and of the phrase is worthy rather of *Miss Branghton* than *Ercolina*. We suspect, however, that it was not so much the fear of sickness as the supposed loss of dignity from '*riding backwards*,' that operated on Miss Burney; and we cannot but smile at the *haut-en-bas* style in which she always affects on all occasions to treat Miss Planta, who had been the *governess*, and was now the *companion*, of the elder Princesses, and therefore, we believe, in official station, as she certainly was in good manners, good sense, good nature, and everything—except self-opinion—at least the equal of the *second keeper of the robes*. This adventure of the coach-glass is made the occasion of much harsh language and malignant insinuation against poor Mrs. Schwellenberg, which would not be worth our notice, except as affording additional proofs of the style of exaggeration and mis-

representation in which the Memoirs are generally written.

It would be insufferably tedious to wade through a tithe of the blunders, squabbles, complaints, and miseries in which Miss Burney contrived by her own vanity and vulgarity to involve herself—but there is one transaction of so peculiar and prominent an aspect, that we cannot pass it over with the contempt that its intrinsic absurdity would deserve.

Amongst the Queen's attendants—a frequent guest at the table and companion in the coach—was a gentleman whom Miss Burney chooses to call Mr. *Turbulent*, but whose real designation was the Reverend Charles Giffardier,* French reader to the Queen and Princesses, and very much in the favour and confidence of all those illustrious ladies. With him Miss Burney managed very early in their acquaintance to get into a series of most extraordinary discussions and perplexities, amounting to passionate transports on his part and awkward indecision and embarrassment on hers. If we gave implicit credit to her statements we must believe that Mr. Giffardier, though a beneficed clergyman, and in the highest confidence of Queen Charlotte, was lax in his moral views and unsteady in his religious principles, and, though a married man, violently enamoured of Miss Fanny, who represents herself as so astonished and awed by the *turbulence* of the man's language and deportment, that she had not courage to disentangle herself from his visits. We need hardly remark, that if her wishes to do so had been sincere, a single word, a single look—situated as the parties were—would have sufficed to silence any Mr. Turbulent that ever lived. Nor can we understand on what principles of good faith or good taste she should have thought herself justified in thus elaborately recording for circulation and publication so much idle, and, as she affects to have thought it, offensive trash. But idle and dull as, in her representation, it certainly is, it clearly was not to her—whatever she may say—offensive: it flattered her *amour-propre* more than it alarmed her prudery—she received it with a sentimental flutter as a homage to her attractions, and she was delighted—as she had been in the *Crutchley* and some other affairs—at the opportunity of exhibiting herself—even at

the sacrifice of a little accuracy—as a heroine of romance who touched the heart, or turned the head of every man who approached her. Her innate propensity was to *make mountains of mole-hills*. That is a leading defect in her novels, and is still more prominent in these memoirs; and though we do not accuse her of downright fabrication, we see that she frequently inflates and discolours her anecdotes into something very like falsehood;—and this observation—true as it is of the whole work—applies with peculiar force to this individual story of Mr. Giffardier, for we have here positive proof from her own pen of serious inaccuracy on her part. She professes—be it observed—to write a *diary* in letters to her sister—which are despatched as soon as the sheet is full: such a diary, we need hardly say, can tell the story only of *to-day* or *yesterday*, but never of *to-morrow*. Now the first distinct mention of Mr. *Turbulent* is on the 4th November, 1786, when he dined as a *new-comer*, and by the Queen's command, at the table, and then she adds—

‘Shall I introduce to you this gentleman such as I *now* think him at once? or wait to let his character open itself to you by degrees, and in the same manner that it *did* to me? I wish I could hear you answer! So capital a part as you will find him *destined to play hereafter in my concerns*, I mean, *sooner or later*, to the best of my power, to make you fully acquainted with him.’—Vol. iii., p. 207.

Here is manifest inaccuracy and self-contradiction. She confounds ‘*now*’ and ‘*hereafter*,’ and betrays, clumsily enough, that the pretended ‘*Diary*’ was—in this instance at least—*dressed up* at a subsequent period, when the novelist chose to metamorphose poor Mr. Giffardier into a hero, ‘*destined to play so capital a part in her concerns*.’

And such a part! We know not how to describe it; for Miss Burney's style of narrative unites the contradictory qualities of being too diffuse to be extracted, and too obscure to be abridged. In fact, we can very seldom make out what her squabbles with Mr. Turbulent were about. The two main points seem to have been his anxiety that Miss Burney (Mrs. Schwellenberg being absent) should invite Colonel Greville, the equerry in waiting and a particular favourite of his own, to the tea-table, and that he himself wished for more of the enchanting conversation and company of Miss Burney than it seems she chose to allow him. These very ordinary matters are discussed between the parties in a style

* So he was commonly called, but his name correctly written was, we believe, *De Guiffardière*. He had a prebendal stall at Salisbury, and was vicar of Newington and rector of Berkhamstead.

of passion on one side and prudery on the other, of which one or two passages—the shortest and least unintelligible we can find—will give our readers a more than sufficient specimen :—

‘Mr. Turbulent became now every journey more and more violent in his behaviour. He no longer sued for leave to bring in his Colonel [Greville,] who constantly sent in his own name to ask it, and invariably preserved that delicacy, good-breeding, and earnestness to oblige, which could not but secure the welcome he requested.’
—Vol. iii., p. 347.

Then why did she make such difficulties about it, if not to keep up her discussions with Mr. Turbulent? She proceeds :—

‘We were travelling to Windsor—Mr. Turbulent, Miss Planta, and myself—the former in the highest spirits, and extremely entertaining, relating various anecdotes of his former life, and gallantly protesting he was content to close the scene, by devoting himself to the service of the ladies then present. All this for a while did mighty well, and I was foremost to enter into the spirit of his rhodomontading; but I drew a little back when he said we did not live half enough together during these journeys, and desired he might come to breakfast with me. “Why should we not,” he cried, “all live together? I hate to breakfast alone. What time do you rise?”

“At six o’clock,” cried I.

“Well, I shall wait upon you then—call you, no doubt, for you can never be really up then. Shall I call you? Will you give me leave?”

“No, neither leave nor the trouble.”

“Why not? I used to go to Miss Planta’s room before she rose, and wander about as quiet as a lamb.”

‘Miss Planta was quite scandalized, and exclaimed and denied with great earnestness. He did not mind her, but went on :—

“I shall certainly be punctual to six o’clock. If I should rap at your door to-morrow morning early, should you be very angry?—*can you be very angry?*”

‘An unfortunate idea this, both for him and for me, and somewhat resembling poor Mrs. Vesey’s, which she expressed once in the opening of a letter to me in these words :—“*You look as if you could forgive a liberty!*” I fear Mr. Turbulent thought so too.

‘His vehemence upon the eternal subject of his colonel lasted during the whole journey; and when we arrived at Windsor he followed me to my room, uttering such high-flown compliments, mixed with such bitter reproaches, that sometimes I was almost tempted to be quite serious with him, especially as *that manner which had already so little pleased me, returned, and with double force*, so as to rise at times to a pitch of gallantry in his professions of devotion and complaints of ill-usage that would have called for some very effectual exertion to subdue and crush, had I not considered

all the circumstances of his situation, and the impossibility of his meaning to give me cause for gravity.

‘All his murmurs at the weariness of these winter journeys, and all his misanthropical humours, were now vanished. He protested he longed for the return of the Windsor days; and when he got into my room upon our arrival, he detained me in a sort of conversation hard to describe, of good-humoured raillery and sport, mixed with flighty praise and protestations, till I was regularly obliged to force him away, by assurances that he would disgrace me, by making me inevitably too late to be dressed for the Queen. Nevertheless, till this evening, to which I am now coming, I was altogether much amused with him, and though sometimes for a moment startled, it was only for a moment, and I felt afterwards constantly ashamed I had been startled at all.

‘I must now, rather reluctantly I own, come to recite a quarrel, a very serious quarrel, in which I have been involved with my most extraordinary fellow-traveller. One evening at Windsor Miss Planta left the room while I was winding some silk. I was content to stay and finish my skein, though my remaining companion was in a humour too flighty to induce me to continue with him a moment longer. Indeed I had avoided pretty successfully all *tête-à-têtes* with him since the time when his eccentric genius led to such eccentric conduct in our long conference in the last month. This time, however, when I had done my work, he protested I should stay and chat with him. I pleaded business—letters—hurry—all in vain; he would listen to nothing, and when I offered to move, was so tumultuous in his opposition that I was obliged to re-seat myself to appease him. A flow of compliments followed, every one of which I liked less and less; but his spirits seemed uncontrollable, and, I suppose, ran away with all that ought to check them. I laughed and rallied as long as I possibly could, and tried to keep him in order, by not seeming to suppose he wanted aid for that purpose; yet still, every time I tried to rise, he stopped me, and uttered at last such expressions of homage—so like what Shakspeare says of the school-boy* who makes “a sonnet on his mistress’ eyebrow,” which is always his favourite theme—that I told him his real compliment was all to my *temper*, in imagining it could brook such mockery. This brought him once more on his knees, with such a volley of asseverations of his sincerity, uttered with such fervour and violence, that I really felt uneasy, and used every possible means to get away from him, rallying him, however, all the time, and disguising the consciousness I felt of my inability to quit him. More and more vehement, however, he grew, till I could be no longer passive, but forcibly rising, protested I would not stay another minute. But you may easily imagine my astonishment and provocation, when, hastily rising himself, he violently seized hold of me, and compelled me to return to my chair, with a

* Shakspeare talks no such nonsense.

force and a freedom that gave me as much surprise as offence.

'All now became serious. Raillery, good-humour, and even pretended ease and unconcern, were at an end. The positive displeasure I felt I made positively known; and the voice, manner, and looks with which I insisted upon an immediate release were so changed from what he had ever heard or observed in me before, that I saw him quite thunderstruck with the alteration; and, all his own violence subsiding, he begged my pardon with the mildest humility. He had made me too angry to grant it, and I only desired him to let me instantly go to my own room. He ceased all personal opposition; but, going to the door, planted himself before it, and said, "Not in wrath! I cannot let you go away in wrath!" "You must, sir," cried I, "for I *am* in wrath!" He began a thousand apologies, and as many promises of the most submissive behaviour in future; but I stopped them all with a peremptory declaration that every minute he detained me made me but the more seriously angry. His vehemence now all changed into strong alarm, and he opened the door, profoundly bowing, but not speaking, as I passed him.

'I am sure I need not dwell upon the uncomfortable sensations I felt in a check so rude and violent to the gaiety and entertainment of an acquaintance which had promised me my best amusement during our winter campaigns. I was now to begin upon quite a new system, and, instead of encouraging, as hitherto I had done, everything that could lead to vivacity and spirit, I was fain to determine upon the most distant and even forbidding demeanour, with the only life of our parties, that he might not again forget himself.'—Vol. iii., pp. 347–351.

And this is the *shortest* specimen we can give! Nothing, indeed, can equal the stupid and prolix solemnity with which she labours all the details of this affair, except the incredible blindness which prevented her seeing the explanation of the enigma, —*Mr. Giffardier was all the while only laughing at her.* The truth is, that he was a very worthy man, and as incapable, from temper and principle, of indulging, as Miss Burney was of exciting, any irregular transports. But he was somewhat of a humorist—a kind of Yorick—fond of fun—a ready manufacturer of practical jokes and ridiculous stories, with which, 'within the limits of becoming mirth,' even the queen and the princesses would sometimes condescend to be amused: and it is quite clear that he soon saw and seized the opportunity of entertaining himself with the affectations, assumptions, and absurdities of this foolish little woman, who persisted in taking it all *au grand sérieux*, though she herself records many similar instances of Mr. Giffardier's style of pleasantry, particularly a scene played by him before the

Princess Augusta, (vol. iii., p. 339,) which must have opened any eyes but those of so incorrigible an egotist. Twenty times she seems to have suspected what every one else saw, that it was all a *mauvaise plaisanterie*; but the delight of being worshipped soon overcame these gleams of common sense, and she gladly relapsed into the flattering conviction that she had inspired a passion! In short, this grand affair, which so tormented her and wearies her readers, was from beginning to end a mere *mystification*—the occasional amusement of the gentleman, but an obstinate and cherished self-delusion on the part of the lady.

Some readers may be disposed to think that we have given more space to the exposure of Miss Burney's vanity and absurdity than so trivial a subject deserves; but be it recollected that the work is of considerable pretension, and that if it be not *now* reduced to its proper value, it may become hereafter a kind of authority in the history of manners, and may injuriously affect the reputation of persons whose talents it depreciates, and whose conduct it misrepresents. Is it, for example, not our duty to show that a clergyman honoured with the intimate confidence of good Queen Charlotte, and employed by her in the education of her royal daughters, was not such a profligate madman as Miss Burney's Mr. Turbulent? There is, indeed, as we have already admitted, no great harm done. She generally deals in very trivial concerns, and the tomb has closed over most of those that are mentioned; but we have still amongst us a few amiable and honoured survivors, who, as well as the friends and relatives of the departed, have too much reason to complain of these foolish gossipings. As the succeeding volumes reach later times, this inconvenience is likely to become more serious; we therefore hasten to enter our protest against it, and to warn the editor of a difficulty—we might almost call it a danger—which she does not appear sufficiently to appreciate.

But though the larger portion of the work, as far as it has gone, is of this worthless and vexatious character, we readily admit that there are some few episodes of a better description. In the short—alas, very short!—intervals in which Miss Burney's *amour-propre* is permitted to slumber, we pick up some amusing details of the state of society sixty years ago, and some interesting anecdotes of remarkable persons. But even these passages are written so much in the style of the '*Précieux Ridicules*,' and are spun out with

such incompressible prolixity, that we confess ourselves utterly unable to separate, within any reasonable space, the grains of wheat from the bushels of chaff. We shall endeavour, however, to find room for some sketches of the most interesting subject of the work, and that which is, on the whole, the best executed,—the domestic life of George III., Queen Charlotte, and the Princesses. The Princes rarely came under Miss Burney's observation.

It is really, whatever *hypercritics* may think, a pleasure to praise. It has been a most reluctant and painful duty to expose, as we have done, the style and temper of Miss Burney, and we are glad, whenever we can with any colour of truth, to say something favourable to her memoirs; and this we can venture to do in the very few passages in which her personal vanity has permitted her to see clearly and to breathe freely. Amongst her equals or those only a little above her in society, she is captious, perverse, pompous, and, we believe, deceitful; she is always striving to be something which she is not; but with her royal master and mistress her position was so clearly defined and so incapable of flights and fancies, that she was, as it were, pinned down to the reality, and it would seem as if the simplicity and dignity of their personal character inspired Miss Burney with short gleams of corresponding sobriety, both of feeling and description; not that she is not very ready 'to bestow her tediousness' on kings and princes, as well as on her 'even Christian,' but she has discretion or reverence enough to restrain her fabulous verbosity within stricter limits than she thought necessary for Mr. Crutchley or Mr. Turbulent, or even Dr. Johnson.

Ladies now-a-days will hardly understand the dependence of our grandmothers on hair-dressers. Miss Burney's first attempt at doing the duties of her office, unassisted by Mrs. Schwellenberg, was in waiting on the Queen in a visit, first to Nuneham Courtney, the seat of Lord Harcourt, and thence to Oxford, in the summer of 1786. She was exceedingly disturbed at the absence of that degree of personal attention on the part of the noble ladies of the family, to which she, forgetting the humble character in which she appeared there, thought herself entitled, and we have long pages of the ridiculous miseries which she inflicted on herself in consequence of these imaginary indignities; but the following distress was, in those days of powder and pomatum, of a more real, though hardly less ludicrous character:

'My next difficulty was for a hair-dresser. Nuneham is three or four miles from Oxford; and I had neither maid to dress, nor man to seek a dresser. I could only apply to Mrs. Thielky, and she made it her business to prevail with one of the royal footmen to get me a messenger, to order a hair-dresser from Oxford at six o'clock in the morning. . . .

'August 13th.—At six o'clock my hair-dresser, to my great satisfaction, arrived. *Full two hours was he at work*, yet was I not finished, when Swarthy, the Queen's hair-dresser, came rapping at my door, to tell me her Majesty's hair was done, and she was waiting for me. I hurried as fast as I could, and ran down without any cap. She smiled at sight of my hasty attire, and said I should not be distressed about a hair-dresser the next day, but employ Swarthy's assistant, as soon as he had done with the Princesses: "You should have had him," she added, "to-day, if I had known you wanted him."

'When her Majesty was dressed, all but the hat, she sent for the three Princesses; and the King came also. I felt very foolish with my uncovered head; but it was somewhat the less awkward, from its being very much a custom, in the Royal Family, to go without caps; though none that appear before them use such a freedom.

'As soon as the hat was on,—"Now, Miss Burney," said the Queen, "I won't keep you, you had better go and dress too."—Vol. iii., pp. 89, 90.

This was the more good-natured on the part of the Queen, for Miss Burney had the habitual misfortune of being always in a hurry and generally too late for her duty, and here we see she consoled herself for her negligence by a circumstance that would have additionally distressed a really modest person; she found herself, by this accident, dressed as the *Royal Ladies* sometimes were, and as 'no one else took the freedom to be. She seems, as we before hinted, to have tried the Queen's patience in a variety of ways. Could it be believed that, one day when Mrs. Schwellenberg's absence enabled 'the sweet Queen' to gratify Miss Burney with the object of her ambition, 'the presidency of the table,' by desiring her to invite a German clergyman to dinner, she did it by a verbal message through the same footman whose blunders she has often experienced, and who, on this occasion, as ignorant as she was negligent, conveyed it to a wrong person? This produced a series of embarrassments to all the parties, which the Queen had the trouble of setting right by desiring Mrs. Schwellenberg (who had fortunately returned that evening) to invite the proper gentleman for the next day. At this and similar mixtures of neglect and blunder her Majesty only smiled, or some-

times, when they seemed likely to lead to graver consequences, condescended to set her right. Miss Burney, it must be added, had the grace to be very sensible of all this kindness on the part of her Majesty, and records it with a gratitude which would be amiable if it were not spoiled by the affectations of all sorts with which it is, to use a vulgar, but therefore most appropriate term, *interlarded*.

Here and there we find more important traits of her Majesty's character. Some common friends of Miss Burney and Madame de Genlis wished to establish a regular *correspondence* between them; Mrs. Delany's good sense saw the danger, in Miss Burney's situation, of such confidential intercourse with a lady of Madame de Genlis's very public and *peculiar* position, and advised Miss Burney to submit the matter to the Queen.

'An opportunity offered the next morning, for the Queen again commanded me to follow her into her saloon; and there she was so gentle and so gracious, that I ventured to speak of Madame de Genlis.

'With many pauses, and continual hesitation, I then told her that I had been earnestly pressed by Madame de Genlis to correspond with her; that I admired her with all my heart, and, with all my heart, believed all good of her; but that, nevertheless, my personal knowledge of her was too slight to make me wish so intimate an intercourse, which I had carefully shunned upon all occasions but those where my affection as well as my admiration had been interested; though I felt such a request from such a woman as Madame de Genlis as an honour, and therefore not to be declined without some reason stronger than my own general reluctance to proposals of that sort; and I found her unhappily, and I really and sincerely believed undeservedly, encircled with such powerful enemies, and accused with so much confidence of having voluntarily provoked them, that I could not, even in my own mind, settle if it were right to connect myself with her so closely, till I could procure information more positive in her favour, in order to answer the attacks of those who asperse her, and who would highly blame me for entering into a correspondence with a character not more unquestionably known to me. I had been desirous to wait, suspended, till this fuller knowledge might be brought about; but I was now solicited into a decision by M. Argant, who was immediately going to her, and who must either take her a letter from me, or show her, by taking none, that I was bent upon refusing her request.

'The Queen heard me with the greatest attention, and then said, "Have you yet writ to her?"

'No, I said. "I will speak to you then," cried she, "very honestly; if you have not yet writ, I think it better you should not write. If you had begun, it would be best to go on; but

as you have not, it will be the safest way to let it alone. You may easily say, without giving her any offence, that you are now too much engaged to find time for entering into any new correspondence."

'I thanked her for this open advice as well as I was able, and I felt the honour its reliance upon my prudence did me, as well as the kindness of permitting such an excuse to be made.

'The Queen talked on then of Madame de Genlis with the utmost frankness; she admired her as much as I had done myself, but had been so assaulted with tales to her disadvantage, that she thought it unsafe and indiscreet to form any connection with her. Against her own judgment, she had herself been almost tormented into granting her a private audience, from the imprudent vehemence of one of Madame de G.'s friends here, with whom she felt herself but little pleased for what she had done, and who, I plainly saw, from that unfortunate injudiciousness, would lose all power of exerting any influence in future. Having thus unreservedly explained herself, she finished the subject, and has never started it since. But she looked the whole time with a marked approbation of my applying to her. Poor Madame de Genlis! how I grieve at the cloud which hovers over so much merit, too bright to be hid, but not to be obscured!"—Vol. iii., pp. 127–129.

We have made this long extract not only because it relates to that very remarkable woman Madame de Genlis, but as contrasting the simple and concise good sense of the Queen with the verbosity and inflation, bordering on nonsense, of the literary attendant. The following is a pleasant picture:—

'*Sunday, August 6th.*—The private conduct of the Royal Family is all so good, so exemplary, that it is with the greatest pleasure I take, from time to time, occasion to give my Susan some traits of it. This morning, before church, Miss Planta was sent to me by the Queen for some snuff, to be mixed as before; when I had prepared it I carried it, as directed, to her Majesty's dressing-room. I turned round the lock, for that, not rapping at the door, is the mode of begging admission; and she called out to me to come in. I found her reading aloud some religious book, but I could not discover what, to the three eldest Princesses. Miss Planta was in waiting. She continued after my entrance, only mentioning to me that the snuff might be put in a box upon the table. I did not execute my task very expeditiously; for I was glad of this opportunity of witnessing the maternal piety with which she enforced, in voice and expression, every sentence that contained any lesson that might be useful, to her Royal daughters. She reads extremely well, with great force, clearness, and meaning."—Vol. iii., p. 57.

And this is a touching one:—

'*December 24th.*—When I attended the

Queen to-day after church, she kept me with her the whole morning, and spoke with more openness and trust upon various matters than I had yet observed. Chiefly the subject was the unhappy and frail Lady C. The Queen had known her all her life, and particularly interested herself in all her proceedings: she had frequently received her in private, and had taken pains as well as pleasure in showing a marked, a useful, and a partial regard for her. What a disappointment, what a shock, then, did she not receive by her fall! She spoke of the whole transaction, gave me her character, her story, her situation—all at large; and at last, in speaking of her utter ruin and all its horrors, the tears ran down her face, and she held her handkerchief to her eyes some time before she could dry them.—Vol. iii., p. 250, 251.

And we have good reason to know that the following estimate of her Majesty's understanding is perfectly just:—

'The Queen was unremittingly sweet and gracious, never making me sensible of any insufficiency from my single attendance; which, to me, was an opportunity the most favourable in the world for becoming more intimately acquainted with her mind and understanding. For the excellency of her mind I was fully prepared; the testimony of the nation at large could not be unfaithful; but the depth and soundness of her understanding surprised me: good sense I expected; to that alone she could owe the even tenour of her conduct, universally approved, though examined and judged by the watchful eye of multitudes. But I had not imagined that, shut up in the confined limits of a court, she could have acquired any but the most superficial knowledge of the world, and the most partial insight into character. But I find now I have only done justice to her disposition, not to her parts, which are truly of that superior order that makes sagacity intuitively supply the place of experience. In the course of this month I spent much time quite alone with her, and never once quitted her presence without fresh admiration of her talents.

'There are few points I have observed with more pleasure in her than all that concerns the office which brings me to her in this private and confidential manner. All that breaks from her, in our *tête-à-têtes*, upon the subject of dress, is both edifying and amiable. She equips herself for the drawing-room with all the attention in her power; she neglects nothing that she thinks becoming to her appearance upon those occasions, and is sensibly conscious that her high station makes her attire in public a matter of business. As such, she submits to it without murmuring; but a yet stronger consciousness of the real futility of such mere outward grandeur bursts from her, involuntarily, the moment the sacrifice is made, and she can never refuse herself the satisfaction of expressing her contentment to put on a quiet undress.—Vol. iii., pp. 169, 170.

Although the Queen treated Miss Burney, as she seems to have done everybody, with great kindness and condescension,

she certainly repressed all approach to familiarity and confidence; she rarely spoke to her beyond a few necessary words, and appears on the whole to have been—we had almost said—*shy* of her. Whether this arose from Miss Burney's station, or her manners—or her reputation as an author—or a suspicion that she might be *keeping a diary*—we cannot say; but the fact is, we think, very evident—and in one view we regret it.—We have already expressed our disapprobation of publishing private conversations, but the little Miss Burney has told us of the Queen is so amiable that we cannot but wish that, since she did break the ice, she had had more to tell. In truth, nothing can be more charming than the whole domestic character of her Majesty—her tender and affectionate reverence for the King—her fond, yet judicious, treatment of her children—her indulgent consideration and kindness towards her attendants—her high scale of morals—her unvarying good temper—her plain yet elegant manners—her terse and appropriate style of conversation—her sound good sense—her prudence—her patience—her piety—her dignified deportment:—all which, on proper occasions, gave lustre even to her exalted station; and were accompanied by a real simplicity of taste and feeling that would have made her happy and respectable if she had been but a curate's wife. Every one knows historically the general excellence of her character, but Miss Burney saw the Queen in some of the details of her private life; and every line in which her majesty is mentioned, gives proof of some one or other of her admirable and amiable qualities. It is no great compliment to the practical exercise of English liberty, that this illustrious lady—one not only of the most illustrious but the most virtuous, benevolent, and blameless of women—was during her whole life the object of libels and obloquy, under which a weaker mind would have sunk—against which a more ambitious spirit would have revolted; but which her meek dignity and conscious rectitude had the magnanimity to disregard, and the happiness to *outlive*.

Much the same may be said of the King; every additional light which time throws on his public or his private character raises him in our esteem and reverence; but it was long before he was justly appreciated. He had a hurried utterance—particularly in his youth, and when addressing strangers—which made an unfavourable impression; and the *eh? eh?* and *what? what?* which were in truth only symptoms

of nervous excitability, were quoted by ignorance or malevolence as proofs of a trivial mind. No man in his dominions had a mind less trivial: he appreciated the duties of his station with a correctness of judgment, and executed its duties with a diligence and ability, of which thrones afford but few examples; he was, in the highest sense of the word, 'an honest man,—the noblest work of God;' and if he was not what the world calls a *great* king, it is only because he lived in times and under a constitution in which the personal action of the sovereign on public councils is concealed under the responsibility of his ministers, and, like the spring of a watch, is to the common eye only visible by the ostensible movement of the hands on the dial: but we speak advisedly when we assert, that if ever, and to whatever extent, his daily correspondence with his successive ministers upon the various business of the state shall be published, the world will then, and not fully till then, be able to appreciate his virtues and his talents; his unwearied affection for his people, too often ungrateful; his knowledge of and anxiety for their true interests, by themselves too often mistaken; his conscientious and disinterested love of justice, too often sacrificed to passion and party; and his steady support of the constitutional liberties of England, of which he always considered himself as the first representative and official guardian. Miss Burney has, of course, even less to tell of him than of the Queen; for though she frequently met him, it was at moments and under circumstances in which nothing could be exhibited but his affability and good-nature. She saw him occasionally in the Queen's dressing-room, and more frequently in the evening in the tea-room appropriated to the Queen's attendants and visitors, where he would look in, either to invite some of the party to the drawing or music rooms, or to converse—which he would sometimes do for an hour—with some guest of note, as the Provost of Eton, Mr. Bryant, or Dr. Burney, who he might hear were in the house. On the few occasions in which anything worth telling occurred, Miss Burney's details confirm what was already generally known, that his manners were remarkable for their dignified frankness and ease, and his conversation for its unpretending good sense and unaffected good nature.

The following incidents are very slight, and, like almost everything else in the book, relate chiefly to Miss Burney herself:

but they afford characteristic and pleasing traits of his Majesty's good nature:—

'November 7th.—When I rang this morning at the garden-door at Mr. Smelt's I was informed the King was up stairs: of course I instantly retreated, and was walking back through the garden, hardly able to make my way, through the violence of the wind, blowing hard from the Thames, when I heard a tapping from a window upstairs: I looked up,—and thought I saw the King;—but, too uncertain to trust to eyes so short-sighted as mine, I hastily looked down again, and affecting not to hear the rap-tapping, though it was repeated, and louder, I proceeded on my way.

'Tis almost inconceivable the inconvenience I suffer, thus placed among the royals of the land, from my utter inability to confide in my own sight. I never know whether they look at me or at some one beyond me, nor whether they notice me, or pass me regardlessly.

'In a few instants my footsteps were hastily pursued with a loud call. I then thought I might venture to turn, and beheld Mr. Smelt, quite out of breath with running, but highly delighted to bring me word that the King had ordered me back, and into the room where they all were assembled, that I might not have two such walks in so high a wind, without rest.'—Vol. iii., p. 215.

And on another occasion:—

'The royal family had all been to review Colonel Goldsworthy's regiment. Upon their return they saw through my windows that Mrs. Delany was with me, and the King and Queen both came in to speak to her. How they love her! and what mutual honour does such love confer on all three! The King counselled me to be as much as possible in the air, for the recovery of my strength, graciously naming to me that I should walk in the garden for that purpose—giving me, in those words, the licence with the advice. You may believe I would not let the day pass without accepting both.'—Vol. iii., p. 363.

Our readers may perhaps be amused with two or three scenes, and we think the only ones in which Miss Burney describes His Majesty's deportment in his public character; every where else he is little better than *Farmer George*, a name which, though given by malice, by no means displeased the King's simple tastes and good old English feeling.

The first is, the King's behaviour on the attempt (2d August, 1786) of Margaret Nicholson to assassinate him, a species of atrocity then unheard of, and which filled the nation with astonishment and indignation, feelings which the repetition of similar crimes has, since that first unhappy example, too frequently revived among us.

'While the guards and his own people now sur-

rounded the King, the assassin was seized by the populace, who were tearing her away, no doubt to fall the instant sacrifice of her murderous purpose, when the King, the only calm and moderate person then present, called aloud to the mob, "The poor creature is mad!—Do not hurt her! She has not hurt me!" He then came forward, and showed himself to all the people, declaring he was perfectly safe and unhurt; and then gave positive orders that the woman should be taken care of, and went into the palace, and had his levee. There is something in the whole of his behaviour upon this occasion that strikes me as proof indisputable of a true and noble courage; for in a moment so extraordinary—an attack, in this country, unheard of before—to settle so instantly that it was the effect of insanity, to feel no apprehension of private plot or latent conspiracy—to stay out, fearlessly, among his people, and so benevolently to see himself to the safety of one who had raised her arm against his life—these little traits, all impulsive, and therefore to be trusted, have given me an impression of respect and reverence that I can never forget, and never think of but with fresh admiration.

The insanity of the woman has now fully been proved; but that noble confidence which gave that instant excuse for her was then all his own. Nor did he rest here; notwithstanding the excess of terror for his safety, and doubt of further mischief, with which all his family and all his household were seized, he still maintained the most cheerful composure, and insisted upon walking on the terrace, with no other attendant than his single equerry. The poor Queen went with him, pale and silent,—the Princesses followed, scarce yet commanding their tears. In the evening, just as usual, the King had his concert: but it was an evening of grief and horror to his family; nothing was listened to, scarce a word was spoken; the Princesses wept continually; the Queen, still more deeply struck, could only, from time to time, hold out her hand to the King, and say, "I have you yet!"

The affection for the King felt by all his household has been at once pleasant and affecting to me to observe: there has not been a dry eye in either of the Lodges on the recital of his danger, and not a face but his own that has not worn marks of care ever since.—Vol. iii., pp. 35–48.

This conduct might have been expected from THE KING, from his innate courage, and from the habitual dignity and self-possession which a reign of already six-and-twenty years would naturally create; but much more noble, or at least more surprising, was the hereditary spirit of his illustrious granddaughter on the late more trying occasion, in which we saw, with equal wonder and admiration, a young woman, a young sovereign, a young wife, a young mother, acting, not on a mere impulse, but with *calm and considerate courage, and sense of duty*, which would have done hon-

our to the bravest and most experienced of her ancestors, and meeting a fore-known danger with no other fear than that of exposing her attendants to a risk which she felt it her own personal duty to disregard. History may be suspected of romancing on the theme of Edward and Eleanor; it does justice to George III., and will do so to Louis Philippe, all subjected to somewhat similar trials; but we cannot hesitate to say that nothing in ancient or modern story can exceed the amiable magnanimity, the gentle heroism of Queen Victoria, as attested by the indisputable evidence of the recent trial for High Treason.

Soon after the attack on King George, the royal family paid that visit to Nuneham which was the source of so many tribulations to Miss Burney, and to Oxford, where, to do her justice, she seems to have almost forgotten herself in the enthusiasm which His Majesty's appearance after his recent danger lighted up:

'The theatre was filled with company, all well dressed, and arranged in rows around it. The area below them was entirely empty, so that there was not the least confusion. The Chancellor's chair, at the head of about a dozen steps, was prepared for the King; and just below him, to his left, a form for the Queen and the Princesses.

'The King walked foremost from the area, conducted by the University's Vice-Chancellor. The Queen followed, handed by her own Vice-Chamberlain. The Princess-Royal followed, led by the King's Aide-de-camp, General Harcourt; and Princess Augusta, leaning on Major Price. Princess Elizabeth walked alone, no other servant of the King being present, and no rank authorising such a conduct, without office.

'Next followed the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough; then the Duchess of Ancaster, and Marquis of Blandford; next, Lord and Lady Harcourt, then the two Lady Spencers and Lady Charlotte Bertie, then the Miss Vernons, and then Miss Planta and a certain F. B.

'We were no sooner arranged, and the door of the theatre shut, than the King, his head covered, sat down; the Queen did the same, and then the three Princesses. All the rest throughout the theatre stood. The Vice-Chancellor then made a low obeisance to the King, and, producing a written paper, began the Address of the University, to thank his Majesty for this second visit, and to congratulate him and the nation on his late escape from assassination. He read it in an audible and distinct voice; and in its conclusion an address was suddenly made to the Queen, expressive of much concern for her late distress, and the highest and most profound veneration for her amiable and exalted character.

'The Queen could scarcely bear it, though she had already, I doubt not, heard it at Nuneham, as these addresses must be first read in

private, to have the answers prepared. Nevertheless, this public tribute of loyalty to the King, and of respect to herself, went gratefully to her heart, and filled her eyes with tears—which she would not, however, encourage, but, smiling through them, dispersed them with her fan, with which she was repeatedly obliged to stop their course down her cheeks. The Princesses, less guarded, the moment their father's danger was mentioned, wept with but little control; and no wonder, for I question if there was one dry eye in the theatre. The tribute, so just, so honourable, so elegant, paid to the exalted character of the Queen, affected everybody, with joy for her escape from affliction, and with delight at the reward and the avowal of her virtues. When the address was ended, the King took a paper from Lord Harcourt, and read his answer. The King reads admirably; with ease, feeling, and force, and without any hesitation. His voice is particularly full and fine. I was very much surprised by its effect. When he had done, he took off his hat, and bowed to the Chancellor and Professors, and delivered the answer to Lord Harcourt, who, walking backwards, descended the stairs, and presented it to the Vice-Chancellor.

'After this, the Vice-Chancellor and Professors begged for the honour of kissing the King's hand. Lord Harcourt was again the backward messenger, and here followed a great mark of goodness in the King; he saw that nothing less than a thorough-bred old courtier, such as Lord Harcourt, could walk backwards down these steps, before himself, and in sight of so full a hall of spectators; and he therefore dispensed with being approached to his seat, and walked down himself into the area, where the Vice-Chancellor kissed his hand, and was imitated by every Professor and Doctor in the room.'—Vol. iii., pp. 95-97.

The following is interesting in a different style :—

'Monday, January 1st.—The king was to make an offering as Sovereign of the Garter. He was seated in the Dean of Windsor's stall, and the Queen sat by his side. The Princesses were in the opposite seats, and all of them at the end of the church. When the service was over, the offering ceremony began. The Dean and the Senior Canon went first to the communion-table: the Dean then read aloud, "Let your light so shine before men," &c. The organ began a slow and solemn movement, and the King came down from his stall, and proceeded, with a grave and majestic walk, towards the communion-table. When he had proceeded about a third of the way, he stopped, and bowed low to the altar: then he moved on, and again, at an equal distance, stopped for the same

formality, which was a third and last time repeated as he reached the steps of the altar. Then he made his offering, which, according to the order of the original institution, was ten pounds in gold and silver, and delivered in a purse: he then knelt down, and made a silent prayer, after which, in the same measured steps, he returned to his stall, when the whole ceremony concluded by another slow movement on the organ. The air of piety, and the unaffected grace and dignity, with which the King performed this rite, surprised and moved me; Mr. Smelt, the most affectionate of his many loyal subjects, even shed tears from emotion, in looking at him in this serious office. The King, *I am told*, always acquits himself with true majesty, where he is necessarily to appear in state as a monarch.'—Vol. iii., pp. 269, 270.

We wish Miss Burney could have given us more of such scenes as these, instead of her squabbles with the Crutchleys, the Turbulents, and the Schwellenbergs. We have already intimated that, though living in the same house and in daily intercourse with their Majesties, her station did not enable her to form any part of their society; but still a woman of observation and sagacity might, if not wholly absorbed in self-admiration, have given us, without any undue betrayal of private confidence, or any deficiency in duty to her royal patrons, many more valuable anecdotes than the few which these pages afford. We fully admit that in all she says of the royal family her narration is in better taste than any other portion of her Diary. We only lament that, talking so much, she says so little; and finding all the pages of the third volume so studded with the names of the King and Queen, we really have not been able to extract anything more interesting than we have presented to our readers.

The result of all is that we are conscientiously obliged to pronounce these three volumes to be—considering their bulk and pretensions—nearly the most worthless we have ever waded through, and that we do not remember in all our experience to have laid down an unfinished work with less desire for its continuation. That it may not mend as it proceeds, we cannot—where there is such room for improvement—venture to pronounce; and there is thus much to be said for it, that it can hardly grow worse.

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ART. I.—*Correspondence between Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Rutland, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1781—1787.* (Privately printed.) London. 1842. pp. 174.

It has been laid down as a rule by a great orator of ancient times, that writing well is the best and surest preparation for speaking well. *Stilus optimus et præstantissimus dicendi effector et magister* are the words of Cicero.* On the other hand it seems natural to suppose that a man able and ready with his tongue should be still more able and ready with his pen. If he can without premeditation pour forth acute arguments in eloquent language, surely the advantages of leisure will supply the same acuteness and the same eloquence in at least equal perfection.

Neither of these conclusions, however, is entirely borne out by experience. Burke, whose writings will delight and instruct the latest posterity, often delivered his harangues to empty benches or a yawning audience, and was known to his contemporaries by the nickname of 'the Dinner-Bell.'

'Too deep for his hearers, he went on refining; And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining!'

Fox, so pre-eminent as a debater, appears with small distinction in his authorship. Nay more, even the high skill of the Reporters' Gallery fails to give any just idea of the real merits of a speech as well or ill adapted to its hearers. Every one must have frequently felt surprise at his inability

to discover—with the 'Times' or the 'Chronicle' in his hand—any good points in the speech which the night before has made the whole House ring with enthusiastic cheers; or, on the contrary, has wondered at the slight effect produced at the time, by what he afterwards reads with so much pleasure. We have heard a most eminent living statesman observe how very erroneous an idea, as to the comparative estimation of our public characters, would be formed by a foreigner who was unacquainted with our history, and who judged only from Hansard's 'Debates.'* Who, for instance, now remembers the name of Mr. Charles Marsh? Yet one of the most pointed and vigorous philippics which we have read in any language stands in the name of Mr. Marsh, under the date of the 1st of July, 1813.

It has, therefore, always been a subject of doubt and discussion, notwithstanding the oratorical eminence of Mr. Pitt, whether he likewise excelled in written composition. Up to this time the general impression, we believe, is, that he did not. This impression has, in part perhaps, proceeded from the example of his father, the great Lord Chatham, whose style in his correspondence appears by no means worthy of such a mind—swelling, empty, cumbrous—and, even

* We cannot mention Hansard's 'Debates' without noticing the valuable addition to them now in course of publication—Sir Henry Cavendish's Reports. These Reports (1768—1774) contain much curious matter—*inter alia*, upwards of one hundred new speeches of Burke;—they, in fact, go very far to fill up a hitherto hopeless gap in our Parliamentary history—and the publication, with its important appendices, does great honour to the skill and industry of the discoverer and editor, Mr. Wright.

* De Oratore, lib. i. c. 33.

to his own family, seeking metaphors and epithets instead of precision and clearness. Another cause of that impression may have been, that Mr. Pitt, whenever it was possible, preferred transacting business in personal interviews rather than in writing.

Of this usual course in Mr. Pitt a strong proof came under our own observation. Once, when the writer of this article was on a visit at Lowther Castle, the venerable Earl, who amidst advancing years never wearies in acts of courtesy and kindness to all around him, indulged his friend's curiosity with a large packet of letters addressed by Mr. Pitt to himself, and to his kinsman Sir James. These letters had been most properly preserved as autographs; but, with one or two remarkable exceptions, they were very short, and nearly in the following strain:—'Dear Lowther, Pray call on me in the course of the morning.'—'Dear Lowther, Let me see you at the Treasury as soon as you can.'—'Dear Lowther, When shall you be next in town, as I wish to speak to you?'—in short, referring almost every subject to conversation instead of correspondence.

But whatever doubts may have been entertained as to Mr. Pitt's abilities for writing, are now, as we conceive, set at rest by a fortunate discovery in the House of Rutland. It may be recollected, that the late Duke was appointed by Mr. Pitt, in 1784, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and died as such, in 1787, at the early age of thirty-three. The Duchess, his widow, survived till 1831. Not long since, as their eldest son, the present Duke, was arranging her Grace's papers, he unexpectedly lighted upon a long series of confidential communications between Downing Street and Dublin Castle. In this case it was manifestly impossible for the Prime Minister to hold personal interviews with the Lord Lieutenant: in this case, therefore, Mr. Pitt wrote, and wrote most fully and freely. The greater part of the letters are marked 'private,' 'most private,' 'secret' 'most secret,' and are evidently composed, not merely as between official colleagues, but familiar friends. The value of these documents to illustrate the history of the times and the character of Mr. Pitt could not fail to be apparent, and although there might be some ground against their publication at present, the Duke of Rutland has in the most liberal manner consented that a certain number should be printed for the gratification of his friends.

Of the letters thus printed in the course of the present summer, we have had the honour to receive a copy, and we feel no hesitation in saying that—written though

many of them were, in the very height of the session, or the utmost hurry of business—they appear to us models in that kind of composition. We can scarcely praise them more highly than by saying that they rival Lord Bolingbroke's celebrated diplomatic correspondence, of which, as we know from other sources, Mr. Pitt was a warm admirer. They never strain at any of those rhetorical ornaments which, when real business is concerned, become only obstructions, but are endowed with a natural grace and dignity—a happy choice of words, and a constant clearness of thought. Although scarce ever divided into paragraphs, they display neither confusion, nor yet abrupt transition of subjects, but flow on, as it were, in an even and continuous stream.

Of these merits, however, we shall now give our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves. Here, for example, is a confidential inquiry, which was addressed to the Duke of Rutland as to some faults imputed to his secretary, Mr. Orde,* and which, as it seems to us, most justly combines a zeal for the public service with a tenderness for personal feelings:—

'Mr. Pitt to the Duke of Rutland.

'[Secret.] 'Brighthelmstone, Oct. 28, 1785.

'My dear Duke,—I would not break in upon you in the course of your tour, if the business I wish to bring under your consideration was less pressing and important than it is. You will be so good to understand what I have to say upon it as being in the most entire confidence and secrecy, as indeed the subject itself sufficiently implies. Various accounts have reached me from persons connected with Ireland, too material to the interest of your government, and, consequently, to us both, to make it possible for me to delay communicating the substance immediately to you, and desiring such farther information and advice as you alone can give. While all quarters agree in eulogiums, which do not surprise me, on every part of your own conduct, and on the prudence, spirit, and firmness of your government, the picture they give of the first instrument of your administration is very different. They state that Mr. Orde has incurred the imputation of irresolution and timidity, and a suspicion even of duplicity, still more prejudicial than his want of decision; and that if the management of the House of Commons, and the duties of secretary, are left in his hands, it will be impossible to answer what may be the consequences to Government even in the next session. This information you may imagine does not come directly to me; and I neither know how far it is to be depended upon, nor have any means myself of ascertaining it, but by stating it to you, who may be able to do

* The Right Hon. Thomas Orde. He had been Secretary of the Treasury, in 1782. In 1797 he was created Lord Bolton, and died in 1807.

so. I receive every such intimation with great allowance for a thousand prejudices or secret motives in which it may originate; but I still think it too serious to be wholly disregarded. From all I have had an opportunity of seeing, I give Mr. Orde credit for considerable abilities and industry, and for perfect good intention. I am, therefore, inclined to think such representations as I have mentioned at least greatly exaggerated. But I am sensible that his manners do not lead him to be direct and explicit in doing business, and that his temper is not decisive. This may make him not distinct enough in his dealings with men or personal objects, and content, without knowing as distinctly as he ought, on the other hand, what he has to trust to from them; and these circumstances will sometimes have the appearance, and generally the bad effect, of the qualities imputed to him. It is stated particularly, that when the commercial bill was brought forward he had neither taken sufficient pains to ascertain who were the friends of Government, nor to collect those who were certainly so, but had trusted to vague assurances and general expectations, which produced the consequences we saw. This I am more apt to believe, because I think, even now, after that session, he is not prepared to give any clear and satisfactory statement of the support on which Government may rely. I do not mention what passed on the commercial question as a thing to be lamented in the event: on the contrary, if the effect of more exertion in Mr. Orde had been to procure twenty or thirty more votes in the House of Commons, it would, as events have proved, perhaps have been a misfortune; but occasions might arise in which the same want of address or vigour might be fatal.

‘Upon the whole, if there is any reasonable ground for the suggestions I have mentioned, I think you will agree with me that it would be very desirable to open a retreat for Orde, and to endeavour to find some other person whom you would approve of to take his place. But, at the same time, this is not a resolution to be lightly taken, because, although the pledge for the continuance of the same system, and the main grounds of confidence, would still continue, (where they have hitherto existed), in your own person, yet even the change of the secretary must interrupt and derange for a time the machine of government in a way which ought to be avoided, if there is no strong necessity for hazarding it. All, therefore, that occurs to me, under these circumstances, is, first, what I have now done, to state the whole to you, and to desire the most confidential communication of your opinions and wishes concerning it. You may, perhaps, in your situation, find it difficult to obtain from the truest friends of Government their real sentiments on so delicate a point; you may have a difficulty in endeavouring to sound any of them; and I know not whether there are any whose integrity and good sense you would trust sufficiently to communicate with them on such points; but it is possible that you may find opportunities of doing so without committing yourself too far. At all events, you can compare what I have stated with the result of your own experience and observation of Mr.

Orde's conduct, and you will be best able to judge whether there is any probability of its being founded. And, above all, you will have the goodness to tell me freely, whether, if (from such materials as we can collect) the opinion here should incline to remove Mr. Orde, you feel in your own mind any objection, provided you can pitch upon a proper person to succeed him; and be persuaded that the knowledge of your inclination in this respect will be decisive, both on my opinion and my wishes. The only other way by which I can be enabled to judge farther on this subject is by calling on Mr. Orde himself (as may naturally be done in the present circumstances) to state, more precisely than he has hitherto done, the strength and reliance of Government, and the prospect he has of carrying through the public service in the House of Commons. By this means, one material part of the consideration may, I think, be ascertained with a good deal of accuracy.

‘It may seem premature to proceed already to talk of the person to succeed before the preliminary point is ascertained. In mentioning it, however, I do not mean to anticipate your decision on the prudence of making the change (in which my own opinion is in no degree settled), but I wish, in order to avoid delay (whatever may be the final result), that the whole subject should be at once before you. I need hardly say, that, if the change should take place, any person whom you could select for this trust would be sure to be at once acquiesced in here. But from what has passed formerly I must doubt whether you have any one to name, Fitzherbert* being, from his situation, so far out of the question. Only three names have occurred to me, which I mention to you that you may turn them in your mind. The first is W. Grenville;† I do not know that he would take it, and rather suppose that he would not. I think, too, that his near connexion with Lord Buckingham is itself perhaps a sufficient objection, though in temper and disposition he is much the reverse of his brother, and in good sense and habits of business very fit for such a situation. The second I have to name is Steele:‡ I know as little whether he would take it, having never hinted a syllable to him on the subject, and I could very ill spare him from his present situation in the Treasury; but if no other good arrangement could be found, I believe I should make the sacrifice, for such it would be. He has exceeding good abilities, great clearness and discretion, the most manly disposition, the best temper, and most agreeable manners possible, and speaks well in public. The third person is Faulkner, whom I believe you know quite as well as I do. He has the reputation of uncommon cleverness, is very accomplished, and seems a man of spirit. I have had some opportunity of seeing him in business

* Alleyne Fitzherbert. He became Secretary for Ireland under the Duke of Rutland's successor, and in 1801 was created Lord St. Helen's.

† William Wyndham Grenville, afterwards Lord Grenville.

‡ The Right Hon. Thomas Steele, for many years Secretary of the Treasury.

at the Privy Council, on occasions which tried his abilities, and have from thence been led to rate him very high. He is, however, reckoned to be of a bad temper; but you would not be exposed to the inconvenience of it, and I should hope he would have sense enough to control it in public. I have now unbosomed myself of everything, and need not repeat, that, as I have written without a shadow of reserve, all I have said is for yourself only. Have the goodness to return me an answer as speedily as you can, after revolving all this in your mind, as the season of the year requires that, one way or other, the business should be soon decided.

'I have many other things to write to you upon, but this letter is too long already. I cannot conclude without telling you the pride and satisfaction I take in the credit and honour which, under all the difficulties and disappointments of the time, has resulted to yourself, and which will, I trust, be increased and confirmed in every hour of your government.

'Believe me ever,

'My dear Duke,

'Most faithfully and affectionately yours,

'W. PITT.

'P.S.—I must just add (though foreign from the subject of this letter) that the situation of our finances here proves flourishing beyond almost what could be expected. We are in possession, from the existing taxes, of a surplus of about 800,000*l.* for sinking fund already, and it is advancing fast to a clear million.

'I should have stated, that, if the change should take place, every management would be had for Orde's feelings, and it might be made to appear an act of choice in him.'

No copy of the Duke's reply to this letter is preserved among his papers, but it appears to have entirely acquitted Mr. Orde from blame, since Mr. Pitt, in his next communication (Nov. 13, 1785) thus rejoins :

'I am, be assured, infinitely happy at finding the suggestions I had thought myself obliged to communicate to you, to so great a degree contradicted. Every idea of Mr. Orde's retirement will be totally laid aside in my mind.'

It may easily be supposed that—the scene being laid at Dublin—there is no lack of applications for place and promotion. These the Lord Lieutenant, as was his duty, transmits to the Prime Minister. In one communication (June 16, 1784) he observes: 'You are so unused to receive letters which contain no application, that if it were for form's sake only I must recommend'—and then follows the name of '*a friend*.' Foremost among such as these come demands for Irish Marquisates, or English Baronies, from noblemen of large parliamentary interest at Dublin. But to such requests Mr. Pitt states a strong objection (July 19, 1786):

'I am certainly very anxious to forward anything you think material for the ease and success of your government, and extremely inclined to concur in showing a marked attention to its steadfast supporters; but I have no difficulty in stating fairly to you, that a variety of circumstances have unavoidably led me to recommend a larger addition to the British Peerage than I like, or than I think quite creditable, and that I am on that account very desirous not to increase it now farther than is absolutely necessary.'

It is remarkable that the large multiplication of honours which has been charged against Mr. Pitt's administration, took place at a subsequent period. We may therefore conclude that in advising or acceding to it, Mr. Pitt consulted rather the growing difficulties of the times than the natural dictates of his judgment.

We may remark, also—not merely as to the point of patronage or promotion, but as to every other subject treated in these pages—how pure appears the mind, how lofty the view of the Great Minister. There is never the least approach—not even on the congenial soil of Ireland—to a *job*. While he shows every anxiety to gratify his colleagues, or to serve his friends, all his determinations, all his expressions, bear the stamp of the noblest public spirit.

Among the few persons for whose employment Mr. Pitt himself expresses a wish in these pages, it is interesting to trace the name of one who has since attained such high renown in the public service, and who still survives in a green and honoured old age—the then Earl of Mornington, the present Marquess Wellesley. In a letter of August 9th, 1784 (Lord Mornington being then but twenty-four years of age) Mr. Pitt says :

'The immediate object I have in writing at this moment is to state to you some circumstances relative to Lord Mornington, and to beg you to let me know how far the ideas I have conceived on the subject correspond with yours. I find he considers himself as entitled, from assurances he received both from you and me (either personally or through Lord Temple), before you went to Ireland, to expect the earliest mark of the favour of government in that country which its circumstances would admit of. He expresses a full disposition to have made every allowance for the exigencies of a new government, at so critical a time, but I think he seems to imagine that there was an appearance of his pretensions being postponed, either without sufficient grounds, or without their being so confidentially stated to him as he supposed he had a claim to. He seems at the same time to feel a real zeal for the interests and credit of your government, and a strong sense of the marks of your personal friendship.

I am very anxious, for all our sakes, that there should be no misapprehension on the subject, both from a high opinion of him, and from feeling (as I am sure you will) a great desire that anything like an engagement, or even a reasonable expectation, should not be disappointed.'

And on the 15th of August following the Duke of Rutland thus replies :

'I can have no hesitation of saying that Lord Mornington shall have the first office which may fall worthy of his acceptance. His merits are very great, which I am sure I am one of the first men to allow. . . . Lord Mornington, as I have always stated to him, stands first for whatever may offer. I have his interest much at heart, as well from private regard as from a conviction of his powers to render the public essential service.'

One of the most important and most difficult subjects which engaged the Duke's attention was that of Irish tithes, on which we find him (September 13th, 1786) refer to Mr. Pitt for direction :

'The question of the tithes, with the commotions of the Whiteboys, will, I am apprehensive, form business for a very tedious session. A parliamentary investigation into the causes of their complaints will certainly take place, and is indeed become necessary. It is of the utmost consequence to prevent this question from falling into the hands of opposition, who would employ it to the most mischievous purposes, and who might raise a storm which it would not be easy to direct. This business is of extreme delicacy and complication. We have the most rooted prejudices to contend with. The episcopal part of the clergy consider any settlement as a direct attack on their most ancient rights, and as a commencement of the ruin of their establishment; whereas many individual clergymen, who foresee no prospect of receiving any property at all under the present system, are extremely desirous of a fair adjustment. The Established Church, with legions of Papists on one side and a violent Presbytery on the other, must be supported, however, decidedly, as the principles that combinations are to compel measures must be exterminated out of the country and from the public mind; at the same time the country must not be permitted to continue in a state little less than war, when a substantial grievance is alleged to be the cause. The majority of the laity, who are at all times ready to oppose tithes, are likewise strong advocates for some settlement. On the whole it forms a most involved and difficult question; on all hands it is agreed that it ought to be investigated: but then it is problematical whether any effectual remedy can be applied without endangering the Establishment, which must be guarded; and next, whether any arrangement could be suggested which the Church (who must be consulted) would agree to, adequate to the nature and extent of the evil complained of.

In short, it involves a great political settlement worthy of the decision of your clear and incomparable judgment.'

The letter of Mr. Pitt in reply is perhaps the most remarkable of this whole collection. It is dated Burton Pynsent, November 7th, 1786.

'I have thought very much since I received your letter respecting the general state of Ireland, on the subjects suggested in that and your official letters to Lord Sydney. The question which arises is a nice and difficult one. On the one hand, the discontent seems general and rooted, and both that circumstance and most of the accounts I hear seem to indicate that there is some real grievance at bottom, which must be removed before any durable tranquillity can be secured. On the other hand, it is certainly a delicate thing to meddle with the Church Establishment in the present situation of Ireland; and anything like concession to the dangerous spirit which has shown itself is not without objection. But on the whole, being persuaded that Government ought not to be afraid of incurring the imputation of weakness, by yielding in reasonable points, and can never make its stand effectually till it gets upon the right ground, I think the great object ought to be, to ascertain fairly the true causes of complaint, to hold out a sincere disposition to give just redress, and a firm determination to do no more, taking care in the interval to hold up vigorously the execution of the law *as it stands* (till altered by Parliament), and to punish severely (if the means can be found) any tumultuous attempt to violate it.

'I certainly think the institution of tithe, especially if vigorously enforced, is a great obstacle to the improvement and prosperity of any country. Many circumstances in practice have made it less so here; but even here it is felt; and there are a variety of causes to make it sit much heavier on Ireland. I believe, too, that it is as much for the real interest of the Church as for that of the land to adopt, if practicable, some other mode of provision. If from any cause the Church falls into general odium, Government will be more likely to risk its own interests than to save those of the Church by any efforts in its favour. If, therefore, those who are at the head of the clergy will look at it soberly and dispassionately, they will see how incumbent it is upon them, in every point of view, to propose some temperate accommodation; and even the appearance of concession, which might be awkward in Government, could not be unbecoming if it originated with them. The thing to be aimed at, therefore, seems, as far as I can judge of it, to find out a way of removing the grievances arising out of a tithe, or, perhaps, to substitute some new provision in lieu of it; to have such a plan cautiously digested (which may require much time), and, above all, to make the Church itself the quarter to bring forward whatever is proposed. How far this is practicable must depend upon many circumstances, of which you can form a nearer and better judgment, particu-

larly on the temper of the leading men among the clergy. I apprehend you may have a good deal of difficulty with the Archbishop of Cashel;* the Primate† is, I imagine, a man to listen to temperate advice: but it is surely desirable that you should have as speedily as possible a full communication with both of them; and if you feel the subject in the same light that I do, that, while you state to them the full determination of Government to give them all just and honourable support, you should impress them seriously with the apprehension of their risking everything if they do not in time abandon ground that is ultimately untenable.

‘To suggest the precise plan of commutation which might be adopted is more than I am equal to, and is premature; but in general I have never seen any good reason why a fair valuation should not be made of the present amount of every living, and a rent in corn to that amount to be raised by a pound rate on the several tenements in the parish, nearly according to the proportion in which they now contribute to tithe. When I say a rent in corn, I do not actually mean paid in corn, but a rent in money regulated by the average value from time to time of whatever number of bushels is at present equal to the fair value of the living. This would effectually prevent the Church from suffering by the fluctuations in the value of money, and it is a mode which was adopted in all college leases, in consequence, I believe, of an act of Parliament in the time of Queen Elizabeth. I need not say that I throw out these ideas in personal confidence to yourself; and I shall wish much to know what you think of them, and whether you can make anything of your prelates, before any measure is officially suggested. It seems material that there should be the utmost secrecy till our line is decided upon, and it must be decided upon completely before Parliament meets.

‘Yours faithfully and sincerely,

‘W. PITT.’

We have been greatly struck at observing how closely the proposal thus hastily thrown out resembles the plan on which the English Tithe Commutation Act was recently framed. What deep heart-burnings—what violent collisions—might have been spared had Mr. Pitt’s enlightened policy prevailed fifty years before!

Other questions of paramount importance that are discussed between the Duke and the Minister refer to the celebrated commercial propositions. We may trace in these letters their gradual growth and development in the mind of Mr. Pitt. He states his first impressions as follows:—

‘Mr. Pitt to the Duke of Rutland.

‘[Private.] Putney Heath, Oct. 7, 1784.

‘My dear Duke,—I have been intending every day for some time past to trouble you with a letter; though in many respects I cannot write so fully as the important subjects in question require, till I receive materials of information which I expect from the result of Mr. Orde’s inquiries, and from the various questions I have persecuted him with. I am in hopes now that your situation is such as to allow a little more respite from the incessant calls of the day, and to furnish leisure for going forward in the great and complicated questions we have to settle before the meeting of Parliament. I have desultorily, at different times, stated in my letters to him the ideas floating in my mind, as the subjects in question carried me to them; and I have not troubled you with any repetition of them, because I knew you would be acquainted with them as far as they were worth it, and they certainly were neither distinct nor digested enough to deserve being written twice. I feel, however, notwithstanding the difficulty of deciding upon many of the delicate considerations which present themselves in the arduous business you have in your hands, that a plan must be concerted on all the points, and as far as possible adapted to all the contingencies that may happen, before the meeting of Parliament. The commercial points of discussion, though numerous and comprehensive, may certainly be ascertained and reduced to clear principles by diligent investigation. The internal question of Parliamentary reform, though simpler, is perhaps more difficult and hazardous; and the line of future permanent connexion between the two countries must be the result of both the preceding questions, and of such arrangements as must accompany a settlement of them. I am revolving these in every shape in my mind; and when I have had the information which I hope to receive in Mr. Orde’s next packets, I trust I shall be able to send you the best result of my judgment, which I shall wish to submit to your private consideration, in order to learn confidentially the extent of your ideas on the whole plan to be pursued, before it is formally brought under the consideration of the Cabinet here. I own to you the line to which my mind at present inclines (open to whatever new observations or arguments may be suggested to me) is, *to give Ireland an almost unlimited communication of commercial advantages, if we can receive in return some security that her strength and riches will be our benefit, and that she will contribute from time to time in their increasing proportions to the common exigencies of the empire*; and—having, by holding out this, removed, I trust, every temptation to Ireland to consider her interest as separate from England—to be ready, while we discountenance wild and unconstitutional attempts, which strike at the root of all authority, to give real efficacy and popularity to Government by acceding (if such a line can be found) to a prudent and temperate reform of Parliament, which may guard against or radically cure real defects and mischiefs, may show a sufficient regard to the interests and even prejudices of individuals who are concerned, and

* Dr. Charles Agar, afterwards translated to the Archbishopric of Dublin. In 1795 he was created Lord Somerton, and in 1806 Earl of Normanton.

† Dr. Richard Robinson, Archbishop of Armagh. He had been, in 1777, created Lord Rokeby.

may unite the Protestant interest in *excluding the Catholics from any share in the representation* or the government of the country.*

Neither on parliamentary reform, nor on the contribution to be expected from Ireland in return for commercial advantages, did the Duke of Rutland take altogether the same view as his friend in Downing Street. Mr. Pitt accordingly reverts to both questions. Of reform in parliament he writes (October 8, 1784):

‘What I venture to suggest for your consideration is, whether it be possible for you to gain any authentic knowledge (without committing yourself) of the extent of the numbers who are really zealous for reform, and of the ideas that would content them. By all I hear accidentally, the Protestant reformers are alarmed at the pretensions of the Catholics, and for that very reason would stop very short of the extreme speculative notions of universal suffrage. Could there be any way of your confidentially sounding Lord Charlemont without any danger from the consequences?’

And again (December 4, 1784):—

‘Parliamentary reform, I am still sure, after considering all you have stated, *must* sooner or later be carried in *both countries*. If it is well done, the sooner the better. I will write to you, by as early an opportunity as I can, the full result of all my reflections on the subject. For God’s sake, do not persuade yourself, in the mean time, that the measure, if properly managed, and separated *from every ingredient of faction* (which I believe it may be), is inconsistent with either the dignity or the tranquillity and facility of government. On the contrary, I believe *they* ultimately depend upon it. And if such a settlement is practicable, it is the only system worth the hazard and trouble which belongs to every system that can be thought of. I write in great haste, and under a strong impression of these sentiments. You will perceive that this is merely a confidential and personal communication between you and myself, and therefore I need add no apology for stating so plainly what is floating in my mind on these subjects.’

To the contribution which was expected from Ireland in return for commercial advantages, Mr. Pitt applies himself in several letters before the meeting of parliament with great warmth and earnestness. The longest of these letters we shall here insert, without any apology for its length, since, notwithstanding the haste with which, as the postscript mentions, it was written, we think that the reader will agree with us when we call it a masterly argument:

‘Mr. Pitt to the Duke of Rutland.

‘[Secret.] ‘Downing Street, Jan. 6, 1785.

‘My dear Duke,—You will receive by the

messenger from Lord Sydney the official communication of the unanimous opinion of the cabinet on the subject of the important settlement to be proposed as final and conclusive between Great Britain and Ireland. The objects have been considered with all possible attention; and though minuter inquiry may still be necessary, with regard to some few points included in the propositions, we are so fully satisfied with the general principles on which they rest, that they are without hesitation transmitted to your Grace, as containing the substance of a system from which it appears wholly impossible for us to depart. I am confirmed by the opinion of Mr. Foster* and Mr. Beresford, as well as Mr. Orde, that the complete liberty and equality in matters of trade which will by this plan be given to Ireland ought to give the fullest satisfaction on that subject; and if that opinion is enforced and supported by all the arguments it admits, and vigorous exertions used to circulate it, I trust your Grace will meet with less difficulty than has been imagined in obtaining from Ireland those measures on their part which are indispensable to accompany it, in order to make the advantage reciprocal, and of course to make the system either consistent or durable. I am not sanguine enough to suppose that any plan could at once be accepted with universal approbation. No great settlement of this extent was ever carried without meeting some, perhaps, strong objections, and without requiring much management and perseverance to accomplish it: but these will, I am sure, not be wanting on your part; and considering the strength of government in parliament, and all the circumstances of the country, it is impossible to believe that your friends and supporters should have really any hesitation, if they once understand, what they must know sooner or later, that the settlement between the two kingdoms, and of course the giving tranquillity to Ireland, and security to any interest *they* have at stake, must turn on this fundamental and essential point, *of reciprocity in the final compact to be now formed*. If the point is secured in parliament, *which I cannot allow myself to doubt*, I do not apprehend much additional clamour or discontent without doors. It will be difficult for malice and faction to find many topics calculated to catch the mind of the public, if the nature of the measure is fairly stated, and sufficiently explained in its true light.

‘I am unwilling to trouble you at present very much at length, and have myself little time to spare; but yet I have the success of this whole arrangement so much at heart, from every personal and public feeling, knowing that your credit and my own are equally concerned with the interest of both countries, and the future prosperity of the empire, that you will, I am sure, forgive me, if I call your attention more particularly to what strikes me as the true state of *what* it is which we propose to give, and *what* we require in return. If it appears to you in the same light as it does to me,

* The Right Hon. John Foster, afterwards Lord Oriel, was at the time Speaker of the Irish House of Commons.

I trust you will feel the impossibility of our reconciling our minds to waive so essential an object. I assure you there is scarce a man whom I have here consulted who does not feel it at least as strongly as I do.

'The general tenour of our propositions not only gives a full equality to Ireland, but extends that principle to many points where it would be easy to have urged just exceptions, and in many other points possibly turns the scale in her favour, at a risk, perhaps a remote one, of considerable local disadvantages to many great interests of this country. I do not say that in practice I apprehend the effect on our trade and manufactures will be such as it will perhaps be industriously represented; but I am persuaded (whatever may be the event) that, by the additions now proposed to former concessions, we open to Ireland the chance of a competition with ourselves on terms of more than equality, and we give her advantages which make it impossible she should ever have anything to fear from the jealousy or restrictive policy of this country in future. Such an arrangement is defensible only on the idea of relinquishing local prejudices and partial advantages, in order to consult uniformly and without distinction the general benefit of the empire. This cannot be done but by making England and Ireland *one country* in effect, though for local concerns under distinct legislatures; *one* in the communication of advantages, and of course in the participation of burdens. If their *unity* is broken, or rendered absolutely *precarious*, in either of these points, the system is defective, and there is an end to the whole.

'The two capital points are, the construction of the Navigation Act, and the system of duties on the importation into either country of the manufactures of the other. With regard to the Navigation Act, it has been claimed by the advocates for Ireland as a matter of justice, on the ground that the same act of parliament must bear the same construction in its operation on Ireland as on Great Britain. Even on the narrow ground of *mere construction*, it may well be argued as at *least doubtful* whether the provisions in the act of 14th and 15th C. II. (by which it was in effect adopted by authority of the Irish parliament) do not plainly do away that restriction on imports of colony produce from England to Ireland which is not done away by any proviso or otherwise with regard to the same importation from Ireland into England. On such a supposition it might be very consistent that the Act of Navigation should be enforced here (as it was by subsequent acts of parliament) in its original strictness, and in Ireland with those exceptions in favour of colony produce imported from hence which the provisos I allude to seem to have admitted; and the practice of more than a hundred years has been conformable to this distinction. But this is on the *mere point of construction*. The question is, not merely what has been or ought to be the construction of the existing law, but what is really fair in the relative situation of the two countries. Here, I think, it is universally allowed, that, however just the claim of Ireland

is not to have her own trade *fettered and restricted*, she can have no claim to any share beyond what we please to give her in the trade *of our colonies*. They belong (unless by favour or by compact we make it otherwise) *exclusively to this country*. The suffering Ireland to send anything to those colonies, or to bring anything *directly* from thence, is itself a *favour*; and is a deviation, too, for the sake of favour to Ireland, from the general and almost uniform policy of all nations with regard to the trade of their colonies. But the present claim of Ireland has gone further: it is not merely to carry produce thither, or to bring it from thence, but it is to supply us, *through Ireland*, with the produce of *our own colonies*, in prejudice, as far as it goes, of the direct trade between those colonies and this country. Can it be said that Ireland has any right to have the liberty of thus *carrying for us*, because we have the liberty of *carrying for them*, unless the colonies with whom the trade subsists are as much *their colonies* as they are *ours*? It may be true that the favour granted by former concessions in this respect is in some measure compensated by their securing in favour of our colonies a monopoly of their consumption; though it may well be doubted whether on any possible supposition they could be supplied from the colonies of any other country on terms of similar indulgence. But the liberty to be now given stands on a separate ground, and is a *mere and absolute favour*, if ever there was anything that could be called so. It is a sacrifice, too, which cannot fail to be magnified here, even beyond its true value, as a departure from the principles of the Act of Navigation, which has been so long idolized in this country. But what I principally state this for is to prove the *liberal and conciliating spirit* which induces us to agree to the proposal. I do not wish to exaggerate its probable effects. I do not expect that in practice it will materially interfere with the trade of this country; but it is unquestionably true that, even though we should not immediately lose by it, yet Ireland will be considerably benefited, by opening so near a market, which will encourage her merchants to a freer speculation, and enable them to avail themselves more than they have hitherto done of the advantages they are already possessed of. Some persons here may, perhaps, even apprehend that the liberty of supplying our market may *gradually* enable them to lay in a stock for the supply of other markets also, which perhaps they could not do otherwise; and if that should be the effect, not only they will be gainers, but we shall be losers in the same proportion. On the whole, however, I am fully reconciled to the measure, because, even supposing it not to produce these effects, it must be remembered that it is a liberty which Ireland has strongly solicited, and on which she *appears to set a high value*. As such, it is the strongest proof of cordiality to grant it, in spite of prevailing and perhaps formidable prejudices; and in truth it establishes in favour of Ireland so intimate a connexion and so equal a *participation* with this country, even in those points where we have the fullest right to exclusive advan-

tage, that it gives them an interest in the protection of our colonies and the support of our trade equal in proportion to our own.

'I come now to the system of duties between the two countries; and here, too, I think Ireland has not less reason to be satisfied and to be grateful. By lowering our duties to the standard of Ireland, we put her in possession of absolute equality, on the face of the arrangement; but I think in truth we put her in possession of something more. If, however, it were bare equality, we are departing, in order to effect it, from the policy of prohibiting duties so long established in this country. In doing so we are perhaps to encounter the prejudices of our manufacturing [interest] in every corner of the kingdom. We are admitting to this competition a country whose labour is cheap, and whose resources are unexhausted; ourselves burdened with accumulated taxes, which are felt in the price of every necessary of life, and of course enter into the cost of every article of manufacture. It is, indeed, stated on the other hand, that Ireland has neither the skill, the industry, nor the capital of this country; but it is difficult to assign any good reason why she should not gradually, with such strong encouragement, imitate and rival us in both the former, and in both more rapidly from time as she grows possessed of a large capital, which, with all the temptations for it, may perhaps to some degree be transferred to her from hence, but which will at all events be increased if her commerce receives any extension, and will as it increases necessarily extend that commerce still farther. But there is another important consideration which makes the system of duties more favourable to Ireland than she could expect on the ground of perfect equality. It is this: although the duties taken separately on the importation of each article will be the same in the two countries, it is to be remembered, that there are some articles which may pass from one to the other perfectly free; consequently, if the articles which in the actual state of the trade we are able to send to Ireland are those which pay *some* duty, if the articles which she principally sends to us are articles which *pay no duty*, can anything be plainer than that, although upon each article taken separately there is an appearance of impartiality and equality, the result of the whole is manifestly to a great degree *more favourable to Ireland than to this country?*

'The case I have just stated will actually exist with regard to the woollen and linen trades. We send you a considerable quantity of woollen, *subject to some duty*; you send us linen to an immense amount, *subject to none*. This single circumstance of the linen would have been a fair and full answer (even without any reduction of duties on the import of other articles) to the clamour for protecting duties. The whole amount of the British manufacture which Ireland actually takes from England, under a *low duty*, and on which she has threatened prohibitory duties, does not amount to so much as the single article of linen, which we are content to take from you, *under no duty at all*. I have stated all this to show that this part of the arrangement is in the same spirit with the other.

What is it, then, that can reconcile this country to such concessions, under these circumstances? It is perhaps true that with regard to some of the articles of manufacture there are particular considerations which make the danger to us less than it might be imagined. In the great article of the woollen, if we confine the raw material to ourselves, and let Ireland do the same, perhaps the produce of Ireland, and what she can import from other places, can never enable her to supplant us to a great extent in this article. This undoubtedly must be our policy, and it makes part of the resolutions proposed; it can never, in my opinion, be thought any exception to the general freedom of trade, nor do I believe any man could seriously entertain any expectation of the contrary line being adopted. If each country is at liberty to make the most of its own natural advantages, it could not be supposed that we should part with a material indispensable to our staple manufacture. If there is any other similar prohibition on the export of raw material now in force in Ireland, it would be equally fair that it should be continued; but, on the other hand, it is essential that no new one should be hereafter imposed in either country, as this part of the system should, like the rest, be finally settled, and not left open to future discussion. But this consideration affects only the particular article of woollen. The fundamental principle, and the only one on which the whole plan can be justified, is that I mentioned in the beginning of my letter—that for the future the two countries will be to the most essential purposes united. On this ground the wealth and prosperity of the whole is the object; from what local sources they arise is indifferent. We trust to various circumstances in believing that no branch of trade or manufacture will shift so suddenly as not to allow time, in every instance as it arises, for the industry of this country gradually to take another direction; and confident that there will be markets sufficient to exercise the industry of both countries, to whatever pitch either can carry it, we are not afraid in this liberal view to encourage a competition which will ultimately prove for the common benefit of the empire, by giving to each country the possession of whatever branch of trade or article of manufacture it is best adapted to, and therefore likely to carry on with the most advantage. These are the ideas I entertain of what we give to Ireland, and of the principles on which it is given.

'The unavoidable consequence of these principles brings me back to that which I set out with—the indispensable necessity of some fixed mode of contribution on the part of Ireland, in proportion to her growing means, to the general defence. That in fact she ought to contribute in that proportion I have never heard any man question as a principle. Indeed without that expectation the conduct of this country would be an example of rashness and folly not to be paralleled. But we are desirous to content ourselves with the strongest general pledge that can be obtained of the intention of Ireland, without requiring anything specific at present. I must fairly say that such a measure neither can nor ought to give satisfaction. In the first

place, it is making everything take place immediately on our part, and leaving everything uncertain on that of Ireland, which would render the whole system so lame and imperfect as to be totally indefensible. It would reserve this essential point as a perpetual source of jealous discussion, and that even in time of peace, when, with no objects to encourage exertion, men will be much more disposed to object than to give liberally; and we should have nothing but a vague and perhaps a fallacious hope, in answer to the clamours and apprehensions of all the descriptions of men who lose, or think they lose, by the arrangement. If it is indispensable, therefore, that the contribution should be in some degree ascertained at present, it is equally clear, on the other hand, that the quantum of it must not be fixed to any stated sum, which of necessity would either be too great at present, or in a little time hence too small. The only thing that seems reasonable is to appropriate a certain fund towards supporting the general expenses of the empire in time of peace, and leave it, as it must be left, to the zeal of Ireland to provide for extraordinary emergencies in time of war as they arise. The fund which seems the best, and indeed the only one that has been pointed out for this purpose, is the hereditary revenue. Though the effect will not be immediate, our object will be attained if the future surplus of this revenue beyond its present produce, estimated at the medium of the four or five last years, is applied in the manner we wish. Such a fund, from the nature of the articles of which it is composed, must have a direct relation to the wealth, the commerce, and population of Ireland. It will increase with their extension, and cannot even begin to exist without it. Towards this country it will be more acceptable than a much larger contribution in any other way, because, if in fact the commerce of Ireland should be increased at our expense by our manufactures and trade being transferred in any degree thither, the compensation will arise in the same proportion. It has this further inestimable advantage, from being fixed according to a standard which will apply to all the future circumstances of the two countries, that it will, from the very permanence of the principle, tend to unite them more closely and firmly to each other. In Ireland, it cannot escape consideration, that this is a contribution not given beforehand for uncertain expectations, but which can only follow the actual possession and enjoyment of the benefits in return for which it is given. If Ireland does not grow richer and more populous she will by this scheme contribute nothing. If she does grow richer by the participation of our trade, surely she ought to contribute, and the measure of that contribution cannot, with equal justice, be fixed in any other proportion. It can never be contended that the increase of the hereditary revenue ought to be left to Ireland as the means of gradually diminishing her other taxes, unless it can be argued that the whole of what Ireland now pays is a greater burden in proportion than the whole of what is paid by this country, and that therefore she ought, even if she grows richer, rather to diminish that burden on her-

self than give anything towards lightening ours. Indeed, if this were argued, it would be an argument, not against this particular mode of contributing, but against any contribution at all. For if Ireland were to contribute voluntarily from time to time, at the discretion of her Parliament, it would, if the contribution were real and effectual, equally prevent any diminution of her own burdens;—only the mode and the proportion would be neither so certain nor so satisfactory. It is to be remembered that the very increase supposed to arise in the hereditary revenue cannot arise without a similar increase in many articles of the additional taxes; consequently, from that circumstance alone, though they part with the future increase of their hereditary revenue, their income will be upon the whole increased, without imposing any additional burdens. On the whole, therefore, if Ireland allows that she ought ever in time of peace to contribute at all, on which it is impossible to frame a doubt, I can conceive no plausible objection to the particular mode proposed.

I recollect but two or three topics that have been suggested as likely to be urged by those who wish to create difficulties. The first, if it applies at all, applies as an argument against any contribution of any sort. It is that *the wealth of Ireland is brought by absentees to be spent in this country.* In the first place, the amount of this is indefinite, and the idea, I believe, greatly overrated. What this country gains by it I am sure is small. The way in which it must be supposed to injure Ireland is, by diminishing the capital in the country, and by obstructing civilisation and improvement. If this is true, what follows? That the effect of this, as far as it operates to prevent the increase of trade and riches, will prevent also the existence or the increase of the fund on which the contribution is to depend. Therefore this argument, giving it its utmost weight, does not affect the particular plan in question. Besides this, Ireland in its present state bears this evil, and under these circumstances supports her present burden. If she grows richer, will she not be able to support, out of that additional wealth, some addition of burden, at least, without any increase of hardship or difficulty? But if Ireland states the wealth we are supposed to draw from her by absentees on one hand, we may state what she draws from us by commerce on the other. Look at the trade between Great Britain and Ireland, and see how large a proportion of what we take from her is the produce of her soil or the manufactures of her inhabitants (which are the great sources of national riches). How small, comparatively, the proportion of similar articles which she takes from us. The consequence is obvious, that she is in this respect clearly more benefited than we are by the intercourse between us.

The other topic is, that it is impolitic and odious that this arrangement should have the appearance of a *bargain*, and such an idea will render it unpopular with the public. If a permanent system is to be settled by the authority of two distinct legislatures, I do not know what there is more odious in a bargain between them than in a treaty between two

separate crowns. If the bargain is unfair, if the terms of it are not for mutual benefit, it is not calculated for the situation of two countries connected as Great Britain and Ireland ought to be. But it is of the essence of such a settlement (whatever name is to be given to it) that both *the advantage and the obligation* should be reciprocal; one cannot be so without the other. This reciprocity, whether it is or is not to be called a bargain, is an inherent and necessary part of the new system to be established between the two countries. In the relations of Great Britain with Ireland there can subsist but two possible principles of connexion. The one, that which is exploded, of total subordination in Ireland, and of restrictions on her commerce for the benefit of this country, which was by this means enabled to bear the whole burden of the empire; the other is, what is now proposed to be confirmed and completed, that of an equal participation of all commercial advantages, and some proportion of the charge of protecting the general interest. If Ireland is at all connected with this country, and to remain a member of the empire, she must make her option between these two principles, and she has wisely and justly made it for the latter. But if she does think this system for her advantage as well as ours, and if she sets any value either on the confirmation and security of what has been given her, or on the possession of what is now within her reach, she can attain neither without performing on her part what both reason and justice entitle us to expect.

'The only remaining consideration is, for what service this contribution shall be granted, and in what manner it shall be applied. This seems a question of little difficulty. The great advantage that Ireland will derive is, from the equal participation of our trade, and of the benefits derived from our colonies. Nothing, therefore, is so natural as that she should contribute to the support of the navy, on which the protection of both depends. For the rest, it seems only necessary to provide some proper mode of ascertaining to the Parliament of Ireland that the surplus is annually paid over, to be applied with other monies voted here for naval services, and to be accounted for, together with them, to the Parliament of this country. There can be but *one navy* for the empire at large, and it must be administered by the executive power in this country. The particulars of the administration of it cannot be under the control of anything but the Parliament of this country. This principle, on the fullest consideration, seems one which must be held sacred. Nothing else can also prevent the supreme executive power, and with it the force of the empire, being distracted into different channels, and its energy and effect being consequently lost. As the sum to be received in this manner from Ireland can never be more than a part (I fear a small one) of the whole naval expense, as its amount from time to time will be notorious, and as it will go in diminution of the supplies to be granted here, the Parliament of this country will have both the means and the inducement to watch its expenditure as narrowly as if it was granted by

themselves. Ireland, therefore, will have the same security that we have against any misapplication, and she will have the less reason to be jealous on the subject, because we have a common interest with her, and to a still greater extent, in the service which it is intended to support; and if any deficiency arises from mismanagement it will (according to this arrangement) fall, not upon them, but upon us, to make it good.

'I have no more to add. I have troubled you with all this from an extreme anxiety to put you in possession of all that occurs to me on one of the most interesting subjects that can occupy our attention in the course of our lives. You will, I am sure, forgive my wearying you with so much detail. I release you from it, in the persuasion that you will feel how much depends upon this crisis for both countries, and in the certainty that your exertions, and those of your friends, will be proportioned to its importance. I will only add, that difficulties may be started at first, but I think they must vanish on discussion. At all events, believe me, my dear Duke, it is indispensable to us all, and to the public, that they should be overcome. By address and dexterity in the management of the business, and above all, by firmness and resolution to succeed, I have no doubt that it will be found both possible and easy. I shall then have to congratulate you on your having the happiness to accomplish a scheme which may lay the foundation of lasting tranquillity and reviving prosperity to both countries.

'I am ever,

'with constant affection and attachment,

'My dear Duke,

'Your faithful and sincere friend,

'W. PITT.

'Downing Street, Friday, Jan, 7, 1785,

'*1 past 12, P.M.*

'I need hardly tell you that I am obliged to send you these sheets as they are, without the leisure either to copy or revise them.'

The commercial propositions, as is well known, did not prosper in the Irish Parliament. On the 4th of July, 1785, the Duke of Rutland reports—

'I have seen Mr. Grattan, but found him impracticable in a degree scarcely credible. I desired to be apprised of his objections, and stated my reliance on your disposition to modify, as far as candour could require, those parts which were deemed exceptionable in Ireland; but his ideas of objection were such as to render them impossible to be obviated. He said that he could admit nothing which intrenched on old settlements; that it seemed an attempt to resume in peace concessions granted in war; that rendering the fourth proposition conditional was of but little avail; that everything should be left to national faith, and nothing covenanted.'

But the final blow, it will be seen, was struck in the month of August.

'The Duke of Rutland to Mr. Pitt.

'Dublin Castle, August 13, 1785.

'MY DEAR PITT,

I am most extremely concerned to inform you, that after a tedious debate, which continued till past nine in the morning, the House came to a division, when the numbers for admitting the bill were 127 to 108. You may well imagine that so small a majority as nineteen on so strong a question as the admission of the bill affords no great hopes as to the ultimate fate of the measure. It will be an effort of our united strength to get the bill printed, that at least it may remain as a monument of the liberality of Great Britain, and of my desire to promote a system which promises such essential advantage to the empire. All my influence must likewise be exerted on Monday to defeat a motion from Mr. Flood, to the purpose of declaring "the four propositions, as passed in the Parliament of Great Britain, as destructive of the liberties and constitution of Ireland." Such a declaration is of a nature too hostile to be endured for a moment. The speech of Mr. Grattan was, I understand, a display of the most beautiful eloquence perhaps ever heard, but it was seditious and inflammatory to a degree hardly credible. The theory and positions laid down both in his speech and that of Mr. Flood amounted to nothing less than war with England. This was distinctly told him in so many words by Mr. Pole.* The Attorney-General† supported me in the most honourable and manly manner, and has committed himself without reserve. Our only line left is to force, if possible, the bill to be read, and then to adjourn, that men may have time to return to their senses. It grieves me to think that a system which held out so much advantage to the empire, and which was so fair between the two countries, should meet a fate so contrary to its deserts; and I may say Ireland will have reason to repent her folly if she persists in a conduct so dangerous, so destructive of her true interest, and repugnant to every principle of connexion between herself and Great Britain. I have only to add, that I still do not absolutely despond; but, be the event what it may, no alteration shall take place in my determination: I will never think of quitting my station while I can render an iota of strength to your government, or to the great cause in which we are embarked. I will write more fully after Monday. I was up all last night, and am quite worn out.

'Believe me to be ever yours,
'RUTLAND.'

We will add Mr. Pitt's reply:—

'Mr. Pitt to the Duke of Rutland.

Putney Heath, Aug. 17, 1785.

'My dear Duke,—I confess myself not a little disappointed and hurt in the account brought

me to-day by your letter and Mr. Orde's of the event of Friday. I had hoped that neither prejudice nor party could on such an occasion have made so many proselytes against the true interests of the country; but the die seems in a great measure to be cast, at least for the present. Whatever it leads to, we have the satisfaction of having proposed a system which, I believe, will not be discredited even by its failure; and we must wait times and seasons for carrying it into effect. I think you judge most wisely in making it your plan to give the interval of a long adjournment as soon as the bill has been read and printed. With so doubtful a majority, and with so much industry to raise a spirit of opposition without doors, this is not the moment for pressing farther. It will remain to be seen whether, by showing a firm and unalterable decision to abide by the system in its present shape, and by exerting every effort both to instruct and influence the country at large into a just opinion of the advantages held out to them, a favourable change may be produced in the general current of opinion before the time comes for resuming the consideration of the bill. I am not at all sanguine in my expectations of your division on the intended motion on Monday last. Though an Opposition frequently loses its advantage by attempting to push it too far, yet, on such a question, and with the encouragement of so much success, I rather conclude that absurdity and faction will have gained a second triumph; but I am very far from thinking it impossible that reflection and discussion may operate a great change before the time when your Parliament will probably meet after the adjournment. I very much wish you may at least have been just able to ward off Flood's motion, lest its standing on the journals should be an obstacle to farther proceedings at a happier moment. It is still almost incomprehensible to me who can have been the deserters who reduced our force so low, and I wait with great impatience for a more particular account.

'All I have to say, in the mean time, is very short: let us meet what has happened, or whatever may happen, with the coolness and determination of persons who may be defeated, but cannot be disgraced, and who know that those who obstruct them are greater sufferers than themselves. You have only to preserve the same spirit and temper you have shown throughout in the remainder of this difficult scene. Your own credit and fame will be safe, as well as that of your friends. I wish I could say the same of the country you have been labouring to serve. Our cause is on too firm a rock here to be materially shaken, even for a time, by this disappointment; and when the experience of this fact has produced a little more wisdom in Ireland, I believe the time will yet come when we shall see all our views realized in both countries, and for the advantage of both. It may be sooner or later, as accident, or perhaps (for some time) malice, may direct; but it will be right at last. We must spare no human exertion to bring forward the moment as early as possible; but we must be prepared also to wait for it on one uniform and resolute ground,

* Now Lord Maryborough.

† The Attorney-General for Ireland was then the Right Hon. John Fitzgibbon, afterwards Lord Chancellor and Earl of Clare.

be it ever so late. It will be no small consolation to you, in the doubtful state of this one important object, that every other part of the public scene affords the most encouraging and animating prospect; and you have, above all, the satisfaction of knowing that your government has made a more vigorous effort (whatever be its ultimate success) than I believe any other period of Irish history will produce, since the present train of government has been established. I write this as the first result of my feelings, and I write it to yourself alone.

‘Believe me ever,

‘Your most affectionate and faithful friend,
‘W. PITT.’

In the extracts we have given relative to the commercial propositions, there is one passage which at first sight may have excited the reader's surprise—where Mr. Pitt so emphatically declares his resolution ‘to exclude the Catholics from any share in the representation or the government.’ Strong expressions from the same minister who, in 1801, resigned office on finding his Royal Master refuse to concede the Roman Catholic claims! The words of the letter may, we say, have excited surprise at first sight—but at first sight only; for on examination it will be found that the principles of Mr. Pitt, on both occasions, were perfectly uniform and constant. He held, that so long as Ireland was a separate kingdom, with a parliament of its own, so long the Roman Catholics, forming a majority of the population, could not, with safety to the Established Church and Constitution, be admitted to a share—since their share would then be a large preponderance—in the representation; but that if the two nations were blended and mixed together by a legislative union, then the Roman Catholics, becoming only a minority of the population of the whole empire, might without danger be admitted to equal privileges. Such are the principles laid down by Mr. Pitt himself in the letter to the King, which is dated January 31, 1801, and which, in 1827, was first made public by Lord Kenyon.* We have no thoughts of here inflicting upon our readers any renewed discussion on the momentous question of the Roman Catholic claims; we are at present only concerned in showing that, whether Mr. Pitt's views upon this question be considered wise or unwise, salutary or pernicious, they were exactly the same in 1786 as in 1801, and were alike pursued with lofty firmness. For their sake he was equally ready in the first year to hazard popularity, and in the latter year to sacrifice power.

* See Quart. Rev. vol. xxxvi. Annual Register, 1827, vol. ii., p. 472.

We cannot leave the subject of Ireland without doing justice to the character and conduct of the Duke of Rutland.* Throughout this correspondence he appears to very great advantage, combining a frank and cordial spirit, and a delicate sense of honour, with good judgment, prudence, and vigilant attention to his duties. In reference to the very subject which we touched upon just now—the Irish Union—a prediction which he makes on the 16th of June, 1784, indicates surely no common degree of foresight and sagacity. He is speaking of the Irish volunteers:—

‘The volunteer corps were reviewed in the Phoenix Park about a fortnight since. Their numbers were much diminished from the former year, in spite of all exertions made use of to alarm and irritate; so that I am in hopes this self-appointed army may fall to the ground without the interposition of government, which would prove a most fortunate circumstance. If some such event should not have effect, the period cannot be far distant when they must be spoken to in a peremptory and decisive manner. For the existence of a government is very precarious while an armed force, independent of and unconnected with the state, for the purpose of awing the legislature into all its wild and visionary schemes, is permitted to endure. The northern newspapers take notice of an intention in some of the corps to address the French king; and which they recommend as a very proper and spirited measure. No meeting for such a *laudable* purpose has yet taken place. I can scarcely believe it, though the madness of some of these armed legislators might go to anything. Were I to indulge a distant speculation, I should say that, without an *union*, Ireland will not be connected with Great Britain in twenty years longer.’

Irish subjects are not the only ones treated in this correspondence—there are also frequent and interesting touches of English politics. We will give from Mr. Pitt's letters three extracts referring to these at three very different periods. The first when he and the Duke of Rutland were battling together in opposition, but with the prospect of power close before them; the second when Mr. Pitt, in power, had yet to struggle against an adverse and exasperated majority of the House of Commons; the third when Mr. Pitt, after appealing to the people, again met the House of Commons, and found himself as strong in parliamentary as in popular support.

The first is dated November 22, 1783:—

* We may be pardoned for recalling to our readers the amiable impression of His Grace's private life and manners derived from the Memoirs of his venerated *protégé*, Mr. Crabbe, who, on Mr. Burke's recommendation, became domestic chaplain at Belvoir Castle in 1782, and owed all his subsequent preferments to the kindness of the House of Rutland.

'We are in the midst of contest, and, I think, approaching to a crisis. The bill which Fox has brought in relative to India will be, one way or other, decisive for or against the coalition. It is, I really think, the boldest and most unconstitutional measure ever attempted, transferring at one stroke, in spite of all charters and compacts, the immense patronage and influence of the East to *Charles Fox, in or out of office*. I think it will with difficulty, if at all, find its way through our House, and can never succeed in yours. Ministry trust all on this one die, and will probably fail. They have hurried on the bill so fast that we are to have the second reading on Thursday next, *Nov. 27th*. I think we shall be strong on that day, but much stronger in the subsequent stages. If you have any member within fifty or a hundred miles of you, who cares for the constitution or the country, pray send him to the House of Commons as quick as you can. I trust you see that this bill will not easily reach the House of Lords; but I must tell you that Ministry flatter themselves with carrying it through before Christmas.'

The second is of March 23, 1784:—

'The interesting circumstances of the present moment, though they are a double reason for my writing to you, hardly leave me the time to do it. *Per tot discrimina rerum*, we are at length arrived within sight of a dissolution. The bill to continue the powers of regulating the intercourse with America to the 20th of June will pass the House of Lords to-day. That, and the Mutiny Bill, will receive the Royal Assent to-morrow, and the King will then make a short speech and dissolve the Parliament. Our calculations for the new elections are very favourable, and the spirit of the people seems still progressive in our favour. The new Parliament may meet about the 15th or 16th of May, and I hope we may so employ the interval as to have all the necessary business rapidly brought on, and make the session a short one.'

The 24th of the following May is the date of our third extract:—

'I cannot let the messenger go without congratulating you on the prospect confirmed to us by the opening of the session. Our first battle was previous to the address, on the subject of the return for Westminster. The enemy chose to put themselves on bad ground, by moving that two Members ought to have been returned, without first hearing the High-Bailiff to explain the reasons of his conduct. We beat them on this by 283 to 136. The High-Bailiff is to attend to-day, and it will depend upon the circumstances stated whether he will be ordered to proceed in the scrutiny, or immediately to make a double return, which will bring the question before a committee. In either case I have no doubt of Fox being thrown out, though in either there may be great delay, inconvenience, and expense, and the choice of the alternative is delicate. We afterwards proceeded to the address, in which nothing was objected to but the thanking the King expressly for the dissolution. Op-

position argued everything weakly, and had the appearance of a vanquished party, which appeared still more in the division, when the numbers were 288 to 114. We can have little doubt that the progress of the session will furnish throughout a happy contrast to the last. We have indeed nothing to contend with but the heat of the weather and the delicacy of some of the subjects which must be brought forward.'

We close this volume with the earnest hope that it may not be the only one of its class to come before us. Every succeeding day, as it bears us further from the era of Pitt and Fox, removes more and more of the few who yet lingered amongst us, the contemporaries and friends of those illustrious men. Only last year we saw depart the sole surviving cabinet colleague of Pitt in his first administration; only last month the devoted widow of Fox. But Time should not all destroy; and while, on the one hand, it breaks the remaining links of living affection, so, on the other hand, it should cast aside the ties of official reserve—it should unlock the most secret scrutoire—it should draw forth the most hoarded papers. The words 'private' and 'most private' on the cover need be no longer spells to restrain us. We may now, without any breach of public duty—without any wound to personal feelings—explore the hidden thoughts, the inward workings of those two great minds which stood arrayed against each other during twenty-three stormy and eventful years. We may trace them in their boyhood, and inquire whether it was in part through careful training, or all by their endowments at birth, that each of them inherited his father's gifts of genius—that rarest of all gifts to inherit from a parent—as if, according to the fine thought of Dante, the Great Giver had willed to show that it proceeds from himself alone:

'Rade volte risurge per li rami
L'umana probitate, e questo vuole
Quei che la dà, perche da lui si chiami.'

We may, perhaps, by the journal of some secretary or some trusted friend, pursue them in their country retirement, and their familiar conversation. We may walk by the side of Pitt along the avenue that he planted at Holwood, or sit with Fox beneath the wide-spreading cedar at St. Anne's. We may see the blotted notes from whence grew the elaborate oration still perused with delight; we may trace in some hasty sketch the germ of some great enactment by which we continue to be ruled. We may follow the rival statesmen in their far

divergent paths through life, until their final resting-place, under the same stately roof, and within a few paces of each other : and thus, while such stores of information as the present volume supplies come gradually to light, both Pitt and Fox will no doubt become far better known to the present generation than they could be to the great mass of those amongst whom their own life was cast.

they will hardly fail to give honour due to that scholar who set the first example in remodelling our public education, and gave a stimulus which is now acting on almost all the public schools in the country.*

On the other hand, John Wordsworth has sunk in the prime of life, exhausted by his labours ere their fruits had been given to the public. 'Non res, sed spes erat : ' but how well-grounded and sure a hope, all who know Cambridge can say. We will not add anything of our own to the following sketch from the hand of his brother, the distinguished master of Harrow School. (After the details of his childhood and boyhood, from his birth in 1805, the account proceeds :)—

'He became a Scholar of Trinity College in 1826, and a Fellow in 1830. He usually resided there till 1833, when he made a tour in France, Switzerland, and Italy. He spent a considerable time at Florence in making an accurate collation of the Medicæan MS. of Æschylus; having, before his departure from England, contributed to the Philological Museum a series of critical observations on an edition of that poet. On his return from the continent, in 1834, he was appointed a classical lecturer in his own college; and the lectures which he then delivered will be long remembered by those who heard them, for the remarkable erudition which they displayed. He spared no labour in his philological researches, and he seemed unable to satisfy himself in them before he had exhausted the subject on which he was engaged. To the pursuit of these studies he brought great vigilance of observation, singular acuteness of discrimination, a sound judgment, a tenacious memory, and unwearied industry. He employed these faculties in his intellectual inquiries, and he recorded in his papers the results of his investigations with scrupulous and elaborate accuracy. . . .

He proposed to publish not only the correspondence, but also some of the imputed works of Dr. Bentley, especially his Homer. He was employed at the same time in compiling a Classical Dictionary, which, if an opinion may be formed from the materials which he had amassed for that work, as well as from the portion which he had already executed, and from the plan which he had drawn out of the whole, would have proved a very useful and honourable monument of his indefatigable labour and comprehensive learning. But the work which, as a scholar, he most desired to execute, was an edition of Æschylus. During a period of several years he had directed his attention to that object; and if his life had been prolonged to the present time (Dec. 1841), some of the results of his industry would now, in all probability, have been before the world. For at his death, his

ART. II.—1. *Ἀεχέλου Χρησμοί. The Choëphora of Æschylus, with Notes critical, explanatory, and philological.* By the Rev. T. W. Peile, M. A., &c. London. 1840.

2. *Bibliotheca Græca, curantibus* F. Jacobs et V. C. F. Rost. *Æschyli Tragædiarum*, Vol. I. *Orestea* : Sectio 2, *Choëphora*. Edidit Dr. R. H. Klausen. Gothæ et Erfordiæ. 1835.

3. *Dissertations on the Eumenides of Æschylus; with the Greek Text and Critical Remarks.* From the German of C. O. Mueller. Cambridge. 1835.

4. *Æschyli Tragædiæ.* Recensuit et illustravit Joannes Minckwitz. Vol. I. *Eumenides.* Lipsiæ. 1838.

5. *Die Æschylische Trilogie Prometheus, u. s. w., nebst Winken ueber die Trilogie des Æschylus ueberhaupt.* Von F. G. Welcker. Darmstadt. 1824.

6. *Nachtrag zur Trilogie, u. s. w.* Von F. G. Welcker. Frankfurt a M. 1826.

We cannot resume the subject of Æschylus and his Trilogies without adverting to the losses which this branch of scholarship has sustained since the publication of our 128th Number. Most of those whom we then alluded to have been already swept from the world. Bishop Butler of Lichfield has gone to his rest, after such severe and protracted sufferings as would have paralysed a less energetic mind. He has gone, full of labours and of honours, though not of years. And yet it is to be feared that he is gone with much of his merit unappreciated. If, however, it be reasonable to suppose that the education of the higher classes, and in particular of the clergy, is at least as important as that of the poor,—and if the silent but most practical reformation which has been at work in our public schools for many years past ever attracts the notice which it deserves,—then the time will come when men will feel an interest in tracing the steps of the improvement; and

* It falls to our lot to speak of him only as the head of an important school: for his higher praise we must refer to his worthy pupil, chaplain, and friend, the Rev. R. W. Evans, in the preface to his *Bishopric of Seais*, a truly precious manual for the young clergyman.

observations on the works of that tragedian had reached such a state of maturity, that one of the plays illustrated by him will, it is hoped, ere long appear, to be followed at short intervals by others in succession. He was well conversant with the principal productions of modern literature, especially with the works of the English poets, and was a warm and judicious lover of the fine arts, particularly of painting and engraving. These intellectual endowments were based upon moral qualities of a graver kind. Serious in aspect, tall in person, thoughtful in demeanour, gentle and unobtrusive in manners, he bore in his appearance an air of earnestness. He was one of those who love much rather than many. He wished and strove for the advancement of others rather than his own; he judged no one with severity but himself. He was devotedly attached to the academic institutions to which he belonged, and entertained a dutiful and reverent affection for the Church of England, of which he was a minister, and whose service, had his life been spared, he would have adorned by his learning and his humility. He died at Trinity Lodge on the 31st day of December, 1839.*

From abroad the news of Klausen's death reached this country some time ago. Of his *Agamemnon* we formerly spoke; and we were waiting rather impatiently for the continuation of his edition. Meanwhile, he had removed from Bonn to Griefswald, an university in the extreme north of Germany, chiefly distinguished for the richness of its endowments. And he had published two comely octavos on *Æneas and the Penates*,—characters for whom we have the highest respect: yet even while we believed that the loss of time was not irretrievable, we grudged that he had digressed from what we thought so much more important.

Karl Otfried Mueller of Göttingen, though in more mature years, yet still prematurely, has also fallen a victim to his literary zeal. He had gone to Greece, to complete the researches necessary for the series of his great historical designs; and the ardour with which he applied himself to the examination of the inscriptions at Delphi under the scorching heat of a midsummer sun, produced apoplexy and immediate death; and he sleeps in his own beloved Athens, *inter silvas Academicas*.

* Preface to 'Bentley's Correspondence,' (Lond. 1841) pp. xvi.—xix.

† This admirable scholar was born at Brigg in Silesia, 1797, where his father, we believe, was the pastor. His first schoolmaster was Lotheisen; and in 1813 he went to Breslau to study under Heindorf and Schneider. From thence he removed in 1815 to Berlin, where he placed himself under Boeckh and Buttmann; and in 1817 was appointed to the Magdalenums at Breslau. In 1849 he was raised, on the recommendation of Boeckh and Haeran, to the chair of æschology at Göttingen, where he continued, except for short intervals, until the end of his life.

Næcke too is gone. Disson's death was mentioned before. But it is useless to extend the melancholy catalogue: the above names are the most connected with our present subject.

Hermann, however, still survives, standing out like some antediluvian peak among the *débris* of the deluge; and two years ago a jubilee was held at Leipzig to celebrate the fiftieth year of his doctorate, which seems pretty nearly to have coincided with that of our own distinguished countryman, Dr. Routh, president of Magdalen College. Many and various were the compliments which Germany racked its brains to pay to 'old Godfrey.' Since that time he dips his pen in a splendid silver inkstand, the offering of the printers whose presses he has kept at work for more than half a century. He smokes (eternally of course) from a pipe of the same material. He smiffs from a gold box, the present of his sovereign; and as for congratulatory addresses, odes, idyls, &c., they were of course far beyond all reading or reckoning. It seemed as though the literature of universal Germany had vied in furnishing him with a collection of polyglot pipe-lighters. The most gratifying of the presents was doubtless the King of Saxony's handsome donation to enable his son to travel; and the most honourable of the addresses was that which emanated from the *German philologists*, the incorporated *accidence, syntax*, and *prosody* of Germany, assembled (as it were in one volume) after the manner of a British Association. Ritter F. Jacobs (if we remember right) held the pen in the name of all these wise men of *Gotha*; and among the choicest flowers of classical compliment dexterously insinuated a harmless yet pointed allusion to the edition of Æschylus, which has been in the *paulo post futurum* since the last century, by quoting 'unus qui nobis *cunctando* restitues rem.' We hope that Hermann will remember that other qualities besides *cunctatio* go to the making of a Fabius, lest impatient scholars *cap* Jacobs' quotation with 'Dilator, spe longus,' &c.

It is a practical question of considerable importance to all professors, editors, and

Of the long (yet incomplete) list of his works, given in the *Revue Analytique* of M. E. Miller (to which we are indebted for the above information) the most important are:—1. *The Dorians*, 1824: translated by Messrs. Tufnell and Lewis, in 2 vols. 8vo. 2. *Prolegomena zu einer wissenschaftlichen Mythologie*, 1826. 3. *Die Etrusker*, 1836. 4. *Archæologie der Kunst*, 1830. 5. *Æschyli Eumenides*, 1833 (translated). 6. *History of Greek Literature*, written for, and published by, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, 1840, &c.

sedentary reviewers, how Hermann has been preserved to such a green and vigorous old age. We have, in consequence, made every possible inquiry, and have to report that his friends attribute it in no slight degree to his study of some of Xenophon's minor treatises, viz., *de Re Equestri* and *Magister Equitum*, if not also *de Venatione*. Many of our readers may remember a dissertation in the first volume of his *Opuscula*, '*de Verbis quibus Græci incessum equorum indicant.*' It is written not only *con scienza* but *con amore*; and we believe that he has never given up the practical study of the subject. Thus far indeed our own universities show that a vast number of our philological aspirants are adopting the same course—whether from the example of the great professor, or from an intuitive perception of the truth of the principle, we cannot pretend to say. But, if we are not misinformed, Hermann goes a step beyond them; like Achilles, whose spear could heal the wounds it inflicted, when Hermann has dirtied his horse, he can clean him again. If any of the said aspirants find in the day of trial that, notwithstanding all their devoted practice, they are 'plucked in Xenophon,' let them consider whether their failure may not be attributed to their having neglected this part of the charm.

Moreover, on this side of the channel, Mr. Peile is alive and lively:—at least the evidence of his vitality is before us in the substantial form of a second volume, announced as No. II. of the Trilogy, and therefore, we hope, surely portending No. III. We say this in all sincerity, though we are sorry to observe that he looks upon us as his enemies. But mortal men will complain of criticism. We regret that we found it necessary to say some things (they were but few) which we cannot honestly retract because they displease Mr. Peile. Our objections to his plan, and in some instances to the taste in which he had executed it, were openly and fairly stated. But we spoke of him in the terms which his distinction as a scholar deserved; as one who could rub off these excrescences, if their real nature was exhibited. And therefore we alluded to them in such a tone as seemed likely to make him see them as they were:—certainly not captiously or malignantly. And, however Mr. Peile may dislike it, it is from the above-named article that his publisher has drawn the recommendation with which he advertises Mr. Peile's *Agamemnon*. If Klausen's eccentricities had been curable by any influence of ours, we should have taken the same

course with him; but we gave up his minor faults as beyond our *medica manus*. Mr. Peile's complaint against us is, in fact, that we did not treat him as incorrigible, or not worth amendment; and to this we plead guilty.

However, he is right, and we were wrong, after all;—he *is* incorrigible! Like a true knight-errant, he will maintain most stoutly those precise points which we consider most defenceless; in some things misunderstanding and misrepresenting us; in others setting us at defiance. Now this is an act of downright rebellion, deserving of exemplary punishment. But even reviewers have their melting moods; and this is one of ours; and there is a *bonhomme* about Mr. Peile which we not only respect, but heartily like; so we shall not enter into further controversy with him—not from fear of damaging 'our knight's smart surcoat,' though he endeavours to give check to 'our knight' with his bishop: for, surcoats apart, his thinness of skin makes him less formidable as an antagonist than he would otherwise be; but because, having once for all made our protest against certain principles, it would be unedifying and uninteresting, if not unfriendly, to continue a war which must dwindle into petty criticism. He must not, therefore, think that we are insensible to the value of his labours if we express our regret at his perversity in multiplying his commentary as his text diminishes; and with the remark that he does not appear to have used Mueller's criticism on Klausen's Chœphoræ, or Hermann's *hypercriticism** on that, we shake hands with Mr. Peile, and, while we take our way, we wish him good speed on his, and all prosperity in his new sphere of usefulness at Repton.†

We have now to consider, in pursuance of our subject, the *poetry of the chorus* down to the times of the three great tragedians of Athens; for it is by this alone that we shall have a clue sufficient to guide us to a thorough understanding of *Æschylus*. This is usually traced, upon Horace's authority, simply up to Thespis. But, as Van Heusde remarks,‡ it was a matter of hoar antiquity in Horace's time; and every one knows what miserable antiquarians the Romans

* For the Germans allow *Review upon Review*, which, of course, seems to us as thoroughly false heraldry as *colour upon colour*.

† We must remark, in parting, the very creditable manner in which the volume of Mr. Peile's Chœphoræ has been brought out at the *Durham University Press*.

‡ In his *Encyclopædia*, or *Socratic School*. We quote from the German translation, having unluckily mislaid our Low Dutch spectacles.

were. He chooses rather to take us at once to Plato, who, instead of a mere chronology of facts (and this erroneous) attending its outward cultivation, gives us the more philosophical account of the history of the thing itself. Mueller has pointed out* that Horace, while he thinks that he is giving the history of tragedy, is actually describing comedy; i.e. *τραγῳδία*, not *τραγῳδία*: the very words prove it, *peruncti facibus ora*. Plato enters into the general question of *dramatic* poetry, as consisting of *imitation*—that is, *expression* or *representation*—it short, *acting*; the object being not to tell all concerning the characters (which is history), but to set them forth as really bustling about. Even epic poetry aims at this; and the poet withdraws as soon as his characters are introduced, leaving them to speak for themselves. But the introduction of a *chorus* makes a striking difference; and this is traced as early as the Homeric Hymn to Apollo, where the choir of Delian virgins is spoken of as singing, first of Apollo, then of Leto and Artemis, and, after that, the lays of men and women of old time,—skilful to put on the very voice and language of all, until each one could fancy that himself was speaking, (v. 158—164). Nay, even this is not the primitive chorus: it is the shadow of one higher still, to which we are carried onwards, where the Muses sing, and the Hours and Graces weave the dance, with Aphrodité at their head; Apollo himself, lyre in hand, ruling all their tones and movements, and delighting the heart of his parents, who look on, (v. 194—206). Such is the poetic ideal of the Greek chorus, in so far as it comprehends the bodying forth (*μίμναις*) of the deeds of the old heroic time, by the harmonious combination of all the means which the various arts of music, dancing, and poetry can furnish.

Apollo and the Muses are, according to Plato, sent down to earth to humanize the assemblies of men, and inspire them with the spirit of their own harmonies. But they have another god joined in their mission—Dionysus, the god of all exuberant impulse and excitement, of intoxication and enthusiasm—in short, the god of the Dionysia, and so of tragedy. This brings to view the peculiar vein of choral poetry which Athens furnishes. Everywhere else there were, as well as at Athens, the choirs, processions, and absurdities; but at Athens

only, and there only at the Dionysia, was *tragedy* the result. By what steps this took place we cannot now imagine. Horace mentions the novelties on which he rests the claims of Æschylus to be thought the second inventor of tragedy: but these are but the outward decorations, which make him rather a machinist and property-man than a poet.* Far greater in the reality than in these adjuncts was the space between Thespis and Æschylus; especially if we are to adopt the common opinion, that the tragedy of Thespis was merely a monologue, or succession of monologues, in the intervals between the choral hymns. But this can scarcely be correct. If it were, Thespis is no more the inventor of tragedy than Hesiod;—not nearly so much so as Homer. But there can be little doubt that there was a *dialogue* in the tragedies of Thespis. Why, indeed, the name of *ὑποκρίτης*, if there was nothing in the chorus for the actor to respond to? We may also be sure that, with Thespis, as since, one man in his time played many parts, so that he might actually *represent* a very simple plot: especially as on the Greek stage so much is done, even in later days, by messengers. Unless there was the dialogue, the distinction of *dramatic* poetry could not hold good with respect to Thespis: there could be no *action*. But if Thespis brought the chorus and the actor together by the bond of a plot in which both took part during the intervals of the hymns, he did make a great step, and his name is deservedly, though for the most part undiscerningly, honoured as the inventor of tragedy; for *an invention* it was to combine the two elements into a third whole; and of *this* Thespis was probably the author.

Yet, even granting this, let us look on Æschylus, and remember what a vast difference there is between the merit of Thespis, taken at the utmost, and his. The year in which the new invention is said to have been first brought before the public is B. C. 536. Æschylus was born eleven years later: and the boy who stared at some of the performances of Thespis might have listened in maturer years to most of the poetry of Æschylus:—nay, might, before

* 'Post hunc personæ, pallæque repertor honestæ
Æschylus, et modicis inservit pulpita tignis.
Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.'
A. P., v. 378.

* In his History of Greek Literature, to which it will be convenient to refer once for all, as a work of the highest utility. The translation, we believe, is from the pen of his friend, Mr. G. C. Lewis.

If we weigh the whole of the description, it will, we think, be evident that even the *magnum loqui* does not refer (as one at first would suspect) to his *poetry*, but simply to some of those mechanical contrivances by which the masks were made to increase the power of the voice, as the *cothurnus* did the altitude of the figure.

his death, have witnessed the exhibition of the 'Oresteia.' The relation of our own Shakspeare to the drama before him is analogous, but not equal to this!

But, in speaking of this chorus, we are treading on smothered fires; for this is one of the chosen spots for learned men to quarrel upon. The ground is narrow indeed; but men fight the better for being closely cooped up. It is admitted that the tragic chorus grew out of the dithyrambic or cyclic chorus which danced round the altar; and this consisted of fifty members. But the point at issue is no less than this,—did the tragic chorus itself consist of twelve or fifteen (these may be taken as one opinion), or of *fifty*? Startling as the difference is, it is a disputed point. Not that any one supposes the chorus of each particular tragedy to have been so numerous; but that, according to Mueller—(Hermann alleges that he borrowed it from some other scholar)—this chorus was portioned out among the four dramas of the tetralogy. This is ingenious and striking: it certainly recommends itself by furnishing a link to connect the two choruses, the cyclic and the tragic; and by the explanation which it affords of that strange blunder of a grammarian about *fifty Furies* being brought upon the stage in the 'Eumenides.' As a mere conjecture it is very tempting. But Mueller proceeds to produce arguments and evidence in support of his view: and we are bound to say that we think he has completely failed in this; his *reasons* seem futile, and his *facts* desperately uncertain. That there is room for wide speculation is clear from the fact that such a doubt can be entertained: and certainly, it may have been as Mueller has suggested; but, as certainly, from none of the reasons which he alleges. Unluckily, the comparative statements of the expenses of the several *χορηγίας* will not help us here,* as might have been hoped. It is much to be regretted that on this particular head our information is so scanty.

Nor are we satisfied by Mueller's demonstration that twelve was the choral number for the 'Agamemnon.' In the first place, his theory is not established by the admission of this number, though it falls at once to the ground if we find that there were fifteen; and, secondly, his own arguments in support of the number *twelve* seem to us

partly to prove nothing, and partly to go against him. For instance, he refers to the passages where the chorus takes part in the dialogue, arguing, very fairly, that if any one predominant number can be traced there, it will probably be connected with the number of the chorus. What then is found in the 'Agamemnon?' At v. 268, we have *seven** speeches of the chorus, consisting each of one line. Again, at v. 538, in conversation with the herald, there are *seven* similar speeches. At v. 1198, we have (if we admit, as seems necessary, Hermann's transposition) *seven* speeches, one of four lines, the rest of one each; and at v. 1242, *six*, one of four, each of the others of one line. So that upon these we are even with him. But, *en revanche*, at v. 1295, there is a speech of four lines for the coryphæus, and *seven*, of one line each, for the rest of the chorus; and at the end of the play the chorus has *seven* single trochaic lines. All this indeed does not *prove* that there are seven pairs of choreutæ, who relieved the coryphæus by taking their share in the minor parts of the dialogue: but it seems to have been anything rather than accidental, and makes such a distribution, *à priori*, the most probable of all. Is there counter-evidence, then, sufficient to rebut this presumption? Mueller cites the scene where the chorus discuss the propriety of assisting Agamemnon at the moment when his cries are heard from within; and he maintains that they resolve themselves into a counsel of twelve, one of whom puts the question, and again speaks to ratify the decision when all the rest have voted upon it. But, not to dwell on the formal pedantry of such a proceeding (which Hermann is fully justified in ridiculing), *we* find in this passage fourteen speeches; and it is somewhat more than questionable whether we should be justified in excluding the first because it is of one line only, instead of two, and in assigning the second and fourteenth to the same person, simply to make it fit the framework on which Mueller has determined to stretch it? We hold, on the contrary, that this passage remarkably coincides with those mentioned above, wherein the number *seven* (here doubled) prevailed.† As to

* A tragic chorus cost the client of Lysias 3000 drachms (about 120*l*.; see Professor Hussey's *Ancient Weights and Measures*, c. iii.); a cyclic chorus (at the lesser Panathenæa), 300: but if this proves anything, it proves too much.

* Rejecting Mueller's conjectural interpolation: which, by the bye, if admitted, would not contribute to support his argument.

† So in the *Perseæ*, v. 233, *seq.*, we find *seven* single trochaic lines; then a speech of three trochaics, followed by six commatic strains. As to six voices

the lyric portion of the play, in which the chorus and Cassandra take part, it is so complicated a question that we must again refer to Hermann, who seems to us to have effectually disposed of Mueller's theory. This is but a specimen of the controversies which have been mooted between them: but, in pity to our readers, we will not plunge deeper into the discussion. Mueller's 'Eumenides' is accessible in an English translation, though not such a good one as we could wish:* and there is an unpretending but very neat little edition, edited by Minckwitz, which may advantageously be used along with it; as the editor is a sworn follower of Hermann, and gives the sum of that part of his critique which treats of the text of the play.

But our business is not with the editors, but with the drama itself. In the structure of this it is manifest that there was a progressive change from Thespis onwards; a change much greater than that in the external adjuncts by which it was accompanied, and as it were, typified. In this view the one thing to be considered is the chorus; this was at first, as has been already seen, the whole. Afterwards it became only a part—yet still bearing a twofold character; for it was both the chorus of the god and an actor in the play. But here an utter revolution was wrought in the interval between Thespis and Æschylus; and the old saw of οἶδεν πρὸς Διόνυσον is all that antiquity has handed down to us to throw light upon it. This revolution took place in the time of Chærilus and Phrynicus, and was effected by Pratinas, who invented the *satyric* drama. It is singular that we should know so little of so great a change; one which altogether

withdrew the ludicrous element from the tragedy, and compounded with the versatile Athenians by giving one piece of the wine-god's unmixed inspirations without a drop of allaying Tiber in it. Chærilus (a. c. 523—483) was celebrated for his satyric dramas: indeed, the comic poet dates from the epoch ἐν τῇ βασιλείᾳ Χαίριλος ἐν σατύροις. Phrynicus (a. c. 511—476) wrote a tragedy on the taking of Miletus, which therefore must have been entirely without the Dionysiac element: there could be nothing πρὸς Διόνυσον here. Pratinas must therefore have introduced the satyric drama before this time; but we have no date recorded; we only know that he was a competitor of Æschylus and Chærilus in the 70th Ol. (a. c. 500—497.)

To Pratinas and his invention we must not digress, having work enough on our hands in the consideration of the effects of this invention on the character of tragedy: and, returning now to *this*, we find it, as it were, racked off the lees—completely and necessarily changed in its subjects and its tone. The chorus indeed is still there; but no longer the same chorus—no longer the representative of the festival and its god; it now appears as a body of persons connected indeed, but usually not very intimately connected (and hence the especial use of it,) with the actors in the dialogue. Tracing it for a moment onward through its later vicissitudes, it may be remarked that in Æschylus the chorus holds the key to the plot throughout. In Sophocles it has lost this, and rather seems to look on and comment: its strains have now lost the depth of meaning which Æschylus infused into them. In Euripides, *the play* has well nigh pushed the chorus from its stool altogether; and its beautiful seductive lyrics have as little connection with the piece in which they happen to be placed, as any modern song which has been forwarded to an opera-singer with a *douceur*, to be interpolated in everything which is brought out during the season. In the colloquial part the later character of the chorus is outwardly more like what it was earlier—with the same sort of mixture of shrewdness and simplicity which makes Polonius such a bore; but it is not too much to say that there is a meaning in this in the older drama, which is wanting in the new. As the chorus (in its own department) is not to give vent to the impressions or fancies of an individual or class of men, but to pour forth strains which are inspired, and are to be received as coming from the god, there ought not to be, and there is not, any peculiarity of character—anything to excite an individual in-

distinguishable in the evocation and in the concluding ode, we must confess that this is a refinement beyond our comprehension: and even granting that twelve was the number of a Greek γαρούφαλα in the heroic ages, we do not see why this should be inflicted on the Persians of the time of Æschylus, instead of their own national number *seven* (each having an attendant;) see in the book of Esther, ch. i. 14, the names of 'the seven princes of Persia and Media, which saw the king's face, and which sat the first in the kingdom;' and compare Ezra, c. vii. 14.

* We must give a couple of examples to confirm what is said above. At p. 221, Mueller quotes from Plato, 'eine ueberaus geistreiche Stelle,' which is rendered in the most patronising way, 'an exceedingly clever passage!' And at p. 249, we are referred to 'Pratinas, in the celebrated fragment on the subject of the *hyporchæsis*,' with as much confidence as if the translator had known what 'the fragment' was, or what 'the hyporchæsis' might be: the German original speaks of a '*hyporchæmatic* fragment'—that is, of course, a fragment of a *hyporchæme*: on which the following writers may be referred to—Athenæus, p. 15, D, E; 638 D—F; Lucian, de Saltat. s. 16; Ilgen de Scolis, p. 34, note 31; Schneider ad Pind. Fragm., pp. 26—28.

terest in the members of the chorus. We are intended to lose sight of them, and to receive their strains apart from all such associations: and, *consequently* (as it appears to us,) they are carefully made such persons as may be lost sight of. This divestment of character is indeed often carried to an extreme: but it has at least the effect of dissociating the solemn strains which we hear, from the human *ενοφθαί* who pour them forth.

It must always be remembered that though the chorus lost its immediate and exclusive connection with the god's service, yet tragedy did not lose its consecration. It was no mere invention of man for his own amusement, adopted and worked upon by various artists for good and evil, to be an instrument for carrying out their views upon the souls of men. It was an act—aye, the most solemn act—of their religious service. The *Sacri Vates* wrote for their own god's festival, under his inspiration; and they were, like the magnetic rings of which Plato tells us in his 'Ion,' the *conductors* from heaven to earth of a power and influence not their own: and as it was primarily to the chorus that this sacred character of tragedy attached, so with the chorus too it necessarily sank.

But if, even in its palmy days in Greece, not to say those which have followed, tragedy varied so much, how are we to pick and choose what shall be our standard of it? The best way will be, if possible, to begin with a definition. And it fortunately *is* possible, as we have one at hand, from the most approved maker, the Stagyræite himself. This, doubtless, will make all clear! Alas! nothing less! But it will do that which is next best; it will narrow the ground of our inquiry, and bring us to issue on a point. Aristotle defines tragedy to be, *μίμησις πρὶς τῶς σπουδαίας, μέγας ἐχούσης, δι' ἑλπίου καὶ φόβου περὶ τῶν τοιοῦτων παθημάτων κάθαρσις*. The question is, what does Aristotle mean? It is easy to understand that the subject-matter of tragedy is such as to strike us with feelings of pity and terror: on these feelings the poet has to work, that he may produce his effect. So far so good; but, again, what is the effect intended? 'To accomplish the purification of these and the like passions' (pity and terror). But how is tragedy, or any fictitious composition whatsoever, to effect this? In short, how are 'passions' to be 'purged,' and what becomes of them when they are so? Truly a right pithy and pertinent question; and one which it is hard to answer equally pithily. We have, however, no lack of answers. For instance, let us take Lessing,

a poet and critic of no slight eminence. He seems to think that tragedy is to convert the raw material, as it were, of these feelings into virtuous habits, by bringing their excess or defect into that mean, in which moralists place true excellence.* But here is a difficulty; for as some men labour from excess, and others from defect, it seems to follow that, if all are to be brought to the mean, this remedy must have a sort of double operation, hardly known in the *pharmacopœia*,—to be taken in all cases, and to act *homœopathically* or *allopathically*, *pro re natâ*. Again, supposing all this to be successfully achieved, the practical result would be, it would appear, to generate pure apathy in the real trials of life. And some critics have even persuaded themselves that this is the actual end to be sought for by the contemplation of ills greater than those of real human life. On the other hand, Plato (to whom there is probably a covert controversial allusion in Aristotle's definition, as there is so frequently in his writings) complains of this kind of poetry (*μυμητική*), and accuses it of watering and cherishing those passions which we ought to mortify, and make them our masters instead of our becoming theirs.†

After all, there is something which partly reconciles the two opinions. Dramatic skill is the most powerful of all agents to excite intellectually persons of a susceptible temperament. In such, undoubtedly, it stirs the passions into a violent state of emotion; and, perhaps, for the time, due self-control is lost. Here, then, these impulses or passions are turned aside from their true object, which is, to serve under proper discipline as the main-springs of action. But then, the work of fiction, having brought us into this condition, abandons us in it; nothing comes of it; and we are left to get out of our lunes as we best can, instead of being carried forward, as we ought, to something practical, under the guidance of good principle. In fact, we are placed in the unpleasant situation of having our sympathies balked and wasted on the fictitious case, without our having gained any lesson for a possible one of the same description in real life. And what must be the consequence of this? These feelings, having been once and again summoned from the depths of our soul for nothing but to show themselves and retire, refuse to come when they are called the third time. Bishop Butler tells us (in his *Analogy*) that going over the theory of virtue in one's thoughts

* Werke, vol. xiii. pp. 151-184.

† Republic, b. x. § 7, p. 606.

and drawing fine pictures of it, is so far from necessarily conducing to form a virtuous habit, that it may harden the mind in a contrary course, and make it gradually more insensible to all moral considerations. It is manifest that the mere excitement of the natural feelings by a composition which leads to nothing practical, and does nothing to modify them, will come under the same head with the 'passive impressions' of Bishop Butler. The tendency will be to blunt them; and every time that the experiment is tried, it diminishes their power of moving the mind at all, and so generates the 'passive habit' of callousness. But this is not a 'purifying' of the passions, unless in that sense of the word in which Garrick 'purified' a manuscript play from half its faults, by the expedient of blotting out every other line.

Let us, for the time, adopt the common view of what is requisite for a tragedy:—a chief character, not perfect, lest his misery should cause horror and disgust, but yet, comparatively speaking, undeserving of evil, is to be led on—if blindfold, so much the better—to the brink and over the precipice of ruin. This is the popular notion of the proper *catastrophe* of a tragedy. It must, indeed, be acknowledged that many of the Greek stage do not answer to this description, being merely *mythical plays* (with which we may compare Shakspeare's *historical plays*), or, as Herder* does not hesitate to call them, *melodramas*. But this, without doubt, is what is looked upon as the genuine tragedy. If we analyze that one which is always considered the most perfect specimen of a single Greek tragedy, the *King Œdipus* of Sophocles, we find in him a hot-tempered, jealous, spoilt-child of fortune (ἡραυρὸν παῖδα τῆς Τύχης νέμωσ' τῆς γὰρ πλῆκτα μῆρ' εἰ, v. 1080), involved in calamity; and if his evils had borne any fair proportion to his infirmities, there would have been, indeed, a satisfactory moral lesson; but, then, what would have become of the tragedy? As the case stands, though his petulance is the means of his coming to the sense of his wretchedness a little more speedily, yet it is remarkable that the catastrophe is brought about rather by his good than his bad qualities; that is to say, that it is his devotion to a praiseworthy object, which brings to light the full truth and the horror of that position, in which he has been involved by a destiny working externally and mechanically upon him. If we try to connect the plot with any moral lesson, we are led singularly astray; for

here is a culprit guilty of one thing, accused of another, and punished for a third. However awfully Destiny is developed in this play, it works only *upon*, not *through*, the human character; and therefore the human lesson is comparatively wanting. Solger, indeed (in the preface to his translation of Sophocles), maintains that this is human life in its fullest beauty, inasmuch as the Gods and Fate do not appear fighting, but they work. This is a point which we are not concerned to argue; nor shall we inquire too jealously whether Æschylus is inferior in this. But the difference of *effect* must be pointed out which exists between these two plans, in the formation of the spectator's or the student's character. And this is the true end of all poetry, of all intellectual effort whatsoever. For if beauty of any kind be the sole or highest aim of the poet, the highest beauty is not and cannot be attainable by him. Not only is poesy what Aristotle calls it, worthier and more philosophical than history; but it is, in reality, as much above philosophy as this is above history; though each, as it rises, loses itself in the other; witness the philosophy of Thucydides, and the poetry of Plato. For, how is it that they act? History takes and arranges the facts of life. To combine them, and subject them to the intellect, is the province of philosophy; and it is then that they come into the region of poetry, to be illuminated by her light from heaven. The first is the brute matter of the body; the second the animal life; the last the human soul divine. Poetry is humanity mirrored in the soul of the inspired poet. It is the highest and fullest truth, and therefore, from its very nature, of necessity the most beautiful and glorious: beautiful with a heavenly, not a sensual beauty, such as Britomart's was, when Arthegal,

'long gazing thereupon,
At last fell humbly down upon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heavenly goddess he did see.'

It must, indeed, 'charm at once and tame the heart;' charming necessarily, but at the same time unconsciously: if consciously, if as an end, if with an effort, then it may be beautiful, it may be beguiling, it may be enrapturing;—but the appeal is to the lower part of our nature; it is of earth, not of heaven. The goddess is not there; and in her substitute, fair in form, and winning in motion (perhaps even more so, as being less *severe* in beauty) as she may be, we are embracing only the earthly nymph or the cloud of air. It is the fate of Ixion; and

* Literatur und Kunst, vol. xvii. p. 207.

his wheel is always coming round and round. On these grounds our tragedy may be pronounced defective. And not tragedy alone, but any fictitious composition which *only* excites the feelings, whether in the way of ministering as a stimulant to listlessness, 'furnishing a languid mind with fantastic shows and indolent emotions,' or by thoroughly rousing and stirring up the soul through the passions,—if it then ceases from its work, and neither teaches a moral lesson nor leads to a practical result.

The greatest tragic poet of recent times, in his 'Essay on Tragic Art,' has a passage which, in great part, serves singularly to confirm our views; though it leads him (strangely, as we must think) to a conclusion very different from that which we have presumed to draw:—

'Whatever convenience there may be in having destiny to solve our perplexities, the notion of a blind subjection to it is degrading to man; and this leaves something to be wished for, even in the finest specimens of the Greek stage; for by this final appeal to destiny, while our reason demands reason, they in effect leave the perplexities absolutely unsolved. But at the highest point of the development of our moral nature this, too, is reconciled, and there is nothing any longer left to jar. Here even our quarrel with destiny is at an end, vanishing in a feeling, or rather a full consciousness, how all things are working together, providentially and propitiously, to one end. We then not only feel at one within ourselves, but are sensible of the exquisite adaptation of all the parts in one great whole; and the seeming irregularity which hurts us in the isolated case only serves as a spur to make us look, for the vindication of the particular fact, into the general law, which will turn the seeming discord into perfect harmony. *To this height Greek art never raised itself, from the deficiency of their natural religion and philosophy.**

If this be taken simply as based on an induction of most single plays (such as the *King Œdipus* before named), it is both true and very important: and with that limitation we must assent to the position that in this respect the religion and philosophy of Greece were a fetter to the poet. *Speaking as heathens*, it must be confessed that the calamities of Œdipus, and the utter want of connection between them and the parts of his character which stand in need of discipline, are not to be reconciled with a right order of things. For surely in *heathen* poetry there is an absolute necessity for poetical justice and a visible adjustment of the balance of good and evil, by the restoration of virtue and right to their privileges

in this world; though this is not called for where a religion of better promises comes in to support the soul. How bitterly this void was felt may be seen in the dreary pictures which Homer, and after him the other Greek poets, give us of all that attends the decline of life! Not to refer only to the chilling words of Achilles in the nether world,—

Μὴ δὲ μοι θάνατόν γε παραῖδα, φαίδιμ' Ὀδυσσεύ·
βουλοίμην κ' ἐκάρουρος ἰὼν θητεύμεν ἄλλω
ἀνδρὶ παρ' ἀκλήρῳ, ὃ μὴ βίοςτος πολὺς εἴη,
ἢ πᾶσι νεκτέσσι καταθήμενοις ἀνίσσειν,—

there is precisely the same spirit in the living picture of Laertes in the *Odyssey*, and in that which Achilles draws of his father Peleus in the *Iliad*. As soon as their way of life has fallen into the sere, they are, as a matter of course, set aside; and the remainder of their existence is a ghastly spectral life in death, haunting the scenes of their old pride and prowess. This is man, hanging on to earth, clinging the more closely to it as he feels it slipping from his grasp, because he knows or will know nothing beyond, which can fill its hollowness. Afterwards philosophy tried to do better things: but a miserable comforter was she; and rather exposed, by analysing, the nature of *heathen* consolations, than supplied the aching void in the weary heart.—No; Virtue's triumph and Vice's punishment must in *heathen* poetry be *visible*, or we lose that moral lesson, which to the Christian is more perfect when kept clear of all the transitory rewards and punishments of this life. Bearing on this point there are some admirable remarks of Scott (Preface to *Ivanhoe*) in answer to those who would have wished him to reward the lofty character of Rebecca with worldly prosperity:—

'A character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit; and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with or adequately rewarded by the gratification of our passions or attainment of our wishes. In a word, if a virtuous and self-denied character is dismissed with temporal wealth, greatness, &c., the reader will be apt to say, Virtue has had its reward.'

Will it then be said that this very truth, that virtue has not always its reward nor vice its punishment in this world, does away with our objection to the want of a moral lesson in the catastrophe of a *modern*, i. e. a *Christian* tragedy? We apprehend that it cannot be justly said, for two reasons. The

* Schiller, *Ueber die tragische Kunst*, Werke, vol. xxii. p. 333, seq.; 1828.

deficiency has not been the result of any alteration made to suit our different position as Christians, but has been received as handed down by the tradition of our heathen forerunners, with whom it could have no such significance. But a more important ground is, that modern tragedies are no more *Christian* than ancient ones. The religious view is never brought out:—the *religious*, at least *Christian*, virtues are not heroic:—Christian sufferings are not tragic:—the Christian character is not adorned by such bravery as the world loves, such magnanimity as the world can appreciate, or such human passion as creates a deep interest with the world. The Christian hero humbles himself, is as nothing in his own eyes, prefers all to himself. His sufferings do not raise him in human eyes. 'A spectacle' indeed he may be to men and angels; but how different a spectacle! Angels minister to him: but before men he fights with beasts. His greatness is such as men cannot see—could not comprehend or believe if they did see it.

Thus, in the light in which we stand, it is much to be feared that tragedy has a tendency to *heathenise* our minds; whereas to heathens the antique poet, when he knew his vocation, was the messenger and authoritative teacher of morality and religion, and from him the nations were fain to glean scattered fragments of the truth.

But if we place Schiller's objection side by side with the definition of Aristotle, it vanishes: it is an objection only to a description of tragedy which does not come up to the definition. We have yet to seek, and this is our next object, whether there be not something in which the idea of the ancient philosopher will be fully embodied so as to annihilate the modern poet's objection to the Greek drama. As to his assertion of the superiority of *modern* tragedy, we may content ourselves with protesting against it in passing. The present inquiry shall be strictly limited to the consideration of Greek tragedy, as in the highest sense a work of art, working on the most definite principles; and we are not without hopes of imparting to the reader something of our own conviction that Æschylus stands unrivalled as a consummate artist.

This must be done, however, not by considering single plays, which may have been, and which in many cases we know to have been only parts of a whole, but by examining the groups into which the poet formed them; for it is with the Greek drama as with the Greek sculpture, in which every torso or separate limb of a single figure bears indeed the impress of the master mind; but that mind is not rightly appre-

ciated until we study the full group of the tympanum:—nay, until the temple too be taken into consideration, and the framework of earth and sky in which it stands.

It is now necessary to go back to the period at which the Satyric Drama was established, and the ludicrous element thus removed from tragedy. It is recorded that at this time the competitors were bound to exhibit a *tetralogy*, consisting of three tragedies (a trilogy), and a satyric drama. All the details of this arrangement are quite unknown, so that it is a fair subject for speculation; and as a speculation the remark may be hazarded, that this proportion of *three to one* is a strange and startling one for the ἀποδοίνουσα to bear to the worship of Bacchus in the compact or composition made between the poetry of the drama and the *religio temporis*. It seems, *a priori*, much more probable that the tragic portion was originally looked upon as one whole, and the satyric portion as another. This view would suggest the theory of *one* tragedy in *three* acts or parts, rather than of three tragedies; and as it is not difficult to trace a progressive system of encroachment on the worship of the god by the chartered libertines of poetry, this account of the first step would help to make their gradual success more intelligible, and to explain how it happens that so little is heard of the revolution until it is found to be quietly, but fully accomplished; when the satyric drama is so far from being any longer sole possessor of the field, that it does not even share it with one corral, but is driven up as it were into a corner, struggling hard to keep one quarter of its ancient kingdom;—nay, even rudely jostled at times from this its last stronghold; as is known to have been the case in the tetralogy to which *The Alcestis* of Euripides belonged.*

To come to the plays extant,—of Æschylus

* It had often been remarked that *the Alcestis* was scarcely to be called a tragedy; and especially that Hercules sustains exactly that character in it which made him so popular in the satyric dramas; we are now enabled to say positively (from a fragment of the Didascalie) that this play stood *fourth* in a tetralogy, and consequently did duty for a *satyric* play:—δῆταρος Εὐριπίδης Κρήσεως, Ἀλκείωνι τῷ δὲ Ψωφίδος, Τηλέφῳ, Ἀλκωνίδῳ: τὸ δὲ δράμα κομικωτέρων ἔχει κατασκευήν. The other tetralogies positively known are,—

(Æschylus) Phineus, Persæ, Glaucus Potnieus, (Prometheus Περσέως).

(Æschylus) Agamemnon, Choephore, Eumenides, (Proteus)—*The Orestea*.

(Æschylus) Edoni, Bassarides, Νεανίονες, (Lycurgus)—*The Lycurgia*.

(Euripides) Medea, Philoctetes, Dictys, (Theristæ).

(Euripides) Alexander, Palamedes, Troades, (Sisyphus).

(Xenocles) (Edipus, Lycaon, Bacchæ, (Athamas). (Philocles) *The Pandionis*.

lus there is none of which it has not been conjectured that it formed part of a trilogy on some connected subject; but how closely connected and artificially worked up we cannot tell, and dare not guess; for we must confess that our mind is always thrown into an attitude of suspicion by the extreme plausibility with which Welcker plays at thimble-rig with these luckless trilogies. In every book that he publishes (and he writes unceasingly) they alter their form: the plays are never at rest, but are now here, now there, back and forwards, in and out of their respective groups; like the single eye of the mythical *Trilogy* of the Phorcides, which was transferred from one to another as it was wanted for the day; or that more anciently recorded trilogy still, which was

Πρὸςθε λίων, δειθὲν δὲ δρῶτων, μέσση δὲ χίμαιρα.

But one trilogy has come down to us entire; and this, therefore, is safe ground upon which to try conclusions.

Of Sophocles there remain no trilogies: indeed the grammarians record that he was author of the innovation of exhibiting *single plays*. This, however, can scarcely mean (as it was understood formerly) that he brought forward only one drama at one time. For we have the distinct record of his satyric plays, as well as of the trilogies and tetralogies with which his contemporaries and juniors contended against him for the prize. Now it is contrary to reason to suppose that he could have been allowed to contend with one play, against those who exhibited four; Welcker's explanation must therefore here be adopted, and *single plays* be understood simply to mean *unconnected*. Sophocles then was the author of the next step in the revolution, wherein there was no longer one story handled tragically and another embodied in a satyric play, but the three parts of the trilogy became wholly disunited, except by the external accident of their juxtaposition. This was not done, it must be inferred, by others until Sophocles had set the example; but doubtless it may be taken for granted, on the one hand, that Sophocles had written upon the old model—that is, in connected trilogies—before he arrived at sufficient eminence to make such an innovation; and, on the other, that Æschylus, before the end of his career, may have availed himself of this new licence, as he adopted other alterations which are ascribed to Sophocles. But we may rejoice that he did not entirely abandon the original law;—as we should have then been without the specimen of the trilogy which has

come down to us; since this, as formerly stated, was produced almost at the close of the poet's life. Another tetralogy of Æschylus is mentioned under one collective name, and consequently, as may be surmised, consisting of a connected plot;—and of this it may further be remarked that the satyric drama is also in union with the three tragedies. This is the *Lycurgia*; and the subject of it being taken from the Bacchic mythology, makes the introduction of the satyrs easy and natural. In the case of the Oresteia there seems to have been no such *quadruple alliance*, in spite of Schell's theory, which we formerly propounded with such gravity as we were capable of. It is true that the Oresteia is sometimes called a *tetralogy*; but this would not unnaturally happen even if *the afterpiece* was not on the same subject with the three tragedies: and the scholiast on the Raneæ of Aristophanes, who gives it this name, tells us at the same time that Aristarchus called it a *trilogy*, which the critic could not have done if the plot had extended through all the four. To illustrate this by a modern analogy;—one series of the 'Tales of my Landlord' contained 'Old Mortality' in three volumes and the 'Black Dwarf' in one. This being so, though there is no connection between the stories, there would be nothing surprising in hearing the whole *tetralogy* (so to speak) called loosely 'Old Mortality'; whereas, if the fourth volume had been a continuation of the three first, no one could have called these a *trilogy*.

The scholiast on the Birds of Aristophanes mentions a group of tragedies on the story of Pandion, a *Pandionid*, by Philocles; and among the tragedies of Euripides we find that the *Alexander*, *Palamedes*, and *Troades* were exhibited together: in which, if we may judge from the names, the plot was continuous. Here the satyric drama was the *Sisyphus*.

For the other trilogies—indeed for all the other plays which we find named—it is an easy task to divine some theme of a common plan of interest; because the few poor fragments that remain can scarcely contradict one; or, if they do, they can be lopped and cropped—a new name put upon one,—a leg cut off another,—a Taliacotian nose grafted upon a third,—until all are made to correspond in some measure to one's notions of the names intended for them; and if a first experiment is unsuccessful, it is but to shift the labels and begin again. 'Tis as easy as writing nonsense verses. But when we find that, after all this labour, the unity claimed for most of them is but a oneness of *moral*, thrice

illustrated by three unconnected stories, what inducement is there for us to go further? Such performances are not trilogies; they are *acted charades*; and if Athenian cleverness could have discovered that the *Phineus*, *Persæ*, and *Glauco* had no meaning but 'Greece triumphant over Barbary,'—they would have hooted the conundrum off the stage. How different from *this* is the unity in which the *Orestea* came, as one perfect whole, from the head of the poet!

To this we now return; and in tracing it we must start with a view of that destiny, which was doubly working for evil—in public and in private—on the family of the Pelopidæ. The drama opens upon us at the point where these two independent, but equally hostile influences converge.

In their public character the princes of 'Pelops' line' were exalted above all their contemporaries: and all made them but the more obnoxious to that jealousy of heaven—*φθονερὸν γὰρ τὸ θεῖον*—which always attended on more than mortal fortune, ready to avenge the more heavily the slightest false step of those who were so highly favoured. The taking of Troy, which was the climax of their glory, was also the crisis of their fate; for Troy too was 'divine'; Troy was a fated city, both in its glories and its sins; and the reckoning which it paid was proportionally fearful. But the reckoning *was* paid, and the victors now stood within the same danger. Raised on the ruins of the heaven-built city, her scourge could hardly fail to fall on them: all that had affronted heaven in Troy now redounded on their heads: and, besides, there was a long account of actual wickedness to settle, for violence and bloodshed in the siege, horrors and godlessness in the sack of the town. Nor was there wanting a cry to heaven against the sons of Atreus, from their own home, among their own people. All Greece had suffered the ills of the expedition, which had served only to avenge the quarrel of the one, and to enhance the renown of the other. Abroad, the flower of Greece was 'wede away'; and at home, in the absence of their lawful monarchs, the people were ground down by anarchy or tyranny.

And there were other horrors, more private, yet not less fearful. The line of Pelops was, from their very origin, under a curse, mysteriously bound up, as by a principle of compensation, with all their greatness. It is traced to the slaughter of Myrtilus in one generation: in another it bursts forth in the quarrel of Atreus and Thyestes, the incest of Thyestes with Aëropé, and

the horrible revenge of Atreus. But the revenge was incomplete: according to the eastern proverb—

'Tyrants kill

Whom they will:

But never tyrant killed his heir.'

And the youngest, an infant child, is rescued, to grow up the born enemy, the *Goël*, or (may it not be said?) the personified Erinny of the house of Atreus. It is in this capacity that he appears; and—notwithstanding the allusions of the chorus to the 'enseamed bed,' and Cassandra's revelations of the wolf stealing into the lion's lair—Ægisthus, with all his vileness, is yet but one of the instruments through which evil is punished by evil. His adultery is kept comparatively in the background. We hear nothing of the story of the guardian minstrel; how his holy strains preserved Clytæmnestra from evil; and how the faithful man was borne to a lonely island, and her fall soon followed.* Their adultery is not the one grand crime bringing all others in its train; it is only one link in the chain of horrors, one thread in the endless inextricable web (*ἄπειρον ἀμφιβληστρον*) which involves, not Agamemnon only, but them all. It is the hereditary curse which is working itself out in each generation through the evil passions of man's heart, and visiting alternately each branch of the family by the agency of the other.

And if this be so with Ægisthus, still more emphatically is it so with Clytæmnestra. Probably very few, even of those who have read the Agamemnon most carefully, are conscious of the art with which this, the more degrading portion of her wickedness, is kept out of sight; because all come to the study of Æschylus with the details of the mythology in their minds: they are admitted into the mansion of the Pelopidæ up the back-stairs by Dr. Lempriere (the scandalous chronicler of the ancients), instead of coming with the triumphal procession of Agamemnon to the palace-gates. But let us recommend to our readers to glance over the play, with the special view of remarking the extreme delicacy with which this is shaded. One or two figurative hints of the chorus, one or two oracular metaphors of Cassandra, are all that prepare us for the bold and unembarrassed language of Clytæmnestra herself, after the deed of death is done, and the load of dissimulation off her mind: by which time the special sin of her connexion with Ægisthus is, as it were, merged in the unity of her

* *Od. ii.*, 267, seq.

awful character. In fact the strongest evidence against her, until this time, is to be drawn from her extreme and anxious self-exculpations. *Metinks, the lady doth protest too much*: and her whole appearance is, as it is intended to be, that of a person talking at random to conceal her thoughts, or occasionally venting them obscurely, as if in demi-soliloquy.* And then, what an array of crimes we have, brought up against King Agamemnon, and with what skill marshalled! His very entrance, accompanied by the captive Cassandra, carries his wife back to all the infidelities of his absence, while she forsooth, poor bird, was pining in her widowed nest at home. And in truth it does remind one vividly of the *naïveté* of the Homeric King of Men, who tells us that Chryseis was no whit inferior to his wedded wife; and that, *therefore*, he naturally preferred her:

καὶ γὰρ ῥα Κλυταιμνήστρας προβέβηλα,
αὐρηιδίης ἀλόχου ἔπει οὐδ' ἔθεν ἔστι χε-
ρσίν.
οὐδέρας, οἶδ' ἔφην, οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔφην, οὔτε τι ἔργα.'

Again the *slaughter* (for in Æschylus we hear nothing of Iphigenia in *Tauris*) of his eldest child as the victim of his brother's uxoriousness and his own ambition, is, not unnaturally, much and variously dwelt upon; until at last the picture of the murdered maiden welcoming to the banks of Acheron the father who had sacrificed her (v. 1503), makes the student feel the triumph of the poet in having, for a moment, trimmed the balance between the parties; though there is nothing in the perplexity thus produced which can permanently pervert the judgment.

Again, let the Queen's inflated language, and the insidious pomp of Agamemnon's reception, be noticed. Here is no deviation from nature; rather, under her circumstances, it is the highest nature;—but the effect is, for the time, to throw a shade of caricature over all his greatness and his person. All is forced to such an excess as to provoke reaction. She has become bold in length of time to tell her love-tale in the public ear; and an invidious one it is of a disconsolate, deserted wife, weeping to hear story after story of her husband's death, until his body had been (said to be) thrice over drilled with eyelet-wounds like a net, and himself—had he been three gentlemen at once—buried thrice deep! Forgotten and woeful matron, she had done nothing but weave herself halts, and her maidens had had their time fully occupied

in cutting her down: nay, her dear Orestes had been taken from her, from some vague anticipation of his being hanged or deposed, we are not sure which. And as for tears, they must not be surprised that she sheds none; *she has none left*; the very fount of them is dry! But her eyes are sore (if this will do as well) with weeping by unsmuffed candles (so we presume to translate τὰς ἀμφὶ σὸς κλαίοντα λαμπτήρων χιλιὰς ἀταμέλητους δαίς); and the very 'buzzing night-flies' had kept her awake instead of 'hushing her to her slumbers.' But now, it is all past: Agamemnon is come! And now that he is come, what shall she say, what shall she call him? A house-dog—a cable—a pillar—an only child—a friendly shore—a fair day—a running stream! His very foot is a glorious foot, for it spurned Troy over; and it must not tread upon the earth.* All this Agamemnon takes meekly; protesting indeed against the splendour of his reception, as well as the length of her speech,—which latter he compares to the siege of Troy; but giving way at last, for the sake of a quiet life.

It may doubtless be said that this is ludicrous; so, in itself, it undoubtedly is: but how true to nature, and how wonderfully contrived to further the poet's purpose! Let us take Macbeth: if, at least, we may be forgiven for venturing, against certain modern authorities, to retain our belief that there is a family likeness between Lady Macbeth and Clytæmnestra. *She*, indeed, is more sparing of her rhetoric; but in her speech of welcome to Duncan there is the same frigid elaborateness: with both of them alike all is

'In every point twice done, and then done double.'

In the same taste is that earlier speech of Clytæmnestra, wherein the description of the courier flame, which announced the capture of Troy, is worked up with the most marvellous union of real excitement and perturbation, with cold and inflated bombast. In a modern work, which has fallen into our hands in the course of our professional labours as 'the scavengers of literature,' we have found it authoritatively remarked, that 'it is the orthodox custom of translators to render the dialogue of

* The reader can hardly have forgotten the parody on this in the *Knights* of Aristophanes (v. 763 seq.)

ἐπὶ ταῖσι πέτραις οὐ φροντίζει σκληρῶς σε καθήμενον
οὕτως,
ὅχι ὥστερ' ἐγὼ παύμενός σοι τοῦτι φέρω' ἀλλ'
ἱκανάρον,
κατὰ καθίζον μαλακῶς, ἵνα μὴ τρίβῃς τὴν ἐν Σαλαμῖνι.

* Cf. v. 349, etc.

Greek plays in blank verse; but in this instance the whole animation and rapidity of the original would be utterly lost in the stiff construction and protracted rhythm of blank verse! Alas for Shakspeare then! Alas for Æschylus, who—though the whole range of ‘rapid’ and ‘animated’ choral metres was before him—chose so unaccountably to clothe this speech in a metre adopted, as Aristotle tells us, because it was *the most proselike*, the most like common discourse, of all! Alas for the lyrical translator, who has to soften down into ‘animated and rapid’ phraseology such expressions as ‘old-womanish heather’ (*γῆρα ἱπλῆς*), ‘a huge beard of flame’ (*φλογὸς πύρον πυρῶν*), and the like, and especially that glorious description of the last beacon, *ὅτε ἔστανον Ἰδαίου πυρός*—‘which,’ to translate accurately,

‘is not un-grandfather’d by Ida’s fire!’

Are we disparaging Æschylus by showing that among the fervid thoughts of this speech there are such frigid tropes intermingled? Quite the reverse; because we believe it to be natural, *and that he knew it*, to one in Clytemnestra’s situation, to use such language instead of the gay prettiness of our modern Midas, who turns everything that he touches to—tinsel.* To estimate her character, we must compare her language before and after the deed was done. *Afterwards* there is no elaboration, no disguise, no frigidity. Every word burns,—burns with hell-fire. Public and private ills have converged on the heads of

‘Here’s a present you’ll prize: come, arise, sir, arise!’

Then sit you down softly upon her:
Since Salamis’ shock, what a shame the hard rock

Should be chafing the seat—of your Honour!’

* We cannot resist the temptation to give one more specimen of *Æschylus puppy-fed*. It is characterized as ‘one of those soft passages so rare in Æschylus, (!), nor less exquisite than rare:’—

‘Ah! soon alive, to miss and mourn,
The form beyond the ocean borne,
Shall start the lonely king!
And thought shall fill the lost one’s room,
And darkly through the palace gloom
Shall stalk a ghostly thing.’

(*I. e.*, as a note tells us, Menelaus, as lean as a ghost!)

‘Her statues meet, as round they rise,
The leaden stare of sightless eyes:
Where is their ancient beauty gone?
Why loathe his looks the breathing stone?
Alas! The foulness of disgrace
Hath swept the Venus from her face!’

With some difficulty we have discovered that this is meant to be a translation from Agam., vv. 414-419 (*πῶς δ’ ἔστανον Ἰδαίου πυρός*).

the Atrides; or rather—for the historical account of the shipwreck is ably applied to withdraw Menelaus—on the one head of Agamemnon. And she stands forth as the *Alé* within the family, as Ægisthus from without; and this, rather than their illicit love (which, in fact, flows from it), is the bond of their unhallowed union.

This forms one means by which a catastrophe is prepared. But a still more important agent is the Chorus; and this is so employed by Æschylus as to need a more careful analysis. It was not (says the fine old Platonist, Philip van Heusde) merely by the outward improvements in his art, which we learn from Horace and the archæologists, that Æschylus did his work. It was by the masterpieces of his tragedy, the deep impression which they made on the spectator, filling him now with pity, now with terror, but always with elevating emotions. And this he attained, not by action and language, but most chiefly by the influence of the chorus. The tragedian was also probably the first lyric poet of Greece; and thus by the chorus in the pauses of his dramas his aim was to work up the souls of his hearers to the pitch of the tragedy which they were hearing, and to inspire them with a capacity for the feelings which were to be called forth. It is to this chorus that we chiefly trace the higher spirit which possesses us when we study the Greek tragedy:—

‘Ille bonis faveatque, et concilietur amicis;
Et regat iratos, et amet peccare timentes:
Ille dapes laudet mense brevis, ille salubrem
Justitiam, legesque, et apertis otia portis:
Ille tegat commissas, Deosque precetur, et oret
Ut redeat miseris, abeat Fortuna superbia.’

HOR. A. P., 196, seq.

It is remarked by Schlegel, that the Greek chorus is *the idealised spectator*, giving the fair comments of man’s judgment in the abstract upon the acts or sentiments of the characters, and so, by the *impersonal* character of its moralising, gently leading the audience to do the like. But this is not a sufficient description of the chorus in Æschylus. With him it is no mere external critic upon the plot; it is the plot itself. The dialogue of the Agamemnon could be dispensed with as easily as the lyric portion of it. The chorus is no critical looker-on; it is *the poet soliloquising at his work*, and giving vent, as in involuntary strains, to the mysterious imaginations which crowd upon his soul, while he strives to embody them in their more definite, but thus less spiritual form. Without the chorus we could no more attain to the fulness of the poet’s

meaning than we could attune ourselves to the harmonies in which he clothes it. The chorus is altogether rapt out of the region of reflection. It is inspired.

It will be worth while to trace the clue of their strains through the earlier part of the play, from their entrance, summoned by Clytemnestra to hear the news of the triumph which has been telegraphed from Troy. This carries them back ten years, to the time when the Atridæ departed, shouting for vengeance on Troy, like vultures wheeling over their empty nest, 'Right sorrowfully mourning their bereaved cares.'

Well! things must be as they may; and destiny and wrath will have their course; but 'our way of life is in the sere (*φυλλώδης ἤδη καταρρομένης*), we linger on, unmeaning as a dream at mid-day.'

Yet old as they are, the spirit of song survives; and now the fated time suggests the strain,—how omens met the avengers on their way. And this was the rede of the prophet: time will come when Troy shall fall before the host; but a hostile influence darkens the future: the goddess of the wild-wood tribes is at the throne of Zeus to ask the fulfilment of the sign, prosperous in the main, yet deeply dashed with ill (*δέξια μὲν, κατήγορφα δέ*). Heaven forefend that she demand a horrid sacrifice—horrid in itself, and source of future horror, treachery, and domestic vengeance. Sing woe, sing woe, and well away! (*αἶλιον, αἶλιον εἰπέ, τὸ δ' εὖ νικάω*) . . . A weight is on their soul, and who shall relieve them? The ancient powers of heaven are gone by; only Zeus remains; and *he* has ordained that by suffering shall mortals be taught to bow beneath the rod. Thus was his hand on Agamemnon, what time the host pined away to watch day after day the reflux waters of Euripus. But the remedy was worse than all; the monarch smote the earth and cried, 'A sorry choice! It is hard to disobey! and how hard to shed a virgin daughter's blood! and yet I owe a duty to my comrades; and must they not demand it?' Then he bowed to the yoke of fate, and steeled himself to dare the worst; for in the first guilt madness lies, and hardens man to recklessness; and so he set at naught his daughter's prayer and appeals to a father's name; muffling the curses which might fall from that melodious tongue, which had so often charmed the guests of his palace-hall; for there she stood as if in act to speak, fair as some pictured form, darting her glances round in piti-
ful appeal. . . . We saw not, dare not

tell the rest; but this is sure, that prophecy will work its way, and those that *will* not learn, *shall* learn by suffering. But away with inquiries into the future. Enough that it *will* come, surely and speedily!

After hearing what the queen has to tell them of the conquest, and her rambling strain of moralising upon it, they again take up their parable, their theme being the sin of Troy and the certainty of judgment. But mark whither this leads them!

Zeus has bent his bow against the guilty. Ay, though men are found to say that the gods reckon not of evil deeds, it was his doing: he shows himself in vengeance to the sons of an overweening race. Ours be the lowlier lot which knows no ill; for there is no redemption for the high and wealthy ones who spurn the altar of right. They are driven on to inevitable ill: the light within has ceased to be of heaven, but blazes lurid forth, hurrying them downwards; and no one hears their prayer, but mischief hunts the man who for a toy, a bird of gay plumage, transgresses. And even such a bird was Helen! Lightly she glided from her home, leaving a legacy behind her, the clash of arms and the battle stir,—bearing with her a dowry, ruin to Troy. . . . And *he*, the dishonoured, the unrepublishing! Silent is he: he cannot deem her gone: her form will haunt him yet in every hall where she has reigned as queen: all else in them is a blank; for the desire of his eyes is gone, and what is loveliness to him? In dreams he snatches an empty joy, and lo the vision is gone with the slumber! . . . But private sorrows are not all. There is a cry of mourning through universal Greece. Men ask for their children, and what have they? Ashes and an urn! And when they tell of this man's courage and that man's death, there comes the murmur, that it was all for one frail wife! Far off sleep the beautiful; but whispers deepen into curses here at home,—curses which fall not to the ground; for blood will have blood; and glory overmuch is not for good, but calls heaven's lightning down. Ours be no such fortune, but rather the unenvied lot, unharmed, un-
harming!

Up to this point, at which the chorus seems to be interrupted by a shout of the citizens without, welcoming the arrival of the herald, we can clearly trace the *idea* of the drama in the lovely ode, which, for critical purposes, we have so rudely anatomized. The chorus endeavour to wake the song of triumph over Troy; but they are impressed with an undefinable though sure foreboding of evil, which always re-

turns, however they may try to shake it off; and so *offensa resultat imago*, the echo of their song comes back upon them. Every topic of triumph, by alluding to Trojan misfortunes, suggests the dangers of the Greeks. Nemesis, who waits on overmuch fortune, and overweening recklessness of right, bears heavily on those who have sacked a heaven-built city, and destroyed a sacred kingdom. There is blood crying to heaven. There is the muttered curse of those that dare not cry aloud. And there is a sure avenger for them that have no helper! And so they see but little difference between the misery of victor and vanquished, master and captive; and they pray to be delivered from both alike. These are intimations of evil to come, clear enough to him who hears or reads; naturally more clear to him than to the chorus themselves, who are possessed, rapt into futurity while they utter them; and who, when their dark hour passes, are too much mixed up with the events to rise to the pitch of their own inspiration, or judge of the fulness of their prophecy. But it must be borne in mind that, even to the hearer or reader, the warning does not stand so startlingly as we have represented it. It is all there, but invested in mystery by the art of the poet, which has been taxed to clothe the skeleton which is given above, in a wondrous form of beauty and glory.

At this conjuncture the herald enters with a thanksgiving for his safe return. He tells of the army's sufferings and triumph; but this is not all. His most important announcement is, that *the end has begun*. The storm which has been hanging over the Greeks has burst; and the shipwreck of the returning warriors is the earnest of all that the chorus has foretold. In this tempest they lose sight of Menelaus. Probably, indeed, thus much is historical; but it is not introduced here merely as an historical fact. As he does not appear again in the trilogy, some scholars conjecture that this allusion was meant to connect the trilogy with the fourth drama, the *Proteus*. But this is not necessary to explain it. It is, as has been before hinted, a sufficient reason for his disappearance, that he was one of the *two* sons of Atreus (or Pleisthenes), on whom vengeance has been accumulating; and that by his being spirited away and lost sight of, the full weight of destiny is concentrated on the one head of the devoted Agamemnon.

The return of the herald follows the signal of the beacons, and is again followed by the appearance of Agamemnon, with little more than two choral odes interven-

ing. Here is a problem for the sticklers for the unity of time. Afterwards, in the *Eumenides*, the scene shifts from Delphi to Athens, if not also from one part of Athens to another. So that the unities of time and place may equally be dispensed with. The technical canons of which one has heard so much from the French school of expositors of Hellenic art, are not binding upon Æschylus. Indeed, these so-called Greek, or rather *Gallo-Grecian*, unities are but a modern forgery, foisting upon Aristotle a doctrine of which he never dreamt, and for oneness of conception, for the living whole of creative poetry, substituting a dead, mechanical union of parts filling up an arbitrary outline:—one indeed, but one as a *volume*, not as a *work* is one. Like other falsehoods, they are built upon a truth; and that is, that unity is excellence, and consistency indispensable. Hence, the more perfectly a tragedy combined all in detail, the more *in that point* it would approach perfection. Of this excellence no one was a more consummate master than Æschylus. The whole Trilogy is a proof of this: for it is *one* in a sense in which no other dramatic poem extant can be called so. But, in the detail, all minutiae must be duly subordinated to the grand whole; and one essential point in the definition was, that the subject-matter must be of weight and importance (*επίσις πύκνως ἔχουσα*), involving therefore various interests, events, and characters, and often spreading over a considerable time, in proportion to that greatness which gives it its fitness for tragic handling. The *niceties*, therefore, which go by the name of the unities of time and place, will frequently interfere with the development of the plot, in exact proportion to its tragic grandeur:—that is, when 'the plot is a good plot,' artfully devised and complicated, there will be far more difficulty in accommodating everything to these niceties than where there is little plot or none at all. When such difficulties occur, the minor consideration should give way. In scenes of a purely domestic character, it would be comparatively easy to adhere strictly to place and punctually to time; and hence in the later comedy we usually find this done; because here the intricacies of the plot extend no further than the concerns of two neighbouring families. But it is otherwise in such dramas as we are treating of.

And here let not the real questions be mistaken: for mistaken it will be, if we are to inquire whether Æschylus leaves time enough to let the spectator or reader think that Agamemnon may have returned. This

is an absurdity. We know that we are (as the case may be) witnessing or reading a *play*, with full purpose to give ourselves up to the illusion, if it be not rudely dispelled by some awkwardness in the artist:—we dream until we are forcibly awakened. The real question then is, whether the want of unity is such as to dispel the illusion, and to bring us back to the work-day world and the *measurement* of time. If we measure the choral odes, as Sterne's critic did the soliloquy, by the stop-watch, the Agamemnon cannot stand such a test as this. But, under such circumstances, what is there that *can* stand, which will be worth standing room? Let all the sticklers for the unities lay their heads together, and whence will they exhume, or when will they manufacture, a play in which the manager's or poet's clock will keep time with the clocks at the outside of the theatre, or with the watches of the audience? There never was a play in which some scenes did not require an *indefinite* interval to elapse between them. Let this be of minutes, or hours, or days, the stop-watch critic is answered; and with reasonable beings the matter is sooner or later brought to this issue. If the poet does not carry the spectator with him so completely as to make him lose count of time, he has failed; and no observation of the unities can make up for his failure. In the matters of real life, while we stand on the earth and are acted upon by its influence, what matters it to us, practically speaking, that we are spinning along at the rate of millions of miles in a minute? Do we stand the less steadily? Does our full belief in the physical truth interfere with the impressions which we receive from our senses? And so it is that, if we are rapt into the sphere of the poet, and whirled along with him whither his orbit leads us, we can no more measure or take account of such minute points as these, than we can measure how far we have travelled through space since we sat down to our intellectual treat. We are entitled to demand that the poet shall do thus much for us: and it is sufficiently done, if there is any such interruption occupying the theatre for a time, as will serve to dissolve the continuity of the action. If, during such a pause, a new train of thought be successfully interpolated, then the laws of mind make the interval for all practical purposes an *indefinite* one.

Hence it follows that the objection touching the chorus, as having only so many lines to sing, while Agamemnon has so many leagues to sail, is a mere quibble. Modern playwrights find no difficulty in the mat-

ter:—a curtain drops, or a scene changes. This at once breaks the sequence of our ideas, and, with or without the aid of the orchestra, we are wafted over minutes or years, as the case may be. The 'chorus' or 'gros' coming in to apologize, like a showman interpreting his puppets, as we frequently find it in the Elizabethan dramatists, betrays a rude state of the art. It is true that the mystery of the sceneshifter was not so much studied by the ancients as by the moderns; but there was the entire change of performance to serve the same purpose. The chorus, with its solemn evolutions—the lyre—the song—the dance—carried the spectators at once into a new world; and if they had any feeling for what was going on, and could discharge from their minds the dialogue of the past scene, so far as to enter into that which was before them, they had at once lost count of time, sufficiently to surrender themselves to the poet, and to justify his experience by its success.

It cannot be denied that this is a hazardous enterprise; so hazardous, indeed, that whole crowds of most respectable playwrights will best consult their reputation by not trying it. But it is not the less true that one who dares not run this hazard will scarcely make good his title to the name of poet; and in cases like that one which has led us to the present digression, where the irregularity in a point of detail is directly subservient to the grouping and unity of the whole, there is nothing to defend or apologise for; but rather everything to praise, as the direct means towards an all-important excellence. But this reminds us that our digression is, in its way, a serious violation of the unities; and also that time and paper and the reader's patience will all fail us, if we go on as we have begun, doing the choral songs into prose. Nor is it necessary for our purpose; since enough has been said to show *the idea* of the chorus, which is carried on still further in the following strains: until at last, when Agamemnon has returned, and all adverse destiny seems overruled, the chorus complain wonderingly, that some mysterious influence makes their highest notes of triumph die away into a funeral strain; and pray, yet dare not hope, that their souls' prophecy may prove false.

All now is wound up to the pitch where some catastrophe is expected; and, ere it comes, we have shadowed forth in dim oracular grandeur by the swan-song of Cassandra,—who is the very impersonation of Destiny—which must give warning, or it would not be known as such; yet must

warn fruitlessly, or it would cease to be destiny. Yet still, with all this preparation, how startlingly does the apparition of Clytæmnestra and her fearless avowal come upon us! Agamemnon's death, and all connected with it, now stand out in due proportion; so balanced, indeed, that the chorus is almost at a loss to decide,—for a moment imposed upon by the sophistry of evil passions (v. 1560, seq.) until Ægisthus comes in, and his hateful presence decides them. But are matters to stay here? Can it be supposed that Clytæmnestra has really, as she endeavours to flatter herself, laid the spirit of domestic strife, and shed the last blood that is to flow? A modern plot would go no further. But the mind is revolted at this. Whatever plausibilities there were against Agamemnon are annihilated by the monstrous character of *her* crime; and the scale of Destiny is clearly turning. At this juncture there are two or three seemingly trifling incidents artfully thrown in. Ægisthus speaks of his being expelled while in his infancy, to be brought back by Justice in his manhood; and the prophecy of Cassandra and the speech of the chorus carrying us on to the return of another child, similarly spirited away. In the more modern scheme, this would all have been lost; and more than this, for the development of Clytæmnestra's character would have been lost too, unless the moral of the play had been the triumph of evil: but the Greeks had too fine a sense of harmony to end with such a discord as this; and the whole conclusion of the play supplies the links which unite it to that which follows: all is subservient to the grand design; and, wonderful as the Agamemnon is in itself, it is only to be appreciated—indeed it is only to be rightly understood—in connection with what ensues. One can scarcely read the play without being taught, by this one lesson, to confess how imperfectly those remains of antiquity can be appreciated, which have come down to us in any degree imperfect; and how much of their excellence may consist in portions which one would now scarcely miss if they were absent. Suppose that of the Orestean trilogy the Agamemnon only had been extant, as the Prometheus, or the Seven against Thebes are of their trilogies: we should still have had all the delineation of character, all the mastery over feeling and passion, all the power of language, and the essential poetry, lyric and dramatic, of the piece; in short, all the *materials* for the whole: and though we might have complained of something apparently artificial, we should probably have discovered

nothing to remind us of any want on our own parts, or to suggest that our criticisms might arise from ignorance of the poet's real design. And yet, certainly, such would be the case; the critic of the Agamemnon, as an isolated play, would undoubtedly lay his finger on those little points which are introduced to give connection to the whole trilogy, with the assurance that here was a deficiency, and the satisfaction of thinking that it was on the poet's side and not on his own.*

Whatever our expectations of a catastrophe may have been, the nature of that which takes place, and the proclamation of Clytæmnestra by herself as the Atë of the family in human shape (*φανταζόμενος δὲ γυναικὶ νεκροῦ τοῦδ' ὁ πυλαῖος ὀρίμενος ἀλαστορ*, κ. τ. λ., v. 1498,) is of such a nature that we are left full of horror and perplexity morally revolting—if this were all. The emotions are indeed stirred up; but it is to all appearance only a witch's caldron, 'Double, double, toil and trouble.' No problem in human nature is solved, nor anything done, so far, towards 'purifying the passions,' modifying, disciplining, or in any way turning them to use. So that the moral effects of the single play, as above noticed, would have been bad. But there are the links which join it to the Chœphoræ, sufficient to suggest the turn which the plot is about to take, and to satisfy us that the action is tending towards a real end. In the Chœphoræ we find the adulterous pair in full-blown outward prosperity; but the avenger is at the door—Orestes has been distinctly called to the duty of vengeance by the gods; his commission is to *slay the slayers*; and this is confirmed by Clytæmnestra's dream of evil augury. Still the same care is taken, as in the former plays, to convey, though indistinctly, an assurance that the end is not near: there are marked indications throughout that Orestes finds himself ill at ease. His whole conduct discloses it—vaguely, of course, but it does disclose it—and communicates to us his own inward apprehensions. He is, as it were, dragged into the arena, and worked up by the Chorus, by Electra, and finally by the oracular voice of the (probably) unseen Pylades, the representative of the Delphic oracle,† until he does the deed; and when it is done, he still remembers that she was his mother; his disquiet shows itself in his laboured attempts at self-justification; until finally we see that 'this way madness lies,' and

* This may suggest to us that, if we seek, we shall probably find a meaning in many things which seem to us *ἀπορίσματα* in the other plays.

† See Müller:

the dread goddesses of wrath, the Erinyes, appear. We say deliberately *appear*: for not even Hermann can persuade us that they are invisible. It is to no purpose to argue that the chorus does not see them: the question is not whether they appear to Orestes *alone* or not; but whether they *really* and externally appear to him, or are the phantoms of his crazed brain. If they *really* appear to him—that is, if they are *there* in actual, though not bodily presence, then the spectators must have cognizance of them. We appeal to the closet-scene in Hamlet, where the spectators see the apparition of the ghost, and hear his voice, while the Queen remarks—

'This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.'

Æschylus is now preparing the way for the next play, in which no one doubts their appearance; and, besides, Æschylus was a devout believer in the existence, a devout worshipper of the divinity of these Beings:—which, by the bye, gives him an incalculable advantage in these plays over Shakespeare with his witches in Macbeth. To the chorus, who, in the dialogue, are, as it were, the impersonation of *very* common sense,* and who thus see only with the natural eye, these goddesses are of course invisible. But the spectator's eye is supposed to be purged, and his ear open (*φρίν ὄμμασιν λαμπρύνεται*) to admit things unseen and unheard except to the *initiated*. And when such is supposed to be the character of the chorus, as it is in the sub-choir of Areopagites in the Eumenides, they are visible to these also. But if a ring of the populace of Attica were represented as grouped round Mars' Hill, we would venture to say that they saw nothing of the *Nameless Goddesses*.

Here ends the second regular tragedy, technically so called; and in both there has been excited interest, perplexity, and unsatisfied emotion: this has been first on one side, and then on the other; and it has accumulated in the second play; for we have now the gods taking their sides, and embroiling the fray. And the link of the appearance of the Furies brings us to the third drama, which is, strictly speaking, not a tragedy at all, according to our idea of one; but it is exactly by this peculiarity that it becomes a perfect finish to those which are so.

The victim has, at the commencement of

the third play, been chased to Delphi; but he finds there a respite; the *religio loci* overpowers his pursuers, and they fall into a slumber.* Meanwhile, under the direction of his protector Apollo, Orestes escapes to Athens, where Athena institutes the court of Mars' Hill, presiding herself, while Apollo appears in the double capacity of witness and advocate for Orestes; and avows that the deed was done at his bidding, and consequently by the authority of Zeus himself—for

οἱ πόποι' εἶπον πανταχόσιν ἐν θρίνοισι
ὅ μὴ 'κέλεσσε Ζεὺς Ὀλυνκίων πατρίη.

Thus, finally, the difficulty is solved, which must otherwise have arisen afresh on every new act of mutual vengeance. The divine law is at length expounded, the confusion of right and wrong unravelled, and the perplexity removed, which had grown out of the conflicting elements of the plot. Orestes is at last acquitted and cleansed from the stains of blood; yet not without such penance as atones for the violence done to natural feeling by his revenge. Without this penance,—without the difficulty in appeasing the Furies,—the lesson would not be perfect. But, as the case stands, the process of purification and the restoration of peace among the actors in the drama, is a type of the true *κάθαρσις καθαίρων*, which, according to the definition of Aristotle, is wrought by the trilogy, taken as a whole. In the first play the feelings are moved in pity for Agamemnon and horror of Clytemnestra; and this gives our sympathies to Orestes in the second; but yet not wholly so; for whatever were the deserts of the mother, she was *the mother* still.† Thus the emotions are stirred up in conflict, and are thrown into the highest state of commotion and ferment, so that we are further than ever from seeing the end. But the end is at hand: this very conflict and fermentation is the moving of the chaos, from which a new state of order is to be evolved. And as a just analogy is a sound and sober argument, let us take this metaphor which has come in our way, and examine it. What is the result of fermentation but to throw off impurities, and then, but not until then, to restore tranquillity; not the same, but a very different tranquillity from that turbid state of stagnation which went before? It tranquillizes, but by

* In vindicating the *personality* of the Furies, we need not shut our eyes to the moral cloaked under this allegory.

† Εἰ γὰρ δίκαιος ἔκαθ' ἑ, δίκαιος πέποιθεν, ἀλλ' ἰσως οἷχ' ἔτε σὺδ.—Aristot. Rhetor., ii. 23, 3.

* See the remarkable passage in Aristotle's Problems, xix. 43.

clarifying. And thus, to come back again to Aristotle, the passions or feelings are *purified*, that is, clarified and reconciled, and so chastened and soothed into calmness in the third play: the perplexity which man could not unravel is unravelled, and the ways of Heaven justified to man. Our pity and terror, after having been worked up into a ferment, are not left to become flat without purification (as in the King Œdipus), but are brought into a new and better state, the soul having been enlightened on those high subjects of which it might otherwise have known nothing. Thus tranquillity returns; but how different! No longer the slumber of sluggish ignorance, which is apathy; but the holy calm of high knowledge and deep faith, the *reasonable* service of a disciplined and enlightened mind. And thus the muse becomes not a mere handmaid to the excitement of morbid emotion, but a powerful agent in the formation of high moral and religious character.

It has appeared that the terms of the Aristotelic definition, as given above, do not apply to a *tragedy*, strictly so called; but that, on the other hand, they apply with remarkable exactness to the one extant specimen of the *entire group*, of which one tragedy only formed a part. The trilogy and the definition stand to each other in the relation of lock and key. And this entitles us to conclude not only that the trilogy, which, and which alone, so strikingly fulfils the conditions of the definition, is as it were an authentic example to illustrate its real meaning; but further, that this which the great critic has embodied was the strictly true theory of the tragic drama, however far dramatists may have wandered from it in practice.

Nor is it difficult to account for their wandering. For, not to rest on the scarcity of plots which would admit of such handling, and the multiplied difficulties in handling them so as that there should be one consistent whole, containing a beginning, a middle, and an end—while at the same time each of these component parts should be so organized and complete as to form a whole by itself, (which is yet a consideration of most practical and serious importance)—there are other reasons. The progress of dramatic poetry indicates a tendency to bring down the heroes from their stilts, to reduce their tumid bulk (as Euripides is ludicrously made to say in the 'Frogs'), by vegetable diet and antiphlogistic treatment—to prune and fine down everything to the standard of life. And closely connected with this tendency (lying

indeed, perhaps, at the root of it) is a disinclination to look so deep into the causes and secret springs of events, as is necessary for an elaborate and complicated plot; for in the observation of contemporary events these are in general not traceable; whereas the study of character lies more on the surface, and consequently becomes popular. The depth of Æschylus' plots, the intensity of mind demanded by him of his hearers, was fitted for those who fought at Marathon: but to *young Athens*, a generation of punier thewes and sinews, and enervated by an education in the schools of the Sophists, it was oppressive. As the American Indians would say, *his medicine was too great for them*. They could with difficulty swallow his words; far less could they embrace the whole scope of his design;—only they had a faint vision of its meaning, and a suspicion that it was *aristocratic*; a cry, we know, nearly as dangerous at Athens as in revolutionary France. Later poets took the hint, and as Athens would not become heroic, they yielded to the jealousy of their day (*δημοκρατικὸν αὐτ' ἔδραον*) and dwarfed and stunted their conceptions to meet it: content to hold a mirror up to nature, and reflect men as they were seen and could be understood, rather than to draw the curtain from before the wizard's glass, and body forth forms of beauty and power which had no prototype among the lookers-on. In those dramas in which

ἡ γυνή τε μοι, καὶ δόλος οὐδὲν ἔσται,
καὶ δαυπάνης, καὶ παρθένος, καὶ γράβης

all availed themselves of the full Athenian liberty of speech, there must have been a necessary tendency to reduce the tone of the man to that of the slave, the girl, and the old woman;* just as, when four horses draw one carriage, the speed of the slowest must regulate the team.

In short, the scheme of the trilogy was too gigantic—too Æschylean—to continue popular: it taxed the powers of the poet too heavily; and it ensured him too ungrateful a return for his labour. But in the treatment of Æschylus—like the bow of Ulysses in the hand of its rightful lord—we see what it could be, and was. With the Oresteian trilogy before us we can form an idea, not insufficient, of the capabilities of the Greek tragedy. Are we then to conclude that the poet who conceived and executed this work, left it as a solitary

* Of course it may be objected, that this is an argument only from the exaggerations and falsehoods of the old comedy: but the old comedy was a lie with a great truth at the bottom of it: and we are not ashamed to say that we place full confidence in the general likeness, the *character*, as preserved in the *caricature* of Aristophanes.

specimen of his skill, as, if by way of empty challenge to his rivals?

Μὴ τεχνήσμενος μὲδ' ἄλλο τι τεχνήσαιο,
ὅς κείνων τελευτῶνα ἐξ ἐγχαίρειτο τίχηρ'.

The supposition is in itself all but inadmissible; and it is fully refuted, if by nothing else, by the record of the *Lycurgia*. But we have no time to go beyond the extant plays: among them, however, it will be well, by way of conclusion to our investigation, to inquire whether we detect any traces of connection with others which are lost. The *Persians* we give up in despair, for reasons formerly mentioned. But the *Danaides* (Fragm. 37, 38, 39, Dind.) may be reasonably reckoned as belonging to the *Suppliants*: and as one of the fragments quotes some words from a hymeneal chant, and another sets forth the universal sway of love, it may be concluded that the subject was their fatal marriage with the sons of Ægyptus, and the splendid falsehood of Hypermnestra; and that it was probably wound up by Aphrodité vindicating her. This would make it the concluding play: and as we have no account of any *ilogies*, or pairs of tragedies connected together, with a third at large by way of outrigger (like the *επιπλοῖς* *ἱππῶν*; in the ancient chariots,) it is not an improbable conjecture that the *Egyptians*, of which nothing but the name remains, made up the trilogy: but whether the *Egyptians* or the *Suppliants* came first, it is not for us to say: we leave this point to be settled by Welcker, who has written two books on these subjects, and advocated both sides;* only remarking that Hermann and Gruppe place the *Suppliants* first.

As to the *Seven against Thebes*, doctors do agree with an unanimity which is quite wonderful, that it is the second play of a connected trilogy; arguing from the *hooks and eyes* in it, the references to things which have gone before, and the preparation for something to come after. Of the former description is the reference by Eteocles to his ominous dream about the division of the heritage (v. 710 *seq.*) which would, probably, have been more explicit if it had not been mentioned before; to which Hermann adds (vv. 571–575) the abuse heaped upon Tydeus, which contains so many particular allusions that it must refer to something also before mentioned. Of the latter, we have the prohibition to bury the corpse of Polynices, at the

end of the play, and the announcement by Antigone and the semi-chorus which takes her part, of their determination to bury it. Again, Hermann remarks that, in the *Seven*, only Eteocles and Polynices are dead, and the city, so far, safe: so that the event, with the fate of the six remaining chiefs, is yet to be told: and this latter point, according to Plutarch, was the subject of the *Eleusinians* (Fragm. 48), which he (and upon second thoughts Welcker also) places third in his trilogy: but here we suffer from the *embarras des richesses*: here are two separate plots furnished us for the third play, which are undoubtedly incompatible with each other. Let any one read over *The Antigone* of Sophocles, and *The Suppliants* of Euripides—for these, making allowance for difference of handling, furnish the two plots in question—and judge whether it would be possible to combine, in one Greek tragedy, the burial of Polynices and its results at *Thebes*, and the obsequies of the allied chiefs at *Eleusis*. Doubtless either one or the other plot *might have* formed a sequel to that of the *Seven*; but the subject of the *Seven* is actually so handled as to exclude any sequel which does not strictly pertain to the family of Œdipus: the farewell speeches at the end of this play cannot be reconciled with the supposition that the next is to turn on the fortunes of the *Six Chiefs*, or anything except the burial of Polynices.

Lastly, we come to the *Prometheus*; and, looking at Dindorf's edition, we find the *Prometheus Bound* extant, and the names and fragments of a *Prometheus Freed*, and a *Prometheus πυρφόρος* (*fire-bringer*), or *πυρακτής* (*fire-lighter*). A satyric play, called *Prometheus πυρακτής*, belonged to the same tetralogy with the *Persians*; so that we have no right to take this into consideration: to this must be referred Fragn. 175, where the making of a torch is described, and 176, wherein a satyr, ignorant as yet of the properties of fire, is represented as in danger of singeing his beard by embracing it. But, if we examine the authorities, we shall not find that the editor is at all justified in identifying the *πυρφόρος* with the *πυρακτής*. The names are both mentioned by different authors and different fragments quoted from them—of which those which are referred to the *πυρακτής* have a decidedly satyric complexion, which cannot be said of anything that we know of the *πυρφόρος*. But, says Dindorf, 'Πυρακτής parum aptum Prometheus nomen: aptissimum πυρφόρος.' What? was there nothing in connection with Prometheus of the na-

* Die Æschyl. Trilogie, p. 390; Die Griechischen Tragödien, vol. i., p. 48. Hermann, Opusc. vol. ii., p. 319, *seq.*; Gruppe, Ariadne, p. 79, *seq.*

ture of a *πυραϊά*?* Have we never heard of a Feast of Lamps, a torch-race in honour of Prometheus, as god of fire and the arts therewith connected, in conjunction with Hephaestus and Athena?† This name is assuredly not at variance with the worship of Prometheus—not with the old Attic national religion—not, finally, with the fragment which describes the making of an oakum torch. But it is wholly at variance with the other name:—for the *πυρφόρος θεός*, *Τίταν Προμηθεύς*, was and could be none else than the Giver of Fire; and little as we know of this play, the fragment which Gellius quotes, with the remark that it was almost word for word the same with a passage in the Ivo of Euripides, may therefore fairly be presumed to be tragic (Fragm. 174). To the same play we may probably refer Fragment 362, which alludes to Pandora. But it is at least questionable whether Fragment 289, which expresses some one's dread of dying a silly night-moth's death, should not rather be connected with Fragment 176, as belonging to the *πυραϊά*.

Enough has been said to disprove the supposed identity between the two. And if there ever was a case in which it was justifiable to assume positively the existence of a connected trilogy, where only one play is extant, it is this—where the three names, *The Fire-Bringer*, *The Bound*, and *The Freed*, combine to tell the whole tale of the Titan's fortunes, as we have them narrated in the mythological writers. The names themselves are sufficient to show (as soon as we have rid ourselves of the fancy that *The Fire-Bringer* was a satyric play) that they form a harmonious whole; the theme of the first being the theft of fire by Prometheus; that of the second the living death to which he was doomed; and the third representing his reconciliation with Zeus, and his liberation.

The chorus of the extant play (v. 555) say that now in his misfortunes they have

* Cf. Eur. Phœn., v. 1121.

—δεξιὰ δὲ λαμπάδα

Τίταν Προμηθεύς ἔφερον, ὡς πρῶτων πόλιν.

Sophocles wrote a tragedy, called Nauplius *πυραϊά*, of which the plot was, that Nauplius, during the storm which the Greeks encountered on the southern coast of Eubœa, revenged the death of his son Palamedes by lighting torches as signals to draw their vessels on the fatal headland of Caphareus. Senec., *Agam.* 566,—

‘Clarum manu

Lumen nefandâ vertice e summo effereus,

In saxa duxit perfidâ classem face.’

Hygin. cxvii. ‘Tanquam auxilium eis afferret, facem ardentem eo loco extulit, quo saxa acuta, et locus periculosissimus erat.’—See *Griechische Tragödien*, i. p. 181, seq.

† See Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of Antiquities*, Art. *Δαφνιδρόπη*.

quite another strain to sing from that which they once sang in honour of his nuptials with their sister Hesione. This seems to make it certain that the same ocean nymphs formed the chorus in the first and second plays, and that the first contained—and, if so, probably ended with—his marriage to Hesione. And again, the whole plot of the extant play implies that the noble theft of fire was the subject of the foregoing one. Indeed, under any other supposition we shall be at a loss to explain the slight way in which this is mentioned, and assumed as known, in the second play. The gift of fire was emphatically *the* merit (or demerit) of Prometheus; by the ancients all the arts are traced to the possession of this *πάνταχρον πῦρ*; yet there is not much stress laid upon it, and very little description given of it. All this points to a former play, in which the subject has been more elaborately treated and prominently set forth—whereas less notice, it may be, had been taken of the other secondary gifts which are detailed along with that of fire in the Prometheus Bound.

We will now conclude with a brief analysis of *the argument* for the trilogy, which Welcker has drawn out from these and other data, in the work called ‘*The Trilogy Prometheus*,’ named fifth at the head of this article; of course without pledging ourselves to all his details (some of which he has indeed since recanted), but certainly considering it an able, and, in its most important features, a highly probable piece of constructive criticism.

The first play, according to this theory, opens at the very forge of Hephaestus, the Lemnian volcano Moschylus; from whence Prometheus steals the spark, and afterwards parleys with the fire-god on the tyranny of Zeus, the state of the human race, the arts *in esse* and *in posse*, and, in short, things in general; while

‘the smith stands with his hammer, thus,
The while his iron does on the anvil cool,
Swallowing’

the speculations of the crafty Titan, who, after having thus gained his object, returns to solemnise his nuptials; and with this pageant the first play, *Prometheus, the Fire-Bringer*, concludes—so as to form the highest contrast with his position at the opening of the second, or *Prometheus Bound*.

If we are persuaded to believe that this second refers us back to such a first play as has been sketched out, it carries us forward with far more certainty to the third, *Prometheus Freed*. The coming events have

so thrown their shadows before that there is no mistaking them. Prometheus has registered his vow to keep the fateful secret of which he is the depository, until he is set at liberty. Again, the introduction of Io has elicited the prophecy (v. 871), that one of her descendants shall release him. We are to suppose, then, that after a long series of years (thirty thousand, according to Schol. Prom. V., v. 94), Prometheus is brought back from Tartarus, with the eagle preying on his liver. Time and suffering have now bowed the Titan's heart; while his constancy has wearied out the inveteracy of his tormentor. All, therefore, is ripe for a compromise. Hercules appears to shoot the eagle. The Titans are present in full chorus to console their brother. Prometheus and Hercules hold high converse, during which the wanderings and labours of the hero (as those of Io in the extant play) are prophesied. Chiron, who, though immortal, had been incurably wounded by one of the poisoned arrows of Hercules, offers to satisfy Destiny by surrendering his helpless eternity of suffering, and becoming the substitute of Prometheus in the nether world. Zeus sets Prometheus at liberty, on the condition (for he, too, had sworn an oath) that he always wears, as nominal bonds and symbols of captivity, a wreath of the *agnus castus*,* and an iron ring made from the metal of his fetters. The secret is then revealed, that a son more mighty than his father is to be born of Thetis, whom Zeus is at that time wooing. On this she is condemned to marry Peleus; and at their nuptial feast, where all the gods are present, Prometheus sits, the reconciled friend and honoured guest of Zeus,

‘Extenuata gerens veteris vestigia pœnæ,
Quam quondam, silici restrictus membra
catenâ,
Persolvit, pendens e verticibus præruptis.†

ART. III.—*The Coltness Collections, M. DC. VIII.—M.DCCC.XL. ; Printed for the Maitland Club. Edinburgh. 4to. 1842. pp. 437.*

THE example of the Bannatyne Club, instituted at Edinburgh in 1823 for the print-

* Æschyl. Fragm., 219.

Τὸ δὲ ξῖνος γε στίφανος, ἀρχαῖον στίφος,
δεσπῶν ἀριστος, ἐκ Προμηθεὺς λόγου,

as must be read for λόγου, according to the certain correction of Heyne: compare Fragm. 193, and Athenæus, pp. 671, seq.

† Catullus, Epithalamium, Pelei et Thetidis (lxiv. 296).

ing of MSS. illustrative of Scottish history and antiquities, was followed speedily by some gentlemen of Glasgow and the neighbouring counties, who formed the Maitland Club on an exactly similar scale of expense, but undertook especially the preservation of documents connected with their own part of the country. These two clubs print their books in the same shape—handsome quartos; and they have from the beginning acted on the principle of submitting to each other a specimen of every work about to be sent to the press, and allowing additional copies to be thrown off for the members of the sister association, if these desire to have them. Each club has now put forth several scores of volumes; and though we are far from thinking that all the MSS. patronised by either deserved to be printed at length, or even in abridgment, there is no doubt that out of their two collections a highly curious library of Scottish antiquarian miscellanies may already be arranged on the shelves of any judicious subscriber. Their influence was soon felt on this side of the Tweed; and both here in London, and in several of the English counties, institutions of much the same character have met with ready support. As far as we know, the Southern clubs of recent origin affect less of luxury in the style of their imprints. The *Camden*, for example, produces quartos of much smaller size, and gives more matter (and good matter too) at a far less annual cost. And the *Grainger*, whose peculiar object is the engraving of historical and family portraits (with brief biographical accompaniments), deserves to be more particularly recommended for the extreme moderation of its demands on the purses of its members. We are of opinion that the Scotch clubs ought to have adopted from the first the plan of a double series of books—presenting works of general importance in one form, and things of inferior or more limited interest in another. By and bye, if they continue to go on and prosper, the accumulation of these bulky quartos will become alarming, even in a good-sized country house.

It is to be observed, that, though the annual subscription even for these Scotch clubs is not heavy, they seem to expect that every member shall sooner or later print some one book at his own expense, and present it to the Society. The slenderest volume thus given in either of these collections could not have been printed for less than 50*l*. The majority must have cost 100*l*. each at the least; and not a few have been produced at a much higher expense. The Duke of Buccleuch, for example, pre-

sented, as his contribution to the Bannatyne, the large and valuable Chartulary of Melrose, at a cost of more than a thousand guineas to himself; and the Earl of Glasgow, not contented with printing the Chartulary of Paisley at about the same rate for the Maitland, is at this moment conducting through the press the MSS. *Analecta* of Wodrow (the ecclesiastical historian) in a series of four or five quartos, the aggregate expenses of which cannot come short of another 1000%. It is no wonder that such munificence should be imitated, according to private gentlemen's more moderate resources; and if the result is that among these already numerous volumes we find a considerable proportion to consist of documents which neither club might have been likely to print as a club, but which were recommended to individual care by feelings of family pride or tenderness, we are not among those who complain of that result.

The 'Coltness Collections' form a volume of the class now alluded to. It is edited by Mr. Dennieston, of Dennieston, a gentleman connected by marriage with the family of Stewart of Coltness, in Lanarkshire, now extinct in the male line.

The contents are miscellaneous enough, as may be guessed from the dates on the title-page; but taken together they seem to us to form a singularly curious specimen of family history. Indeed we doubt if there be a book of the kind that throws more light on the details of Scottish life in past time—we should hardly except the 'Memorie of the Somervilles'—and we know of none by half so striking for its illustration of the changes that have taken place in the economical and social condition of Scotland since the period of the Union.

The first article in the miscellany is a fragment of a regular 'Genealogy' of this branch of the Stewarts, drawn up by a Sir Archibald Stewart, who died in 1773 at the age of ninety, and appears to have had for materials a vast variety of ancient family papers, among others a detailed 'Narrative' penned by an ancestor who died in 1608—of which 'Narrative' the original MS. has not been discovered. Mr. Dennieston gives only the latter chapters of Sir Archibald's genealogical performance; alleging for the omission of the earlier part a reason which we humbly think ought not to have had much weight at this time of day—namely, that the 'Narrative' from which Sir Archibald drew with unquestioning faith, had sundry statements as to the primeval splendour of the tree, which would not bear the cross-examining of

modern peerage-lawyers. We venture to say that, however slow to admit any statements from such a source as evidences of fact in the tracing of a remote pedigree, every intelligent peerage-lawyer would have been delighted to have as much as could have been afforded from either Sir Archibald's or his great-grandfather's papers—and would have studied such relics, however abounding in dreamy flatteries, without the least disposition to judge harshly of the penman. Men of the calibre of Mr. Riddell, or Sir F. Palgrave, or Sir Harris Nicolas, have not dimmed their eyes over

' . . . all such reading as was never read,'

without learning to smile gently and charitably upon the unconscious exaggerations and romantic embellishments of such worthy persons as were here in question. They know that the seemingly wildest stories found in such repositories had grown into shape by slow degrees among good, simple, sequestered people, whose historical and geographical attainments were scanty, and full of all manner of confusion; who had not the least idea of applying critical acumen to any subject with which no immediate issue as to pounds, shillings, and pence was connected; who were probably shrewd and practical enough as to the narrow path of their direct personal interests in the world—but knew too little of anything besides that, to be able to keep reason and imagination each to its proper working—for whom all beyond their own hard beat was an intellectual desert, the natural soil of the *mirage*. Moreover, it is not now the fashionable canon that, because a tradition contains in it some palpable absurdity, it cannot contain anything worthy of attention even as to matter of fact. However dates and names may be perplexed and transmuted, there is very often reality in the outline of the transactions; and finally, even when the transaction can be proved to be quite fabulous, we must remember that the story was believed; wherefore the circumstances of it must be framed upon actual manners, and the imaginary motives and impulses such as found a ready response among existing men. As our philosophical poet says of the Roman legends dissipated in the laboratory of Niebuhr:

' Complacent fictions were they; yet the same
Involved a history of no doubtful sense,
History that proves by inward evidence
From what a precious source of truth it came.
Ne'er could the boldest eulogist have dared

Such deeds to paint, such characters to frame,
But for coeval sympathy prepared
To greet with instant faith their loftiest claim.*

It seems to us extremely doubtful whether the 'Memorie of the Somervilles' could bear close sifting as to many of its 'facts,' but its details of manners are hardly on that account less valuable than Pitscottie's. We are sorry, therefore, that the present editor shrunk from printing this family story entire as he found it. The chapters omitted belong, however, to the Stewarts of Alertoun (or Alanton) before the knightly branch of Coltness sprung from their tree; and of that branch we have here a sufficiently full account.

Before we come to it we must give a single extract as to the parent stem. The genealogist, treating of Sir Walter Stewart of Alertoun, the elder brother of the first laird of Coltness, mentions that he had a fifth son, who 'in his younger years was called the Captain of Alertoun,' from this incident, viz. :

'Oliver Cromwell, Captain-General of the English sectarian army, after taking Edinburgh Castle, was making a progress through the west of Scotland, and came down towards the river Clyde, near Lanrick, and was on his march back against King Charles II.'s army, then with the King at Stirling; and, being informed of a near way through Aughtermuir, came with some general officers to reconaite, and had a guide along. Sir Walter, being a royalist and covenantant, had absconded. As he passed, he called in at Alertoun for a further guide, but no men were to be found, save one valetudinary gentleman, Sir Walter's son. He found the road not practicable for carriages, and upon his return he called in at Sir Walter's house. There was none to entertain them but the lady and children, and her sickly son. The good woman was as much for the King and Royall family as her husband, yet offered the general the civilities of her house, and a glace of canary was presented. The general observed the formes of these times (I have it from good authority), and he asked a blessing in a long pathetick grace before the cupe went round; he drunk his good wishes for the family, and asked for Sir Walter, and was pleased to say his mother was a Stewart's daughter, and he had a relation to the name. All passed easy, and our James, being a lad of ten years, came so near as to handle the hilt of one of the swords, upon which Oliver stroked his head, saying, "You are my little captain;" and this was all the commission our Captain of Alertoun ever had. The general called for some of his own wines for himself and other officers, and would have the lady try his wine, and was so human, when he saw the young gentleman maiger and indisposed, he said,

changing the climate might do good, and the south of France, Montpellier, was the place. Amidst all this humanity and politeness, he omitted not in person to return thanks to God in a pointed grace after his repast, and after this hasted on his return to joyn the army. The lady had been a strenuous royalist, and her [eldest] son a captain in command at Dunbar: yet, upon this interview with the general, she abated much of her zeall. She said she was sure Cromwell was one who feared God, and had that fear in him, and the true interests of religion at heart. A story of this kind is no idle digression; it has some small connection with the family concerns, and shows some little of the genius of these distracted times. Our James, the captain, grew up a sagacious, prudent, country gentleman, not of much acquired polishing.'—pp. 9, 10.

There is also a sketch of another of old Alertoun's sons which we must quote for the queer insight it affords:—

'Robert, the youngest, was of a strange mixture of mind, had frequently a diabolick amania, would for days curse and blaspheme, and have returns of deep remorse and prayer, and then seemed to incline to what was best. He had intelligence of all that passed in the country, and was naturally satiric to every one he stumbled on, saying bitter things, and was excessively pleased with his own sarcasms. He scarce spoke intelligibly but to such as were acquainted with his dialect. He was a great frequenter of *Knowslyde** *preachings*, (so he called field conventicles), and was much disgusted at his mother's brother for accepting a bishoprick; and when the Bishop of Galloway was praying in Alerton's family, that God would heal the rents and divisions in the church, Robert called out thrise in the tyme of prayer audibly, "Wayt th'self, auntie's Bille,† the Bish'p!" He meant all the episcopall clargie by the Bishop, and it went into a proverb when any one did wrong, contrair to light and knowledge. He lived till after King William's death, and was a strong Revolution man, and upon Queen Anne's accession grumbled much. His course expression was—"Hussy King! no God's will a Hussy King!" and mocked extremely at it. He had a sagacious wise face and look, but had ane universall palsy. His sinows shrunk, and his body gradually contracted; and when I first saw him, about fifty, he walked with staffs; in his older age he lost the use of his limbs, and carried himself about by the strength of his armes. I give his character more fully, because it affected me much to see the various schemes pass in his mind, and there was somewhat more singular in the clouds, and the seren intervalls in his temper, than in any human creature ever I knew; and if ever there was in our time what we call a possession by devils, there was at times a legion in this man. He expressed himself sensible thereof at times, and said the devil was running away with his heart, when the

* Wordsworth's 'Poems, chiefly of Early and Late Years.' 1842. p. 116.

* Knoll-side.

† "Blame thyself, aunt's brother, the Bishop."

fit seased him, and in his penitancy charged al these blasphemies to the evil feind. At times he was in a high flow of spirits, and in his mirth had much the air of his cusin-german, the great and wise Sir James Stewart, Lord Advocate; and David Earle of Glasgow, his nephew, had much of his look and likeness. He was a great smoker of tobacco, and in his frensies would promise to smoke a pipe at the devil's fyersyde, and seemed to converse with him under kind epithets: but of this more than enough.—pp. 11, 12.

But it is time to take up the chapter in which the author introduces directly the founder of his own branch, James Stewart; and here he gives many particulars which the student of old manners and habits will consider curious and instructive. James, he says, 'was a promising genious, and soon put to his apprenticeship with a marchant in E.Jinburgh,' whose favour he gained by steady attention and 'a winning behaviour.' When his time was up he established himself 'in the marchant-factor and banker way;' and had he 'only minded the private affairs in his employment, and not by little and little been dragged into high spheres of politicks in Church and State,' his descendant doubts not that he must have become

'immensely rich. . . . But his generous principles did not incline to graspe at wealth, but rather to be useful, benevolent, and beneficent. The patriarchal characteristick has alwise much of the benevolent patriot or hero in it, and Providence has for ordinary distinguished by some eminence of genious such as are to be, as it were, the root of nations, or more eminent families, and even small families have this in proportion. *In otio et negotio probus*. Thus probity and benevolence were the shining characteristicks of Sir James, the first of Coltness: in these he excelled, and was a true Christian hero.

'Entering into the marriage state was earely Sir James his cair. Wedlock is a more solemn concerning caise than most men imagine; the contexture of all economical blessings arises out of a wise choise. Here our young banker did not sett himself to court what is called a fortune, nor a distinguished beauty; a helpmate for him was his devout wish, a companion he might be assured of, in good or bad condition. And such was Anna Hope, daughter of Hendry Hope, and Katherine Galbreath, a daughter of Galbraith of Kilcroich; and Katherine's mother was a daughter of Provost Little. The Hopes are of French extraction, from Picardy: it is said they were originally Houblon, and had their name from the plant, and not from *esperance*, the virtue in the mind. The first that came over was a domestick of Magdelene of France, Queen to King James V., and of him are descended all the eminent families of Hopes. This John Hope sett up as marchant of Edin-

burgh, and his son, by Bessie or Elisabeth Cumming, is marked as a member of our first Protestant Generall Assemblée, anno 1560. This gentleman, in way of his business, went to France to purchase velvets, silk, gold and silver laces, &c., and at Paris married one Jagish or Jacoline de Tot, and of this marriage was Hendry Hope, father to Anna; though this Hendry, the elder brother, had no sons, yet his younger brother, Lord Advocate Sir Thomas Hope's family spread in many beautiful male branches. This is our family tradition of the Hopes, however fictitious genealogies may be invented to flatter a noble overgrown rich family, as is now Earl Hopton's.

'Thus was Anna Hope descended from creditable, substantiall bugar families; it was not her being niece to Thomas Hope was the motive induced the marriage, but her intrinsick virtue, with her prudence to conduct a family, and their loves were mutuall and recipocall. A trifling story may illustrate this, and that plain downright ingenuity of these times. I have heard that James Stewart, when exercising his agility near where Heriot's Hospitl was then building, and in jumping across a draw well, now the covert well in the middle of the square, (his mistress was by accident walking at some little distance), in this youthful frolick, his hat struck on the pully of the well and dropt into the pitt; he escaped, as was said, a great danger, and Anna, hearing of this accident, in surprise fainted away. They made some innocent mirth after, and she was by this discovered to be James Stewart's sweetheart; by this name a mistress was then called.

'At this time he was one-and-twenty, and she about a year younger. They were wedded in about a year after, and his mother's brother, James first Lord Carmichel, the Lord Treasurour-depute, on his part, and Sir Thomas Hope, Lord Advocate, for her, takes burthen on him for the conditions on his niece's parte, for Anna's father was now sometime dead. It were needless to narrate articles and conditions in this contract;—it is not the largest provisions at first outsett that makes the happiest marriages or the richest testaments. Both were in the marchant way, he in the marchant-factor and exchange business, and she following a branch of her father's traffick in the retealing shop trade, which she prosecute thereafter to good account, and had her distinct branch of business in accurate account and method, for she purchased these shops in Luckenbooths that had been in her father's, grandfather's, and great-grandfather's possession as tennants, and a chamber over them; and she left at death to her husband and family 36,000 merks, thus acquired by her industry, enduring the sixteen or eighteen years the marriage subsisted. She made few demands for family expenses, but answered most of these from her profites in her own way. "Many daughters have done virtuously, (as in the Hebrews), and gott riches, but thou excellest all."

'The offspring of such perfect love and industry must needs resemble their parefts, and have a happy turne. She brought her husband seven sons and one daughter, youngest child of all. She was not of those that choose to lett out

their infant children to hyrlinga. Her children sucked genuine food from her tender breasts, and so may be said to have imbibed their virtues from a loving mother's heart. This she could undergo among all her other toyle, and she neglected no duty of a most affectionate mother during their most tender years. When her husband from affection pressed her upon these points, she said alwise she should never think her child wholly her own, when another discharged the most part of the mother's duty, and by wrong nourishment to her tender babe might induce wrong habits or noxious diseases, or words to this purpose; and she added, "I have often seen children take more a strain of their nurse than from either parent." Thus was Sir James happy in a nursing mother to a numerous family, for six children survived her, and came to man's estate.'

If our reader be acquainted with Mr. R. Chambers's 'Traditions of Edinburgh' (1825)—or indeed with the latter notes to the Waverley Novels, he will not be surprised with the familiar intermixture of social orders and employments, now and long since widely separated, which this extract sets before us. Until the Scotch had free admission to the English colonies, their gentry, and even their nobility, considered it as no derogation to breed younger sons for the industry of *the shop*; and while the wives and daughters of tradesmen, of every description, took a principal part, as a matter of course, in the business by which the family subsisted, unmarried and widowed gentlewomen, when scantily provided for in worldly goods, appear very often to have preferred establishing themselves as *merciers*, milliners, or the like, to encroaching on the resources of a father or elder brother, who had probably enough to do to support the dignity of his ancient 'Tower-house' on the edge of the Moorland. It may be seriously doubted whether the modern changes, in some of these matters, have not operated unfortunately on the substantial happiness of the men, and still more so of the women. But to proceed with the history:

'If the wife had any fault, it was in being too anxious, either when she imagined her husband in any danger, or upon his necessary absences abroad. No occasion of writing was to be omitted, else it was next to death, and with her even writing in ordinary course was not sufficient to satisfy that affection, which could figure from love's diffidency a thousand disasters. Soon after their marriage religious and political disputes ran so high, that there were frequent occasions for her first kind of disquiet. In such giddy times 'tis impossible one can stand neuter, without being obnoxious to both parties, and, where all are embroiled, men are surrounded with perils. It is easy to imagine what impressions distracted the mind of such an affec-

tionate or over-fond wife; she was sometimes in the streets, then at the Privy-Councill door, and many times crying and in tears. To give one remarkable instance: her husband was a staunch Protestant of the Geneva forme, and thought our nationall covenant a barrier or out-work of his religion, and some may think he was too much upon the punctilio in this. He gave remarkable offence to King Charles's Court thus. When that King in person held his Parliament in 1633 in Scotland, after his coronation, our Mr. Stewart was Town-commandant, or Moderator-captain, as it was then called, and the City of Edinburgh's melitia or train-bands were then the Parliament's guards. Commandant Stewart was upon duty; the King at this time had some English and Irish popish Peers in his retenew and train; Stewart gave strict orders that none of his Majesty's popish Lords or gentry should enter the Parliament-house or Tolbooth, and when the dispute ran high, the commandant snatched a halbert, stood cross the entry, and checked their insolence. He was upon this called before the Privy-Councill where the King was present, and with surprising firmness stood his ground, and was dismissed; but an expedient was found; for the popish gentry gott battons of privilege, as the High Constable's and Chief Marischall's guards. However, this fixed Mr. Stewart high in the esteem of all or most citizens, and though it made him obnoxious to the Court frowns, yet many of our Scotch Lords underhand approved his conduct.'—pp. 15-19.

In process of time James Stewart came to be a Baillie of Edinburgh, and was knighted; and, not to contradict the old adage, that 'as soon as a Scotchman gets his head above water he becomes a landed man,' Sir James turned his attention to a property then in the market, situated in the same parish with his elder brother's hereditary lairdship. 'This Coltness is two miles west from Alertoun, and had a convenient little Tower-house: it is a freehold of the crown, and gives a vote at elections.'

'After Sir James had made the above purchase, he lost the most loving wife and careful provident mother any family was ever blessed with. He bewailed the death of Anna Hope sincerely and as a Christian husband. This considerable turne in his family fell out in anno 1648. The marriage had subsisted sixteen or seventeen years, it may be said in a kind of primitive innocent state, for there were no broylls nor differences. She was laid in Sir James his burying-ground, in the higher parte of the Greyfriars' church-yard, Edinburgh, on the west side wall, near where the passage goes to Heriot's Hospitle; and on account of the publick passage being too near this grave, Sir James, by act of Town Councill, had the entrie removed, and it was carryed about fifty yards farther south, to the place where it now is: the vestige of the old entrie is yet to be seen, on the back parte of the wall, near by where she lyes interred.

'Sir James was soon sensible what a loss it

was to want a mother and a mistress to his numerous family, but where to find an equal match was the difficulty. If a first marriage was a grand crisis in life, sure a second is to be more critically examined in all circumstances. Sir James, after many perplexing reflections, fixed his choice on a greave matron, a widow of middle age, a woman of approved virtue and piety. . . . To this widow lady Sir James was married in the end of the year 1648. This contract of marriage was more voluminous than the first, and great welth appears on the parte of the parties contracting.'—p. 27.

Sir James was Provost of Edinburgh in 1649 and 1650. He protested against the execution of Charles I., and, presiding officially at that of Montrose, is stated by our genealogist to have treated the illustrious victim with personal courtesy and decorum, and rebuked the presbyterian zealots who attended on the scaffold for their savage rudeness. We hope this was so; but the most interesting detail of the whole of that deplorable scene recently given by Mr. Mark Napier, from contemporary evidences, does not yield any confirmation of the Coltness story.* Sir James, however, seems to have been loyally disposed at heart, and there was no doubt that he earned in consequence the bitter personal enmity of Argyle. His fortune was much impaired through the liberality with which he advanced money for the army defeated at Dunbar; but he acted as Provost several times under the government of Cromwell, and, being in that office at the restoration, was fined and imprisoned as 'stiff and pragmatic.' We do not enter into the particulars of his political history. The genealogist admits it was lucky for him that he was a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle when the rash insurrection of Pentland hills took place. His domestic chaplain was prominent among the spiritual leaders of that outbreak, and 'justified' accordingly. 'M'Kell suffered both the torture and the gibbet with patience and resignation, and died in an ecstasie of heavenly joy and assurance. His pupils, two of Sir James's grandsons, attended him to the place of execution at the cross of Edinburgh, Dec. 22, 1666. M'Kell, before he bid farewell to this life and embraced eternity, and those maptions of glory his faith had apprehended,

* Life and Times of Montrose. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1840. This clever and spirited book includes a mass of original documents from the repositories of the noble families of Montrose and Napier. It is greatly superior in all respects to an earlier publication by Mr. Napier on the same subject. The writer's principles are those of a resolute Tory of the old breed—now, people say, nearly extinct—but the keenest enemies of his creed will allow that he never drops the tone of a generous cavalier.

he blessed the lads, and with his blessing gave his bible to the eldest, afterwards Sir David Stewart, Baronet.'

'I have seen this bible, and it shows that the owner had been much and earnestly exercised in studying the Holy Scriptures, from his marking parallel places on the margent; and had any one understood his marks and short-hand writing, no doubt these notes had been edefeing and interteaning. It was not thought improper to say so much of this excellent youth, son of Mr. Mathew M'Kell, minister of Bothwell, but trained up in divinity and good principles in Sir James Stewart's family, and as it were under his eye, and charged with the education of his grandchildren. His untimely violent death, among many losses, was important to his pupils, and Sir James lamented much the loss of so eminent a Christian friend; and truly abstracting from Christian sympathy, (which in this cause cannot well admitt,) every generous mind suffers in his friend's cause, and feels with him, especially where it was thought he underwent harder things for his having connections with Sir James his family.'—pp. 41, 42.

After an imprisonment of nearly ten years, Sir James was glad to compound for his liberty by a heavy pecuniary sacrifice; and thus his history is concluded:—

'Some fancifull people observe that men have certain periods of prosperous or adverse fortune in life, and that no man but has the first in some stage of his time, and if he know how to improve it, he may procure an easy subsistence for all his days. Others more justly remark; that good men have many tryels and afflictions interspersed in their lott, and that these come from a heavenly Father's hand, to increass and enliven their faith and patience, and frequently more in their last stage of life, in order to wain their affections from sublunary enjoyments. Sir James had this salutary cup in great measure in his declining years, but he had peace at home, and peace in his own minde, and spent his last thirteen years in a devotionall retreat, most of which it is not proper to propale from his inward feelings, expressed under his hand in his Diaries.

'To speak of his wrestlings, and prevalency in prayer, of sensible returnes, and evidences of assurances from Heaven, were unfathomable; and to mention some particulars would be decryed as enthusiasm by generality of professors; but the blind can have no idea of colour, and the things of the Spirit are only to be discerned by the Spirit. I am far from thinking Sir James pretended to have the spirit of prediction or prophecy; only amidst his persecutions and sufferings, as he was full of good works, faith, and charity, he expressed in his Diery the many consolations afforded him by the Spirit of all grace and comfort, both as to his own, and the future happiness of some of his nearest descendants: As this,—“May, 1672, Acts, chapter xxvii., verses 6, 23, 24, last clause of the verse—My son Thoma and his six children.” But of this

anough, and yet less by far than my mind is impressed with upon perusing his Day-book, and the marginall notes on his familiar closet Bible, for his prayers are before God for his children, and his children's children then unborn.

'To conclude: his long confinement, want of free air and exercise, impaired his health; and his trouble by unjust prosecution, add to this the indifference of relations, and even his own brother, Sir Walter Stewart: all these brought a rupture upon him, but though his constitution had been much impaired, by his having been thus shutt up and harassed, yet for some years before his death, by the equall balance of his minde, he came to a more serene state of health; and, amidst his devotions, lived quietly and resigned to the divine will, and so died March 31, 1681, in his own house at Edinburgh, in the 73d year of his age.

'He had come from Coltness the October before he died, and at parting said, "I know my change is at hand; God hath been with me more in my afflictions, and I value these last years of my life as preferable to my most prosperous, and my worldly losses are all more than made up to myself; but when I consider your numerous and interesting family, (looking at his son and daughter-in-law with complacency), if it had not been for the iniquity of the times, and the ingratitude of friends, I had been in a condition to have provided plentifully for all your children; but the Lord gives and takes, and blessed be his name. I have seen both eyes of this world, and I have a well-grounded assurance God will provide for you and your young ones, and though you shall meet with distresses, he will not forsake my family even in outward respects, but my children's children shall prosper, and I have prayed for them. I now parte from Coltness and my native country, but am perswaded my prayers shall have a returne when I am gone." He prayed with them, and solemnly blessed them all. It was a melancholy scene, but he cheered up his countenance and endeavoured to comfort them; and his concluding advice was—"Fear not! remember his last words before his passion, 'Be of good cheer, for I have overcome the world.'"—John xvi., 33. He stayed a day or two at Alertoun in his passing for Edinburgh, and spoke comfortably to his son-in-law and to his daughter; his eldest son Coltness, and Alertoun his nephew and son-in-law, attended him to town. At Muiryet, about two miles east from Alertoun, (it is a rising ground, and draws a large prospect), there he turned his horse, and looked around, and said, "Westsheild, Carnewath church, and Lanrick, my early home and haunts, farewell! Alertoun, Coltness, and Cambusnethan church, my later abodes! farewell, ye witnesses of my best spent time and of my devotions! 'Tis long since I bid to the vanities of the world adieu."

'He died, as is aforesaid, with absolute assurance and resignation. The body of the burgars and inhabitants of Edinburgh did him honour at his death and buriall, and said he had been the father of the city, and a most worthy magistrate. So he had a numerous and honourable funerall, and was laid in his own burying-

ground, in Greyfreirs Churchyard, and in his loving wife, Anna Hope's grave, and many sincere tears were dropped upon his turf at his buriall. He was taken from the evils to come, and to his eternall rest and joy:—"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!" I know not by what direction, but his grave was made more than ordinary deep; perhaps some had remembered what his grand-unkell, the great Lord Advocate Sir Thomas Hope, had ordered, "That he should be so inhumate as not to be exhumate." And it may be said, Sir James was not exhumate till 1713, that his son, Sir James Stewart, Lord Advocate, was laid in that grave: I stood with Mr. Walter Stewart, his grandson, when they were digging up his grave, and when the grave-digger judged it ordinary depth, Mr. Walter desired he should go deeper, and a foot and ane half or two foot brought up the bones, and scull with fresh gray hairs upon it; Mr. Walter remembered his grandfather's buriall, and said it was his remains, and we caused make a hole in the bottom of this grave, and decently depositate the skull and bones, and covered all up, that they might not be loosely scattered about the grave's mouth; and this last duty I judge due to the relicts of so venerable a sanct.'—pp. 42-45.

This worthy man, notwithstanding his fines and losses, left a fair estate behind him. We do not see that the territories around Coltness were extended, although they were by degrees much improved, by his successors during the last century; and, when sold a few years ago, they fetched upwards of 200,000*l*.

The eldest son of the founder, Sir Thomas Stewart, married early, and devoted himself entirely to a country life. His descendant's description of his buildings and beautifyings may be amusing to many of our readers—for many of them, we are sure, have been acquainted with the elegant hospitalities of the Coltness of recent times:—

'He sett himself to planting and inclosing, and so to embellishe the place. But as the old mansion-house was straitening, and their family likely to increase, he thought of adding to the old toure (which consisted only of a vault and two rooms, one above the other, with a small room on top of the turnpike stair, and a garret) a large addition on south side the staircase, of a good kitchen, celler, meat-room or low parlor, a large hall or dining-room, with a small bed-chamber and closet over these, and above that, two bed-chambers with closets, and yet higher in a fourth story, two finished roof rooms. And thus he made ane addition of a kitchen, six fyer-rooms with closets; and the vault in the old tower was turned to a convenient useful celler, with a partition for outer and inner repositories. The office-houses of bake-house, brew-house, garner-room, and men-servant's bed-chamber, were on the north of a paved court; and a high front wall toward the east, with ane arched entry or porch enclosed all. Without this archd

gaite was another larger court, with stabells on the south syde for the family and strangers' horses, and a trained up thorne with a boure in it. Opposite to the stables north from the mansion-house, with ane entrie from the small paved inner court, was a large coal-fold, and through it a back entrie to a good spring draw-well, as also leading to the byer, sheep-house, barn, and hen-house; all which made a court, to the north of the other court, and separate from it with a stone wall, and on the east parte of this court was a large space for a dunghill. The gardens were to the south of the house, much improven and enlarged, and the nursery-garden was a small square inclosure to the west of the house. The slope of the grounds to the west made the south garden, next to the house, fall into three cross tarrasses. The tarras fronting the south of the house was a square parterre, or flour-garden, and the easter and wester, or the higher and lower plots of ground, were for cherry and nut gardens, and walnut and chestnut trees were planted upon the head of the upper bank, towards the parterre, and the slope bank on the east syde the parterre was a strawberry border.

These three tarrasses had a high stone wall on the south, for ripening and improving finer fruits, and to the south of this wall was a good orchard and kitchen garden, with broad grass walks, all inclosed with a good thorn hedge; and without this a ditch and dry fence, inclosing several rows of timber trees for shelter; to the west of the house, and beyond the square nursery garden, was a large square timber-tree park; birches toward the house, and on the other three sydes rowes of ash and plain, and in the middle a goodly thicket of firs. To the north of the barn court, and north from the house, was a grass inclosure of four akres, with a fish-pond in the corner for pikes and perches. All was inclosed with a strong wall and hedgerowes of trees: so the wholl of this policy might consist of ane oblong square, of seven or eight akers of ground, and the house near middle of the square, and the longer syde of the square fronted to the south: the ordinary enteries to the house were from east and west, but the main access from the easte.

It was found still a convenient nursery was wanted for ane interesting young family, and a lower addition was made to the east end of the new buildings, and to run paralell with the south syde of the high house toward the gardens. The low room was for a woman-house, and the upper room was the nursery, and both nursery and woman-house had passage to the great house, by proper doors, and a timber trap-stair made a communication betwixt the nursery and woman-house. In short, after all was finished, the fabric was wholly irregular as to the outsyde appearance, and both house and policy were more contrived for convenience and hospitality than for beauty or regular proportion; and so was the humour of these times, that, if there was lodging, warmeness, and plenty within doors, a regular front or uniform roof were little thought of.

There is in Coltness wood, below the house, a well of some virtue, dedicate to St. Winifred, and called by the corruption Wincie well; in superstitious times oblations were tyed to the

bushes with scarlet threed, in memory of St. Winifred.

"Nescio quā natale solum dulcedine cunctos
Ducit, nec immemorem quam sinit esse sui."

'I have insisted more largely upon a place where every tree, thicket, or bush were my familiars, and where I spent the greener and gay-er years of life, when I sat easy and sweet, voyd of caires and anxiety, under these lovely shades, and on the bankes, and in the clefts of the rocks by the murmuring streams. There is a charme in one's early haunts.'—pp. 55-58.

This planter and builder was, like his father, a zealous Presbyterian, and though he was himself at Edinburgh when the battle of Bothwell Bridge was fought, he fell into tribulation, was sharply handled by the crown lawyers, and ultimately forced to fly into Holland, and his estate forfeited. The genealogist states that the only grounds of suspicion were that a party of the insurgents had come to Coltness House the evening before the fight, and carried away 'two cold roasted turkeys,' with one recruit, the gardener. However, the laird continued in exile and in extreme poverty until 1696, when he received liberty to return home, with a small pension from the crown, through the good offices of William Penn, who had made acquaintance with him at the Hague, and used to call him 'Gospel Coltness.' A younger brother, James Stewart, rose early to eminence at the bar; but, being openly of the ultra-covenanting party, had found it necessary to escape to Holland somewhat earlier. This gentleman, however, appears to have had a rather more elastic conscience; for he made his peace much sooner with the court of James II., and was Under Secretary of State at Edinburgh when 'Gospel Coltness' reappeared there. 'Here,' says the historian, 'was the failing and *faux pas*, the disjoining of a great and good man; but after the Revolution Mr. Stewart acted with so much integrity and wisdom and such moderation as a great and useful Lord Advocate, that he more than doubly atoned for all, both to his country and to the church.' He was Lord Advocate from 1693 till near his death in 1713; and was undoubtedly a man of large and vigorous talents, and a dexterous and successful manager of political parties in most difficult times.* It is set down here (p. 368) that '1500 letters of invitation were issued for his funeral.' He appears to have, in his advanced life, preserved all the outward marks of the family sanctity—*inter alia*—having for dinner on Sunday only 'a bit of

* We find him characterized by a high living authority as 'the first Lawyer and Statesman in Scotland.'—Riddell's *Peerage and Consistorial Law*, vol. i., p. 272. (Edinburgh, 1842.)

cold meat or an egg.' Both himself and, by his interest, his elder brother, were created baronets, and, the 'Gospel' laird's line failing in the person of Sir Archibald, our genealogist, these honours were ultimately united in the descendants of the lawyer.

We may afford room for a sketch of two of the younger branches of that generation. Gospel Coltness's sister Anna

'was married to John Robeson, Dean of Gild of Edinburgh and brother: she lived in great felicity, and had many children, but after her death their family was rouened by that remarkable fyer and burning in the Parliament Closs, anno 1700. There all Baillie Thomas Robeson's welth had been laid out in sumptuous houses, and from these buildings he is designed, in his vain-glorious monument yet standing in Grey-freirs church, *urbis Edinæ ornator, si non conditor*; yet in one night and a day all was consumed, and his family rouened, and this John Robeson, among his other children, brought to poverty. This burning was by the populace called a remarkable judgment, because Baillie Robeson, in his office as youngest magistrate, it fell to his share to attend the execution of the sentence of the Restoration Parliament, in ignominiously burning the nationall Covenants, at the publick cross of Edinburgh, by the hand of the common executioner; and it was remarked that this man's high sumptuous tenements were burnt, and none else, and the fyer stoped at the place of execution. Men are ready from events to read judgements as they affect, and find out judgements for their neighbours' faults, but never remark judicial strokes for their own or their friends' sins and transgressions, yet some judicious folks thought there was something singular in this stroke upon his family; and upon this his son Hendry, who was an advocate, and lost his patrimony of 3000 lib., studied divinity, and was minister of the gospel at Oldhamstocks, in East Lothian. To conclude the digression, this was perhaps the greatest conflagration could have happened in any city, by the vast hight of houses, for the highest pinicle was called Babylon, being backward fifteen storeys high from the foundation, and all was ane immense heap of combustible matter upon a small foundation, and made a prodigious blaze. The Dean of Gild by his losses was much impoverished, and was made one of the captains of the city guard.'—pp. 48, 49.

The buildings which replaced Baillie Robeson's were as lofty as his; and they also perished in a mass by a similar conflagration in 1824. An ancient English traveller, quoted in the *Censura Literaria*, says 'the houses of the Scotch are like unto themselves, high and dirty.'

A younger son of the old Provost was a prosperous wine merchant.

'Harry was a full-bodied, genteel man,—of complexion black, of ane open countenance, his eyes full and lively, of ane easy benign gayety in his address, which showed he was formed

for active life. He sett out early in business, and settled soon in a marriage state, and had two sons by a daughter of Bennet of Grubet. He used in railery to call her his popinjay: trifling incidents sometimes show the humor of the man. The occasion was this:—Miss Bennet had deceived the world in her complexion, and, by shades of borrowed hair and black lead combs, concealed her red locks. Some weeks after marriage, the husband caught her at her toilet, and with surprise said, 'Effie, good heavens, are you so?' 'Ho, Harry! have you never seen the hook till now? you're as dead as a fish.' He had with his companions so often declared against red hair, they would have put the sneer upon him, but he joked them off, saying that he had got a papingo green. She proved a good, prudent, affectionate wife, and he was contented and happy in a married life.

'I see in his father Sir James his Diary, "Harry has too much turmoyll, almost inconsistent with minding the better parte." This the old man bewailed in his fervent prayers and agonizings for his son's fappyness. When he was on his death-bed, his father had this note,— "Alas, poor man! his ravings in this fever were much upon his merchandise, but God gave a calm forty-eight houres before death, and ane answer of prayer; he had deep serious conviction, and died in a heavenly frame: I am persuaded of his eternal happiness in our Lord."—pp. 50, 51.

Nor must we omit the brief record of the humblest of the Lord Provost's progeny—Walter Stewart,

'bred to merchandise in the Holland trade, in which he made no gains. He lived poor and retired, had a retentive minde, and spent most of his time in a devote way, and in the amusements of fishing or angling: he died anno 1735, aged seventy-two, and was never married. He wrote the German character superior to anything done by printer's types; he had most of the Psalms upon memory; I have heard him repeat the 119 Psalm distinctly, and backward from last to first verse in meatter.'—pp. 47, 48.

In an appendix we have some letters from these sons of the founder to their worthy father. Down to the close of the old man's life, more than twenty years after he held any civic dignity, his children uniformly address him as 'My Lord.' We are not aware that the Lord Mayors of London ever aspired to such prolongation of their title; and we fancy the Scotch proverb 'once a Provost, always a Provost,' is now obsolete.

The heir of the Lord Advocate, Sir James Stewart, was also bred to the bar, rose to be Solicitor-General, and had a large family, who formed some aristocratical alliances: but we have not room for further details of the genealogist's story. The Coltness of the next generation had an eventful life,

and left a distinguished name. He did not take arms in 1745, but had committed himself by attending Charles Edward's court at Holyrood; and, with his wife, Lady Frances (a daughter of the Earl of Wemyss, and sister of the attainted Lord Elcho), was obliged, in consequence, to expatriate himself immediately after the catastrophe of Culloden. During his long exile, Sir James Stewart resided chiefly in France, and became thoroughly skilled in the literature and in all the interior polity of that country. He is considered as one of the chief founders of the modern science of political economy; and the reputation of his earlier tracts on that subject, symptoms of sincere regret for his rashness in 1745, and the general appreciation of his and his lady's amiable qualities in private life, ultimately procured for him a free pardon from King George III.* Sir James returned from exile in 1763, and resided constantly, thenceforth, at Coltness, where he cultivated his favourite science and his paternal acres, with equal zeal and skill, until his death, in 1780. His son, who was born in 1744, and had of course been entirely educated on the Continent, entered the British army in 1761, as a cornet of dragoons, and died in 1839, at the age of ninety-five, colonel of the Scots Greys, and the senior general officer in the service. He had been often employed, with considerable distinction; represented Lanarkshire in several parliaments; enjoyed much of the personal favour of George IV. and the Duke of York; and will be remembered in the service as the chief author of the modern system of our cavalry tactics. The General had spent the later years of his long life at his native place. He inherited his father's zeal for agricultural improvements, but indulged that taste too largely. Between the constant hospitality of a great country-house and the usual results of gentleman-farming on a wide scale, Sir James contrived to dissipate the whole of the goodly inheritance that had devolved on him. He died, a landless man, at Cheltenham; but we have heard that he was unconscious of what had occurred as to his worldly fortunes, and might be seen now and then marking trees in the Long Walk of the old Spa, as if he were still at Coltness!—

* In Lord Wharnccliffe's late edition of Lady Mary Wortley's Letters, we have some correspondence between her and her friends Sir James and Lady Frances Stewart. But those letters are printed with many tantalizing *lacunæ*; and we fear, from the silence of Mr. Denniestoun on the subject, that the originals have perished in the general dispersion of things at Coltness a few years ago.

'Neque harum quas colis arborum
Te præter invisas cupressos
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.'

This most amiable gentleman, luckily, left no family. His two baronetcies passed to a distant branch, already, for several generations, in possession of the same rank—the Stuarts of Allanbank, in Berwickshire.*

But we must now turn to a section of the volume which will be more generally interesting than any of its genealogical materials—the Journal of a Tour into England and Flanders; penned by a lady of the Coltness family in 1756. The authoress was the wife of Mr. Calderwood, of Polton, a gentleman of moderate estate in Mid Lothian; and her husband and she undertook this expedition in order to visit her brother, the political economist, who had by this time been exiled for ten years, and was taking the waters at Aix-la-Chapelle.

Mrs. Calderwood was about forty when this occurred. She had been very handsome—as indeed almost all the Stewarts of Coltness were—and married at nineteen. Her mother was a daughter† of the celebrated Lord President Dalrymple, created Viscount Stair; so she had good claims to talent on both sides of the house, and most certainly no one who reads the journal will dispute the liveliness and quickness of her parts. That a remarkably clever woman, bred up in a distinguished crown-lawyer's family, and always accustomed to the first society of Scotland, should have been, in 1756, at forty years of age, so thoroughly penetrated with the prejudices of her province—so calmly and completely satisfied with the vast superiority of Scotland and the Scotch over England and the English—the easy promptitude of her self-complacent conclusions from every comparison—and the evidence she unconsciously produces at every turn of the absurdity of these conclusions:—it is in this perpetual intertissue of shrewdness, sarcasm, ignorance, and obsti-

* We believe Sir J. Stuart of Allanbank (well known as in the first rank of amateur artists) now represents also the original stock of Allantoun: which family was probably an offshoot from that of Castlemilk.

† Another of the president's daughters was the *Bride of Lammermoor*. Mrs. Calderwood's own sister, Agnes Stewart, was married in 1739 to Henry David, tenth Earl of Buchan, and was mother of Lord Erskine and his brother Henry. There is a well-known story of the late Duchess of Gordon saying to the late Earl of Buchan when he had been enlarging on the abilities of his family—'Yes, my Lord, I have always heard that the wit came by the mother's side and was settled on the younger branches.'

Mrs. Calderwood was grandmother to Admiral Sir Philip Durham Calderwood, G.C.B.,—who is, we believe, now the only survivor of the crew of the Royal George.

nate blindness, that the charm of this performance consists. We should be sorry indeed to mar its original beauty by commentaries. It will vindicate itself abundantly, even in a few disjointed fragments, for which alone we have room—and, we think, vindicate also Dr. Smollett from many of the charges of violent caricature that have always been alleged against some of the most happy of his Scotch portraitures. The serene scorn of Lesmahago himself does not go beyond several of the following specimens of confidential chit-chat.

Mrs. Calderwood appears to have been an excellent wife and mother—her husband, a weak good-natured man, of some accomplishment, left all his worldly concerns to her management; and though he had been on the Continent before, and she never out of Scotland, she is evidently commander-in-chief throughout the progress.

We do not trace the piety and devout temper of the Gospel Coltnesses in any part of her journal; but it will be seen that, although her brother Sir James had early cast aside the hereditary attachment to the Presbyterian discipline, she retained enough of the old leaven to have an almost equal contempt for episcopalianism as for popery. It is evident that she had never till she reached Durham passed the threshold of any place of worship in which Christian people kneel when they pray, and think it more decent to stand than to sit when they sing psalms.

The couple travel from Edinburgh to London in their own postchaise, attended by John Rattray, a steady servingman, on horseback, with pistols in his holsters, and a good broadsword at his belt. There was also a case of pistols in the carriage, of which, we fancy, the lady (notwithstanding the mild and elegant physiognomy represented in her picture at Poulton) would have been more likely to make fit use, had there been any occasion for it, than the worthy laird with the pocket Horace. The train is not encumbered, apparently, by anything in the nature of an Abigail; at least, none is mentioned, and the lady has more talk with the inn-chambermaids, and so forth, than would probably have occurred if she had had a female follower of her own. They start on the 3d of June, and, travelling each day twelve or fourteen hours, reach town on the evening of the 10th—good speed in 1756.

June 6th.—We dined at Durhame: and I went to see the Cathedral: it is a prodigious bulky building. It was on Sunday, betwixt sermons, and in the piazzas [cloisters] there were several boys playing at ball. I asked the girl

that attended me, if it was the custome for the boys to play at ball on a Sunday? she said, "They play on other days as well as on Sundays." She called her mother to show me the church; and I suppose, by my questions, the woman took me for a heathen, as I found *she did not know of any other mode of worship but her own*: so, that she might not think the bishop's chair defiled by my sitting down in it, I told her I was a Christian, though the way of worship in my country differed from hers. In particular, she stared when I asked what the things were that they kneeled upon, as they appeared to me to be so many Cheshire cheeses. I asked the rents of the lands about Durham, and was told by the landlord they were so dear he had no farm, for they let at thirty or forty shillings per aiker near the town; that a cow was from four to six pounds sterling, and they gave, the best, about eight Scots pints per day. That night we lay at Northallerton.

Next day, the 7th, we dined none, but baited at different places; and betwixt Doncaster and Bautry a man rode about in an odd way, whom we suspected for a highwayman. Upon his coming near, John Rattray pretended to make a quarrel with the post-boy, and let him know, so loud as to be heard by the other, that he kept good powder and ball to keep such folks as him in order; upon which the fellow scampered off cross the common. Upon our coming to Bautry, we were told that a gentleman was robbed there some days before, by a man whose description answered the one we saw. I found in general, before I came here, that all the grounds lett very low, and that, about all the towns, the aikers were about twenty-five shillings, and the farms not above fifteen. The first intelligent person I met with was Rachel, the chambermaid. Rachel could answer almost every question I asked; and I suppose, by that time, I had learned to conform my inquiries to the knowledge of the people, being, before this, always answered with "I don't know," to the simplest question I could ask; and often stared at, as much as to say, "I wonder how such things come into any body's head:" the post-boys, who drive the same road for years, hardly know a gentleman's house, or the name of any place less than a village. Rachel could tell who lived near her, what farm her master keeps, and what rent he payd, and what it produced: gave me a receipt for salting butter, which was, to wash it well from the milk with salt and water, and a little salt, then take it piece by piece, like the bigness of half a pound, and put it in a can, spreading every piece above another with a sprinkling of salt betwixt each.'—pp. 105, 106.

June 8th.—From Bautry we went seventy-five miles, and lay at Stilton: there was a fine large inn, and everything in great order, but the linen was as perfect rags as I ever saw, plain linen with fifty holes in each towel. The landlady gave me the receipt for making Stilton cheese (which is famous), as follows, &c.—p. 107.

June 9th.—From Stilton we dined at Hatfield, where there was a great many coaches in the court-yard with company leaving London,

and every family had a coach full of abigalls, who held a most prodigious chattering and scolding at not having proper attendance given them. From Hatfield we came to Barnet, the last stage from London, where we stopped; and whilst we changed horses, I asked some questions at the maid who stood at the door, which she answered, and went in, for we did not come out of the chaise. In a little, out comes a squinting smart-like black girl, and spoke to me, as I thought, in Irish, upon which I said, "Are you a Highlander?" "No," said she; "I am Welch: are not you Welch?" "No," said I; "but I am Scots, and the Scots and Welch are near relations, and much better born than the English." "Oh!" said she, "the maid said you was Welch, and sent me to see you." She took me by the hand, and looked so kindly that I suppose she thought me her relation, because I was not English; which makes me think the English are a people one may perhaps esteem or admire, but they do not draw the affection of strangers, neither in their own country nor out of it. From Barnet we were to come to Kensington green, which led us a great way round, a very lonely and wild road, and nothing like the repair one would expect so near a great town. We arrived at Lady Trelawny's at six o'clock, to the great astonishment of the family, who looked as little for me as for the day of judgment.

'Before I say anything of the great city, you will ask me what I think of England in general. In the first place, it is easy to be seen who has long been in peaceable possession, and who not, for till you come to Newark-upon-Trent, *the furthest ever the Scots went into England*, the improvements are not of old standing, nor the grounds don't seem to be of great value; they use them mostly for breeding of cattell and sheep. . . . The villages to the north of Trent are but indifferent, and the churches very thin sown; and, indeed, for a long time, one would think the country no religion at all, being hardly either christian church or heathen temple to be seen. The fields on both hands were mostly grass; and the greatest variety and plenty of fine cattell, all of various colours. I admired the cattell much more than the people, for they seem to have the least of what we call smartness of any folks I ever saw, and totally void of all sort of curiosity, which perhaps some may think a good quality. In our first day's journey in England, I asked the post-boy to whom the lands on each hand belonged? he said, "To Sir Carneby."* I knew who he meant, and, to try him, asked, "What Sir Carneby, or what other name he had?" but he answered, "Just Sir Carneby, who lived yonder;" and that he had never inquired into the surname of the man in whose ground he was born. As for the inclosing in England, it is of all the different methods, both good and bad, that can be imagined; and that such insufficient inclosures as some are keep in the cattell (which are so hard with us in Scotland) is entirely owing to the levelness of the grounds, so that *an English cow does not see another spot than where she feeds*, and has as

little intelligence as the people; whereas with us, there are few places that does not hang on the side of a hill, by which means the cattell sees what is above or below them, and so endeavours to get at it. I was convinced of this by some oxen a butcher was driving to market, very large and fat; they walked along betwixt the hedges very well, but no sooner were they come to a place where there was only an old ditch and no hedge on the one hand, but they scrambled over it very cleverly into a field of rye. . . I could have little conversation with the people I saw, for though they could have understood me, I did not them, and never heard a more barbarous language, and unlike English as any other lingo. I suppose it is the custome in a publick house for strangers to roar and bully, for I found when I spoke softly they had all the appearance of being deaf. I think the cathedrall of Durham is the most ridiculous piece of expence I ever saw—to keep up such a pagentry of idle fellows in a country place, where there is nobody to see or join with them, for there was not place for above fifty folks besides the performers!

'After we passed Durham the country was more closs and level. We sometimes had an extensive prospect, but not the least variety, so that one would say there was too much of it; no opening of a scene, no watter, no distinction betwixt a gentleman's seat and his tenant's house, but that he was a *little more smothered up with trees*, so that I am perswaded, if *Scotland was as much inclosed it would be much prettier to look at*. I do not think any thing could be more beautifull than the straths of some of our large rivers, inclosed on every side, where the grounds hang so that each inclosure might be seen above another; and, after they had advanced so high and steep, then the green hill appearing above, covered with sheep, and the waterfalls coming down now and then betwixt the hills. They have nothing of the landscape prospect, but a *rich extensive woody prospect*, and nothing appearing above another but a *Gothic spire* in severall towns, and that for many miles from each other. We used to laugh at the folks in the Highlands for counting their neighbours ten and twelve miles off; but in England they think no more of thirty miles than we do of five. Their roads are good indeed, and their horses and machines light; and the miles about London are, I am very sure, not above 1000 yards, whereas they should be 1750: besides, the levelness of the country makes travelling much quicker. They are very careful in driving their horses, for, on the smallest ascent, they go quite slow, and will tell you they are going up hill. I could not learn what weight their great waggons carried, none of them knowing any thing about it; but, by the number of horses they yoke, it must be a great deal, otherwise they carry at too great an expence; they yoke seven and eight horses. Some have four wheels, and others two; these last must be very exactly ballanced, not to overburthen the horse, who has the weight on his back, and this sort of carriage is only practicable where there is no downhill road; for, if this carriage was put off its ballance in coming

* Of course, Sir Carnaby Haggerston.

down, it would crush the horses, or, if going up, it would lift them up in the air. It is surprising how much nonsense I have heard spoken by folks who would introduce English customs into Scotland, without considering the difference of the two countrys: I must own I saw very little new to me, but what I could plainly see was calculated for the particular situation of the country, and could never answer for generall use. It has always been my opinion that the fault-finders are the folks who want judgment, and not the people whose practice they quarell, for time and experience has taught every part of every country to follow the method most agreeable to their soil and situation—*though perhaps mechanicks may not have arrived to the utmost perfection amongst them; neither has that generall benefit of made roads reached them yet, which in all probability will have many various effects we cannot foresee.* I do not think the grounds in England are in general so rich as *they have the appearance of.*—pp. 107-111.

It is impossible that anything should surpass the rapidity of the lady's decisions as to England in general from a chaise-window view of the Great North Road; but we may content ourselves with having marked a few of her most charming *naïvetés* in italics.

Her remarks on the population of England in the next passage, however hastily uttered, show a keen and quick eye, and it is interesting to compare them with the vast increase among us since 1756; but the most curious point is this good lady's cold contemptuous manner of describing what must have been to her a most complete novelty—the clean and decent interior of a labouring man's cottage. We heartily wish our agricultural peasants in the districts she alludes to could now earn wages equivalent to a shilling a day in 1756, and that many a poor man's wife could afford in 1842 to lead a life of what she calls 'doing nothing'—that is to say, merely taking care of her home and her children, and probably making as well as mending every article of raiment used either by her children, herself, or her husband.

'The people in London, who see such crouds every day, were surprised at me when I said, I did not think England sufficiently peopled, nor so populous by far, in proportion to its extent and produce, as the best cultivated countrys in Scotland; and I must beleive this till I see one fact that can contradict it, which I have not seen yet, but many presumptions for what I assert. In the first place, look *from the road on each hand*, and you see very few houses; towns there are, but at the distance of eight or ten miles. Then, who is it that lives in them? There are no manufactories carried on in them; they live by the travellers, and by the country about, that is, there are tradesmen of all kinds, perhaps two or three of each, smiths, wrights,

shoemakers, &c.; and here is a squire of a small estate in the county near by, and here are Mrs. this or that, old maids, and so many widow ladys, with a parsonage house, *a flourishing house.* All the houses built of brick, and very slight, and even some of timber, and two stories high, make them have a greater appearance than there is reality for; for I shall suppose you took out the squire and set him in his country house, and the old maids and widow ladies and place them with their relations, if they have any, in the country or in a greater town, and take a stone house with a thatch roof of one story high, instead of a brick one of two, and there are few country villages in Scotland where I will not muster out as many inhabitants as are in any of these post towns. Then I observed there were very few folks to be met with on the road, and many times we would post an hour, which is seven miles, and not see as many houses and people put together on the road. Then, on Sunday, we travelled from eight o'clock, till we came to Newcastle, where the church was just going in, so that I may say we travelled fifteen miles to Newcastle, and the few people we met going to church upon the road surprised me much. The same as we went all day long; it had no appearance of the swarms of people we always see in Scotland going about on Sunday, even far from any considerable town. Then the high price of labour is an evidence of the scarcity of people. I went into what we call a cottage, and there was a young woman with her child, sitting; it was very clean, and laid with coarse flags on the floor, but built of timber stoops, and what we call cat and clay walls. She took me into what she called her parlour, for the magnificent names they give makes one beleive things very fine till they see them; this parlour was just like to the other. I asked what her husband was? She said, a labouring man, and got *his shilling per day; that she did nothing but took care of her children, and now and then wrought a little plain work.* So I found that, *except it is in the manufacturing countrys, the women do nothing;* and if there were as many men in the country as one might suppose there would, a man could be got for less wages than a shilling per day. Then the high wages at London shows the country cannot provide it with servants. It drains the country, and none return again who ever goes there as chairmen, porters, hackney coachmen, or footmen; if they come to old age, seldom spend it in the country, but oftener in an almshouse, and often leave no posterity. Then the export they make of their victuall [grain] is a presumption they have not inhabitants to consume it in the country, for, by the common calculation, there are seven millions and one half in England, and the ground in the kingdom is twenty-eight millions of aikers, which is four aikers to each person. Take into this the immense quantity of horses which are kept for no real use all over the kingdom, and it will be found, I think, that England could maintain many more people than are in it. Besides, let every nation pick out its own native subjects who are but in the first generation, the Irish, the Scots, the French, &c., and I am afraid the native English would appear much fewer than

they imagine. On the other hand, Scotland must appear to be more populous for its extent and produce; first, by its bearing as many evacuations in proportion, both to the plantations, to the fleet and army, besides the numbers who go to England; and, indeed, breeding inhabitants to every country under the sun; and if, instead of following the wrong policy of supplying their deficiency of grain by importing it, they would cultivate their waste lands, it would do more than maintain all its inhabitants in plenty."—p. 113.

'I do not think the soil near London is naturally rich, and neither the corns nor grass are extraordinary. I thought their crops of hay all very light, and but of an indifferent quality; they call it meadow hay, but we would call it tending pretty near to bogg hay. I think the most surprising thing is, *how they are supplied with such an immense number of fine horses, and how they are all maintained on hard meat all the year round.*

'As for London, every body has either heard of or seen it. The first sight of it did not strike me with anything grand or magnificent. It is not situated so as to show to advantage, and, indeed, I think the tile roofs have still a paltry look, and so has the brick houses; for a village it does well enough, as the character of a village is clean and neat; but there is something more substantial and durable in our ideas of a great city than what brick and tile can answer.

"Many authors and correspondents take up much time and pains to little purpose in descriptions. *I never could understand anybody's descriptions, and I suppose nobody will understand mine;* neither do I intend to say any things which have ever been thought worthy to be put in print, so will only say London is a very large and extensive city. But I had time to see very little of it; and every street is so like another, that, seeing part, you may easily suppose the whole. There are severall openings and squares which are very pretty; but the noise in most of the houses in the rooms to the street is intolerable. You will think it very odd, that I was a fortnight in London, and saw none of the royall family; but I got no cloaths made till the day before I left it, though I gave them to the making the day after I came. I cannot say my curiosity was great: I found, as I approached the Court and the grantees, they sunk so miserably in my oppinion, and came so far short of the ideas I had conceived, that I was loath to lose the grand ideas I had of kings, princes, ministers of state, senators, &c., which I suppose I had gathered from romance in my youth. We used to laugh at the English for being so soon afraid when there was any danger in state affairs, but now I do excuse them. For we at a distance think the wisdom of our governours will prevent all these things; but those who know and see our ministers every day see there is no wisdom in them, and that they are a parcell of old, ignorant, senseless bodies, who mind nothing but eating and drinking, and rolling about in Hyde Park, and know no more of the country, or the situation of it, nor of the numbers, strength, and circumstances of it, than they never had been in it; or how should they, when London, and twenty miles

round it, is the extent ever they saw of it? Lord Anson, he sailed round the world, therefore he must rule all navall affairs; which is just like a schoolmaster imagining himself qualified for the greatest post in the law, because he understands the language in which the law is wrote. The King, every body says, and I do believe it, knows more of the world, and takes more concern, than any of them."—pp. 114, 115.

We need scarcely remind the reader that all this was written when the Duke of Newcastle was on his last legs, and the national ferment about Admiral Byng at its height.

There was some family connexion between the Calderwoods and Mr. George Stone Scott, sub-preceptor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III..

'I had frequent opportunities of seeing George Scott, and asked him many questions about the Prince of Wales. He says he is a lad of very good principles, good natured, and extremely honest, has no heroick strain, but loves peace, and has no turn for extravagance; modest, and has no tendency to vice, and has as yet very virtuous principles; has the greatest temptation to gallant with the ladies, who lay themselves out in the most shamefull manner to draw him in, but to no purpose. He says, if he were not what he is, they would not mind him. Prince Edward is of a more amorous complexion, but no court is payed to him, because he has so little chance to be king. . . .

'Nobody thinks of going farther to air than Hyde Park, which is very pretty. But nothing but the greatest stupidity can suffer the same mile or two of ground every day in their lives, when, at the same time, it is no exercise nor air, for it is a gravel road, quite smothered with trees. The trees indeed are very pretty, being fine timber, and fine carpet-grass, with cows and deer going in it; but it is a small part of the park in which coaches are allowed to go. There are always a great number of coaches, and all other machines, except hacks, some of them very neat and light; but the beauty of them is the horses of all different kinds. The Duke of Marlborough had a sett of peyets, very prettily marked.

'Any of the English folks I got acquainted with I liked very well. They seem to be good-natured and humane; but still there is a sort of ignorance about them with regard to the rest of the world, and that their conversation runs in a very narrow channel. *They speak with a great relish of their publick places, and say, with a sort of flutter, that they shall to Vauxhall and Ranelagh, but do not seem to enjoy it while there.*" [How true!] 'As for Vauxhall and Ranelagh I wrote you my oppinion of them before. The first I think but a vulgar sort of entertainment, and could not think myself in genteel company, whiles I heard a man calling, "Take care of your watches and pockets." I saw the Countess of Coventry at Ranelagh. I think she is a pert, stinking-like husy, going about with her face up to the sky, that she might see from under her hat, which she had pulled quite over her nose that nobody might see her face. She was in dishabile and very shabby drest, but was

painted over her very jaw-bones. I saw only three English peers, and I think you could not mak a tolerable one out of them. . . . I saw very few, either men or women, tolerably handsome. . . . The ladys pass and repass each other with very little appearance of being acquainted, and no company separates or goes from those they came in with, or joins another, and indeed they all seem to think there is no great entertainment; but, however, they are there, and that is enough. The Duke [of Cumberland] uses to frequent Ranelagh, but was not there that night I went. There were severall Hanoverian officers, very rugged-like carles, stiff-backed and withered, with gray hairs tyed behind, and the forelock cut short by the ear, and there was a hussar attending them, a thick, fat fellow, drest in furs, and Bess's great French muff upon his head, not the red feather one.

'I went one morning to the Park, in hopes to see the duke review a troop of the horse guards, but he was not there; but the guards were very pretty. Sall Blackwood and Miss Buller were with me; they were afraid to push near for the croud, but I was resolved to get forward, so pushed in. They were very surly; and one of them asked me where I would be; would I have my toes trode off? "Is your toes trode off?" said I. "No," said he. "Then give me your place, and I'll take care of my toes." "But they are going to fire," said he. "Then it's time for you to march off," said I; "for I can stand fire. I wish your troops may do as well." On which he sneaked off, and gave me his place. Some of them were very civil; but what was of a peice with many other things, these horse guards are closs in London, seen every day by every body, are reviewed almost every morning in the Park, where I suppose the same folks sometimes come to see them, yet none of all near where I stood could tell me the name of one officer: that, I insist upon, is peculiar to the English.

'I paid some visits, and went to see Greenwich Hospital, which is a ridiculous fine thing. The view is very pretty, *which you see just as well in a rary-show glass. No wonder the English are transported with a place they can see about them in.* Kensington palace looks better within than without, and there is some very fine marbles, pictures, and mirrors in it. But I could not see the private apartment of the old Goodman, which they say is a great curiosity. There are a small bed with silk curtains, two sattin quilts with no blanket, a hair mattress; a plain wicker basket stands on the table, with a silk night-gown and night-cap in it; a candle with an extinguisher; some billets of wood on each side of the fire. He goes to bed alone, rises, lights his fire and mends it himself, and nobody knows when he rises, which is very early, and is up severall hours before he calls anybody. He dines in a small room adjoining, in which there is nothing but very common things. He sometimes, they say, sups with his daughters and their company, and is very merry, and sings French songs, but at present he is in very low spirits. Now, this appearance of the King's manner of living would not diminish my idea of a King. It rather looks as if he applied to business, and knew these hours were the only ones

he could give up to it without having the appearance of a recluse, and that he submitted to the pagantry rather than make it his only business.'

Mrs. Calderwood on the English *Cuisine* is particularly meritorious. We have room only for one paragraph of this rich section.

'As for their victualls they make such a work about, I cannot enter into the taste of them, or rather, I think they have no taste to enter into. The meat is juicy enough, but has so little taste, that, if you shut your eyes, you will not know by either taste or smell what you are eating. The lamb and veall look as if it had been blanched in water. *The smell of dinner will never intimate that it is on the table. No such effluvia as beef and cabbage was ever found at London.*' [Alas! alas!] 'The fish, I think, have the same fault. As for the salmond, I did not meddle with it, for it cut like cheese. Their turbot is very small by ours, but I do not think it preferable. Their soll is much smaller, and not so much meat on them; they are like the least ever you saw; were it not that they are long and narrow, I should think them common flounders. Their lobsters come from Norway or Scotland.'—pp. 116-120.

The party, after making a visit or two in Kent, proceed to Harwich, and there embark for Holland.

'Saturday, 26th June.—We set out early for fear of being too late for the paquet, and breakfasted at Colchester. We were attended at breakfast by a drawer, whom I questioned according to custom about the town and country, and from whom I received much more satisfaction than common, upon which I was going to declare him the smartest Englishman I had seen, when, unfortunately for England, he turned out to be a Frenchman, transplanted young.'—p. 124.

We had no intention to trespass on Mrs. Calderwood's continental chapters. Here, however, is one sentence from her description of Rotterdam:—

'The Dutch maid-servants do nothing on earth but wash the house and the streets, and the veshells of the house and kitchen; none of them wash their linen at home, they are all washed in publick fields and brought in wet, so that, when the maids have not them to dry and dress, they have nothing to do but to slester and wash. They have plenty of water, and every house has a pump, and they will have a pump of water in every story. This is one inducement to wash, but the originall of it is the necessity, as the streets would in a few days gather a fog betwixt the bricks, and that in a short time would certainly breed a vermine.'—p. 135.

Her description of a Dutch house brings out some curious revelations concerning the interior finishing, &c., of the time in Scotland. It would appear, for instance, that Mrs. Calderwood viewed a door-bell as

quite a novelty; but indeed, according to Chambers, it was not much before 1756 that the knocker supplanted the aboriginal *rasp* and *pin* in Auld Reekie.

'The bricks of which the houses are built are vastly hard: Mr. Crawford had forgot to bore a hole for a bell (which, in every house, is put so as the handle is at the side of the outer door, that, instead of knocking, you ring), and in peircing that hole through the brick, it was as hard to do as if it had been marble.'—p. 140.

We conclude with a paragraph which, more than any other in this book, must have delighted the members of 'the Maitland Club of Glasgow':—

'Most of the reproaches our country meets with can only be the effect of want of enquiry or reflection. I once thought that Scotland might carry on a greater trade than it does, from its advantageous situation for the sea; but if they should import, who is to take it off their hands? there is no country behind them to supply, who has not the advantages of the sea-ports, which is the case of Holland, who has all Germany to supply; neither have they a great demand at home, like England, which is a great country, and most part of it inland, that must be supplied from the trading towns on the coast. Or, to what country can they transport their merchandise, which they have imported more than serves themselves, that cannot be as cheap served by nearer neighbours? They have no East India goods, which are almost the only goods that are demanded by all the world, so that no country, which has not one or more of these advantages, can ever become a country of great trade.'—p. 144.

Could this good lady of 1756 have had *second-sight* enough to catch a glimpse of her native Clyde as it is in 1842, what could have persuaded her that she had her own dearly-beloved and judiciously-admonished Scotland before her vision!

We are tempted to conclude our review of a book which perhaps few will ever handle, with an extract from one which is, or ought to be, as well thumbed as any production of the present year—'The Mirza' of the wise humourist, and gentle satirist, who more lightly and happily than any other writer conveys lessons to his own countrymen, in the shape of mirthful delineations of the absurdities of outlandish faith and practice. Mr. Morier represents himself as listening to one of the brilliant tales of wonder with which his friend—and indeed hero—the professional story-teller in chief was accustomed to cheer the evening hours of the late Shah of Persia. On its conclusion he joined the royal circle in extolling the merit of the narrative, but incautiously signified his suspicion of its marvellous incidents. There was a burst of

indignation at such Pyrrhonism; but the Frank rejoins:—

"Perhaps I, too, may assert some facts relating to my own country, to which you may not be willing to give credence, but to the truth of which I in my turn am ready to take my oath."

"*Ohi*—oh, well said and well done," said the prince, his words echoed by the poet, and repeated by the rest of the company. "Speak on—let us hear—our ears are open. We have given-up our souls to you."

'I then said:—"Perhaps every one present has seen a ship, and though they may not have sailed in one, have remarked how it is impelled by wind; perhaps, too, some may have been caught in a tempest, or observed its effects on the sea. Now, we have ships in my country, which, in defiance of storms and tempests, will make their way in the teeth of the wind, and thus perform voyages from one end of the world to the other."

'I paused awhile, after having made this assertion, to hear the remarks of the company. I could perceive incredulity in every face: a little scorn and contempt, perhaps, was associated with that feeling, but it was plain no one believed my words.

"*Sahib ekhtiar*. You are at liberty, of course, to affirm what you please," said the prince, "but to me it appears that what you have advanced is wholly impossible."

"What words are these?" said another. "You might as well say that I can thrust a spear through my enemy's body and he not bleed, as to say a ship will go ahead against wind."

'I heard the word *derough*, *derough*—lie! lie! whispered about from mouth to mouth throughout the assembly, and I became convinced that I was totally disbelieved.

'I then tried them on another subject.

"There is another thing," said I, "to the truth of which I am ready to take my oath. In my country our cities are lighted at night by the means of lanterns suspended on iron pillars. A subterranean vapour is made to circulate through our streets, which is led to the summit of the said pillars; and at a given hour men run about the city carrying a lighted taper in their hands, which they merely present to a small spiral tube, whence a flame is seen to issue, which, keeping alive the night through, illuminates the city like day, the inhabitants meanwhile sleeping soundly, unapprehensive of evil consequences."

"Where in the name of Allah," said the prince, "have you found words to affirm such things? A subterranean fire running underground all through your streets, and nobody afraid! Yours must be a world different from ours, inhabited by men of a different formation to Persians. I cannot believe what you say."

"People may talk of Persians being liars," said one of the company, "but as there is but one Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet and Ali his lieutenant, let them go to the Franks for the future. Wonderful assertions have we heard to-day."

"Now I begin to understand," said a man of

the law who was present, "why Franks are unbelievers of our faith, the ever-blessed and only true faith of Islam—why they reject our prophet and despise his sayings, while they adhere with so much pertinacity to their own. See this Sahib—he tells us of things which cannot be true, and believes in them, whilst events which may occur every day, which so many people here present, men of respectability and worthy of confidence, have seen and heard of, he rejects. Is it not plain that the reputation which Persia has acquired for the sagacity and acuteness of her sons, has been well acquired, whilst all the rest of mankind are kept in a state of total blindness? Let the Sahib forgive my words," said the speaker, turning himself to me, "but in truth our holy prophet legislated with all wisdom, when he said, "As for the unbeliever, all that is left for him is *kall, kall, slay, slay.*"

"May your shadow never be less," said I, addressing the man of the law; "may your house flourish—we are grateful—we kiss the dust of your slippers!"—*The Mirza*, vol. ii., pp. 23-27.

ART. IV.—*Poems by Alfred Tennyson*. 2 vols. 12mo. London. 1842.

WHAT poetry might be in our time and land, if a man of the highest powers and most complete cultivation exercised the art among us, will be hard to say until after the fact of such a man's existence. Waiting for this desirable event, we may at least see that poetry, to be for us what it has sometimes been among mankind, must wear a new form, and probably comprise elements hardly found in our recent writings, and impossible in former ones.

Of verses, indeed, of every sort but the excellent there is no want; almost all, however, so helpless in skill, so faint in meaning, that one might almost fancy the authors wrote metre from mere incapacity of expressing themselves at all in prose—as boys at school sometimes make nonsense-verses before they can construct a rational sentence. Yet it is plain that even our magazine stanzas, album sonnets, and rhymes in corners of newspapers, aim at the forms of emotion, and use some of the words in which men of genius have symbolized profound thought. The whole, indeed, is generally a lump of blunder and imbecility, but in the midst there is often some turn of cadence, some attempt at an epithet of more significance and beauty than perhaps a much finer mind would have hit on a hundred years ago. The crowds of stammering children are yet the offspring of an age that would fain teach them—if it knew how—a

richer, clearer language than they can learn to speak.

It is hard in this state of things not to conceive that the time, among us at least, is an essentially unpoetic one—one which, whatever may be the worth of its feelings, finds no utterance for them in melodious words.

Yet our age is not asleep. Great movements, various activities, are heard and seen on all sides. In the lowest department, that of mere mechanics, consider what fifteen years have done. It was only in the autumn of 1830, following close on the French three memorable days of July, that the Duke of Wellington opened the Manchester and Liverpool Railroad. The population of the busiest region on this earth were assembled round him, whom all acknowledged as the greatest man in England, at the inauguration of a new physical power, then felt to double the strength and swiftness of human beings. While, among myriads of gravely joyous faces, the new machines travelled at a speed matching that of eagles, the life of a great statesman shot off on a darker and more distant journey; and the thrill of fear and pain at his destruction gave the last human tragic touch to an event which would at any rate have retained for ever an historic importance. The death of Mr. Huskisson startled the fixed bosom of the veteran soldier, and those who were near perceived a quiver of the lip, a movement of the eye, such as had hardly been caused by the most unlooked-for and dreadful chances of his mighty wars. To a calm observer, the emotion of the whole multitude, great and small, might strangely have recalled far-distant ages and the feelings with which ancient peoples held every great event as incomplete, wanting the blood of a victim—too often human—solemnly shed. In the most prosperous and peaceful of national triumphs the dark powers again claimed a share, and would not be forgotten.

Since then, about twelve years have passed, and behold what they have brought forth. Some seventy millions of money have been expended—more, at the lowest estimate, than four times as much as the Papacy was able to raise in a century and a half for the construction of its greatest monument, the costliest the world has ever seen. These seventy millions of pounds have been subscribed by private persons at their own choice in one small country, and have created nearly fifteen hundred miles of railroad—structures that surpass all pyramids and Cyclopean walls, and machines that would puzzle Archimedes, by which

myriads of men are perpetually travelling like the heroes of fairy tales. It is probable that the roads of the Roman empire, the work of many centuries, did not cost so much of human labour, and they certainly did not exhibit so much greatness of thought, as those that we have built in less than twenty years.—In the state of society that has produced such results there may be, we know there is, enough torpor, even rottenness. But it cannot be, on the whole, an insignificant stage of human existence, one barren for imaginative eyes.

Or look at one of our general elections. The absurdities are plain, no doubt—has not the ocean froth and bubbles? But take the thing altogether, and observe the mixture and spread of interests and faculties brought into action—above all, the open boldness with which a nation throws itself into the streets and markets, casting off, in the faith that it can reproduce, its company of rulers, and letting the fools clamour, the poor groan, the rich humble themselves, and all men bring all to judgment, without a moment's fear but that quiet will spring out of the tumult, and a government be born from a mob. From the castle of the highest peer to the clay-stained tipplers in the alehouse, from the bench of bishops to the ranters in the moor-side smithy, all are stirred and fluttered, feverish with the same anxieties, debating in their different dialects the same questions, and all alike dependent on the omnipotence of an event which no man can absolutely control. Most of what they say is folly—most of their objects of hope and fear chimeras: but how full of throbbing business is the whole land, how braced are all the wishes and devices of all! Among so much of make-believe and sound, it is a great thing that the whole country must at least be willingly deceived if it is to be gained over—must seem to itself rationally persuaded; and that the most futile pretender can only cheat by aping, and so strengthening in others, the qualities in which he is most deficient. At the blast of the newsmen's tin trumpets all shadows must walk out of their darkness into sunshine, and there be tried; when if many of the umbratile fraudulently pass muster, there is at least a public recognition of the laws of light.

Not merely is there a debate and seeming adjudication in every country-town on all matters over the whole globe which any tailor or brazier may choose to argue, but at last the tailor's and the brazier's voice does really influence the course of human affairs. The vote of a cobbler in an alley turns the poll for a candidate; the vote of

the member gains the triumph of his party; and the success of his party decides on every question of war or peace over the globe, makes commercial treaties with Abyssinia, creates a white commonwealth among the savages of the Pacific Ocean, sends armaments to Peking, and raises or lowers the prices of silk grown among the Druses of Lebanon, and of opium sold on the frontiers of Tartary. Within a year after the election in an English village, its result is felt in the more or less cost of food and clothes in Kaffer huts, and in the value of the copper sauce-pan trafficked at Timbuctoo for palm-oil and black babies. This is not a vapid, insubstantial political existence for the mass of men, not one devoid of topics and emotions, however little they may hitherto have been used in any books but those of statistics and trade.

Or glance at the matter in another of its phases. In the midmost rush of London business, and all the clatter of its vehicles, turn aside through an open door, and what do we see? A large and lofty room, every yard of its floor and galleries crammed with human, chiefly female life—a prodigious sea of bonnets, and under each of these a separate sentient sea of notions, and feelings, and passions, all in some measure stirred by the same tides and gales—every one of them, however narrow at the surface, in depth unfathomable.

Altogether irrespectively of our present purpose, and on the most general grounds, it may be safely said that in one of these great Exeter Hall meetings there is more to strike us than almost anywhere else we know. The room is said to hold 4000 persons, and from its form they are all clearly visible at once—all of the middle or upper classes, well dressed, though often many of them in Quaker uniform, and at these times probably three-fourths of them women. Such assemblages are in truth, for a large part of the members, by far the most exciting outward events of life. The faces themselves are alone quite enough to prove no small share of moral culture in the mass. The delicately-curved mouths and nostrils, the open yet quiet and observant eyes, and a look of serious yet pleasurable elevation, mark very clearly a chosen class of our country. The men are of course less pure and single in their stamp of feeling—business has marked on them its contractedness with its strength. Yet these also have an appearance of thought, although with some coxcombical importance and complacent theological primness. Take, however, the whole assemblage, all it is and all it represents, we know not where anything like it

could be discovered. No Roman Catholic, no despotic, no poor, no barbarous, no thoroughly demoralized, we fear we must add no very instructed and well-organized community could ever exhibit such a gathering—voluntary be it remembered, chiefly female, all with money to spare, united for such remote and often fantastic objects: above all, under such leaders. For in the kind of persons guiding these bodies, and in their discourse, consists more than half the wonder. In the House of Commons, in the Courts of Law, we may hear nonsense enough. But in these places it is not the most vehement, the most chimerical—in other words, the most outrageous and silly, who bear the chiefest sway, but much the contrary. Now in such Strand-Meetings, for the purest and noblest purposes, it is plain enough that a loud tongue, combined with a certain unctuous silkiness of profession, and the most dismal obscuration of brain, may venture with success upon the maddest assertions, the most desperate appeals: and will draw sighs and even tears of sympathy, by the coarsest nonsense, from hundreds of the amiable and thoughtful persons dieted at home on Cowper, Fenelon, Wordsworth, and tuned to Nature's softest melodies. The carrier's horse (or was it ass?) that could draw inferences, is but a brute symbol of the spoken stuff that at religious meetings can draw admiration from the finest female bosoms. Such is the charm of twilight meanings and monstrous images used in behalf of some remote and generous object, and strengthened by the oneness of feeling in a multitude of accordant hearts. Very strange it is to witness the single thrill of some two thousand bonnets, to hear the deep long sigh from as many warm and gentle breasts, all inspired by the raving folly of some declaimer, or by the gravely numerical statements of moral facts as to distant countries proceeding from ill-informed and well-paid agents, and which those who know their falsity are sure enough not to seek the odium of refuting. The sure tact of goodness leads the greater part of the hearers right in home-concerns, but has no measure of probability for new experiments in remote lands. The faith which lives in the Infinite and Eternal, and is perpetually baffled in its search among present things, adds joyfully its charms, the transcendent element of all romance, to the faintest glimpse between distant clouds, and feels it a duty and delight to believe in the realised visions of credulous fancy.

Yet who can think without a certain approval of the immense annual revenues,

larger than that of some continental kingdoms, raised by these marvellous addresses to our best feelings? Who can compare, without some admiration mixed in his contempt, the coarse and brainless weakness of the talk on these occasions with the honest virtue, the moral elegance of heart, in those whom it influences? Or who that lives in England can be unaware that very many among the auditors of these brazen mouth-pieces show in the whole course of their private lives, and in hard stern trials of all kinds, a simple self-forgetting nobleness and truth, beautifully contrasted with the ostentatious emptiness of the charitable melodrama?

On the whole, the country in which these varieties of good and evil are found mixed on such a scale can hardly be considered in a state of lifeless inertness. Its want cannot be of themes and interest, but rather of those able to seize what lies before them, and turn it to right imaginative use. For every one indeed knows that all our activities, mechanical, political, missionary, celestial, or diabolical, are the immediate outgrowths of the human beings engaged in such matters, and might be found with much more inside and beneath them in the hearts and lives of the individuals. This is all the poet requires; a busy, vigorous, various existence is the matter *sine quâ non* of his work. All else comes from within, and from himself alone. Now, strangely as our time is racked and torn, haunted by ghosts, and errant in search of lost realities, poor in genuine culture, incoherent among its own chief elements, untrained to social facility and epicurean quiet, yet unable to unite its means in pursuit of any lofty blessing, half-sick, half-dreaming, and whole confused—he would be not only misanthropic, but ignorant, who should maintain it to be a poor, dull, and altogether helpless age, and not rather one full of great though conflicting energies, seething with high feelings, and struggling towards the light with piercing though still hooded eyes. The fierce, too often mad force, that wars itself away among the labouring poor, the manifold skill and talent and unwearied patience of the middle classes, and the still unshaken solidity of domestic life among them—these are facts open to all, though by none perhaps sufficiently estimated. And over and among all society the wealth of our richer people is gathered and diffused as it has never been before anywhere else, shaping itself into a thousand arts of luxury, a million modes of social pleasure, which the moralist may have much to object against, but which the poet, had we

a truly great one now rising among us, would well know how to employ for his own purposes.

Then, too, if we reflect that the empire and the nation seated here as in its centre, and at home so moving and multifarious, spreads its dominions all round the globe, daily sending forth its children to mix in the life of every race of man, seek adventures in every climate, and fit themselves to every form of polity, or it to them—whereafter they return in body, or at least reflect their mental influences among us—it cannot be in point of diversity and meaning that Britain disappoints any one capable of handling what it supplies.

See how Chaucer exhibits to us all that lay around him, the roughness and ignorance, the honour, faith, fancy, joyousness of a strong mind and a strong age, both tranquil within bounds which, as large enough for their uses, neither had tried to pass. How strikingly for us are those grating contrasts of social condition harmonised by the home-bred feeling that men as they then were had the liberty and space they then needed: the king and priest the all-sufficient guides of men's higher life, and all powers and even wishes finding ample room, each within the range marked out by custom! Every figure is struck off by as clear and cutting a stroke as that of a practised mower with his scythe—and of all these peculiarities of character, so blended in that world are strength and unconsciousness, not one ever rises into individuality of principle. In clearness, freedom, fulness, what delineation of our actual life can be at all compared with this? Of this poet how truly may it be said,

'O'er Chaucer's blithe old world, for ever new,
In noon's broad sunbeams shines the morning dew;
And while tired ages float in shade away,
Unwearied glows with joy that clear to-day.'

In Shakspeare again, who never meant anything of the kind, that period, with its far deeper wants and more abundant forces, all lies softly, firmly drawn by every random jotting of his pen. For that, with all his unmatched reflectiveness, much was thus lightly done, seems no less certain at the hundredth perusal than obvious at the first. The stately courtesies and consecrated forms of the past, all still untroubled, but a new spirit rising within those antique walls, and as yet professing peaceful reverence, though it must one day shake them down; the heaven-storming imagination still toiling and sporting on the ground; the aimless bravery of knighthood still

wearing its blazon of the starry cross, but going forth on real adventures for the conquest of our actual earth in east and west; thought blending, though almost unmarked, with all the romance of passion—and fancy, no longer gathering flowers and strewing them in childish sport, but weaving them into garlands for victorious conscience, and using them for the character of knowledge: all this is undeniably there, though unintended, and only because the great mind of that and all time necessarily comprised and reproduced whatever was essential in his age. Ranks were still apart, customs unquestioned, forms holy, and natural truth and wisdom only the uncanonical but inevitable comment by which men undesignedly interpreted the page of prescription. And he who has best shown us all this as it truly was, yet sent forth at every breath a fiery element, of which he was himself scarce conscious, that should some day kindle and burn much still dearer and venerable to him.

A gulf of generations lies between us and him, and the world is all changed around his tomb. But whom have we had to feel and express like this man the secret of our modern England, and to roll all out before him the immense reality of things as his own small embroidered carpet, on which he merely cared to sit down at his ease and smoke his pipe?

There have been but two writers among us whom every Englishman with a tincture of letters has read or heard of, aiming to shape poetically an image of human life. These are of course Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron. But see how different their aim has been from such a one as we hint at. The elder poet, with his wholesome sense and clear felicity, has indeed given us much of human fact, and this, as it could not be otherwise, in the colours of the time that he himself belonged to. But he has swayed the sympathies of the world in a great measure through their curiosity after the past, which he, more than all men in the annals of mankind, has taught us all to regard as alive and still throbbing in spirit, though its bones be turned to dust.

Byron has sought, through distance of place and foreign costume, the interest which Scott obtained from the strangeness of past ages; and it is but a small though a profound and irrepressible part of our far-spread modern mind that he has so well embodied in his scornful Harolds and despairing Giaours.

We have indeed one of his works, the only one, which is a splendid attempt at a creative survey of modern life, and contains

all the essential elements of such performance. And in spite of the puerile egotisms and dawdling prate into which the poem so often wanders, the first five cantos of *Don Juan*, forming in point of bulk about a half, have more of fiery beauty and native sweetness in them than anything we know of in our modern literature. There is also a wide range and keenness of observation; and were some trivialities struck out, as they so easily might be, no capital defect would remain but the weakness of speculative culture visible in all Lord Byron's philosophical excursions. In the latter half of the poem, and unhappily when he is on English ground, the lax shapelessness of structure, the endless, slipshod, yawny loungings, and vapid carelessness of execution, become very disagreeable in spite of passages rich with imperishable beauty, wit, and vigour, such as no other modern Englishman or man could have approached. On the whole, with all its faults, moral and poetic, the earlier portion of this singular book will probably remain, like the first half of *Faust*, the most genuine and striking monument of a whole recent national literature. But the weakness as to all recent thought, and the incomplete ground-plan, place it somewhat lower than could be wished. And at best it is but one book, in an age that produces annual thousands.

Little therefore as is all that has been done towards the poetic representation of our time—even in the looser and readier form of prose romance—it is hard to suppose that it is incapable of such treatment. The still unadulterated purity of home among large circles of the nation presents an endless abundance of the feelings and characters, the want of which nothing else in existence can supply even to a poet. And these soft and steady lights strike an observer all the more from the restless activity and freedom of social ambition, the shifting changes of station, and the wealth gathered on one hand and spent on the other with an intenseness and amplitude of will to which there is at least nothing now comparable among mankind. The power of self-subjection combined with almost boundless liberty, indeed necessitated by it, and the habit of self-denial with wealth beyond all calculation—these are indubitable facts in modern England. But while recognized as facts, how far do they still remain from that development as thoughts which philosophy desires, or that vividness as images which is the aim of poetry! It is easy to say that the severity of conscience in the best minds checks all play of fancy, and the fierceness of the outward struggle for power

and riches absorbs the energies that would otherwise exert themselves in shapeful melody. But had we minds full of the idea and the strength requisite for such work, they would find in this huge, harassed, and luxurious national existence the nourishment, not the poison, of creative art. The death-struggle of commercial and political rivalry, the brooding doubt and remorse, the gas-jet flame of faith irradiating its own coal-mine darkness—in a word, our overwrought materialism fevered by its own excess into spiritual dreams—all this might serve the purposes of a bold imagination, no less than the creed of the antipoetic Puritans became poetry in the mind of Milton, and all bigotries, superstitions, and gore-dyed horrors were flames that kindled steady light in Shakespeare's humane and meditative song.

Of all our recent writers the one who might seem at first sight to have most nearly succeeded in this quest after the poetic *Sangreal* is Crabbe. No one has ranged so widely through all classes, employed so many diverse elements of circumstance and character. But nowhere, or very, very rarely, do we find in him that eager sweetness, a fiery spirituous essence, yet bland as honey, wanting which all poetry is but an attempt more or less laudable, and after all, a failure. Shooting arrows at the moon, one man's bow shoots higher than another's; but the shafts of all alike fall back to earth, and bring us no light upon their points. It needs a strange supernatural power to achieve the impossible, and fix the silver shaft within the orb that shoots in turn its rays of silver back into our human bosoms.

Crabbe is always an instructive and forceful, almost always even an interesting writer. His works have an imperishable value as records of his time; and it even may be said that few parts of them but would have found an appropriate place in some of the reports of our various commissions for inquiring into the state of the country. Observation, prudence, acuteness, uprightness, self-balancing vigour of mind are everywhere seen, and are exerted on the whole wide field of common life. All that is wanting is the enthusiastic sympathy, the jubilant love, whose utterance is melody, and without which all art is little better than a laborious ploughing of the sand, and then sowing the sand itself for seed along the fruitless furrow.

In poetry we seek, and find, a refuge from the hardness and narrowness of the actual world. But using the very substance of this Actual for poetry, its positiveness,

shrewdness, detailedness, incongruity, and adding no peculiar power from within, we do no otherwise than if we should take shelter from rain under the end of a roof-spout.

To Mr. Wordsworth of course these remarks on Crabbe would be by no means applicable. Yet even he has exhibited only one limited, however lofty region of life, and has made it far less his aim to represent what lies around him by means of self-transference into all its feelings, than to choose therefrom what suits his spirit of ethical meditation, and so compel mankind, out alike of their toilsome daily paths and pleasant nightly dreams, into his own severe and stately school of thought. The present movements of human life, nay its varied and spontaneous joys, to him are little, save so far as they afford a text for a mind in which fixed will, and stern speculation, and a heart austere and measured even in its pity, are far more obvious powers than fancy, emotion, or keen and versatile sympathy. He discourses indeed with divine wisdom of life and nature, and all their sweet and various impulses; but the impression of his own great calm judicial soul is always far too mighty for any all-powerful feeling of the objects he presents to us. In his latest volume there is a poem with the date of 1803, *At the Grave of Burns*, full of *reflective* tenderness. But it is noticeable that even here Burns is interesting, not for his own sake, and in his own splendid personality, but with reference to Mr. Wordsworth's mind and the effect of the peasant's poetry on him. We are glad indeed to have any pretext for citing this beautiful stanza (p. 53):—

'Well might I mourn that he was gone
Whose light I hail'd when first it shone,
When, breaking forth as Nature's own,
It show'd my youth
How verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.'

In thus pointing to the problem which poetry now holds out, and maintaining that it has been but partially solved by our most illustrious writers, there is no design of setting up an unattainable standard, and then blaming any one in particular for inevitably falling short of it. Out of an age so diversified and as yet so unshapely, he who draws forth any graceful and expressive forms is well entitled to high praise. Turning into fixed beauty any part of the shifting and mingled matter of our time, he does what in itself is very difficult, and affords very valuable help to all his future fellow-

labourers. If he has not given us back our age as a whole transmuted into crystalline clearness and lustre, a work accomplished only by a few of the greatest minds under the happiest circumstances for their art, yet we scarce know to whom we should be equally grateful as to him who has enriched us with any shapes of lasting loveliness 'won from the vague and formless infinite.'

Mr. Tennyson has done more of this kind than almost any one that has appeared among us during the last twenty years. And in such a task of alchemy a really successful experiment, even on a small scale, is of great worth compared with the thousands of fruitless efforts or pretences on the largest plan, which are daily clamouring for all men's admiration of their nothingness.

The first of these two volumes consists of republished poems, and may be regarded, we presume, as all that Mr. Tennyson wishes to preserve of his former editions. He has sifted in most cases his earlier harvests, and kept the better grain. There are some additions of verses and stanzas here and there, many minute changes, and also beneficial shortenings and condensations. The second volume, however, is on the whole far advanced in merit beyond the first. There is more clearness, solidity, and certainty of mind visible in it throughout: especially some of the blank-verse poems—a style almost unattempted in the earlier series—have a quiet completeness and depth, a sweetness arising from the happy balance of thought, feeling, and expression, that ranks them among the riches of our recent literature.

The collection includes poems of four markedly different kinds:—1. The Idyllic, in which there is sometimes an epic calmness in representing some event or situation of private life, sometimes a flow of lyrical feeling, but still expanding itself in a narrative or description of the persons, events, and objects that fill the poet's imagination. 2. The purely Lyrical—odes, songs, and the more rapid ballads, where the emotion is not only uppermost, but all in all, and the occasions and interests involved appear but casually and in hints. 3. Fancy pieces: those, namely, of which the theme is borrowed or imitated from those conceptions of past ages that have now become extremely strange or quite incredible for us. In these the principal charm of the work can spring only from the vividness and grace of the imagery, the main idea making no direct impression on our feelings. 4. There is a class of Allegories, Moralities, didactic poems. We might add another,

of Facetiae; but in these the writer, though not unmeaning or without talent, seems far inferior to himself, and they happily fill but a small part of his pages.

The first and third of these classes—the *Idylls* and *Fancies*—are, in our view, of the greatest merit, and differ in little but the stranger and more legendary themes of the latter series, while they resemble each other in a somewhat spacious and detailed style of description, with, however, an evident general predominance of personal feeling, sometimes masked by the substitution of an imaginary narrator for the real poet.

We shall speak first of the second class, which we have called *Odes*. 'Claribel,' 'Lilian,' 'Isabel,' 'Madeline,' 'Adeline,' 'Eleanore,' and 'Margaret,'—all are raptures in honour of ladies. 'Isabel' is similar in style and plan to the rest, but differs by being addressed to a matron, not a maiden; and though, like the others, euphuistic enough, and coldly ingenious, is pleasant as a relief from the unrealities of rhetorical sentiment. There is a beautiful idea in it—with much verbal melody and many dainty phrases, far beyond the reach of any but a man of genius, however inaptly genius may be spent in dressing make-believe emotions with far-fetched rhythmic ornament. 'Claribel' is a sort of lament over a dead woman. The other young ladies seem to have the advantage of being still alive, but their poetic environment is not for that the less ghostly and preternatural. In all of these pieces the will to write poetry seems to us to have supplied (insufficiently) the place of poetic feeling; though one sees that only a poet could have written them. The heroines are moonshine maidens, in the number of whom Mr. Tennyson is really as unconscionable as Solomon or Mahomet. It may be suspected that neither the Arab prophet nor Jewish king would much have approved such questionable charms as *black-beaded eyes* and *crimson-threaded lips*. We of a more metaphysical generation grow heartily weary of the delicacies, and subtleties, and super-fineries of so many mysterious passions, and phantom objects, as carefully discriminated as varieties of insects by Ehrenberg, or fossils by Owen. The whole style smells of musk, and is not without glimpses of rouge and pearl-powder. We have found nothing here at once more distinct and graceful than the following lines, and these are marred by the two final epithets:—

'His bowstring slacken'd, languid Love,
Leaning his cheek upon his hand,
Droops both his wings, regarding thee;
And so would languish evermore,
Serene, imperial Eleanore.'

Of the poem 'To —,' much need not be said. '*Clear-headed friend*' is the most ludicrously flat beginning of a serious poem that we have ever seen proceed from a real poet; and the construction of the final strophe is so obscure that we have in vain attempted to disentangle it into any meaning. Yet few readers can be required to spend as much time on such a matter as we are both bound and glad so to employ. In the same verses '*kingly intellect*' is at least in that connection a phrase of vague rhetoric. The two little poems to the 'Owl' are at best ingenious imitations of the manner of some of Shakspeare's and his contemporaries' songs; well done enough, but not worth doing.

The '*Recollections of the Arabian Nights*' is of a better kind. The writer does not in this seem painfully striving after topics, images, variations, and originalities, but writing from lively conception of a theme which offered in abundance the material suited to his fancy and ear. The poem is at once brilliant and pleasing: but we may remark that its merit is of a kind which presents itself somewhat too easily to a reader of the tales it recalls; that there is little progress in imagery, and none in thought, beyond the first stanza, in all the following thirteen; and that some meaning adapted to our modern European brains might perhaps have been insinuated under those gorgeous eastern emblems without injury to their genuine Asiatic import. The gold and red arabesque repeats itself, square after square of the pattern, with undeniable splendour, but somewhat wearying monotony.

The '*Ode to Memory*' aims at a far higher sort of excellence. Had it preceded, instead of following, Mr. Wordsworth's '*Platonic Ode*,' it would have been a memorable poem. The elder poet's solemn rapture on the '*Recollections of Childhood*' is comparable, in its way, to the Portland funeral vase, were that lighted, as it ought to be, from within: on a purple ground, dark as midnight, still and graceful snow-white figures, admitting of endless interpretations, all more or less fitting, but none, perhaps, conclusive. Mr. Tennyson has caught some of the same feeling, and much of the rhythm, but has not even earned what was still within his power, the praise of a greater variety and richness of painting,

nor has precipitated with Shelleyan passion the stream that slept so calmly in Mr. Wordsworth's mountain-lake.

There could hardly be a more decisive proof of Mr. Tennyson's inaptitude for *Orphic* song than the last six lines of this poem:—

'My friend, with thee to live alone,
Methinks were better than to own
A crown, a sceptre, and a throne:
O strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
'Thou dewy dawn of memory.'

To tell Memory, the mystic prophetess to whom in these transcendent initiations we owe all notices connecting our small individuality with the Infinite Eternal, that converse with her were better than crowns and sceptres! Memory might perhaps reply—'My friend, if you have not, after encircling the universe, traversing the abysses of ages, and uttering more than a hundred lines, forgotten that there are such toys on that poor earth as crowns and sceptres, it were better for you to be alone, not with, but without me.' Think how sublime a doctrine, that to have the beatific vision is really better than the power and pomp of the world. Philosophy, that sounds all depths, has seldom approached a deeper *bathos*.

Of the little poem called '*Circumstance*' we shall quote the whole, pleased to find something that we can produce in support of our admiration for a large class of Mr. Tennyson's poems, on which we have not yet touched:—

'Two children in two neighbouring villages
Playing mad pranks along the heathy leas;
Two strangers meeting at a festival;
Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall;
Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease;
Two graves grass-green beside a grey church-tower,
Wash'd with still rains, and daisy-blossomed;
Two children in one hamlet born and bred;—
So runs the round of life from hour to hour.'

Much is not attempted here, but the more performed. How simple is the language; how quietly flowing the rhythm; how clear the images; and with what pleasant enigmatic openness do the few lines set before us all the little tale of the two villagers, playing, parted, meeting, loving, wedding, dying, and leaving behind them two orphan children! It is a small tone of natural feeling, caught and preserved with genuine art, and coming home to every bosom that sweet words can penetrate at all.

'*Fatima*' is of a far higher pitch, but

seems oddly misnamed. It is full of true and vehement, yet musical passion; and it suggests the strong flow of Lesbian poetry, and particularly the well-known fragment of Sappho addressed to a woman. Whence, then, the name? Lesbos has hardly gained by becoming a part of Turkey, or Sappho by turning into Fatima. But the poem is beautiful: we scarcely know where in English we could find anything so excellent, as expressing the deep-hearted fulness of a woman's conscious love. Many will read it as if it belonged only to some Fatima or Sappho to feel with this entireness of abandonment. But there are hundreds of women in the West end of London—and in the East end too—who would find it only a strain that nature had already taught them.

'*Lady Clara Vere de Vere*' aims at less, and though of no very rare cast, is successful in all that it attempts. Mr. Tennyson seems to have intended to be very severe in this remonstrance to a flirt. But the damsel who deserved it would certainly rather have been flattered than provoked by such a tribute to her powers.

'*The Blackbird*,' '*The Death of the Old Year*,' and '*Edward Gray*,' are all sufficiently good for publication, but not for detailed criticism. '*Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere*' is of similar tone, but not extraordinary merit. The last but one appears to be the best stanza:

'Now on some twisted ivy-net,
Now by some tinkling rivulet,
On mosses thick with violet,
Her cream-white mule his pastern set:
And now more fleet she skimmed the plains
Than she whose elfin prancer springs
By night to eery warblings,
When all the glimmering moorland rings
With jingling bridle-reins.'—Vol. ii., p. 207.

In one less careful of his melody—and we have few very recent writers so successfully careful of it—we should hardly make any remark on the harsh *r*'s in these latter lines, so unsuitable to the vague and gliding fluency of the image.

Under the head of *FANCIES* we class all those poems relating to distant and marvellous circumstances and persons such as we can only conceive, and that very imperfectly, by a conscious removal of our thoughts into regions of which we have no experience, and which seem to us half impossible. In some instances the poet only attempts to reproduce outward relations of society and a kind of feeling which have departed from our common life—as in '*The Sisters*,' '*The Beggar Maid*,' '*St. Simeon*,' and '*St.*

Agnes.' In others, and the greater number of these pieces, he rushes away with us into the ruins and sepulchres of old supernatural beliefs—dear to him, however, not as still partly credible, or as ever having been sacred and awful to mankind, but for the graceful strangeness of the figures that they suggest and are linked with. This mythological poetry is not of equal interest and difficulty with that which produces as brilliant and deep effects from the ordinary realities of our own lives. But it is far from worthless. Some German ballads of this kind by Goëthe and Schiller—nay, by Bürger and by Heine—have great power over every one, from the art with which the imagination is won to accept as true what we still feel to be so strange. This is done mainly by a potent use of the mysterious relation between man and nature, and between all men towards each other, which always must show itself on fitting occasions as the visionary, the ominous, the spectral, the 'eery,' and awful consciousness of a supernatural somewhat within our own homely flesh. It appears to us that Mr. Tennyson has neither felt so deeply as some other poets—Coleridge, for instance, in 'Christabel'—the moral ground on which this oracular introspective part of man is firmly built, nor has employed its phantasmagoric power with such startling witchery. But there is almost always a vivid elegance and inward sweetness in his elfin song, whether Gothic or Grecian, and he sometimes even uses the legends of Pagan antiquity with a high perfection of dreamy music.

'The Dying Swan,' 'The Merman,' and 'The Mermaid,' are figments which he has not connected with any feeling that could render us willing to believe, nor with any meaning that would give them value as symbols. There is a kind of unhappy materialism in some of these attempts at spiritualizing nature, and in the midst of some beautiful images we are stopped short by fancies equally farsought and unpleasant; see, for instance, vol. i., p. 73.

There are, however, hardly any of these legendary poems that might not well be cited as examples of solid and luminous painting. We must admit that Mr. Tennyson has scarcely succeeded, perhaps has not tried, to unite any powerful impression on the feelings with his coloured blaze. It is painted—though well painted—fire. But in animated pomp of imagery, all in movement, like a work of Paolo Veronese, few things that we know could rival these compositions. His figures are distinct as

those of brazen statuary on tombs, brilliant as stained glass, musical as the organ-tones of chapels. And as some of these romantic songs remind us of Paul Cagliari, others—those especially that have been dreamt upon the lap of the Greek Muse—are akin to the creations of a still greater painter than the Veronese, Correggio. So mild and mournful in interest are these, so perfect in harmony of images and rhythm, we almost grieve at last to waken from our trance and find we have been deluded by a Pagan vision, and by the echoes of oracles now dumb. Scarcely fabled magic could be more successful. The effect is the result evidently of great labour, but also of admirable art. As minstrel conjurations, perhaps, in English, 'Kubla Khan' alone exceeds them. The verse is full of liquid intoxication, and the language of golden oneness. While we read, we too are wandering, led by nymphs, among the thousand isles of old mythology, and the present fades away from us into a pale vapour. To bewitch us with our own daily realities, and not with their unreal opposites, is a still higher task; but it could not be more thoroughly performed.

The 'Morte d'Arthur,' the first poem in the second volume, seems to us less costly jewel-work, with fewer of the broad flashes of passionate imagery, than some others, and not compensating for this inferiority by any stronger human interest. The miraculous legend of 'Excalibar' does not come very near to us, and as reproduced by any modern writer must be a mere ingenious exercise of fancy. The poem, however, is full of distinct and striking description, perfectly expressed; and a tone of mild, dignified sweetness attracts, though it hardly avails to enchant us. The poet might perhaps have made the loss of the magic sword, the death of Arthur, and dissolution of the Round Table, a symbol for the departure from earth of the whole old Gothic world, with its half-pagan, all-poetic faith, and rude yet mystic blazonries. But it would be tyrannical exaction to require more philosophy in union with so fiery and productive a fancy. No one but Coleridge among us has ever combined a thoroughly speculative intellect with so restless an abundance of beautiful imagery as we find in Mr. Tennyson; and the younger minstrel has as much of the reflection proper to an age like ours as any living poet except Mr. Wordsworth, and as any but a very few deceased ones.

The gift of comprehensive thoughtfulness does not, however, show itself to ad-

vantage in 'St. Simeon Stylites,' a kind of monological personation of a filthy and mad ascetic. We find exhibited, with the seriousness of bitter poetic irony, his loathsome, yet ridiculous attempts at saintship, all founded on an idea of the Divinity fit only for an African worshipping a scarecrow fetish made of dog's bones, goose-feathers, and dunghill-rags. This is no topic for Poetry: she has better tasks than to wrap her mantle round a sordid, greedy lunatic.

How different, how superior is 'Ulysses!' - There is in this work a delightful epic tone, and a clear unimpassioned wisdom quietly carving its sage words and graceful figures on pale but lasting marble. Yet we know not why, except from schoolboy recollections, a modern English poet should write of Ulysses rather than of the great voyagers of the modern world, Columbus, Gama, or even Drake. Their feelings and aims lie far nearer to our comprehension—reach us by a far shorter line. Even of 'Godiva,' different as is the theme, a similar observation holds. It also is admirably well done; but the singularity and barbarousness of the facts spur, no doubt, the fancy, even told in plain prose, yet are far from rendering the topic favourable for poetry. The 'Day-Dream,' the old and pretty tale of the 'Sleeping Beauty,' is open to no such objection. Here the poetry was made to the writer's hand, and one cannot but wish that his grace, liveliness, and splendour had been employed on a matter of his own invention;* or, if borrowed, of some more earnest meaning. Yet, as graceful and lively description, as truth playing behind the mask of fairy-tale, the whole poem is most agreeable. It opens thus:—

'The varying year with blade and sheaf
Clothes and reclothes the happy plains;
Here rests the sap within the leaf,
Here strays the blood along the veins.
Faint shadows, vapours lightly curl'd,
Faint murmurs from the meadows come,
Like hints and echoes of the world
To spirits folded in the womb.

Soft lustre bathes the range of urns
On every slanting terrace lawn.
The fountain to his place returns
Deep in the garden-lake withdrawn.

* It is difficult to suppose that the poem was written before the exhibition of Mr. Maclise's picture of 'The Sleeping Beauty,' (1841)—a work displaying, like most of that rising artist's, great wealth and boldness of fancy and execution, but, like too many both of the paintings and the poems of our day, too ambitiously crowded, and forced and glaring in its composition.

Here droops the banner on the tower,
On the hall-hearthas the festal fires,
The peacock in his laurel bower,
The parrot in his gilded wires.

Roof-haunting martens warm their eggs:
In these, in those the life is stay'd.
The mantles from the golden pegs
Droop sleepily: no sound is made,
Not even of a goat that sings.
More like a picture seemeth all
Than those old portraits of old kings,
That watch the sleepers from the wall.

Here sits the butler with a flask
Between his knees, half-drained; and there
The wrinkled steward at his task;
The maid-of-honour blooming fair:
The page has caught her hand in his;
Her lips are sever'd as to speak:
His own are pouted to a kiss:
The blush is fix'd upon her cheek.

Till all the hundred summers pass,
The beams, that through the oriel shine,
Make prisms in every carven glass,
And beaker brimm'd with noble wine.
Each baron at the banquet sleeps,
Grave faces gather'd in a ring.
His state the king reposing keeps.
He must have been a jolly king.

All round a hedge upshoots, and shows
At distance like a little wood;
Thorns, ivies, woodbine, misletoes,
And grapes with bunches red as blood;
All creeping plants, a wall of green
Close-matted, bur and brake and brier,
And glimpsing over these, just seen,
High up, the topmost palace spire.

When will the hundred summers die,
And thought and time be born agen,
And newer knowledge, drawing nigh,
Bring truth that sways the soul of men?
Here all things in their place remain,
As all were order'd ages since.
Come Care and Pleasure, Hope and Pain,
And bring the fated fairy Prince.'

At last—two sections intervene—he comes and finds the lady:—

'A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapp'd.
There rose a noise of striking clocks,
And feet that ran, and doors that clapp'd,
And barking dogs, and crowing cocks.
A fuller light illumined all,
A breeze through all the garden swept,
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,
The butler drank, the steward scrawl'd,
The fire shot up, the marten flew,
The parrot scream'd, the peacock squall'd,
The maid and page renew'd their strife,
The palace bang'd, and buzz'd, and clack'd,
And all the long-pent stream of life
Dash'd downward in a cataract.

And last of all the king awoke,
 And in his chair himself uprear'd,
 And yawn'd, and rubb'd his face, and spoke,
 "By holy rood, a royal beard!
 How say you? we have slept, my lords.
 My beard has grown into my lap."
 The barons swore, with many words,
 'Twas but an after-dinner's nap.

"Pardy," return'd the king, "but still
 My joints are something stiff or so.
 My lord, and shall we pass the bill
 I mention'd half an hour ago?"
 The chancellor, sedate and vain,
 In courteous words return'd reply;
 But dallied with his golden chain,
 And, smiling, put the question by."

Another section follows before we have
 that entitled 'The Departure':—

'And on her lover's arm she leant,
 And round her waist she felt it fold,
 And far across the hills they went
 In that new world which is the old:
 Across the hills, and far away
 Beyond their utmost purple rim.
 And deep into the dying day
 The happy princess followed him.

"I'd sleep another hundred years,
 O love, for such another kiss;"
 "O wake for ever, love," she hears,
 "O love, 'twas such as this and this."
 And o'er them many a sliding star,
 And many a merry wind was borne,
 And, stream'd through many a golden bar,
 The twilight melted into morn.

"O eyes long laid in happy sleep!"
 "O happy sleep, that lightly fled!"
 "O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!"
 "O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"
 And o'er them many a flowing range
 Of vapour buoy'd the crescent bark,
 And, rapt through many a rosy change,
 The twilight died into the dark.

"A hundred summers! can it be?
 And whither goest thou, tell me where?"
 "O seek my father's court with me,
 For there are greater wonders there."
 And o'er the hills, and far away
 Beyond their utmost purple rim,
 Beyond the night, across the day,
 Through all the world she follow'd him."

—vol. ii. p. 159.

The poems which we would class under
 the head *MORALITIES*, in which Reflection
 lifts the rod to silence Feeling, are scattered
 up and down the volumes under various
 titles. They almost all appear to us de-
 cided and remarkable failures, and only one
 or two of the shorter and slighter at all
 worthy of Mr. Tennyson.

The 'Palace of Art,' indeed, has the
 tints and force of poetry, and shows the

author's characteristic power of distinct and
 deeply-dyed painting. But there is con-
 siderable affectation in some of the group-
 ings both of words and things, and what is
 worse, the meaning, the *morality*, is trivial,
 and even mistaken. The writer's doctrine
 seems to be, that the soul, while by its own
 energy surrounding itself with all the most
 beautiful and expressive images that the
 history of mankind has produced, and sym-
 pathizing wholly with the world's best
 thoughts, is perpetrating some prodigious
 moral offence for which it is bound to re-
 pent in sackcloth and ashes. A more ra-
 tional and not less religious view would
 seem to be, that we should repent of the
 errors we commit from the inactivity of our
 higher powers and feelings. We hardly
 know a notion worthier of Simeon [Stylites],
 or of some crack-brained sot repenting in
 the stocks, than this doctrine that the use
 of our noblest faculties on their right objects
 is an outrage against our best duties. Happi-
 ly, Mr. Tennyson's practice is wiser than
 the theory propounded in this piece; and
 his theory itself, if we may judge from the
 doctrinal parts of his second and more ma-
 ture volume, is also much improved. The
 long and dull production called the 'Two
 Voices,' a dispute on immortality, adding
 nothing to our previous knowledge, and of
 which the substance might have been bet-
 ter given in three pages (or one) than thirty,
 has yet no such folly in it as the many-
 coloured mistake of the 'Palace of Art.'

In all Mr. Tennyson's didactic writing
 one sees too clearly that, unless when the
 Image enchains his heart, the Thought has
 far too little hold upon him to produce any
 lively movement of soul. His speculations
 have the commonplaceness, vagueness, and
 emptiness of dreams, though the dreams of
 genius; and hopefully do we trust that the
 poet will not again throw off his magic
 mantle for either the monkish gown or stoic
 robe.

We have now reached that class of poems
 which stand first in our list, and which we
 have entitled *IDYLLS*. We have reserved
 till now all special mention of them, as
 holding them the most valuable part of Mr.
 Tennyson's writings, a real addition to our
 literature. They have all more or less of
 the properly Idyllic character, though in
 three or four of them marked with the ra-
 pid and suggestive style of the ballad. In
 all we find some warm feeling, most often
 love, a clear and faithful eye for visible
 nature, skilful art and completeness of con-
 struction, and a mould of verse which for
 smoothness and play of melody has seldom

been equalled in the language. The heart-felt tenderness, the glow, the gracefulness, the strong sense, the lively painting, in many of these compositions, drawn from the heart of our actual English life, set them far above the glittering marvels and musical phantasms of Mr. Tennyson's mythological romances, at first sight the most striking portion of his works.

Among the happier specimens of this class two are pre-eminent—the 'Gardener's Daughter,' and 'Dora.' These are both of them Idylls in the strictest sense of the term, and might rank with the eclogues of Theocritus and Virgil, and with some poems of Goethe—as anecdotes drawn from

rustic life and rounded into song. Especially, as compared with the antique models, we see in them all the gain that Christianity and civilisation have brought to the relation of the sexes, and to the characters of women.

The 'Gardener's Daughter' is a husband's recollection of his successful love, the object of which has been withdrawn from him by death. The unrhymed verse has a quiet fullness of sound, and all the delineation a clear yet rich completeness of truth, that render the little work, though far from the loftiest, yet one of the most delightful we know. As English landscape-painting, what can exceed this?

'Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
News from the humming city comes to it
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells,
And sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
The windy clanging of the minster clock;
Although between it and the garden lies
A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream,
That stirr'd with languid pulses of the ear,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crown'd with the minster-towers. The fields between
Are dewy-fresh, brows'd by deep-udder'd kine,
And all about the large lime feathers low,
The lime a summer home of murmurous wings.'

Or take the companion picture, where this view is alive with human passion:—

'There sat we down upon a garden mound,
Two mutually enfolded; Love, the third,
Between us, in the circle of his arms
Enwound us both; and over many a range
Of waning lime the grey cathedral towers,
Across a hazy glimmer of the west,
Reveal'd their shining windows: from them clash'd
The bells; we listen'd; with the time we play'd;
We spoke of other things; we coursed about
The subject most at heart, more near and near,
Like doves about a dove-cote, wheeling round
The central wish, until we settled there.'—vol. ii. p. 29.

'Dora,' though not so luxuriously beautiful, has less, indeed nothing, that could be spared without serious loss, and being only half the length of the former one, we shall extract it entire;—

'With farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often look'd at them,
And often thought, "I'll make them man and wife."
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd towards William; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day
When Allan call'd his son, and said, "My son,
I married late; but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die:
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora, she is well
To look to; thrifty, too, beyond her age,

She is my brother's daughter : he and I
 Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
 In foreign lands ; but for his sake I bred
 His daughter Dora : take her for your wife ;
 For I have wished this marriage, night and day,
 For many years." But William answer'd short,
 "I cannot marry Dora ; by my life,
 I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
 Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said,
 "You will not, boy ! you dare to answer thus !
 But in my time a father's word was law,
 And so it shall be now for me. Look to 't,
 Consider : take a month to think, and give
 An answer to my wish ; or by the Lord
 That made me, you shall pack, and never more
 Darken my doors again." And William heard,
 And answer'd something madly ; bit his lips,
 And broke away. The more he look'd at her
 The less he liked her ; and his ways were harsh ;
 But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
 The month was out he left his father's house,
 And hired himself to work within the fields ;
 And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed
 A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
 His niece and said, "My girl, I love you well ;
 But if you speak with him that was my son,
 Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
 My home is none of yours. My will is law."
 And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
 "It cannot be : my uncle's mind will change !"

And days went on, and there was born a boy
 To William ; then distresses came on him ;
 And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,
 Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.
 But Dora stored what little she could save,
 And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
 Who sent it ; till at last a fever seized
 On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
 And looked with tears upon her boy, and thought
 Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said,

"I have obey'd my uncle until now,
 And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me
 This evil came on William at the first.
 But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
 And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
 And for this orphan, I am come to you :
 You know there has not been for these five years
 So full a harvest : let me take the boy,
 And I will set him in mine uncle's eye
 Among the wheat ; then when his heart is glad
 Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
 And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

And Dora took the child and went her way
 Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
 That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
 Far off the farmer came into the field,
 And spied her not ; for none of all his men
 Dare tell him Dora waited with the child ;
 And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
 But her heart failed her ; and the reapers reap'd,
 And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took
 The child once more, and sat upon the mound ;
 And made a little wreath of all the flowers
 That grew about, and tied it round his hat
 To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
 Then when the farmer pass'd into the field
 He spied her, and he left his men at work,
 And came and said, "Where were you yesterday ?

Whose child is that ? What are you doing here ?"
 So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
 And answer'd softly, " This is William's child !"
 " And did I not," said Allan, " did I not
 Forbid you, Dora ?" Dora said again,
 " Do with me as you will, but take the child
 And bless him for the sake of him that's gone !"
 And Allan said, " I see it is a trick
 Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
 I must be taught my duty, and by you !
 You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
 To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy ;
 But go you hence, and never see me more."

So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud
 And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
 At Dora's feet. She bowed upon her hands,
 And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
 More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,
 Remembering the day when first she came,
 And all the things that had been. She bow'd down
 And wept in secret : and the reapers reaped,
 And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
 Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
 Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
 To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.
 And Dora said, " My uncle took the boy ;
 But, Mary, let me live and work with you :
 He says that he will never see me more."
 Then answered Mary, " This shall never be,
 That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself :
 And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
 For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
 His mother ; therefore thou and I will go,
 And I will have my boy, and bring him home ;
 And I will beg of him to take thee back :
 But if he will not take thee back again,
 Then thou and I will live within one house,
 And work for William's child until he grows
 Of age to help us."

So the women kiss'd
 Each other, and set out, and reached the farm.
 The door was off the latch ; they peep'd and saw
 The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
 Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
 And clapp'd him on the hands and on the cheeks,
 Like one that lov'd him ; and the lad stretch'd out
 And babbled for the golden seal, that hung
 From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
 Then they came in ; but when the boy beheld
 His mother, he cried out to come to her,
 And Allan set him down ; and Mary said :

" O Father !—if you let me call you so—
 I never came a-begging for myself,
 Or William, or this child ; but now I come
 For Dora : take her back ; she loves you well.
 O sir, when William died, he died at peace
 With all men : for I ask'd him, and he said,
 He could not ever rue his marrying me ;
 I had been a patient wife ; but, sir, he said
 That he was wrong to cross his father thus.
 ' God bless him !' he said, ' and may he never know
 The troubles I have gone through !' Then he turn'd
 His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am !
 But now, sir, let me have my boy, for you
 Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
 His father's memory ; and take Dora back,
 And let all this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
 By Mary. There was silence in the room ;
 And all at once the old man burst in sobs :

"I've been to blame—to blame. I have kill'd my son.
I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear son.
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children."

Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times.
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundredfold;
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,
Thinking of William.

So those four abode
Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.'—vol. ii., p. 33–41.

We shall leave this without comment, which, we trust, is needless.

'Audley Court,' and 'Walking to the Mail,' are in a lighter style, and with less of interest. 'The Talking Oak' is more important, but does not satisfy us so well. This also, like most of Mr. Tennyson's better poems, is love-inspired and love-breathing.

But an ancient oak, that is won by a poet to utter Dodonæan oracles, would hardly, we conceive, be so prolix and minute in its responses. In '*Locksley Hall*' the fancy is again at home. It is, perhaps, on the whole, the one of all these poems in which far-extended thought is best involved in genuine and ardent imagination. A quick and generous heart pours out through the lips of a young man who has been deceived by the woman he loved, and who, inflamed with disappointment, reviews at passionate speed—far unlike the prosaic slowness of professional reviewers—the images that the darkened world now presents to him, and the diverse paths of action that he is tempted to try. We know not what the author means by his hero's talk of comrades and bugle-horns; for all the rest is the direct outbirth and reflection of our own age. The speaker tells his former happiness in the following lines:—

'Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung;

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a colour and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turn'd—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs—
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes—

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;"
Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fulness of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known me—to decline
On a range of lower feelings, and a narrower heart than mine!"—vol. ii., p. 94–96.

The images that haunt him, of the faithless maiden's married life with a despised

husband, are full of bitter strength; but we prefer a small specimen of his more indistinct and wider notions:—

'Can I but re-live in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men;

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do,

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see—
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill'd with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm.'—vol. ii., pp. 103, 104.

'Lady Clare' is not memorable; but the 'Lord of Burleigh' well deserves citation, as an example of the skill with which a poet can find a true and complete imaginative interest in an anecdote of our actual refined life:—

'In her ear he whispers gaily,
"If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watch'd thee daily,
And I think thou lov'st me well."
She replies in accents fainter,
"There is none I love like thee."
He is but a landscape-painter,
And a village maiden she.
He to lips, that fondly falter,
Presses his without reproof;
Leads her to the village altar,
And they leave her father's roof.
"I can make no marriage present;
Little can I give my wife.
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
And I love thee more than life."

They by parks and lodges going
See the lordly castles stand:
Summer woods, about them blowing,
Made a murmur in the land.
From deep thought himself he rouses,
Says to her that loves him well,
"Let us see these handsome houses
Where the wealthy nobles dwell."
So she goes by him attended,
Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
Lay betwixt his home and hers;

Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and order'd gardens great,

Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.
All he shows her makes him dearer:
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their days.
O but she will love him truly!
He shall have a cheerful home;
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come.

Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns;
Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before:
Many a gallant gay domestic
Bows before him at the door.
And they speak in gentle murmur,
When they answer to his call,
While he treads with footstep firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall:
And, while now she wanders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
"All of this is mine and thine."

Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free;
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he.

All at once the colour flushes
 Her sweet face from brow to chin :
 As it were with shame she blushes,
 And her spirit changed within.
 Then her countenance all over
 Pale again as death did prove ;
 But he clasp'd her like a lover,
 And he cheer'd her soul with love.

So she strove against her weakness,
 Though at times her spirit sank ;
 Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
 To all duties of her rank :
 And a gentle consort made he,
 And her gentle mind was such
 That she grew a noble lady,
 And the people loved her much.

But a trouble weighed upon her,
 And perplexed her night and morn,
 With the burthen of an honour
 Unto which she was not born.
 Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
 As she murmur'd, " Oh, that he
 Were once more that landscape-painter,
 Which did win my heart from me."

So she droop'd and droop'd before him,
 Fading slowly from his side :
 Three fair children first she bore him,
 Then before her time she died.

Weeping, weeping late and early,
 Walking up and pacing down,
 Deeply mourned the Lord of Burleigh,
 Burleigh-house by Stamford town.
 And he came to look upon her,
 And he looked at her and said,
 " Bring the dress, and put it on her,
 That she wore when she was wed."

Then her people, softly treading,
 Bore to earth her body, drest
 In the dress that she was wed in,
 That her spirit might have rest."

—vol. ii., pp. 201-205.

Every thoughtful reader of the poems which we have thus glanced through will be led to compare them with those on similar themes, of present human existence in the country, by the most profoundly reflective of our living poets, Mr. Wordsworth. 'Michael,' 'The Brothers,' the story of Margaret in the beginning of 'The Excursion,' 'Ruth,'—these also are English Idylls, drawn from the well-springs of Nature, and finished with the painful care of a great artist. How naked and bare they all are in their solemn stillness ! Nor is it only in these poems, but even in works of lighter and gladder movement, that we are compelled to listen to the bard as to a grave teacher of moral truth, whom the spirit of spontaneous enjoyment, and even the sympathy with whatever is pathetic or grand in man, cannot hurry beyond the school of his compassionate but austere stoicism.

Ignorance only, or lunacy, could deny him a deep internal power of true poetry. But even this, and not merely the manly passions and the soft affections, even the shap- ing and inspired imagination itself, is al- ways subject to the considerate dominion of the moral idea. *Emotion*, the most gene- ral and obvious, the necessary impulse of all poetry in every age, is restrained in all his writings by the awful presence of self- centred will. The feelings are described rather than shared ; the tragic passions are summoned up only to be rebuked by a more solemn conjuration than their own ; the free enjoyment of life and nature ap- proved only within the bounds of unrelax- ing caution ; and love—the name bubbled by every wave of Hippocrene and thunder- ed in all the floods and storms of the main ocean of our being—is here a grave ritual sound spoken over the still waters drawn from the well of Truth for a penitential bap- tism.

Of course it would be far from our design to charge this great writer with want of feeling. A poet without feeling ! Fire without warmth, and a heart without pul- sation ! But it is clear that his feelings are always strictly watched by his medita- tive conscience too strictly, not for wisdom, but for rapture. Not a prophet in the wilderness lifting up his testimony against an evil generation, for the heart of the seer must be red and fierce as molten iron—not a hermit in his cave retired from human joys, for the anchorite floats above his rocky floor, forgetful of laws and retribu- tions, in an ecstasy of self-denying love, that supplies the place of decalogue and duties—but like the prophet and the monk, this poet turns aside from the busy ways of life to speculate, in sage and some- times awful rhetoric, on the wondrousness of existence, and the care with which we must tend the purity of its fountain in the heart. There is no face so lovely, no act so gushing over with keen life, that it can kindle at once the minstrel into song, hur- rying him beyond all thought of wrong and right, and having warrant enough in the zealous heat which it inspires. Only in communion with the stars, the mountains, and the sea, the flowers of spring and au- tumn leaves, and all the simple mysteries of natural things, does his heart pour, without pause, a stream of melodious gladness, and fear no danger in its own happy ecstasies. Even in these solemn elevations of soul he does not forget to impose a scheme of toils on human life. Among streams and rocks he begins with discourse of virtue ; and when he has risen on the ladder of his

vision to the stars, we still hear him singing from the solar way, that it is by temperance, soberness, and chastity of soul he has so climbed, and that the praise of this heroic discipline is his last message to mankind. A noble temper of heart! A truly great man! He has strangely wedded his philosophic lore to the sweetness of poetry. But the poetry would have streamed out in a freer gush, and flushed the heart with ampler joy, had the moral been less *obtruded* as its constant aim.

In the younger of these two idyllic writers, on the whole the most genial poet of English rural life that we know—for Burns was of another language and country, no less than school—there is a very different stamp of soul. In his works there has been art enough required and used to give such clear and graceful roundness; but all skill of labour, all intellectual purpose, kept behind the sweet and fervid impulse of the heart. Thus, all that we call affection, imagination, intellect, melts out as one long happy sigh into union with the visibly beautiful, and with every glowing breath of human life. In all his better poems there is this same character—this fusion of his own fresh feeling with the delightful affections, baffled or blessed, of others—and with the fairest images of the real world as it lies before us all to-day. To this same tendency all legend and mystery are subordinate—to this the understanding, theorizing and dogmatizing, yet ever ministers, a loyal giant to a fairy mistress. In his better and later works the fantastic and ingenious brain, abounding in gold-dust and diamond-powder, and the playmate of sphinxes and hieroglyphic beasts, pours out its wealth, and yokes its monsters only for the service of that homely northern nature, without whose smile all wealth is for us but dead stones, and all mysteries but weary task-like puzzles.

ART. V.—*Remarks on English Churches, and on the Expediency of rendering Sepulchral Memorials subservient to Pious and Christian Uses.* By J. H. Markland, F.R.S. and S.A. Oxford, 1842. 12mo. Second Edition.

MR. MARKLAND has long been known for his zealous and indefatigable services to the Church—services not the less valuable as rendered by a layman. And he has now added another to their number, by a suggestion so likely to accord with the present improved state of religious feeling,

and capable of such general application, that it may be regarded as one of the most important steps made lately in the restoration of a sound and efficient church-system among us. That it is simple and obvious, such as might have occurred to any mind in passing through one of our churchyards, or looking at the tablets which disfigure the walls of our churches, is no disparagement to the merit of the suggestion. Most of our greatest inventions have been of this nature. To have appreciated its value, and placed it before the public in a form likely to fix attention, and to induce the adoption of it, is in itself no slight thing. And the pure, practical, and devotional spirit of the little work in which it is contained will give it a recommendation, which Mr. Markland may well claim as his own.

‘It is not (he says) the object of these pages to suggest the banishing of sepulchral monuments altogether from our churches, deeply reverencing, as we must, the antiquity of the custom and the feeling of love and respect for the dead, “as the last work of charity we can perform for them,” which in many instances prompts their erection; and also believing that they have often been the means of producing a salutary impression upon the living. “The sensations of pious cheerfulness which attend the celebration of Sunday,” says Wordsworth, “are profitably chastised by the sight of the graves of kindred and friends, gathered together in that general home, towards which the thoughtful, yet happy, spectators themselves are journeying.” The descendant of a noble house who in his family mausoleum “sees his steel-clad sires and mothers mild” reposing on their marble tombs, and the peasant who saunters among the mouldering heaps of the forefathers of his hamlet, are alike susceptible of some mournful pleasure, arising from the contemplation of “these relics of veneration;” and are alive to the sentiments so exquisitely expressed by Gray in a stanza which ought never to have been expunged from his *Elegy* :—

“Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.”

Tombs of different periods, and of styles characteristic of those periods, (provided they do not offend in point of taste), collected in and around a place of worship, must promote the feeling which some of them at least were intended to excite. The lesson on mortality is most striking, when we see the earthly pomps of age after age, in the outward fashion of each period, all gathered within the same precinct; the dead, great and small, of different generations, waiting alike the Resurrection.

Still, it must be admitted that commonplace monuments and tablets have been, and continue to be most needlessly multiplied, and that this excess might be wisely restrained. On the walls of many churches, instead of contributing to the

beauty of the fabric, they are unsightly excrescences. Not only has every vacant place been seized upon, but portions of the original structure have been, and are shamefully mutilated to receive them. For example: Mr. Rickman, speaking of the ancient altar-screen at Beverley, "unrivalled in its description of work," states "that some remarkably fine and intricate tracery has been cut away to put in some poor modern monumental tablets."* The beautiful altar-screen in the Lady Chapel of York Minster, and the screens in various other cathedrals and churches, have equally suffered. A long catalogue of similar enormities might be given, as instances of gross carelessness and depraved taste.

In the majority of cases, why is not the simple gravestone allowed to suffice? Perhaps the very individual whose name is to be engraved on a costly monument was so averse to notoriety, that the distinctive excellence of his character consisted in those retiring qualities which never desired to travel out of the domestic circle.

"It is my will (the excellent Bishop Sanderson desired) that no costly monument be erected for my memory, but only a fair flat marble stone be laid over me. And I do very much desire my will may be carefully observed herein, hoping it may become exemplary to some one or other; at least, however, testifying at my death—what I have so often earnestly professed in my lifetime—my utter dislike of the vast expenses laid out in funeral solemnities, with very little benefit to any, which, if bestowed in pious and charitable works, might redound to the public or private benefit of many persons." Dr. Wells requested "to have no stone set up to his memory;" but he did leave a monument in his parish, for he rebuilt the parsonage at his own cost. Mr. Newman justly observes that "it is always a satisfaction to have evidence that an author is writing under the practical influence of his own principles." Sir Henry Wotton directed his executors to "lay over his grave a marble stone, plain and not costly; considering that time moulders even marble to dust, for monuments themselves must die."

Again, how frequently does it happen that on such memorials all that is mentioned is nothing more than what the parish-register could tell us! "Most inscriptions record nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day and died upon another: the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons, who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died."

Collias, in his exquisite lines on the death of Colonel Ross, gives to that brave soldier a grave covered with turf, and tells us that

"A Ærial hands shall build his tomb,
With shadowy trophies crown'd."

But men "of meaner mould, life's common clods," are not to be thus easily satisfied. By

* A still more lamentable instance may be seen in the exquisite Lady Chapel, or Trinity Church, attached to Ely Cathedral.

their own testamentary directions, or by the mistaken kindness of surviving friends, tombs of a costly and substantial character are prepared for numbers, whose claims to sepulchral honours could not well be classed with those of the hero of Fontenoy. The poet's lament is not to apply to them, and, after a vast expense and waste of talent and labour, the "polished marble," in the shape of a statue or bust, is placed upon its pedestal.—p. 36, &c.

And the suggestion which follows is obvious:—

'If, from the comparatively humble station which an individual may have occupied, or from his uneventful life, no useful lesson can be taught by the inscription on his tomb, why should not an expenditure (which in this case must be prompted by somewhat of vanity in his surviving friends) receive another and a higher direction? Might not the cost be made instrumental to a better and a holier end? Might it not be devoted to the service and glory of God, and to the benefit of those who worship in His house? For more than a century, mural monuments with cherubs, skulls, lamps, and twisted columns, with little variety, were permitted to deform our churches. In later days we have had the urn or the sarcophagus—strange ornaments in a Christian temple!—or a female figure, veiled with drapery, sitting under a willow, bending over a tomb, or leaning upon an extinguished torch! These designs have become wearisome and uninteresting from repetition, and unless they proceed from the chisel of a master, cannot but be wholly disregarded. It should be an object, therefore, with us all, where our influence may extend, to endeavour to restrain the passion for erecting sepulchral memorials, in order that they may be confined exclusively to those, who, from their distinguished talents and their useful lives, merit posthumous honours; and that when they are erected, due attention should always be paid to the proper disposal of them in our churches, and also to their adaptation to the character of the building, which is to contain them. But far more strongly may it be urged, that instead of costly monuments, memorials should be chosen, which, from being really useful, might be stamped with a more imperishable character.

In pointing out another class of memorials for the dead, as substitutes for a large proportion of unimportant and unedifying monuments and tablets, the object should be to associate the names and the virtues of those who are really worthy of such commemoration with something more important and more beneficial than all that sculpture and epitaphs alone can afford.

'On the death of the head of a family of rank or wealth, the more pressing wants, both spiritual and temporal, of a neighbourhood should be consulted, and a parish church, a district church or chapel, a school, almshouses, or an hospital should be erected or enlarged, as circumstances might require. If no such building or additions to an existing building be called for, then let inquiries of the following kind be made. Does the body, or an aisle of the church of the parish, its chancel, porch, roof, tower, or spire, call for

restoration? In what state are the altar and its screen, and the font? In many of our churches the altar-screens have either perished, or the original work is hidden or defaced, as we have seen, by clumsy wood-work, or by paintings, "where sprawl the saints" of artists less skilful than "Verrio or Laguerre;"—let such be carefully restored. In others of our churches, the altars themselves and fonts will be found in a state of filth and decay disgraceful to us as members of Christ's Church, professing to hold in reverence the sacraments which He has ordained, but wholly regardless of the places of their celebration.'

We have wished to let Mr Markland speak for himself, because a good man's voice, whose acts are like his words, is never heard in vain. And without any effort at deep research, or philosophy, or eloquence—even where a writer prefers, like Mr. Markland to speak rather in the language of others than in his own—there is a secret charm in the very absence of pretension, which cannot but tell upon a well-constituted mind.

Our object is one, to which Mr. Markland himself would far rather that we should devote the little space which can be given to these observations than to any praise of himself. It is to carry on the good work which he has begun; and to urge the same suggestion, that our sepulchral monuments should be shaped hereafter to some more appropriate and religious purpose than the mere commemoration of a name by a mass of marble.

The time when this suggestion has been thrown out is peculiarly appropriate to it. The eyes of the country have been opened to a sense of its spiritual destitution. With this new sense (for new it is) has come a deep conviction upon all classes, not merely on those who view things religiously, but on the politician, the philosophical speculator, even on the worldly proprietor, to whom property is an idol, that unless some great efforts are made to place once more over our dense masses of population some more efficient teaching and guidance than the staff of a policeman, or even the bayonet of a regiment, society must be disorganized, and with this must come ruin to every interest, worldly or unworldly alike. We have learnt at last that this teaching and guidance must be one of the heart, and of the whole man; not merely of the head, administered by doses in newspapers, and at Mechanics' Institutes, but guaranteed and enforced with all the authority which can be given to human words by a divine commission, and by all good and holy appeals to human affections—appeals

which can be found nowhere perfect but in the declarations and ministrations of the gospel. To the Church, therefore, men are looking on each side to come forward and do for the country, what no statesman, or Parliament, can hope of themselves to do—to infuse into the effete limbs of the empire new life and vigour; to teach those to obey who are now disposed for anarchy; to fill those with love who are now hating; to give contentment to those who cannot be rich; and benevolence and charity to the rich, who, if they can be brought to devote to religious and charitable purposes only a portion of their wealth, may yet preserve the remainder.

καὶ τὸ μὴν πρὸ χρημάτων
κτησίῳν δακρυὶς βαλὼν
σφενδύνας ἅπ' ἐμὲ τρέφον,
οὐκ ἴδον πρόπας δόμος,
πληροῦς γύμων ἔγαν,
οὐδ' ἐπὶ δύναισι σκαφοῖς.—*Agamemnon*, v. 978.

And in looking round for the various resources which may be made available to this purpose, few present themselves as more obvious and more likely to be productive than the one suggested by Mr. Markland.

As a better and higher spirit revives among us, the questions must occur, especially in those moments when the heart is most softened, and the truth of things most vividly brought out by the presence of death—what is the nature of death itself; what the relations between the dead and the living; what the proper destination of sacred buildings; what language ought to be used in them; and with what eye those whom we commemorate would regard the honour which we pay them. We shall in the same proportion learn to think more of others than of ourselves; more of truth than of what the world will say on our own thriftiness or profusion; more, in one word, of heaven than of earth; and then, perhaps, we may be able to form a right conception and pure taste, as on an infinite variety of other subjects, so especially on sepulchral monuments.

Their history indeed is remarkable; and well deserves to be studied by a philosophical antiquarian, not merely to trace costumes, and define periods of architecture, but as a practical illustration of the changes which have followed each other in habits of thought and action, upon the most important questions, and under the most exciting circumstances of human life. It is a history of religion; and in the Christian period, a history of the Church;

an exhibition of prevailing thought and feeling, deliberately planned, contrived for perpetuity, permitted under the sanction of the Church, and so intimately connected with the saddest realities of life, that either affectation and hypocrisy must be considered excluded, or, if admitted, must betray a state of mind completely wedded to falsities. Mr. Markland has already enlarged his original memoir to the Oxford Architectural Society. He might find a very extensive and interesting field for still further researches, by prosecuting them in this direction; and we will venture to offer a few questions and suggestions ourselves.

It is no slight change of circumstances, nothing perhaps short of the whole Christian revelation, which was implied either directly or indirectly in the first great change from cremation to interment, which marked the rise of Christianity. How deeply must an entirely new system of belief have sunk into the popular mind, before it could have borne an alteration in those practices relating to the dead, to which it clings with the deepest superstition! What a revolution of thought in regard to the relations in which the body stands to the soul; and in which relations are comprised so much of past revealed knowledge, so much of elevated and self-disciplining moral teaching, so much of faith in a future resurrection, so many miraculous facts, on which that faith must rest! 'Execrantur rogos,' says Minucius, 'et damnant ignium sepulchras.' Coupled with this, Christianity retained the two principal, and seemingly contradictory sentiments, which the human mind has always associated with its mortal remains. It honoured, and yet dreaded and almost loathed them, as if the strange combination of a blessing and a curse were visible in natural death, as it was supposed to exist in the case of sacrificed victims; which were, in the eyes of the heathens and of the Jews, both consecrated and polluted. Thus the early Christians, while they buried their dead out of their sight, lavished on them many marks of veneration and affection.

'Tertullian says, that though Christians in his time abstained from sumptuous and effeminate decorations and applications to their persons when living, yet they bestowed on their dead the most choice and expensive spices, perfumes, odours, drugs, and ointments: they were also embalmed and entombed with great magnificence.'—*Apol.* 1, 42, 34.

cite, to the same effect, Origen, Eusebius, Prudentius, St. Gregory of Nyssa, &c., &c.

Perhaps no form or place of sepulture could be imagined harmonizing more completely with true reason and the spirit of the Gospel than those vast catacombs, stretching in every direction under the city of Rome, on the illustration of which so much pains have been bestowed. Originally excavated, it is probable, by the workers of pozzolana, they offered a natural refuge from persecution both for living Christians and for dead. Their long narrow galleries stretching in every direction, and scooped out into a low-arched labyrinth, afforded on each side receptacles for the dead in cells, ranging one above the other, in sizes fitted to the body, and closed afterwards with brick-work and mortar. Within these the body itself lay, wrapped either in folds of linen and covered with perfumes, or dressed in its richest robes—a vase to hold either the blood of the martyr, or lustral water, embedded in mortar at the side—leaves of evergreen laurel or ivy (not cypress) strewn under them; the instruments of martyrdom (if they died martyrs) entombed with them, such as nails, forceps, leaden bullets, axe or cross; sometimes the name engraved within the tomb; sometimes a leaden tablet with an account of their martyrdom, and on the exterior the sign of the cross, the mystical symbol of the name of Christ, or some other Christian emblem, engraved or painted, as the palm branch, the dove, the fish, the anchor, or the crown. A bronze lamp suspended from the arch betokened the belief in immortality. And if the heathen sarcophagus was retained, its sides were charged with sculptures of our Lord, the apostles, or scenes and characters from Scriptures, such as the history of Jonah, the ascension of Elijah, the sacrifice of Abraham, Moses striking the rock, or the Israelites passing the Red Sea—all typical of some holy doctrine connected with the resurrection of the dead. The same is to be observed of the paintings which decorate the ceilings of the vaults or oratories. And the reverence shown to the dead is seen in another little instance, which must shame those who in modern days have the management of our cemeteries. They never piled body upon body.

'Illud haud silentio prætereundum est,' says the author of *Roma Subterranea*, 'quod inviolabili consuetudine a Christianis receptum servatumque fuisse novimus, ut dum tumuli defunctorum corpora locarentur, si forte aliquando plura eodem monumento cadavera reponi con-

tingeret, haud unquam unum alteri superponeret, sed unumquodque ad latus adjacentis consisteret.'—*Lib. i.*, chap. 26.

And the rule was subsequently confirmed by ecclesiastical councils.

These expressions, however, of natural piety soon passed into a desire less rational. The efforts made to honour the dead, and to spare the survivors perhaps from the sight of the painful work of corruption, easily lapsed into an endeavour to prevent corruption altogether: an endeavour not only futile, but leading to much that is inconsistent with the true reverence due to the mortal remains of our brethren, and with a just view of Christian doctrine in regard to death.

To these efforts to save the body from corruption we seem to owe the rise of our first sepulchral monuments. It was natural in the first place to mark the place where they lay, that their remains might not be disturbed; and on a similar principle, those who could afford it, in a spirit far from thoroughly Christian, instead of permitting the bones to mingle in the natural course of decay,—‘earth with earth, ashes with ashes, dust with dust,’—would make ineffectual attempts to save them from the more loathsome circumstances of death, or at least to delay the approach of them. Hence the adoption of the stone coffin, which has been the germ of all our Christian sepulchral memorials; and perhaps the very fact that these coffins were accessible only to the wealthier classes would in itself imply a defective principle. In the death which levels all, all should be equal; and artificial distinctions here, of whatever kind, founded on mere wealth, can scarcely be consistent with truth or reason. That there is something erroneous in this vain contest against the laws of universal decay, in this struggle to maintain a property in our crumbling frame, even when all has departed that made its possession and command valuable, may be inferred even from the practical difficulties connected with it, which have been so elaborately discussed in Lord Stowell’s judgment on the subject of iron coffins.

And its futility must be impressed strongly on the minds of those who turn over the pages of the ‘*Archæologia*,’ and other antiquarian works, when they read of the disturbed graves, and the prying, inhuman, unchristian curiosity, which, under the pretence of science or of historical accuracy, has violated so often the last receptacles of the dead. Alfred’s bones, deposited in Hyde Abbey, there is every

reason to suppose, have been scattered about by the hands of convicts.* In 1552, the tomb of William the Conqueror was opened at Caen. In 1562, the Calvinists broke open that of his queen, Matilda, when, among other acts, the ring was stolen from her finger. Edward the Confessor’s body was exposed in James II.’s reign; Canute’s in 1766, in repairing Winchester cathedral; Sebert’s, king of the East Angles, in Henry III.’s reign. In Charles II.’s reign, that of William Rufus. In 1770, Edward I.’s, in Westminster Abbey, in order to ascertain the meaning of the ‘renewal of the cere’ about his body, for which frequent orders were given. The remains of our Saxon kings, removed from their places of rest, lie in boxes on the side screens of the choir of Winchester cathedral, and not even these have been safe from prying eyes; but not many years since† were allowed to be examined by ‘Edmund Cartwright, Esq., of the York militia, to whom, with two other gentlemen of the regiment, the then Dean of Winchester gave permission to open any tombs in the cathedral, provided it was done with privacy and decency, and under the direction of the mason of the chapter!!!’ Edward IV., and Elizabeth Woodville, his wife; Catherine, wife of Henry V.; Queen Catherine Parr, at Sudley, under circumstances most revolting and shocking; and King Charles I., within the last few years, have all been disturbed in their graves; not to speak of King John, in Worcester cathedral, of whom it is added‡—

‘One man stole a finger-bone, and sent it up to London to be tipped with silver, and refused a large sum for it; but afterwards lost it on the road. Mr. Thompson of Worcester—the name ought to be perpetuated—took some of the mag-gots to bait his angling-rod; but it was three days before a fish would bite, and when he drew out a dace he carried it in triumph through the streets.’

Our ancestors, under the influence of a corrupted and corrupting form of Christianity, did, indeed, at times lay open the remains of those whom they accounted saints; but it was with reverence, to honour and enshrine them more nobly than before; not to carry off a bone to lie in a cabinet of curiosities, or a lock of hair, as we have seen ourselves, from King Charles I., to be handed about in a lady’s drawing-

* See *Archæologia*, vol. xiii., p. 310.

† See Gough, vol. ii., p. 337.

‡ See Green’s History of Worcester.

room; or to taste the liquor of embalmment, or to pry into some singularity of dress or usage—to be recorded at the next meeting of the Antiquarian Society—without a thought of the curses which the wise and good of all ages have denounced on the violators of graves.

But to return. Abroad, to the present day, coffins are rarely used. 'The lower classes of society even in this country,' says Cotman, following Gough,* 'up to the time of Elizabeth, had no other coffin than the winding-sheet.' In many old country churches might lately be seen a wooden box, ridged, with one or two lids, which was used as a bier to inclose and carry out the poor dead; and though such a seeming disrespect would be most painful in the present day, if it were confined to the poor, it may be questioned whether the simple depositing of the body in consecrated ground, with proper security against its being disturbed, but without unnatural attempts to prevent it mingling with its native earth, may not be the most proper form of sepulture:

'The Barons of Roslin,' says Father Hay, 'were buried of old in their armour, without any coffin, and the late Roslin, my goodfather [or father-in-law], grandfather to the present Roslin, was the first buried in a coffin, against the sentiments of King James VII., then in Scotland, and several other persons well versed in antiquity, to whom my mother Jean Spotteswood, grandmother of Archbishop Spotteswood, would not hearken, thinking it beggarly to be buried in that manner. The great expense she was at in burying her husband occasioned the sumptuary acts which were made in the following parliament.'—*Grose's Scotland*, p. 47. (See also *Lay of Last Minstrel*, vi. 23, and *Note*.)

And Sir John Moore did not repose less honourably, because

'No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud they bound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.'

It is assumed, of course, that no frightful accumulations of interment would be crowded into a narrow space, such as are now found in our metropolitan cemeteries—and that no burials would take place in churches, or under circumstances which may render it necessary to guard against infection and disease.† In these cases

* Brasses, Introduction.

† We trust, from the appearance of a recent *blue book*, that the next session of parliament will produce an Act, most necessary and far too long delayed, on this important, but, in its details, most painful and disgusting subject.

much more is necessary than the mere inclosure of the body in wood; and the whole question is altered.

With the prevalence of this Egyptian contest against decay, we may trace the rise also of the superstitious legends respecting the remains of the martyrs. For a body to be found undecayed was in itself assumed as a sufficient evidence of sanctity; and we little know how many of the worst features of Popery in the worship of relics and the multiplication of false miracles, and the adoration of saints, may be traced to the unreasonable indulgence of that human weakness which shrinks from becoming a prey to the worm, and from thus paying the last debt of its sinful mortality.

If there is anything sound in these views, the first corruption in our church sepulchral monuments must be looked for in the use of stone coffins. They were first formed of different blocks. Subsequently they were hollowed out of a single stone; sometimes with a circular cavity for the head; and sunk but slightly beneath the surface of the ground. It was a natural accompaniment to set upon the lid some mark to describe who lay beneath, in a rude inscription or carving but little relieved.

'Effigies,' says Mr. Stothard,* 'are rarely to be met with in England before the middle of the thirteenth century; a circumstance not to be attributed to the causes generally assigned, which were either that they had been destroyed, or that the unsettled state of the times did not offer sufficient encouragement for erecting such memorials; but it rather appears not to have been before become the practice to represent the deceased. If it had been otherwise, for what reason do we not find effigies over the tombs of William the Conqueror, his son William Rufus, or his daughter Gundrada, (nor, it may be added, of his wife, Matilda, or his daughter Cecilia, at Caen)? Yet, after a time, it is an undoubted fact that the alteration introduced by the Normans was the addition of the figure of the person deceased; and then it appeared not in the bold style of the later Norman monuments, but partaking of the character and low relief of those tombs it was about to supersede. Of these, and of the few perhaps that were executed, Roger, Bishop of Sarum, is the only specimen in good preservation.

About the beginning of the fourteenth century the coffin-shape entirely disappears, and the effigy is represented in full relief.'

In this individualizing tendency, perhaps, we may find the source of the second great corruption of our tombs. Christianity cannot regard death except as the Church re-

* Monumental Remains, p. 4.

gards it; and the Church cannot regard the dead any more than the living, as individuals, unless they are especially marked out for honour by holding some divine commission, or by possessing some worthy spiritual claim to be singled out for commemoration. The whole body, not any separate limb, should be the object of the Christian contemplation. Everything which confers a solemn and venerable character on the general Christian cemetery or place of rest (κοιμητήριον), as the last common home and receptacle of all our perishable bodies, 'where the small and the great lie together, and the servant is free from his master,' is consistent with the spirit of the Gospel, and therefore with truth, and therefore with good taste. But it may be doubted whether the still retaining our individual distinctions beyond the house of death, except in some rare instances, is not akin to the same false and dangerous tendency, which in the gradual growth of Popery drew minds from contemplating the whole body of the Church to particular teachers and founders of sects; and from the whole body of the elect departed to the meditation of particular saints. Place an Englishman on the field of Waterloo by one of those spots where he knows that hundreds of his countrymen are buried, who died fighting for their country; and his thoughts will be fixed on a grand social spectacle, elevating and refining them by its abstraction from all selfish tendencies. Let a thousand widows and orphans stand there mourning over the separate graves, each of their own kinsman; and domestic feelings and affections may indeed be roused, but the greater lesson of patriotism will be lost and forgotten. There is, then, no longer to be read in death the great maxim of social life on which the wisest politicians have known that the safety of their countries depended—a maxim as true and as necessary in the Church as in the State—that the individual is far more concerned in the welfare of society than society in the welfare of the individual:—καλῶς μὲν γὰρ φερόμενος ἀνὴρ τὸ καθ' ἑαυτὸν διαφθειρομένης τῆς πατρίδος οὐδὲν ἥσσον ζυγασσόμενος, κατατυχὼν δὲ ἐν εὐτυχίᾳ πολλῶν μᾶλλον διασωσέται.* And thus individual memorials over graves, except under particular circumstances, where they have rendered great services to society, and as Christians to the society of Christians, the Church, may properly be avoided.

One false principle admitted, others will soon follow; and the principle of retaining before the eyes of the living the memory of

the individual dead beyond what was legitimate in the exercise of private affection, soon led to a third great corruption. The stone coffin, from being sunk in the ground, rose up above the surface, sometimes plain, sometimes with the lid more or less elaborately sculptured, and sometimes with a ridge, or *dos d'âne*, probably to throw off the moisture to preserve it from decay; and simultaneous with this movement the historian of religion will trace the rise of that worship of relics, and worship of the dead, and belief in the miracles worked at particular tombs, which amounted in the end almost to a belief in sorcery. Instead of fixing the attention on the real spot in the consecrated building, where daily spiritual miracles and spiritual cures were to be sought, the busy, sensualized, morbid curiosity for forbidden converse with the dead, which, mixed with fear and superstition, is so common to human nature, was taken advantage of to draw the vulgar mind from the altar to the tomb. The shrine of the supposed saint or martyr was venerated and loaded with gifts, while the table of the Lord was neglected; and the very first principle of Christian piety towards the dead was violated by disturbing the holiest remains, exposing them to sight in all their decay, and even trafficking with them for money. To 'bury our dead out of our sight' is a great law of true religious feeling. Nature, which has made death a loathsome and a fearful sight, and even natural love which would not willingly behold the corruption of that which we venerate, would throw a veil over the last sad process of mortal decay; and anything which obtrudes it too closely upon our senses must be bad. If this is true, the raised tombs in which the bodies were deposited above the surface* of the ground are a solecism in propriety. They became a greater solecism, when, by the operation of the spirit above alluded to, and by the natural tendency of the fancy to substitute a sensible magical operation for natural causes, or for secret spiritual influence, the tomb became a centre for devotion and a

* The examination of several royal tombs has shown that this was originally their destination; and so late as the will of Henry VIII.:—'Our body to be interred and buried in the choir of our college at Westminster; and there to be made and set, as soon as conveniently may be done after our decease, by our executors, at our costs and charges, if it be not done by us in our lifetime, an honourable tomb for our bones to rest in, with a fair grate about it, in which we will that the bones and body of our Queen Jane be put also.'—*Fuller's Church History*, b. v., p. 244.

* Thucyd. lib. ii. c. 60.

rival for the altar; lights were burnt on it,* prayers offered up before it, processions formed to it, and particular days devoted to its decoration; and thus by a natural but most fatal analogy, aided by the ancient practice of consecrating churches by burying relics beneath the altar, the tomb itself became an altar even in shape. And this is the fourth great corruption in the history of sepulchral monuments.

The beginning may be traced to the custom of keeping anniversaries. On that, for example, of Vitalis, abbot of Westminster, who died in 1082:—

‘His tomb (now even with the pavement) in the cloisters, was covered with a carpet, and over that a covering of silk wrought with gold, and two wax candles of two pounds each, which the sacristan was to provide, were to be placed there from the hour of vespers till the last mass of the requiem the following day; and the prior (or sub-prior in his absence) was to celebrate mass upon that account.’—*Dart’s Westminster*, vol. i., book ii., c. iii.

And when it became necessary to celebrate the same anniversaries with feasts and donations, the possession of the body of a rich man deceased became a source of no little emolument, and encouraged still more misplaced devotions. Thus, we quote the same work—

‘Walter, abbot of Westminster, who lies in the cloisters likewise, had his anniversary kept in this church on the day of St. Cosmo and Damian. The manner thus:—on the vigil of the aforesaid saints the prior and convent were to sing *Placebo*, and a dirge, with three lessons, as usual; with ringing of bells and solemn singings; with two torches burning at his tomb from that vigil to the end of mass next day, which mass the prior, or somebody there in his absence, was to sing; and then the almoner was to distribute two quarters of corn, made into bread, at his tomb, according to the custom in those cases,—for all which this abbot assigned the manor of Paddington. And if any monies arising from that manor remained over and above paying the charges of this anniversary, the almoner was to apply it to *good uses*, and find for the convent, on the day of the aforesaid anniversary, symnells, gastella, canestella, brachinella, and wafers; and to every one of the brothers one gallon of wine (cum tribus bonis pittanciis); and to place good ale before all the brothers, at every table, as usual in other anniversaries, in a great tankard (25 lagenarum) of the same ale that the cellarer was used to find

for strangers; and to find for those who dined in the refectory so much in bread, wine, ale, and two dishes of meat from the kitchen.’

It is interesting also to observe that with these anniversaries is coupled the practice of praying for the dead individually, in connection with the doctrine of purgatory, which so materially modified the form of our sepulchral monuments; and likewise the grant of indulgences for persons who attended the mass on the solemn obit of particular persons, and joined in prayer for their souls. Nor is it to be forgotten that this hope of obtaining the prayers of the living was one of the chief reasons which induced the desire to be buried where attention might be attracted to the tomb, in frequented churches, and in the most conspicuous parts of them:—some relics of which notion may perhaps be found lingering, even now, in the reluctance which the poor exhibit to be buried on the north side of the churchyard. And with the establishment of masses for the dead, and the consequent emolument accruing from them, the very relation between the party deceased and the church which received and sheltered their remains became reversed; and burial in a particular church, instead of being asked as a favour, was bequeathed as a legacy. (*Gough*, vol. ii., p. 131.)

Error, however, has a pollard growth, and at a certain height will soon shoot out simultaneously into a number of branches. The interment of bodies within the walls of the church, the introducing sculptured figures of the dead, the covering them with gorgeous canopies, and finally converting their monuments into separate chantries and chapels distinct from the body of the church, all followed the establishment of tombs. Of the first of these mistakes it is scarcely necessary to speak. Looking to the proper use and destination of the church, or to the health of the living, such a practice ought to be prohibited. It sprung up, perhaps, not so much from vanity as from the superstitious notion that consecrated ground, and the vicinity of holy things, would in itself, if not consecrate what was unholy, at least preserve it from danger. Thus the Emperor Maximilian, father of Charles V., directed that he should be buried under the high altar of St. George’s Chapel, so that from the breast to the head should lie over, in order that the priest celebrating mass might tread on his breast. (*Ibid.*, p. 85.) So Guiscard d’Angle, Earl of Huntingdon, 1380, bequeathed his body to be buried in

* Gruther gives an ancient inscription relating to this practice of burning lights on heathen tombs: ‘*Servus meus, et Eutychia, et Irene ancillæ meæ, omnes sub hac conditione liberi sunt, ut monumento alterius mensibus lucernam accendant, et solemnia mortis peragant.*’ Gruther, *De Jur. Max.*, lib. ii., c. 11.

the church of St. Cross, before the altar of our Lady, in the very place where the priest usually stood at the celebration of the mass, (*Ibid.*, p. 135.) &c., &c. On this principle the Campo Santo at Pisa was filled, or supposed to be filled, with earth from the Holy Land. On the same principle men desired to be buried in the dresses of friars or monks. (*Ibid.*, p. 341.) On the same principle prevailed the pilgrimages to the tombs of saints; and the belief that morsels of clay taken from the grave of a holy man are preservatives against disease, and against the powers of darkness—a superstition as prevalent now in Ireland among the poor Romanists as it was anywhere during the darkest ages.

‘The canons,’ says Gough, p. 178, ‘require that the burials of the faithful be in the cemeteries. At first this was observed with scrupulous exactness; but in time insensibly crept in the custom of burying in the church persons distinguished by their sanctity. Afterwards the emperors made interest to be buried at the door of the church, leaving the interior part to the saints. But the saints did not lie long alone. In aftertime interment in the church was permitted, not only to ecclesiastics of exemplary conduct, but to those of common character, or eminent only for the rank which they had held. At length the laity were admitted indifferently, as at present. The spirit of the church always opposed the abuse of burying in churches, decrees having been issued against it by councils in all ages, and in various parts of Christendom the fathers strenuously opposed it. In the 6th century the Council of Braga forbids interment in churches; “for if cities maintain their privilege of not burying the dead within their walls, with how much more reason should the house and temple of the Holy Martyrs be kept clear.” Another Council in the 9th century is equally strong in its prohibition. . . . Cardinal Bourbon, archbishop of Rouen, at a council held there, 1581, decrees that the dead be not buried in churches, not even the rich; “the honour not being to be paid to wealth, but to the grace of the Holy Spirit, should be reserved for those who are especially consecrated to God, and their bodies temples of Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost, for those who have held any dignities, ecclesiastical or secular, and are really and truly ministers of God, and instruments of the Holy Spirit, and for those who by their virtues or merits have done service to God and the State.”’*

* Constantine the Great was buried close to his church, in the very porch. It was the general practice to bury the heads of religious houses in their chapter-houses or their cloisters. Thus in 1420 (Gough, vol. ii., p. 176.) Bishop Chinnoe, who had been abbot of Glastonbury, was buried in the Chapter House there, because he had completed it; and before Bishop Bell, the Bishops of Durham, in their Chapter House, because they would not presume to

There was subsequently a royal ordinance in France, that none but archbishops, bishops, curates, patrons, founders, and lords who hold supreme courts of judicature, should be buried in churches. All other persons in churchyards; and that they should be as far from the church as possible. (*Ibid.*, 176.)

Such was the gradual transition from a period when none but saints were thought worthy of a place within a consecrated temple, to a day, like the present, when a refusal to admit within the walls of a Christian church the monuments and panegyrics of men who die in infidelity or crime, is stigmatised as bigotry.

It was suggested that the exhibition of the human figure upon the tomb is another departure from the strict propriety of Christian taste and truth: although, if there is one kind of sepulchral monument beautiful in its form, comparatively correct in idea, and interesting both to the sculptor and the antiquary, it is the old altar-tomb, covered with its recumbent figure of knight, or king, or bishop, of which so many exquisite remains are still found in our churches. Some of the most beautiful of these have been preserved by the diligence and fidelity of the late lamented Mr. Stothard, in ‘The Monumental Effigies of Great Britain;’ and it is gratifying to see the same work continued by Mr. Hollis. And yet against the general idea of thus commemorating the dead may be urged what has been objected already—the tendency to individual sepulchral memorials—the heavy expense attending it—its being obviously restricted to the rich—its necessarily implying burial within the church—and an appearance of ostentation not compatible with the perfect humility and unobtrusiveness of a pure Christian character.

In a memorial connected with death there must be truth, perfect truth, or it must fail in taste. And one truth the monumental effigies did exhibit in a most striking form, at a very early stage in the various transitions through which they passed. Till about 1230, according to both Gough and Cotman, the knight was represented drawing his sword; and the bishop or abbot with hand uplifted in the act of blessing: but from that time nearly

be nearer to the holy body of St. Cuthbert. (Gough, vol. ii., p. 176.) The Emperor Theodosius, says Gough, was the first who made a law against burying in churches. (Cod. Theod., lib. x., tit. 17.) Alphonso the Wise, king of Spain, forbade it, except to royal personages, bishops, &c. (Ley xi., Ph. 1. tit. 13.) The custom of burying out of the church continued in Spain till the end of the 13th century.

all have the hands joined over the breast, in the attitude of prayer. And perhaps nothing can bring together in a more touching form the vanity of human greatness, the real awfulness of death, and the consolation and support administered beneath it by Christianity. This, indeed, might not have been the lesson really intended to be conveyed. The attitude was more probably connected with the superstitions of popery, and with those erroneous opinions on the intermediate state of the dead, which coupled prayer with the doctrine of purgatory. If a truly humble spirit of prayer had originated such designs, they would not so soon have degenerated into gorgeous exhibitions accompanied by more decisive intimations of the state of blessedness of the deceased than perhaps true Christianity would warrant in ordinary cases.

'Prior to 1350,' says Cotman, 'the heads of military men, and those of kings, ladies, ecclesiastics, and burgesses, when represented recumbent, rest on cushions, single or double—called, in the "Lincolnshire Church Notes of 1629," in the British Museum, a pillow and a bolster' (and the increasing luxury may be traced even in these). 'On each side of these is usually placed an angel, emblematic perhaps of the ministering angels, who are ever about the path and bed of the faithful, smoothe the pillow of the dying, and carry the disembodied soul to receive the blessing of its Maker. This last part of their office is shown on the Elsing brass, where, as from the head of the knight, two angels are carrying to heaven in a sheet his glorified spirit. On the Lynn brasses the soul is traced to its utmost stage, and is seated in the bosom of the Father; to whom the angels are offering incense, and in whose praise they are striking their celestial harps. The most beautiful example of this is given by Gough, vol. ii., p. 311, from the monument of Lady Percy, at Beverley Minster.'—*Introduct.*, p. xiii.

It seems also that, as greater prominence was given to the pomp of life, in exhibiting the figure in its most gorgeous form, and with the strictest accuracy, and in covering the tomb with highly-wrought canopies, it was held necessary to convey the contrast of death with life more strikingly by the introduction of the skeleton,* or representation of the body in its state of corruption, in the same tomb. This is not uncommon in the fifteenth century, and becomes more frequent afterwards. It seems as if, with the increasing decay of sound religion, death became more and more an object of fear; and the world more likely to absorb the thought. And it may be that some such transition may be traced in the animals

which are represented at the feet of the various effigies, and of which a satisfactory account has scarcely yet been given. The first idea suggested by them appears to have been that of the powers of evil trampled on or destroyed by good and holy men. No other interpretation can be put on their earliest occurrence in the form of serpents or dragons' heads pierced by the end of the bishop's crozier. This device is often found, especially on early French monuments; and generally in cases where no figure is represented on the tomb; and only the crozier itself, grasped occasionally by a hand sculptured in high relief. From this it is easy to pass to the idea of the lion and the dragon, as emblematic of the same evil powers, and placed under the feet of the recumbent figure. A transition appears to have taken place from this idea to an emblematic representation of the virtues of the deceased—the lion representing courage, the dog fidelity. We must not be drawn aside here into *heraldry*—it is undoubted that by and bye the animals represented on the tombs were often connected with the family arms, or some rebus of the family name. The last stage appears to have been where the dog especially is really the representative of the living favourite, taking its station, not under, but on, the feet of its mistress, or couched under its master, with its name written on a label, or engraved on a collar round the neck; as Sir Bryan Stapleton's dog 'Jakke' at Ingham, and Dame Casey's 'Terri' at Deerhurst. These are trifles to dwell upon, but they indicate a remarkable change of feeling.

It is unnecessary to say that the origin of the recumbent figure is to be found probably in the practice of carrying the dead body uncoffined to the grave, and dressed in its most gorgeous apparel, as is the practice now in many parts of the continent. Thus the marble tomb was only the perpetuation of the spectacle exhibited at the funeral. The canopy may be traced from the recesses in the side walls within which the coffin-tombs were early lodged, and surmounted by a richly-wrought Gothic arch, to the perfect chantries. From some of the royal tombs in Westminster Abbey, it might be supposed that it was thought a proper appendage, upon the same principle as the canopy was carried over the living person. With the chapels and chantries, such as those of Bishop West and Bishop Alcock, at Ely, we reach perhaps the acmé of corruption under the influence of popery. They involve many of the most

* For instance, see Gough, vol. ii., pp. 111, 118.

objectionable features of that melancholy system; the sale of masses, the doctrine of indulgences and purgatory, the growth of a mischievous secular power in the Church, and the withdrawal of attention from the one Supreme Being to whom the sacred building is dedicated, to inferior and human creatures.

But in the mean time another very interesting form of monument had been introduced in brasses, a form indicating a more general demand for sepulchral memorials, a more lax admission of bodies to be buried within the church, and a greater disposition to overlook strict Christian discipline in the circumstances of death. The earliest English brass (says Cotman) upon record is that of Simon de Beauchamp, who completed the foundation of Ravenham Abbey, and died before 1208, and was buried in front of the high altar in St. Paul's Church, at Bedford. On the Continent their date is as early; and in the church of St. Julien, at Mons, is one of Geoffroi le Bel, who died in 1150.* The honour of the invention is attributed by some to France. Those mentioned by Cotman, in France, accord with those of Lynn, in Norfolk, in being not mere effigies let into the stone, but large sheets of metal covering the whole slab; and, where not occupied by the figure, filled with tabernacle work, or representing an embroidered carpet. They have also cushions under the head, which are not to be found in any other of that epoch in Norfolk. Others have derived them from Flanders, and especially from Ghent; and traced them to those countries chiefly which supplied the Flemings with wool. They were composed of various squares, for the convenience of importation; are often enamelled, and in the canopy and tabernacle work exhibit some of the most exquisite combinations which we possess of Gothic architecture. Whatever might be thought of restoring them, it is lamentable to think how many have been destroyed, some to make tablets for inscriptions upon later tombs, but far more for the sake of the metal in times of war and pillage.

We come now to the period in which the revival (we will not call it of art, for art in great perfection existed already, but) of Grecian art, began to corrupt and break down the system of Gothic architecture; and with it to introduce entirely new principles into our sepulchral monuments—principles very closely connected with the

general movement of mind which displayed itself in the sixteenth century.

And it is worthy of remark that this change is not confined to England. There is in the Bodleian Library a very large and curious collection of drawings illustrating the sepulchral monuments of France. They were purchased, we believe, by Gough himself, and fill upwards of a dozen folio volumes. This collection is the more interesting and valuable, as in the tumults of the Revolution the monuments themselves must have for the most part perished. They are executed with great care; and an examination of them will show a singular coincidence with the history of the sepulchral monuments of England.

The altar tomb was soon affected. It became gradually charged with mere ornaments, and those of a classical character, until it sunk into the heathen sarcophagus; bulging out under James into a variety of heavy, cumbrous forms; and retaining no trace whatever of its original coffin-shape. The figure on it, by slow and almost imperceptible advances, begins to stir, and pass from death into life. The feet feel the new idea first: they fall apart, as is natural in a sleeping posture, instead of being rigidly fastened together, as in the ancient mode of laying out the corpse, and particularly as specified in many of the monastic rules. It is no longer the dead, whether occupied in the last moments with prayer, or reminding the bystander of the pains of purgatory, but the living, which fixes the attention. And yet it is the living asleep, and asleep in the greatest number of early instances in most painful postures; as if the process of turning in their beds and raising themselves on their arm to look round, they could only perform painfully and by stealth, and in a considerable number of years; and from this they rise to kneel together, with their wives and children, until they finally attain an erect posture, as in most of our modern statues. Perhaps the most remarkable instance of this transition is to be found in the Fetiplace monuments in Swinford church, which have been noticed and slightly etched in Mr. Markland's little volume, but are engraved with great beauty in Shelton's 'Oxfordshire.' Among these are two of precisely the same general form, exhibiting each three figures, lying on shelves, as in the berths of a ship, and under one canopy or cornice. But they are of different dates; and, except in the details of ornament, there is scarcely any difference but in the attitude of the figures; those of the later century being

* Cotman's Brasses, p. 5.

advanced another stage in liveliness by drawing up one of the legs, as well as resting on the right arm. Those who wish to trace this change may observe it in Westminster Abbey in the monuments of John Lord Russell (1584), Thomas Owen, Esq. (1598), Sir Thomas Hesketh (1605), Sir Dudley Carleton (1631), Lord Cottington (1652), the Duke of Newcastle (1676);—without mentioning others where the process of resuscitation, or, as it really seems, of waking out of sleep, is farther advanced.*

For a long time, however, a devotional feeling still prevailed; and the attitude of prayer is preserved. Generally the husband and wife are kneeling face to face; and a book lies open before them on a prie-Dieu. But instead of asking the prayers of the bystanders, they pray for themselves, as Sir John Spelman and his wife, (1545,) at Narburgh: the prayer issuing from their lips. Nor must we forget another feature which begins to appear about the end of the fifteenth century, and rises into great importance in the two next. This is the introduction of children into the tombs of their parents. As the Romish superstitions were discarded, the merits of celibacy fell with them; the character and duties of the citizen became prominent; and to have raised up defenders for his country was one of the chief virtues to be recorded on his tomb. The sons are thus brought in kneeling behind their father, or standing at his feet; and daughters by their mother. Where there are two wives, or sometimes three (and this alone is a feature indicating strongly a revolution of sentiment), each family is attached to its own mother. On the tomb of William Yelverton, at Rougham, (1586) there are sixteen; Richard Althorp's (1554) has effigies of nineteen; and William Bardewell's, at West Sterling, (1460,) commemorates no less than thirty sons and daughters.† Even the dead children are represented in their winding-sheets, or, at a later period, lying on their beds. It is unnecessary to point out here the architectural solecisms committed in the attempt to preserve the original Gothic features of the altar-tomb, with the recumbent figure and canopy, in the altered elements of Grecian or Italian art. All that was beautiful and appropriate in the Gothic design becomes full of solecisms in the new style. The broken out-

line, the picturesque grouping, the pendent masses, the niches and pillars, the florid foliage running over the surface, all of them points in perfect keeping with the primary principle of elevation which is the germ of the Gothic, are wholly incompatible with the simplicity and symmetry of the Grecian. And the artists vainly endeavoured to preserve them by means of vases, pyramids, busts, scrolls, coats-of-arms, projecting cornices, broken pediments, and by what has not inappropriately been called the 'crinkum-crankum' style of Elizabeth and James; in which angles and curves are, as before, studiously intermixed, but intermixed without due proportion; and entangle the eye in a labyrinth of fractured lines, without unity, or harmony, or grace.

As the figure on the tomb gradually rises into life, the artists appear to have laboured under increasing difficulties in impressing on the spectator, through some other means, the fact that the person represented had really paid the debt of mortality. To accomplish this purpose, the first symbol which they resorted to, as the nearest approach to the Gothic pinnacle, was the pyramid or obelisk—no unfitting emblem of eternity. At the same time, as if to give this eternity a due degree of instability, they contrived to rest the pyramid upon four round balls. Instead of the whole skeleton exposed under the same tomb with the gorgeously-attired effigies, they were content with scattering about a few death's-heads, cross-bones, and hour-glasses. And, as if to exhaust every possible contingency, while the sarcophagus, on which the figure lies, implies that the body is contained within it, the spectator is informed, by means of a number of urns, that the remains have been burned, in defiance of the practice of Christians; while the inscription takes care to inform us that it was neither burned nor entombed, but buried in a vault underneath.

About the same period comes in one of the most monstrous innovations upon the pure principles of Christian art—we mean the studied and elaborate representation of the naked figure. 'Græca res est,' says Pliny,* 'nihil velare.' And with the introduction of Grecian art the 'nihil velare' principle penetrated even into our Churches. With this came also the entire loss of reality. Allegory had indeed begun to intrude, as we have seen, in the employment of animals during the purer period of Gothic taste. But the recumbent figure was still the actual representative of the real figure

* An useful Handbook to Westminster Abbey has just been published by Mr. Peter Cunningham, son of the Poet. The index to this little volume is carefully done,—a rare case now-a-days,—and thus the date of any monument may be easily ascertained.

† See Cotman, p. 13.

* Lib. xxxiv. c. 8.

as it lay on the last occasion on which it appeared before the eye, and as it was deposited in the grave. Its attitude was real and true—it was the attitude of a dying man in the house of prayer. If spiritual beings were represented kneeling round his pillow, or sitting at his feet, they were angels; and if the niches surrounding the tomb were filled with images, those images represented the relatives and friends of the deceased gathered there to do him honour. But at the approach of heathen art all this vanishes by degrees. As in the Greek comedy, the personages pass first into representatives of classes—as the armed figures round the tombs of Sir Francis Vere and Francis Norris in Westminster Abbey—and then lose not only their individuality only, but their truth.

Not only do the sons and daughters and mourners who were originally placed in niches on the sides of the altar-tombs pass into marble allegories of Fame and Time, and other heterodox if not vicious abstractions, who stand or sit in very mournful attitudes about the monument, but a whole flight of little boys unclothed, and with their fingers in their eyes, perch themselves on every available site of cornices, pedestals, and pediment; and on the same 'nihil velare' principle, the marble allegories themselves seem to have little else to do but to exhibit the admirable muscular power with which the sculptor has contrived to invest them. Of the little boys, indeed, however uncomfortable and dangerous the position which they occupy, some account may be given how they reached their several places: for most of them are furnished with wings—and, it is to be understood, are representatives of angels; though, why angels should take this form of little boys, and why they should lament so deeply for the transition of a good man from earth to heaven, may still be a question. But there are also females (who or what they are it is hard even to imagine), who about this time have contrived to climb up, and lay themselves across the curves of the pediment, wherever one exists; and there hold themselves on, with evident distress, in this painful and alarming posture, one leg loosely dangling down the side, and the other coiled up to get a purchase to support themselves. This practice of taking repose on a sloping penthouse-roof, at a most break-neck distance from the ground, appears to have been prevalent in the seventeenth century; and we should willingly hope that there was some meaning in it, like that of the pyramid on balls, to repre-

sent the instability of human affairs, and to convey strikingly the moral lesson of the proneness of human grandeur to fall. In the meanwhile the principal figure lies in an easy, luxurious attitude of perfect indifference—an attitude which for a living person to assume in the house of God would denote a scandalous irreverence; and in which to be found even in a drawing-room would require some excuse of illness. Neither ladies nor gentlemen are in the habit, when they want repose, of laying themselves along the top of a sarcophagus wine-cooler, like the Duchess of Protector Somerset in Westminster Abbey; and if they are sick and dying, as the monument seems to imply, they do not dress themselves in state habiliments, or lean negligently on their arms, as if in the possession of full health. Sir Cloudesley Shovel did not earn his fame by 'reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state.' Dr. Busby would assuredly not have liked to have been found by his boys in the posture which he occupies. Dr. South, we suspect, was not in the habit of reading in bed; nor Sir Christopher and Lady Hatton of sleeping upon two inclined planes. Nor would Bishop Hough have liked to exhibit himself as if just frightened out of his sleep, with his episcopal robes thrown round him in much admired disorder. And yet ease and repose, careless ease and indolent repose, are the only characteristics which the artists of these monuments have forcibly impressed upon their works. It is not even repose after toil. There is no expression of manliness, of vigour, of calm, composed dignity, of deep thought, of that stillness and gravity which carries to the mind of the spectator a sense of a superior being placed before him, and which religion so imperatively requires, and sculpture can so admirably exhibit. They have neither the energy of life nor the repose of death.

And when it is remembered that to build up these piles of marble in our cathedrals, in almost every instance some portion of the edifice has been disfigured, or window blocked up, a pillar undermined, or some rich canopy or tracery pared off; that the inscriptions, like the tombs themselves, contain little but a record of family pride; that almost all devotional feeling evaporates from the figure; that pagan emblems, such as inverted torches, begin to make their appearance; that a gaudy mixture of colouring and gilding prevails in most; and that the whole erection resembles more the façade of a house of many stories for the liv-

ing, than a receptacle for the body of the dead;* we can scarcely lament that their enormous expense soon led to the disuse of them; and that as Grecian taste became more defecated from its mixture with the remains of Gothic, we arrive about the end of the seventeenth century at the next stage of our sepulchral monuments, which may be called the doorway style, or two pillars supporting an architrave, and enclosing either a tablet, or sometimes still a figure. Whether this form was borrowed from the triumphal arch, or was the natural residuum of the former architectural storied structure, when purified of its semi-Gothic excrescences, may be doubted. There is or was a monument of the kind in the Jesuits' Church at Rouen, which transferred the former notion to the inscription:—'Non est hic tumulus, sed arcus triumphalis virtutum, cujus basis fides et scientia, columnæ justitia et prudentia, ornamenta timor Dei et pietas, coronamentum caritas.' Many of these in themselves are beautiful in their proportions; but their total inconsistency with the buildings in which they are placed, and their unmeaning character, except as an elaborate and expensive frame for very long and therefore very bad epitaphs, render them perhaps the greatest disfigurement to our old churches. The monuments of Elizabeth and James do possess richness, variety, and intricacy, which in some degree interest the eye, and blend with the grotesqueness of Gothic architecture. But the doorways have nothing of the kind. And yet even these are ill exchanged for the huge slabs of pyramids sliced upon the wall, and exposing only a plain surface of variegated marble, which, as executors became more economical, and the dead less cared for, soon after usurped their places. From these the transition is easy to the mural monuments of the present day; those blots upon the walls of our churches—which either affect no duty but to act as a family register of names and dates—or, if they do indulge in any flight of imagination, rarely venture beyond the weeping lady hanging over an urn and standing under a willow; the inverted torch, emblem of the light of

life extinct, intimating that the dead man died without a belief in immortality; the mourner that cannot be consoled blaspheming against the command 'not to sorrow as men without hope.' And the epitaphs—but this is a subject not briefly to be touched on—and our space is come to an end.

One part of this subject we have left untouched, because it has been alluded to by us before, and deserves a more full examination than we can give it at present. We mean the character of our national monuments in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's. Private follies and extravagances are of comparatively little moment; but when the government of a great and Christian nation could find no better mode of commemorating the dead than by re-erecting images of Neptune, and Mars, and Fame, and Victory, mixed up with dragons and drummers, catapults and cannons, men without clothes in a field of battle, or English Generals in Roman togas, and all the trash of the poorest pedant; and when a Christian Church in a Christian metropolis is selected as the fittest depository for these outrages, without regard to the ecclesiastical or religious character of those whom the State thus chooses to honour, there must have been something most unsound in the tone and manners of the age.

We laugh at the anachronisms of King John's barons in the *Antijacobin*, armed with blunderbusses and pocket-pistols, and rushing upon the stage with Knights Templars and Prussian grenadiers, Quintus Curtius and Marcus Curius Dentatus, the Roman legion and the battering-ram, to attack a convent; but is there anything more ludicrous here than in the account of the actual monuments raised in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by the British people in their metropolitan Cathedrals?

To use the words of the guide-book, not our own—

'General Wolfe is represented (*naked*) in his last agonies, pressing his hand upon the wound in his breast which caused his death, and supported on the hip of a *grenadier*, who with one hand gently raises the commander's falling arm, and with the other points to the figure of *Glory* descending from heaven to crown him with laurel. Upon the *pyramid*, in relief, a *Highland sergeant* is introduced, standing with folded hands, and thus silently contemplating the wreck of youth and valour.' (By Wilton, cost 3000*l.*)

'Admiral Holmes is represented as a *Roman warrior*, resting his head on a *cannon* mounted

* There is a well-known illustration of the religious feeling connected with the erection of these monstrous edifices in the history of the Earl of Cork's monument in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and Archbishop Laud's efforts to obtain its removal from its original position at the back of the altar to its present site. It is one of the most striking specimens of this stage in sepulchral art; heavy, cumbrous, without unity or elegance, and still more glaring in its deformity by the restoration of the original colouring and gilding.

on its carriage. An anchor, flag-staff, and other naval emblems, diversify the background.'

'Admiral Watson, robed in the *Roman toga*, is introduced amidst a *grove of palm-trees*. On the one side is a personification of the *goddess* or *genius* of Calcutta prostrate; and, on the other, a similar emblem of Chanderagore, which is to be distinguished by the chains with which it appears bound.'

'Sir Charles Wager :—upon a neatly wrought double pedestal sits a figure of *Fame*, holding a portrait of the deceased, which is supported by an *infant Hercules*. The background is sheltered by a pyramid, under the apex of which is placed a *coat of arms*. The lower pedestal is occupied by a piece of alto relievo, descriptive of the *capture of the Spanish galleons*.'

'Earl Stanhope, clad as an *ancient warrior*, is introduced in a recumbent posture, clasping a truncheon in his right, and a scroll in his left hand; at his feet stands an urchin leaning against a shield. A state-tent protects his person; on the crown of which is seated an *armed Pallas*, with a javelin in one hand and a scroll in the other: a pyramid conceals the background.'

'Lord Robert Manners and Captains Blair and Bayne (by Nollekens) :—the background is composed of a pyramid, before which is placed a *rostral column*, surmounted by a *statue of Fame*, who elevates a wreath of laurel for the purpose of crowning three medallions, which a *winged boy* is attaching to the front of the column. In the foreground—*Neptune, reposing on a sea-horse*, addresses himself to Britannia, who appears guarded by a lion.' (Cost 4000*l.*)

'Lord Rodney (by Rossi, at the cost of 6000 guineas)—stands on a pedestal, on one side of which is seated a figure, meant for a *personification of History*, listening to *Fame*, on the other side, who is expatiating upon the merits of Rodney.'

'Major-General Bowes, by Chantrey' [in the House of the God of Peace and Love.] 'A scene admirably chiselled from life. Bowes was slain in the breach at the storming of Salamanca; and the actual circumstances of his death are here excellently portrayed. The shattered wall, the beaten enemy tumbling headlong with his colours, the charging British, and the victorious general falling, on the foreground, into the arms of a comrade, are all faithfully preserved and vividly exhibited.'

'Sir W. Myers :—*Hercules and Minerva*, or, as some suppose, *Wisdom and Valour*, meet before a tomb, and shake hands.'

'Sir W. Ponsonby :—his horse is introduced faintly sinking; while the rider, a *naked figure*, is placed on the foreground, in a strained kneeling attitude, for the purpose of receiving a *wreath of laurel* from the hands of a *statue of Victory*.'

'Mr. Pitt—habited in the robes of *Chancellor of the Exchequer*, and in the act of addressing the House of Commons, while *History*, a female, catching his portrait, is seated on one side, and a man naked and bound with chains, supposed to represent *Anarchy*, is on the other.' (6300*l.*)

'Major-General Hay (by Hopper) :—The deceased, habited in his regimentals, appears sinking into the arms of an *athletic* (undressed) attend-

ant; a *sentinel* stands by in an attitude of grief; and in the background a *guard is seen marching* its round.'

'Sir Thomas Picton (by Gahagan) :—*Genius*, personified in the statue of a winged youth, leans on the shoulder of an *ancient warrior*, who is designed to represent *Valour*, and stands in the act of receiving a wreath of laurel from the hands of *Victory*.'

'Mr. Perceval (by Westmacott) :—His effigy is introduced upon a mattress, with a statue of *Power* indicated by the fasces, weeping over him; and figures of *Truth* and *Temperance*, the one distinguished by a bridle, and the other by a mirror, erect at his feet. Along the background runs an animated scene in basso relievo, descriptive of the lobby of the House of Commons at the moment of his fall.' (5250*l.*)

'Sir John Moore :—*Valour and Victory* are seen lowering the general into a grave with a wreath of laurel, while the *Genius of Spain* plants the standard of conquest over his grave.'

Chantrey, the lamented Chantrey, has, we hope, exploded Neptune and Mars, and Glory, and the Goddess of Calcutta, and the Genius of Spain, and the rest of the Pantheon, for ever. It was Chantrey, not the Church, who first made us, of this day, sensible of these solecisms. He brought us back to Nature, and we owe him much for it. But there is still something to be done. It is still to be considered whether a statue which tells of nothing but the greatness of the departed, and the gratitude of the survivors, is the most fitting mode of commemorating the one, or of exhibiting the other in a Christian Church. It is but a barren homage. It is not the homage which a good man would choose if he could be called from the grave, and asked in what manner he would wish that his name should be recorded. Surely, if the thousands now lavished on these public memorials were consecrated to some lasting work of honour to God and utility to man, which should at once preserve the memory of the dead, and encourage and direct the good deeds of the living; if, as Mr. Markland suggests, instead of busts and sculpture, we raised churches, or chapels, or school-houses, or founded refuges for the poor, or dedicated only some portion or ornament of a sacred building to the memory and name of those whom we wish to honour, we should be acting more consistently with that genuine benevolence which would delight to do good even in the grave; and should contribute, by degrees, to a fund which would soon be thus rendered permanently available to the noblest uses. And in thus doing, we should only be treading in the steps of those by whom the noblest of our works of charity and piety were created and transmitted to us :—

'We build churches,' says Mr. Wilberforce, 'by calculation, as a matter of necessity; but, of old, church-building was a delight, a luxury, a passion. Then men of wealth would build some glorious fane from foundation to turret, and those whose means were less abundant would furnish a pillar, a transept, or a choir: each man felt a paternal interest in his work; while he lived, he delighted to visit it, and watch its progress; when he died, his mortal remains were laid beneath the roof which he had raised, in the hope of His coming whose promise had called forth his bounty.*'

We may add that the same practice seems to have prevailed both in France and England, in the erection of *painted glass windows*, many of which appear to have contained monumental effigies of deceased persons. The Dean of Chichester has set an example of this kind in his own cathedral, and we trust it will not be without followers.

Mr. Markland shows that this practice of contributing portions of sacred building was not unknown to the ancients:—

'Mr. Fellowes,' he says, 'in his recent travels in Asia Minor, met with several examples of the practice of individuals having contributed to the erection of *portions* of a building. He describes a beautiful temple of the Corinthian order at Labranda, "with twelve fluted columns, and four not fluted, but apparently prepared for this ornamental finish." These twelve pillars present the great peculiarity of having a panel or tablet not let in, but left uncut, projecting above the fluting: on each tablet is an inscription, showing the temple to have been a votive structure, *e. g.* "Menecrates, son of Menecrates, the chief physician of the city, gave, whilst Stephanophoros, this column with the base and capital; his daughter Tryphæna, herself also a Stephanophoros and Gymnasiarchos, superintending the work." "Leo, the son of Leo, whilst Stephanophoros, gave the column with the base and capital, according to his promise," &c., &c.

'The symmetry of a column must necessarily be "much disturbed," as Mr. Fellowes states is the case, by the introduction of tablets of this description; but if the precedent were adopted in this country, inscriptions (whether as records of private liberality, or as posthumous memorials) might be so placed around the *base* of a column, that the eye could not be offended by them.'

* Wilberforce on the Parochial System, p. 99. Several instances of this practice still remain in the church of St. Mary, Beverly. For example:—'the pillars which support the north side of the nave, are angels with scrolls in their hands, charged with inscriptions, which are repeated at the back of the columns,' recording the donors of pillars. The Minstrells left behind them an evidence of their public spirit. They built one of the columns on the north side of the church, and placed an emblematical device on its capital with this inscription:—

Thys Pillor made the Minstrells.
—Oliver's Hist. of Beverly, pp. 167, 178, 351.

What we would wish to suggest in our modern days may best be stated in Mr. Markland's own words:—

'Surely,' he says, 'by the rebuilding and restoration of the *old waste places* of our Zion we should render far more honour to the dead than by a continuance of our present practice. And let it be remembered that in all the works which have been recommended, panels with suitable inscriptions may be carefully let into the walls, recording the occasion when they were raised and perfected, and the names of the individuals to be commemorated. Thus the name of a relation or friend would be identified with the shrine which holds his ashes. Should the font and the altar call for restoration, there are many touching associations, which point them out as most fitting memorials. At the one the deceased may have been baptized, and been made an inheritor of that kingdom in which it may be humbly hoped his spirit rests in peace; and at that altar he may, during the largest portion of his life, have meekly knelt, and "received with trembling joy the signs and seals of God's heavenly promises."

'If the works here recommended for adoption appear to be such as can only be accomplished by a large outlay of money, and can therefore be effected solely by persons of fortune, there are modes by which the same objects can be attained by individuals of moderate means. In the first place, instead of a paltry design being at once completed, and an inferior church erected out of limited funds, ought not the old custom of building by *degrees* to be resorted to? A plan for a large church might be laid down, but a *portion* of it merely, a chancel or a transept, might in the first instance be perfected; or the interior of a church might be finished, while the completion and ornaments of the external walls, tower or spire, might be left to the care and munificence of others in future years. In all these undertakings there might be a principle of *expansion*, both as regards the size and ornaments of a building.

'A signal example has recently been given us of this laudable practice. The liberal founder of a church in the district of Eastover, Bridgewater, thus expressed himself in relation to the proposed fabric:—"The proposal which I now make is to build the church, as far as may be, according to the drawing which is now laid before the meeting. As accurately as it is possible to calculate, it will cost about 3,000*l.* to complete the church, exclusive of the spire. It is my wish to go thus far at once, *leaving the spire to be completed at some future time*, when, from my own resources, or by the assistance of my friends, the necessary funds can be found. It was on this plan that the great cathedrals were almost all erected: one bishop generally completed one portion of the building, leaving the whole to be finished by future generations; so that frequently two, three, or even four centuries, elapsed between the commencement and the completion of the work."

We may add an instance where a beautiful addition has been made to a parish

church by the erection of a transept in early English, the lower part of which is appropriated to a family vault, and the upper to stalls and seats for the family, while slabs are placed within the tracery of the windows to receive the names of the persons who lie beneath. This is one of the nearest approaches which we have seen to the realization of our author's suggestions. The church is that of Calbourne in the Isle of Wight; and the plan originated in the benevolence, good taste, and good sense of Sir Richard Simeon, Bart.

Mr. Markland has not been unmindful of the objections which may be advanced.

'Should it be urged,' he says, 'that these plans, if generally pursued, would lead to a neglect of sculpture, and that we should transfer the commemoration of the dead from sculpture to architecture, a little reflection will satisfy us that the art of sculpture would, on the contrary, be materially benefited. The accomplished artist, instead of being doomed to tasks which must often be to him of the most insipid and uninteresting character, from their not calling for any high exercise of his genius, would be left to devote himself to works more congenial to his taste and feelings. Let statues, and busts, and relieves be multiplied, but let their *destination be changed*. Let the statues and busts of literary men be placed in those Institutions with which they have been connected. Let those of lawyers be placed in Courts of Justice, or in the Halls of the Inns of Court; those of medical men in the Colleges, where their lectures were delivered, or in the Hospitals, which they have benefited by the exercise of their talents and philanthropy; and those of eminent ecclesiastics in their College Libraries or Halls. Let provision be made in the Houses of Parliament now rising for the introduction of statues within their walls. How much more advantageously might those of Lord Chatham and of Pitt, of Fox, Horner, and Canning, have appeared in such a building, than crowded, almost buried, as they are, in the adjoining Abbey of Westminster! Of such men monuments are not required on the particular spots where their ashes rest—these form the most precious deposit.

"In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality."

Shakspeare's gravestone, with its ' quaint lines, would have drawn the same number of pilgrims to Stratford if no mural monument to his memory had existed; and when we approach the gravestone, simply inscribed with the name of SAMUEL JOHNSON, in Poet's Corner, it awakens far keener emotions than the contemplation of his colossal statue in St. Paul's. But we must recollect that sculpture is essentially combined with the plans here proposed. The church-porch, the altar-screen, and the font, may all be decorated, lavishly decorated, if desired, with appropriate sculpture; all these ecclesiastical

appendages would admit its introduction with perfect propriety and the best effect. Grinlin Gibbons's font in St. James's Church, Westminster, and Sir Richard Westmacott's alto-relievs on the screen of the Chapel of New College, are instances in point.'

ART. VI.—*Marschall Vorwärts; oder Leben, Thaten, und Character des Fürsten Blücher von Wahlstadt*. Von Dr. Raushnick. (*Marshal Forwards; or Life, Actions, and Character of Prince Blücher von Wahlstadt*.) Leipsig, 1836.

THE unjust apportionment of present and posthumous fame to military eminence has often been the subject of grave remonstrance on the part of the aspirants to civil and literary distinction. Helvetius, in his work '*Sur l'Esprit*,' once famous, now little read, attempts the solution of this standing riddle in human affairs:—

'If we can in any instance imagine that we perceive a rallying point for the general esteem of mankind—if, for example, the military be considered among all nations the first of sciences—the reason is, that the great captain is in nearly all countries the man of greatest utility, at least up to the period of a convention for general peace. This peace once confirmed, a preference over the greatest captain in the world would unquestionably be given to men celebrated in science, law, literature, or the fine arts. From whence,' says Helvetius, with an eye to the pervading theory of his fallacious treatise, 'I conclude that the general interest is in every nation the only dispenser of its esteem!'

Unfortunately for the French sage, that which he calls esteem, which we should rather term renown, is indiscriminately enough bestowed upon the destroyers as well as the saviours of nations—upon the selfish aggressor who amuses himself with the bloody game of foreign conquest, as well as upon the patriot who resists him. Philosophers may draw distinctions in the study, but Cæsar will share the meed with Leonidas. To give a sounder solution of the evident fact—to investigate the principle on which society seems agreed to furnish the price for the combination of moral and physical qualities, essential to the composition of military eminence, would lead us beyond our limits, if not beyond our depth. So far, we fear, Helvetius is right, that till the millenium shall arrive it will be vain to struggle against the pervading tendencies in which the alleged abuse originates; and that the injured parties must still be con-

tent to look upon those whose trade it is to die, under the feelings with which a young clergyman at a county ball beholds the lady of his affections in active flirtation with a newly-arrived pair of epaulettes; feelings which the author of 'Hamilton's Bawn' has wedded to immortal doggrel. For the moment we can offer them no consolation; for we cannot enter on the discussion of the manifold circumstances which might be enumerated as a set-off to the advantages enjoyed by a soldier during a lease of existence, of which the tenure is as uncertain as the conditions are severe. To those, however, who moan over the posthumous part of the reward which Falstaff in his shrewder philosophy rated so low, we might suggest as matter of reflection that the number of those who are destined to enjoy it so limited as to leave room for competitors of all classes, whether poets, philosophers, statesmen, or writers of novels in three volumes, or of histories in a dozen. Survey the military annals of Europe from the French revolution: Germany, France, Spain, Italy, Russia, Belgium, have formed the vast theatre of one huge and continuous scramble for such distinction. Every species of cotemporary reward, from kingdoms down to the Guelphic order, has indeed been showered on the combatants; but how many names will outlive their owners? How many of the meteors will leave a track of light behind their rapid and explosive course? Some half-dozen of all countries. We are speaking, be it remembered, of general celebrity, not of the just estimation in which the memory of individuals may be held in their own countries, or by the scientific. Two of the mightiest, by land and sea, are our own. Russia, perhaps, may claim some duration for Suwaroff. In the case of France who but a decypherer of gazettes will trouble his head fifty years hence about any of Buonaparte's marshals? The crisis of Valmy may ensure an historical notoriety to Dumouriez; but no nurse will frighten children with his name or that of Moreau. There is something solid and unpretending about the reputation of Archduke Charles, which, coupled with his writings, will secure him respect from the ~~severer~~ of times to come; but the only name connected with the great wars of our own time, which we can add without scruple to those of Buonaparte, Wellington, Nelson, and Suwaroff, as likely to be permanently one of the household words of the world is that of a man *longo intervallo* inferior to three of the four—Blücher. If we are right

in this supposition, it does not follow that in respect of military skill and genius he can justly be ranked even with several of those lieutenants of Napoleon whom we have ventured to condemn to comparative oblivion. It is rather on the moral ground of his identification with a great national movement, of which he was the ostensible leader and representative, that he seems to us one of the legitimate 'heirs of fame.'

We have two lives of this commander before us, of which, however, the one seems borrowed almost verbatim from the other. We shall ground our observations on the first which came into our hands, that of Dr. Raushnick.

The Duke of Wellington received his first military education at a French college, a natural consequence of the deficiency of all appliances for that purpose in England at the period of his youth. It is rather more singular that his Grace's illustrious comrade, whose enthusiastic devotion to the cause of Prussia formed the stimulus to his exploits and the basis of his reputation, should have borne his first arms against that country—the land, not indeed of his birth, but of his adoption.

Gerhard Leberecht von Blücher was born in 1742 at Rostock, in Mecklenburgh-Schwerin, in which province his family had been established for some centuries, having given a bishop to Lubeck in the thirteenth. His father had retired from the military service of Hesse-Cassel upon a small landed inheritance. Three elder sons having been impartially, but at some expense out of scanty means, distributed among the Russian, Prussian, and Danish services, it was this gentleman's anxious desire to devote the two younger to the only other occupation to which the landed gentry of his day condescended—the cultivation of the soil. For this a simple home-education was deemed sufficient, and was all the parental resources could afford. In 1756 the Seven Years' War broke out, and to remove his sons from the temptation of military scenes, the father sent them to the care of a relation in the Isle of Rugen. Such precautions frequently terminate like the beautiful tale of Admetus in Herodotus. The boys for a while contented themselves with such feats of activity and danger as the cliffs of Rugen and the sea could afford them. Some centuries earlier Blücher might have figured among the sea-kings in the annals of Scandinavian piracy; and, instead of emptying the cellars of Epernay, might have drank the ale of English convents. Sweden had now

joined the fray against the Great Frederick, and, in an hour evil for the paternal precautions, a regiment of Swedish hussars set foot on the island. In spite of all attempts at remonstrance or prevention, young Blücher, now in his fifteenth year, joined the ranks, and soon found himself on the mainland opposed to the Prussian forces in a contest in which little either of ardour or skill was evinced by his comrades. In 1758 he was taken prisoner in a cavalry-skirmish with the regiment of Colonel Belling, who, soon perceiving some promising indications in the stripling, treated him with kindness, and negotiated for him an exchange with a prisoner, who, being by birth a Prussian, had forfeited his life to military law. This transaction enabled Blücher, without impeachment of his honour, to take service in the regiment of his captor. Till it was effected, he had tenaciously resisted the offer of a subaltern's commission in the then most brilliant of continental services.

Under Belling he served through the latter part of the Seven Years' War, assisted at the murderous battle of Cunersdorf, which first brought the formidable qualities of the Russian infantry under the notice of civilized Europe, and was wounded at Freyberg. On the re-establishment of peace he was found a turbulent subject for garrison duty, the inherent monotony of which was not relieved to him by the resources of education. His leisure was diversified, as usual in such cases, by as much sporting, drinking, gaming, and flirtation as his pay could afford, as also by frequent duelling, of which no serious result is recorded. One instance of the latter propensity, for which hot blood and the manners of his age and vocation may plead excuse, was certainly little to his credit; for he ended by calling out his patron and commander, Belling, who had now attained the rank of general. That he was not shot, or at the least cashiered, for so gross a violation of military law, must be ascribed to the generosity of that veteran, who contented himself with transferring this turbulent and ungrateful subject to a lieutenancy under a Major Podcharli, an officer to whose military tuition Blücher's biographer ascribes the happiest results.

In 1770 Poland was invaded by the troops of Frederick, and Blücher found himself again commanded by Belling, who never ceased to befriend him. Belling was an able and trusted soldier, but his situation in Poland was one which required political talent and pliancy, and he was re-

placed by an officer of different habits and manners, with whom also, however, Blücher soon contrived to quarrel. The Poles at this time, like the Spaniards in ours, revenged by frequent assassinations their subjection to the invader. A priest, whom Captain Blücher suspected as the instigator of two of these enormities, was summarily condemned by him to military execution. The grave was dug with the usual formalities, the culprit blinded, and the muskets discharged—though with blank cartridges. The priest survived his fright—but this daring violation not only of justice, but of Frederick's conciliatory policy, was punished, mildly enough, by the degradation of the offender from the highest to the lowest on the list of captains in his regiment. This being followed by the promotion of an officer from another regiment to the next vacancy, the cup of Blücher's indignation boiled over, and he demanded his retirement from the service. Frederick replied by placing him in arrest, with a view to give him time for consideration. The gentleman however, insisted, and his repeated applications at length extorted the following answer: 'Captain von Blücher is released from his service, and may go to the d—'. January, 1773.'

This interruption of Blücher's military career continued for thirteen years. We have heard that a chancery-lawyer who for any reason abandons his practice for the thirteenth portion of that period, seldom recovers it. Assuredly, few soldiers of fortune, after quitting a regular service for a dozen of the best years of their life have died field marshals. Perhaps Blücher was somewhat reconciled to an event which seemed so likely to blast his prospects, by the circumstance that it found him seriously in love and half engaged with the daughter of a Saxon Colonel Melling, then settled in Poland. The lady was seventeen years his junior, Polish in her language, her beauty, and her attractions, which is saying everything for the latter. They married, and settled on a farm of the father-in-law. Blücher appears to have abandoned the excesses of his youth in his new vocation, and to have prosecuted it with ability and success. After a few years he found himself in condition to purchase a tolerable estate near Stargard in Pomerania, whither he migrated from Poland. As a resident proprietor, he continued his attention to rural affairs, and became a man of consequence among his neighbours. He was elected to the local magistracy, and consulted by the provincial authorities. This

was not all. It is evident that there was something about the man which in the estimation of his superiors had uniformly outweighed the objectionable features of his wild, uneducated and untameable disposition. Frederick the Second was not a man to overlook the freaks of an ordinary swaggerer, yet we find that at this period he corresponded with Blücher, and assisted him with money for the improvement of his estate, first in the shape of loan without interest, and then of donation. This liberality on the part of a sovereign so careful of his dollars was the more remarkable, as it by no means took the shape of a retaining fee for future military devotion. Blücher's restless spirit pined for restoration to the service, but on this subject Frederick was inexorable. In 1778 there was a prospect of hostilities in Bavaria, and Blücher became urgent for permission to re-enter the army. His first attempt was defeated by his wife, a second by the stern refusal of Frederick. He was obliged to remain an agriculturist, his farm prospered, and his hearth was surrounded by six promising sons and a daughter.

Frederick died in 1786. Blücher now set aside all connubial remonstrances, rushed to Berlin, made interest with some of his former commanders, and returned to Pomerania without positive success, but with assurances of support in due season. On the next military inspection he attracted by his riding the attention of the new king, presented his request in person, and found himself in his former regiment of Black Hussars, with the rank which he would have occupied had he continued without interruption in the service. It was soon apparent that his military ardour, which perhaps might have cooled away in the barracks, had only been nursed and kept vigorous by the long interval of domestic repose. His other old propensities were, we fear, resumed with his uniform, and his wife perhaps only consulted her own convenience and comfort by dying about this period. Except that she was beautiful, attractive, and fond enough of her husband to wish to detain him at home, we hear little of her. Blücher returned to the camp as though the interval had been a dream, and its adventures as imaginary as those of the sultan of the Arabian tale, who dipped his head into a tub of water for an instant, which by the delusion of magic was converted into years of deposition and servitude.

Some years of garrison duty were still to elapse before the great event of the French

Revolution opened a career for such spirits as Blücher. The commencement of hostilities between Prussia and France found him a colonel, and thus his exercise of command dates its commencement from the fifty-first year of his age, a time of life at which many officers look to a well-earned retirement. From the period of the Duke of Brunswick's famous and fatal incursion to the peace of Basle, he was in almost constant employment. On the death of General Goltz, he succeeded to the command of the left wing of the Prussian army; and without doubt the confidence of his soldiers and the general success which attended his operations, particularly with his favourite arm, the cavalry, fully justified this promotion. The corps of hussars under his immediate command, including his old regiment, is said to have lost but six men by surprise during the outpost duty of the campaigns of 1793 and '94, in which Prussian accounts boast that they captured 4000 men, 1500 horses, and 11 guns from the enemy, and he retired from the contest with the reputation of a second Ziethen. The curious in the details of such warfare may learn them from a journal which he kept and *published*. There are one or two anecdotes of this period which may, perhaps, tend to rescue his character from the imputation of unmitigated barbarism cast upon it by the French. While commanding within their frontier, he caused a captured officer who had died of his wounds to be buried with all military honours—an attention to the fallen so unusual as to excite the greatest astonishment among the French inhabitants, who were further edified when he administered with his own hand an exemplary threshing to the village carpenter who had given short measure and bad workmanship to the coffin. Another incident is recorded in his journal, and we give it in his own words. It occurred near Kaiserslautern in 1799:—

‘Among the prisoners was one whose thigh-bone had been shattered. They had laid him near the fire, and offered him bread and brandy, as to the others. He not only rejected this, but refused to be bandaged, and repeatedly begged the bystanders to shoot him. The latter said to one another, “This is an obstinate, sulky Frenchman.” Muffling and myself were within hearing, and approached the group. The wounded man lay still, drawn into himself, and saw nothing of what was passing. As he seemed to shiver, I caused cloaks to be heaped upon him. He looked up at me upon this, and again cast down his eyes. Not being master of the French language myself, I made my adjutant tell him that he ought to let himself be ban-

daged, and take nourishment. He answered nothing, and I made them tell him further that I held him for a poor creature who did not know how to meet his destiny, and that it became a soldier least of all men to take refuge in despair; that he should not give up hope of recovery, and might be assured that he found himself among men who would do everything possible to relieve him. He looked at me again, a stream of tears burst from his eyes, and he reached me out his hand. Wine was offered him, he drank, and offered no further resistance to the surgeon. I then asked him the cause of his previous obstinacy. He replied, "I have been forced into the service of the Republic. My father was guillotined; my brothers have perished in the war; my wife and children are left in misery; I thought, therefore, that death alone could end my troubles, and longed for it. Your kindness has brought me to better reflections. I thank you for it, and am determined to meet my future lot with patience."

This incident seems to us to confirm the valuable adage that the devil is not so black as he is painted, especially where the pencil is a French one.

The peace of Basle afforded Blücher leisure for a second marriage, and he was united to a Maria Amelia von Colomb. He held for some time a command in Munster under the Duke of Brunswick, where he made acquaintance with many of the French emigrants, among whom the Abbé de Pradt was his favourite. The late King, Frederick William III., who ascended the throne in 1797, had found occasion, while serving in his father's armies as crown-prince, to remark the merits of Blücher, and in 1801 promoted him to the rank of lieutenant-general. In 1803 he was appointed governor of Munster, which by the terms of the peace had fallen to the lot of Prussia. The episcopal palace, which became his residence, now witnessed a revival of those scenes for which it has been celebrated by Sir W. Temple, in the times of the warlike and Rhenish-loving prince-bishop. High play was still with Blücher a passion which could only find its substitute in that still more exciting pastime, in which

'Kings hold the bottle, and Europe the stakes,'

and the neighbouring baths of Pyrmont afforded the dangerous summer facilities for the indulgence of this pernicious taste.

The peace was hollow. The French occupation of Hanover placed the two nations in dangerous propinquity, and a strong war-party existed in Prussia, especially in the army, of which party, as a matter of course, Blücher was a leading member.

In 1806 the drama opened at once with that great disaster of Jena, which chastised the military pride and overweening confidence of Prussia, and placed her existence as a separate state on the map of Europe at the mercy of the conqueror. The divisions and distractions of those in high command were only rendered more conspicuous by the courage which the isolated and unsupported battalions of the Prussians opposed to the admirable combinations and concentrated masses of the enemy. All the advantages of superior information and intelligence which usually accrue to those who fight on their own soil, in this strange instance were engrossed by the foreign invader, who might have been said, like Ariel,

'Now in the waist, the deck, and every cabin,
To flame amazement.'

The spirit, not of the great Frederick, but of Ariosto's Agramant, reigned in the Prussian camp. Blücher was not in a situation as commander of the cavalry to control the movements or repair the errors of Brunswick, Mollendorf, and Hohenlohe. All he could do was to offer to lead his brave horsemen in a desperate attempt to retrieve the fortune of the day. This offer was at first accepted by the King, but the permission was revoked, and all that remained for Blücher was to endeavour to save as large a remnant as possible of his force by a retreat into Northern Germany. The courage and perseverance with which he conducted this attempt were such as could scarcely have derived additional lustre from success. It must be admitted, on the other hand, that nothing could exceed the vigour and activity with which Buonaparte's generals, when slipped in the chase, foiled all his efforts. Like a wild beast, he found himself alike tracked on retreat, and anticipated in every desperate rush for escape, whether towards the Elbe, the Oder, or in the direction of Hanover. Driven at length through Lubeck, which to the misfortune of that neutral city he for a moment occupied, and where he narrowly escaped personal capture, he was brought to bay in its neighbourhood—and here, suffering himself from fever, and exhausted of every supply for his men, he was forced to capitulate.

Blücher retired for a season to Hamburgh on his parole. His exchange was afterwards effected with General Victor. On the occasion of his release he visited the French head-quarters, and was received with marks of distinction by Napoleon.

With the powerful assistance of Russia the contest was still maintained in the northern provinces, and the offer of Swedish co-operation induced the king to organize a corps intended to act on the rear of the enemy from the northern coast. Blücher was selected for the command of this expedition, which was, however, frustrated in the first instance by the vacillation of the Swedish sovereign, and finally by the battle of Friedland and the peace of Tilsit which succeeded. After the treaty was signed, our hero retained the command of the Pomeranian army, a post of much difficulty, for the troops of the conqueror were stationed in its neighbourhood, and frequent discussions and disputes arose between the commanders. Blücher is said to have shown much subtlety and address in this position, in which his character gave weight to the concessions he was compelled as the weaker party to make. Words, according to our English satirist's theory (adopted by Talleyrand), were invented by man as a concealment to his thoughts and a disguise to his intentions, and Blücher is said to have derived much convenience from his use of the German language in negotiation, for which his ignorance of any other afforded him a pretext. He stands, indeed, accused by French writers of having grossly misused this device on the retreat from Jena, in an interview with the French general Klein. It is certain that he succeeded in persuading that officer that an armistice had been concluded, and that both Klein and Lasalle were thereby induced to postpone an attack and allow Blücher to get a day's start of his pursuers. It is very difficult to believe, that if he had committed himself in this instance beyond the allowed limits of military stratagem, Napoleon, however little scrupulous he is known to have been as to the conduct of his own officers, would have forbore to blast the character of a troublesome opponent by a formal verification of the charge—still more that he would have given Blücher the honourable reception of which we have spoken, at his own head-quarters. Klein and Lasalle had the Emperor's ear for their own story, and had every inducement to make the most of their own justification. We must confess at the same time that, but for this negative evidence, even the German account of the transaction would be suspicious. Another accusation of a similar nature has been preferred against Blücher. He is charged with having violated the armistice in 1813 by occupying the neutral ground before the

day specified for the renewal of hostilities in Silesia:—but the Prussian accounts reply distinctly, that the original violation of this territory was the act of the French under Macdonald.

The French are not his only accusers. During his tenure of command in Pomerania he found occasion to defend himself against certain anonymous attacks which issued from the Leipzig press upon his military conduct in his recent arduous retreat. Blücher demanded an investigation before a court of inquiry which had been appointed to sit at Königsberg for the consideration of cases of a far more serious complexion. The evidence of that distinguished officer Scharnhorst, who had shared the toils and dangers of his retreat, was conclusive in his favour, and the result was more than his justification.

A dark period now ensued to Blücher's adopted country—four years of humiliation, of sullen submission to almost every possible variety of outrage and exaction. France should in policy either have pursued her conquest to the utter dismemberment of Prussia, or have spared her dignity. The death of the loved and lovely Queen, who was considered as the victim of Napoleon's unmanly insults, added to the general indignation. In despite of French vigilance, and of the terms of the peace which limited the numbers of the standing army, means were found silently to accumulate both soldiers and material for a future campaign. The Baron de Stein set on foot the famous *tugendbund*, and Blücher, in despite of his now advanced age, was looked up to as the future vindicator of his country's wrongs. An illness which afflicted him through the greater part of the year 1808, and at times affected his reason, seems to have added a morbid fire to his enthusiasm. He is said in moments of delirium to have 'attained to something like prophetic strain,' and to have predicted with confidence the speedy liberation of his country and the downfall of its oppressor. 'This must happen,' he said, 'and I must assist at it, and *I will not die* till it shall have come to pass.'

Blücher's education had been that of a soldier. He knew no language but his own, but he was fond of writing, and took a pleasure in dictating his despatches and proclamations. We have seen letters addressed by him to the King at this period, upon the subject of that future moment to which he look forward with such unabated confidence, containing passages of an eloquence worthy of his theme. His hopes

were revived from time to time by the Austrian war and Schill's chivalrous enterprise; but the prospect was soon clouded, and, till the two colossal powers, Russia and France, once more arrayed themselves against each other, the distant successes of England in the Peninsula could alone afford him a gleam of consolation.

Among the concessions which Napoleon extorted from his doubtful ally previous to his Russian expedition was the removal of Blücher from his Pomeranian command, a measure for which the old soldier's reckless language and deportment afforded a full justification. It was gilded on the part of the sovereign by a handsome territorial donation in Silesia, to the capital of which province Blücher, after a short residence at Berlin, retired.

It was to Breslau, also, that the King betook himself on the occasion of that famous defection of D'York from the French, which fired at once from one end of Prussia to the other the insurrectionary materials long and secretly stored up for such a contingency. The nature of Blücher's feelings and advice at this juncture might easily be anticipated. He was loud in favour of an immediate forward movement, louder in his scorn of more timid and dilatory proposals. The King hesitated in bestowing upon him the command which the popular voice and the general feeling of the soldiery would have at once decreed to him. There were among the court advisers not a few who looked upon Blücher as a mere fiery hussar, who would compromise by rashness and want of science the hopes of the present crisis, and by such the pretensions of Tauenzien were advocated. The opinion and advice of the deeply-skilled Scharnhorst, however, prevailed, and on the 15th of March, 1813, Blücher's long dream was realized by finding himself at the head of the Silesian army.

We have dwelt, perhaps at some length, on the earlier portion of Blücher's career—as affording illustrations of his character from that part of his biography with which general readers are probably the least familiar. The subsequent incidents of his military life are so well known as to make summary revision superfluous. It is impossible, however, for any one, scientific or otherwise, to review the great struggle of 1813 and '14 without admitting that if to the Emperor Alexander belonged the political influence, and to Schwarzenberg the address, which mainly kept together the discordant elements of the coalition, Blücher was the fighting element which

inspired the mass with a spirit of enterprise in action and endurance under defeat of which few coalitions have presented an example. In ordinary times, or with ordinary objects, Blücher's character and disposition would have ill fitted him for acting with the subtle and jealous Russian, or the lukewarm Swede, to whom the Germans applied the well-known line from Schiller's *Song of the Bell*,

‘Ach! ihm fehlt kein theures haupt.’

Neither the amiability of Schwarzenberg, nor the patient tact of Wellington, which neither Portuguese nor Spanish could exhaust, were natural to Blücher: but for his two great purposes, the liberation of his country and the humiliation of France, he could assume both. Defeat, indeed, he suffered often:—to compare him with that great captain from whom throughout his campaigns in India and Europe no enemy ever carried off a gun and kept it, would be preposterous. Few victories, however, have been more fairly won, to say nothing of their consequences, than the great battle of the Katzbach. No mere hussar inspired his troops with that sterling enthusiasm which could enable them to pursue every advantage and rally after every failure, which could retrieve Montmirail on the heights of Montmartre, and keep steadily to a programme of combined movement after Ligny. Blücher must have possessed real and high skill as a tactician, though probably not as a strategist, to which, indeed, he does not seem ever to have pretended. At the same time his supreme contempt of danger and constant recklessness of personal exposure had doubtless very much to do with his success. He possessed with Marmion and Napoleon the art

‘To win the hardy soldier's heart,
Who loves a captain to obey,
Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May.’

His jests, frequently ill calculated for chaste ears, extorted grim smiles from lips black with the cartridge, and sent laughter through the column while grapeshot was tearing its ranks. When he checked his horse in the hottest cannonade to light his pipe at the linstock of the gunner, the piece was probably not the worse served. Towards the close of the campaign in France the infirmities of age at one moment almost induced him to contemplate the abandonment of his command, and to retire into the Netherlands, but the spirit triumphed over the flesh, and though

unable to remain in the saddle for the last attack on Montmartre, he gave his orders with calmness and precision from a carriage. His appearance on this occasion must have taxed the gravity of his staff, for, to protect his eyes, then in a state of violent inflammation, the grisly veteran had replaced his cocked-hat by a French lady's bonnet and veil. His health prevented him from sharing the triumphal entry of the sovereigns into Paris, and, on the 2d day of April, 1814, he resigned the burthen of his military command.

The peace of Paris by no means satiated his thirst for the humiliation of France. After enjoying the reward for his services in the enthusiastic congratulations of London and Berlin, he divided for awhile his residence between the latter city and Breslau, at all times and in all places exalating his discontent at the concessions of the allies. Unmeasured in his language, mixing freely in society of all classes, and venting his spleen on all diplomatsists, but specially on Hardenberg, he became, without any personal object of aggrandizement or political ambition, but in the mere indulgence of his ill humour, the nucleus of a little *Fronde*, calculated to offend without influencing the sovereign and his ministers.

That Blücher looked forward to another trial of strength between his countrymen and the French is evident, but it is hardly possible that at his age he should have contemplated the probability of once more in person directing the fortunes of the contest, and of at last feeding fat the ancient grudge he bore not only to Napoleon, but to the nation. His speculations were probably more the offspring of his feelings than of any profound observation of the political state of Europe. A letter of the Duke of Wellington, however, to his brother Sir Henry Wellesley (*Gurwood*, December 17th, 1841), shows that his views were shared by one whose calmer judgment and nearer observation were not subject to such influences, and who had neither defeats to retrieve in his own person, nor insults to avenge in that of his country:—

‘I believe the truth to be, that the people of this country (France) are so completely ruined by the revolution, and they are now suffering so severely from the want of the plunder of the world, that they cannot go on without it; and they cannot endure the prospect of a peaceable government. If that is the case, we should take care how we suffered the grand alliance to break up, and we ought to look to our alliance with the powers of the Peninsula as our sheet-anchor.’

Blücher might have long gone on smoking, gaming, and scolding without interruption, if the great event had not occurred which restored him to his more legitimate vocation. The news of Napoleon's escape found him accidentally at Berlin. His first impulse was to call on the English ambassador, to twit him with the negligence of his countrymen; his next to exhibit himself in the principal street of the capital in his field-marshal's uniform, a significant hint to younger generals not to expect that he would concede to them his place in the approaching fray. His nomination to that post of honour and danger soon ensued, and his old companion and adviser, Gneisenau, was once more at his side.

The Duke of Wellington reached Brussels from Vienna on the 5th of April, 1815, and found Kleist in command of the Prussian force, for Blücher only arrived at Liege on the 17th. It appears from the Duke's letter to Lord Clancarty, of the 6th, that he found Kleist disposed to retire, in case of being attacked, behind Brussels, a plan which the Duke warmly opposed, in spite of his own opinion expressed in his letter to Lord Bathurst, of the same date, of the insufficiency of the force at his disposal. From Blücher's temper and turn of mind, as well as from the event, we may infer that the Duke had little difficulty in recommending to the former his own views, based, no doubt, as much on political as military considerations, in favour of a position in advance of Brussels.

From the Duke's letter to Lord Clancarty of the 10th of April, it appears that he contemplated, in the first instance, taking the initiative by the end of that month or the beginning of May, at which period he conceived that the allies might throw into France a force of 270,000 men to be opposed by some 180,000. (*Gurwood*, xii. p. 297.) We find, however, that, three days afterwards, his intelligence of Buonaparte's state of preparation had already led him to abandon this prospect. In enclosing a memorandum founded on his original ideas, he says:—

‘Since I wrote to your Lordship some important events have occurred in France, which will leave Napoleon's army more at his disposal than was expected at that time, and he has adopted measures which will certainly tend to increase it at an early period. You will see by the enclosed papers that it is probable that the Duc d'Angoulême will be obliged to quit France, and that Buonaparte, besides having called for the soldiers recently discharged, amounting, as I understand, to about 127,000, of which 100,000

may be deemed immediately disposable, has organized 200 battalions of Grenadiers of the National Guards. I imagine that the latter will not be a very formidable force; but still numbers were too nearly equal according to the estimate I gave you in my letter of the 10th, for me to think it advisable, under present circumstances, to attempt to carry into execution what is proposed in the enclosed memorandum.*

The subsequent correspondence shows that neither the condition of his own force nor that of his allies could have justified the experiment. The mutinous state of the Saxon troops might alone have been sufficient to derange such a plan of action. Some officers indeed of both nations have been of opinion that it was *from the beginning* far more in the power of Napoleon than of the allies to take the aggressive course; and that by crossing the frontier, which it is said he might have done with 40,000 men, very soon after his reinstatement in the Tuileries, he would have had more chances in his favour than he found in June. It is evident that, with all his exertions, the Duke of Wellington at least had full occupation for the interval which elapsed, in collecting and adjusting the component parts of an army, which at its best was far inferior to any he had commanded in Europe. His correspondence at once shows his unceasing anxiety to anticipate the offensive movement of the enemy, in which Blücher fully shared (see *Gurwood*, 2d June, 1815), and justifies the prudence which forbade any forward movement. It shows, moreover, that the difficulties of his position were not confined to the well-known deficiencies and imperfections of his army on which Napoleon so much relied, its raw and heterogeneous composition, the absence of the flower of the English infantry, the refusal of the Portuguese, &c. Even the article of material, which it might have been supposed Woolwich would have supplied in profusion, was slowly and scantily doled out to his pressing remonstrances; and instead of 150 British pieces, for which he applies on the 6th of April, we find him on the 21st in expectation of only 42, making up, with the German guns, some 84 pieces; while he states, from the Prussian returns, that their corps on the Meuse are to take the field with 200, and their whole force with no less than 600. With respect to drivers, horses, the heavy artillery, pontoons, &c., his difficulties are shown to have been equally embarrassing. (See *Gurwood*, 21st April, 1815).—But in addition to all these lets and hindrances, it is evident that

the Duke's scheme for offensive operations was throughout kept steadily dependent upon the *movements of the allies on the Lower and Upper Rhine*. This is strikingly evident from a letter to Schwarzenberg, dated 2d of June, 1815,* and from the one of the same date which follows it to Sir Henry Wellesley.† Napoleon, however, took the game into his own hands, and played it, in the first instance at least, with a skill and energy worthy of his best days and reputation.

It is probable that no extensive military operation was ever conducted to its issue, whatever that issue might be, without many derangements of the original conceptions of its leaders, arising from the casualties of the busy moment, the failure of despatches, the misconstruction of orders, the misdirection of columns, &c. The operations now in question were certainly no exception to this rule on either side. As to Napoleon, if his own account of them be believed, few commanders in critical circumstances have been worse seconded, as far as prompt obedience and punctuality were concerned. If Ney and Grouchy are to be credited in their defence, no subordinates ever suffered more from tardy and contradictory orders on the part of their chief. Captain Pringle, in his excellent remarks on the campaign of 1815, published in the appendix to Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, truly observes that, in French military works, the reader never finds a French army beaten in the field without some plausible reason, or, as Las Casas terms it, a concurrence of unheard-of fatalities, to account for it. 'Non nostrum tantas componere lites.' To an ordinary reader Grouchy's defence of himself appears difficult to answer. It is evident that in this, as probably in every other similar transaction, chance reigned arbiter over many important occurrences; nor were such accidents confined to the French army and operations. The English were

* 'Sous ces circonstances il est très important que je sache aussitôt que possible quand vous pourrez commencer vos opérations; et de quelle nature elles seront, et vers quel temps nous pouvons attendre que vous serez arrivé à une hauteur quelconque, afin que je puisse commencer de ce côté-ci de manière à avoir l'appui de vos opérations. Le Maréchal Blücher est préparé et très impatient de commencer; mais je lui ai fait dire aujourd'hui qu'il me paraissait que nous ne pouvions rien faire jusqu'à ce que nous fussions certain du jour auquel vous commenceriez, et en général de vos idées sur vos opérations.'—*Gurwood*, xii., p. 437.

† 'The whole of Schwarzenberg's army will not be collected on the Upper Rhine till towards the 16th, at about which time I hope we shall begin.'—*Gurwood*, xii., p. 438.

not exempt; and that the fate of the contest at Ligny on the 16th of June was seriously influenced by the absence of Bulow's corps, the fourth, is known to every one. In Plotho's very circumstantial account we find the fact mentioned, that orders were forwarded to Bulow from Sombrief, on the 15th, which were expected to secure his junction for the next day. The dispatch was sent to Hannut, where it was presumed that it would find his headquarters established. These were still, however, at Liege, and the dispatch, appearing to be of no consequence, *unwichtig scheinend*, lay at Hannut unopened, and was found there by Bulow only on his arrival at 10 o'clock the next morning.

We shall have a word or two more to say by and bye as to the circumstances under which Blücher was brought into action at Ligny. That his infantry fought admirably against great odds on that occasion has never been disputed; with respect to the cavalry and the artillery Blücher expressed some dissatisfaction. Whatever were the merits of the position, it is clear that Napoleon was tasked to the utmost to wrest it before nightfall from the old warrior who held it. Few English narratives of the campaign have recorded the fact that it was visited by the Duke of Wellington shortly before the commencement of the action, on which occasion the two generals concerted in person their future measures for mutual co-operation, in whatever manner the first collision might end. The German accounts have not failed to record the interview, nor how the attention of the well-girded Prussians was drawn to the white neckcloth of the great commander, who, but for his cocked hat, with the cockade by its four colours bespeaking the field-marshal of four kingdoms—England, Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands—might have been taken for an English gentleman on his morning ride. We believe it to be the opinion of most English officers acquainted with the ground at Ligny, that the Duke under similar circumstances would have defended it in a different manner from that adopted by the Prussians, for that the locality admitted of a disposition which would have less exposed the masses not immediately engaged to the murderous fire of the French artillery.* We have heard that Gneisenau was sensible of the objections to this feature in his own arrangements, but had adopted his course from

knowledge and experience of the habits and morale of his own troops, who, as he is reported to have expressed himself, liked to see the enemy. In illustration of the Duke of Wellington's opposite practice in this particular, we are tempted to quote the following passage from a French military writer. It is from an article in the 'Bulletin Universelle des Sciences' for 1825, on a history of the Russian expedition, by the Marquis de Chambray:—

'The author,' says the reviewer, 'compares the English and French methods of fighting, and the operations of the generals Massena and Wellington in 1811. Among the remarkable propositions to which the author is led by the results of this inquiry, we select the following for notice:—To defend a height, the English infantry did not crown the crest, after the practice of the infantry of other nations. Massena was repulsed, because the English employed for the defence of the heights they occupied the manœuvre I have spoken of before (that of placing themselves some fifty paces in rear of the crest, and leaving only tirailleurs on the slope), which is preferable to that hitherto in use.' This manner of defending heights,' continues the reviewer, 'is not new. It has been sometimes employed, but it had been adopted generally by the English during the Spanish war. It had even been taught their troops in time of peace. The infantry of other nations places itself usually on the crest in sight of the assailant. French infantry remains rarely on the defensive; and when it has overthrown the enemy, pursues with such impetuosity as not always to preserve its ranks. Hence the reverses it has suffered on some of the occasions, which are few, when it has defended heights. For on most occasions, such as Corunna, Busaco, Fuentes de Oñoro, and Albuera, it attacked.'

There is doubtless great difference between the local features of Ligny and Busaco, between a Flemish slope and a Portuguese sierra, and we are aware that the 'brunt of the former action lay in the low villages of Ligny' and St. Amand; but the principle of non-exposure is the same. It has been stated that when Napoleon mounted his horse on the morning of the 18th, seeing few signs of the British force in his front, he began to vent his disappointment at their presumed escape, but that Foy, who had much Peninsular experience, warned him not to rely on appearances. 'Wellington,' he said, 'never shows his troops. A patrol of dragoons will soon ascertain the fact, but if he is yonder, I warn your Majesty *que l'infanterie Anglaise en duel est le diable*.'

The incident of Blücher's fall under his expiring horse at Ligny, and of the memorable act of devotion on the part of his aide-de-camp, is well known. Modern warfare

* This view is borne out by the remarks of a very able Prussian critic of the campaign, the late General Clausewitz.

could probably hardly furnish a parallel case, and Froissart has recorded no more chivalrous exploit than that of Nostitz. From the Prussian accounts of this cavalry charge, at the head of which Blücher had thus exposed his person in vain, we collect that it was repulsed, not at the sword point, but by the carbine fire of the French cavalry, who stood firm in their ranks. This we imagine our officers would consider as rather an old-fashioned proceeding, and worthy of the cuirassiers of the sixteenth rather than of the present century. We find, however, that same method was again resorted to with success by the French cavalry under Grouchy in an affair near Namur on the 19th.

The victory remained with Napoleon, but Blücher, instead of obliging him by retiring on Namur, clung with tenacity to his communications with the English, and, exactly as had been agreed upon, directed his retreat on Wavre. No beaten army ever rallied quicker or to better purpose. Blücher was conveyed to a cottage, whence he dictated his dispatches and issued his orders, unshaken in spirit, though sorely bruised in body. While the surgeon was rubbing his bruises he asked the nature of the liniment, and, being told it was brandy, stated his opinion that an internal application would be far more efficacious. This was applied in the mitigated shape of champagne, and he said to the messenger who was on the point of departure with his dispatch, 'Tell His Majesty *das ich hätte kalt nachgetrunken*, and that all will do well.' His order of the day for the 17th, after some reflections on the conduct of the cavalry and artillery, concluded with these words—'I shall lead you again against the enemy: we shall beat him, for we must.'

We find in the 'Life of Napoleon' published in the Family Library, a story of a second interview between the Duke and Blücher on the 17th, stated as a fact well known to many superior officers in the Netherlands. The author and his informants, however superior, are mistaken. The Duke in the early part of the 17th had enough to do to conduct his unexampled retreat to Waterloo, from before Napoleon's united force and superior cavalry—a movement which but for the trifling affair of Genappe would have been accomplished without the loss of a man. He remained at Quatre Bras so occupied till half-past one P. M., and then retired by the high road to the field of next day's battle, which he thoroughly examined, and was proceeding to dinner at Waterloo, when he was overtaken by an aide-de-camp of Lord

Anglesey, with the intelligence that the 7th hussars had been engaged with the French lancers, and that the enemy was pressing his rear. He immediately returned to the field, and remained on the ground till dark. Blücher, on the other hand, was forced to keep his bed during this day.

The 18th, however, saw him again in the saddle, at the head of Bulow's newly-arrived division, urging its onward course, and his own, like Milton's griffin through the wilderness, cheering the march-worn troops till the defile of St. Lambert rang to his old war-cry and sobriquet 'Forwards'—reminding them of the rain which had spared so much powder at the Katzbach, and telling them of the promise of assistance which he stood pledged to redeem to the English. Nobly indeed was that promise redeemed, and the utter ruin of the French army is to be ascribed to that assistance. Ungrateful we should be not to acknowledge such service, though we cannot subscribe to the theories, whether French or Prussian, which give it the full merit of saving from destruction an army which had, while as yet unsupported, repulsed every attack and annihilated the French cavalry.

We know that no thought of so disastrous a result crossed the minds of those about the Duke's person, and that officers of his staff who left the field wounded towards the close of the action, did so with no other feeling of anxiety than for the personal safety of him they left behind. His servants, who, in the village of Waterloo, had the opportunity of witnessing the incidents of the rear of such a battle—which try the nerves more than those of the fray itself—knew their master well. The manoeuvres of the kitchen were conducted with as much precision as those of the Footguards at St. James's. Reign what confusion there might in the avenue of Soignies, there was none in the service of the duke's table, and the honour of the Vattel of his establishment was preserved free from stain as his own.

That he ever returned to eat the dinner so prepared was certainly not due to any avoidance of personal exposure on his own part. Of Buonaparte's conduct in that respect on this his last field-day we have seen no account on which we could rely. We have no doubt of his *sang-froid* under fire; but whether Waterloo witnessed its conspicuous display we are ignorant. On divers celebrated occasions he is known to have abundantly exposed himself; but in general he would seem to have been as free as our own commander from the vulgar ostentation of courting danger, and in most of his greater battles there was little

little call for it. We have heard that Bertrand, at St. Helena, set much store by an opera-glass through which Napoleon had discovered the English general at Waterloo. We believe that neither the Duke nor his staff succeeded at any moment of the action in identifying the person or exact position of his great opponent, though few great battles have brought rival leaders so near. That our chief was everywhere except in the rear is well known; and the casualties among his own staff, of whom many were hit at his side, bespeak the hot service he went through. Danger pursued him to the last. After sixteen hours in the saddle, he was alighting at his own quarters, when the spirited animal, long afterwards a pensioner in the paddocks of Strathfieldsaye, as if conscious of the termination of his labours, jerked out his heels in a fashion which a slight change of direction might have made fatal to his late rider. Such an exploit would have rendered poor Copenhagen rather more famous than the *little gentleman in black velvet*, so often toasted in our Jacobite revels of the last century.

That the two allied nations should be altogether agreed as to the apportionment of the glory of the day was not to be expected. It is clear, to the lasting honour of both, that whatever feelings may have since grown up on this subject, none interfered for a moment with the cordiality of their subsequent operations. Blücher had none of the jealousies to contend with which had frequently embarrassed him when acting with Russians and Swedes; and any difficulties arising out of the diverging lines of communication with their resources, only served to show the goodwill and determination with which they were met by the commanders of the two armies. The following passage from a Prussian pen will show that just national pride is not always inconsistent with candour:—

‘Upon the question, who really fought and won the battle of the 18th, no discussion, much less contention, ought to have arisen. Without in the slightest degree impeaching the just share of Prussia in the victory, or losing sight for a moment of the fact that she bore a great share of the danger, and drew much of it from her allies and upon herself at a decisive moment, no unprejudiced person can conceal from himself that the honour of the day is due to the Anglo-Netherlandish army, and to the measures of its great leader. The struggle of Mount St. Jean was conducted with an obstinacy, ability, and foresight of which history affords few examples. The great loss of the English also speaks the merit of their services. More than 700 officers, among them the first of their

army, whether in rank or merit, and upwards of 10,000 soldiers, fell or retired wounded from the field.*

We may here remark, in justice to the Prussians, that their loss on the 18th has been greatly underrated by many writers. Pringle, among others, counts it at 700 men. The Prussian returns are given in Plotho's Appendix: † that of killed and wounded for the 4th corps alone shows a loss of 5000, of which 1250 were killed. This bloody struggle occurred principally in the village of Planchenoit, the capture of which is compared by the Prussians with that of Blenheim in the battle of Hochtsett. It is a part of the action which has been little noticed, but was creditable alike to French and Prussians. The village was stormed and retaken three times. We think that the entire loss of the Prussian army on the 18th could hardly have been less than 7000, at which their authorities compute it. Especial credit is due to Thielman, who, during the day of the 18th, resisted the obstinate endeavours of Grouchy's far superior force to cross the Dyle at Wavres. Grouchy, indeed, effected towards evening the passage of that river at Limalès, but too late for his purpose of dividing the Prussian army, or forcing Blücher to concentrate his force, and abandon his allies. We know not which most to admire, the determination of Blücher to redeem his pledge of succour to Wellington, or the gallantry with which Thielman enabled Blücher to carry this resolution into effect, protecting at once the flank and rear of the Prussian army, guarding one road of direct access to Brussels itself, and preventing Grouchy from marching to the assistance of Napoleon.

This struggle, so unequal in point of numbers, was continued for some hours on the 19th. It was not till Vandamme had advanced on the direct road to Brussels, as far as Rosières, on the verge of the wood of Soignies, thereby turning the right flank of Thielman, that the latter abandoned the defence of Wavres, and began an orderly retreat on Louvain. He had previously learned the extent of the success of the allies on the 18th, and must have been easy as to the result of any further advance of Grouchy. The news reached the Frenchman a little later, and he forthwith commenced a retreat, which, perhaps, in its execution did him even more honour than his previous exploits.

The above remarks, which we think calculated to render bare justice to the con-

* Geschichte des Preussischen Staates, 1763-1815: Frankfort, 1820. Vol. iii., p. 374.

† War of the Allied Powers, &c., Berlin, 1818.

duct of our Prussian allies, are founded on the minute and authentic official reports of Plotho's fourth volume. That some caution is requisite in dealing with the numerous narratives which have been published of these transactions may be proved from such an instance as the following passage, which is to be found in a History of Napoleon, by a M. de Norvins, published for military readers, and beautifully illustrated by the pencil of Raffet. Speaking of Wellington's position at Waterloo, he says:—'The post of Hougomont, on the *left* of the English, became to them of the last importance, for it was there that the Prussians were to join them.' This is only to be equalled by the change in the relative positions of the heart and liver adopted by Molière's impromptu physician. Errors so flagrant as this are, indeed, of rare occurrence, but the subject is a dangerous one to unprofessional writers, unless they enjoy the advantage, and condescend to use it, of communication with sound military authorities. An accomplished civilian of our own has lately closed with an account of this final struggle a voluminous History, which has, we know, enjoyed in its progress a very high share of popularity. Agreeing as we do with many of Mr. Alison's political opinions, and approving the spirit of his moral reflections, we have no disposition to question the general merits of a work which is at all events entitled to a formal and separate article, and which we hope to make the subject of one in due season. Meanwhile, however, since the subject of the Waterloo campaign has come in our way, we may be pardoned for remarking in general that a writer of Mr. Alison's particular qualifications would have acted wisely in compressing the military narratives and disquisitions which abound in his volumes, and in abstaining from certain conclusions, which, coming from him, possess, indeed, no other authority than that with which his mere powers of language can invest them, but may be quoted by interested persons for their *own* purposes—persons who would otherwise pay little attention to Mr. Alison or his work. In his account of the Belgian campaign, he has, in our opinion, only added one to a long list of imperfect narratives,* fitter for the pages of a magazine than for a compilation

of the dignity and importance to which he aspires.

Mr. Alison (*History of Europe, &c.*, vol. x., p. 991) speaks of

'Buonaparte's favourite military manœuvre of interposing between his adversaries, and striking with a superior force first on the right hand and then on the left,'

as having been attempted by him and baffled in this campaign. We doubt whether the expression of interposing between two adversaries can be correctly applied to any of Buonaparte's successful campaigns, and we almost suspect that if he had in contemplation a manœuvre of so much hazard on this occasion, it was the first on which he can be said to have attempted it. Hear Clausewitz on this matter:—

'All writers who have treated of this campaign set out by saying that Buonaparte threw himself between the two armies, in order to separate them. This expression, however, which has become a *terminus technicus* in military phraseology, has no clear idea for its foundation. The space intervening between two armies cannot be an object of operation. It would have been very unfortunate if a commander like Buonaparte, having to deal with an enemy of twice his force, instead of falling on the one half with his united strength, had lighted on the empty interval, and thus made a blow in the air, losing his time whilst he can only double his own force by the strictest economy of that commodity. Even the fighting the one army in a direction by which it will be pressed away from the other, even if it can be effected without loss of time, incurs the great danger of being attacked in the rear by the other. If the latter, therefore, be not far enough removed to put this risk out of question, a commander will scarcely venture on such a line of attack. Buonaparte, therefore, chose the direction between the two armies, not in order to separate them by wedging himself between, but because he expected to find and fall on Blücher's force in this direction, either united or in separate bodies.'—*Feldzug von 1815, &c.*, p. 54.

In the particular instance, Mr. Alison's supposition is so far supported, that Buonaparte's main attack was on the right and centre of the Prussian position rather than the left. The battle of Ligny began late in the day, and it was perhaps only want of time which prevented Buonaparte from pushing a column further on their right flank at Wagnelies. Whatever his purpose, he certainly was under the conviction after his success that Blücher had retreated towards Namur, and his neglect in ascertaining this fact would appear to have been a singular and fatal error. But his

* Among the battles on which Mr. Alison has, we think, most unfortunately laboured, we must notice particularly those of Assaye and Toulouse. As to both, his rashness and inaccuracy are, as we shall probably have occasion to show in detail by and by, most flagrant, and, after the publication of Colonel Gurwood's book especially, most inexcusable.

main object was evidently to find the Prussian army, and beat it.

'This position,' says the historian, speaking of Ligny, 'was good and well chosen, for the villages in front afforded an admirable shelter to the troops.'—p. 924.

The position, as occupied by the Prussians, has been considered very defective by better authorities than Mr. Alison.* English officers are, we believe, pretty well agreed on this point; but if their judgment be questioned, no writer has pointed out some of its defects more clearly than General Clausewitz, who, having served as chief of the staff to the third corps of the Prussian army, writes with greater authority on this part of the campaign than perhaps on any other. He particularly censures the occupation and defence of St. Amand, one of Mr. Alison's admirable villages, as a pernicious *hors d'œuvre*. It was too far advanced, and the Prussians, as the action proceeded, were exposed to greater loss than the assaulting enemy, in moving successive battalions down the slope to its defence. Their strength was thus consumed before Napoleon made his final attack with his reserves. Posts which cost the defenders more outlay of life than the assailants, though sometimes necessary evils, can hardly deserve the epithet *admirable*. (See *Feldzug von 1815*, p. 91.)

The cavalry action of the 17th at Genappe is briefly but incorrectly described in the following passage:—

'So roughly had the French been handled on the field of battle the preceding day that no attempt was made by them to disturb the retreat of either army, except by a body of French cuirassiers, which, about four o'clock in the afternoon, charged the English cavalry, who were covering the retreat between Genappe and Waterloo.'—*Alison*, p. 932.

For cuirassiers read lancers. They did not in the first instance charge the English cavalry, but pressing rather close on our rear, were charged gallantly but ineffectually by the 7th Hussars, who could make no impression on the front of their column in the defile, and lost many officers and men, wounded and prisoners. When the lancers, flushed with success, debouched on a wider space, they were ridden over by the 1st Life Guards.

In discussing the *vexata questio* of Grouchy's conduct on the 18th, Mr. Alison, p. 995, speaks of his force as *fully matched* by the Prussian corps opposed to him at Wavres. No account, French or other, which we have seen, rates Grouchy's corps at less than 32,000 men. The third Prussian corps, under Thielman,—instead of rising, as Mr. Alison says, to 35,000—did not exceed 16,000!

'No official account of the Prussian loss,' says Mr. Alison, p. 994, 'has ever been published.'

Meaning their loss on the 18th. As we have already had occasion to signify, Mr. Alison might have found the official returns most minutely given in the Appendix to Plotho's fourth volume, distinguishing officers, men, and horses, down to what Mr. Canning called the fraction of a drummer. A separate list for Thielman's loss in the action at Wavres is alone wanting to make these returns quite complete.

Mr. Alison says, p. 924,

'It was in the evening of the 15th, at half past seven, that Wellington received the intelligence at Brussels. Orders were immediately despatched,' &c.

As Buonaparte's first attack was on the Prussian outposts at Thuin, it was natural that the first intelligence of hostilities should come from the Prussians, but their officer met with some delay, and the news was, in fact, brought by the Prince of Orange. He found the Duke, not at half-past seven, but soon after three o'clock, at dinner at his hotel, about 100 yards from his quarters in the park, which he had taken care not to quit during the morning, nor even on the day preceding, though pressed to do so in at least one instance by a person of high consequence, who was not probably aware of his reason for remaining. The Prince of Orange, who had thus come in from the Belgian outposts to dine with the Duke, was soon after followed by the Prussian General Muffling, who brought accounts of the affair of Thuin, and orders were immediately issued for the movement of the army to the left. These, despatched about five, must have reached most of the corps by eight, and probably all before ten. The Duke's detailed orders are not all as yet before the public; but it is, perhaps, sufficient to refer to the *Memorandum* of 15th June, 1815, as printed by Colonel Gurwood. Before ten, further accounts were received from the Hanoverian General Dornberg, showing that all was quiet in the

* We believe we may safely state that in the course of their previous interview already noticed, the Duke of Wellington did not conceal from Marshal Blücher his apprehensions as to the choice of the position near Ligny.

direction of Mons, &c.,—and the after orders were issued. (*Gurwood*, 16th June, 1815, 10 P. M.)

In the not very intricate case of Waterloo itself Mr. Alison indulges himself in various decisions of a rather questionable description. As to the ground of the action, for instance, he lays down that

‘The French army had an open country to retreat over in case of disaster; while the British, if defeated, would in all probability lose their whole artillery in the defiles of the forest of Soignies.’—p. 937.

The fact is, that if the Duke fought with one defile in his rear, Buonaparte fought with two. The difference was, that while the Duke could, *in extremis*, have maintained the wood with his infantry, Buonaparte, if beaten, could not so well have maintained Mr. Alison’s *open country*. And odd enough, but so it is, Mr. Alison states, at page 935, a conclusion rather different from that which he announces in p. 937, for the *dictum* there is

‘Retreat after disaster would be difficult, if not impossible, to the British army, through the narrow defile of the forest of Soignies: overthrow was [meaning, *must be*] ruin to the French.’

We know not how to reconcile these *interlocutors*. The plain truth is that the enemy’s troops could have run away on either side of the *chaussée*, and they did so; but his carriages must have been jammed in any but a very timely retreat, as they were, in the defile of Genappe. However, Mr. Alison may be assured that the Duke of Wellington did not, at any time, contemplate the necessity of a retreat from his position at Waterloo. Upon the occasion of no former battle had he taken more pains to make himself by personal inspection thoroughly acquainted with his ground, and he was, from first to last, satisfied of his ability to maintain the post until his ally should arrive to his support. Clausewitz, p. 117, expresses a positive opinion, in which every military critic but a Frenchman must concur, that, even had the whole of Grouchy’s force been at Napoleon’s disposal, the Duke had nothing to fear pending Blücher’s arrival.

The Duke is often talked of as having exhausted his reserves in the action. This is another grave error, which Clausewitz has thoroughly disposed of (p. 125). He enumerates the tenth British brigade, the division of Chassé, and the cavalry of Collaert as having been little or not all en-

gaged—and he might have also added two brigades of light cavalry.

That there was, as Mr. Alison states, much confusion with the retiring baggage on the road to Brussels is true enough—such is always the case with the rear of a great army during a battle—but the baggage of the old Spanish regiments remained where it was ordered until sent for by the Duke, and everything reached them in safety about midnight—a remarkable instance of precision, all things considered.

Another statement is calculated, as it stands, to convey a positively false impression as to the situation and services, during the battle, of the English officer who ranks next to his illustrious leader for constant, persevering, and frequently brilliant performance of his duty.

‘Wellington,’ says Mr. Alison, p. 937, ‘had stationed General Hill, with nearly 7000 men, at Hal, six miles on the right, in order to cover the great road from Mons to Brussels.’

And, again, in describing the state of the Duke’s preparations on the morning of the 18th, he says,—

‘His whole army, with the exception of the detachment under Hill, near Hal, was now assembled.’—p. 938.

From these passages an ordinary reader would certainly infer that Lord Hill was not personally engaged in the battle of Waterloo, but that he was sitting on his horse at the head of a small detached body of 7000 men, six miles out of cannon-shot. The fact is, that the whole army was divided into two corps. The Prince of Orange commanded the first, Lord Hill the second, which included in the list of its commanders of division or brigade such names as those of Clinton, Picton, Pack, Kempt, and Adam. From this corps Lord Hill was ordered to detach a part, and a part only, of the fourth division, under Sir C. Colville, to which was attached a more considerable body of Dutch troops under Prince Frederick of Orange. The whole amounted to some 17,000 men. The immediate object of this detachment was that of guarding the road from Mons to Brussels; but had the Duke been compelled to retire from his position at Waterloo, this corps would have rendered important assistance to his right, and, had the battle been undecisive, it would have been in line at Waterloo by the morning. The Duke certainly attached much importance to the position of Hal. It is a strong one, and had been occupied by Marlborough shortly before the battle of

Oudenarde. If Napoleon had advanced in this direction, it is probable that the battle for the defence of Brussels would have been fought here. Lord Hill's presence, however, was not necessary at Hal on the 18th; and we will venture to say that no general officer was under hotter fire in the action of Waterloo than our late commander-in-chief. He disposed and led on in person Sir F. Adam's decisive attack on the flank of Napoleon's guard. In the despatch of the 19th to Lord Bathurst, the Duke says, — 'I am particularly indebted to General Lord Hill for his assistance and conduct on this as on all former occasions.'—*Gurwood*, vol. xii. p. 483.

'During this terrible strife,' says Mr. Alison, p. 947, 'Wellington remained in his position at the foot of his tree, occasionally throwing himself into a square, or directing the advance of a line. So heavy was the fire of the cannon-shot to which he was exposed that nearly all his suite were killed or wounded by his side; and he was obliged in the close of the day to the casual assistance of a Portuguese, who stood near, to carry the most necessary orders.'

The historian in a subsequent page favours us with the *ipsissima verba* addressed by the Duke to the soldiery of two of the several squares into which his Grace thus threw himself. We are, however, able to assure Mr. Alison that the story, however generally current, of the Duke's occasionally flinging himself into a square is a fiction. He *never once* was in that position throughout the battle of the 18th. For *Portuguese* read *Piedmontese*. The young gentleman in question was of the family of De Salis, a subject of the Sardinian government, and in its service. The mission he undertook was one of danger, for his uniform made him liable to be mistaken for a Frenchman by the brigade to which he carried the Duke's order to advance. 'Were you ever in a battle before?' said the Duke. 'No, Sir.' 'Then you are a lucky man; for you will never see such another.'

'Blücher and Wellington, by a singular chance, met at the farm of La Belle Alliance, and mutually saluted each other as victors.'—p. 957.

They met, not at La Belle Alliance, but a short distance further on the Genappe road, near a farm called the 'Maison Rouge,' or 'Maison du Roi.' This was the furthest point to which the British advanced; at least it was here that the Duke gave orders for the halt and bivouac of his own exhausted troops, and handed over the task of further

pursuit to the Prussians, nothing loth to accept it.

The above remarks have been called forth by Mr. Alison's propensity to the extraction of military details from questionable sources. We find graver cause of offence with him when he sits down in his library-chair to distribute his praise and censure between the two great commanders whom he summons before his tribunal. His parallel of Napoleon and Wellington, after the fashion of Plutarch, is a tissue of truisms and assumptions which must not at present detain us; but among his '*few observations conceived in an European spirit*!'—there occurs a passage on which we think it worth while to say a few words:—

'In the first place, it is evident, whatever the English writers may say to the contrary, that both Blücher and the Duke of Wellington were surprised by Napoleon's invasion of Belgium on the 15th of June; and it is impossible to hold either of them entirely blameless for that circumstance. It has been already seen from the Duke's despatches, that on the 9th of June, that is, six days before the invasion took place, he was aware that Napoleon was collecting a great force on the frontier, and that hostilities might immediately be expected. Why, then, were the two armies not immediately concentrated, and placed in such a situation that they might mutually, if attacked, lend each other the necessary assistance? Their united force was full 190,000 effective men, while Napoleon's was not more than 120,000, or, at the utmost, 140,000. Why, then, was Blücher attacked unawares and isolated at Ligny, and the British infantry, unsupported either by cavalry or artillery, exposed to the attack of a superior force of French, composed of all the three arms, at Quatre Bras? It is in vain to say that they could not provide for their troops if they had been concentrated, and that it was necessary to watch every bye-road which led to Brussels. Men do not eat more when drawn together than when scattered over a hundred miles of country. Marlborough and Eugene had long ago maintained armies of 100,000 men for months together in Flanders; and Blücher and Wellington had no difficulty in feeding 170,000 men drawn close together after the campaign did commence. It is not by a cordon of troops, scattered over a hundred miles, that the attack of 120,000 French is to be arrested. If the British army had from the first been concentrated at Waterloo, and Blücher near Wavres, Napoleon would never have ventured to pass them on the road, however unguarded. Those who, in their anxiety to uphold the English general from the charge of having been assailed unawares, assert that he was not taken by surprise in the outset of the Waterloo campaign, do not perceive that in so doing they bring against him the much more serious charge of having so disposed his troops, when he knew they were about to be assailed, that infantry alone, without either cavalry or artillery, were exposed to

the attack of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, in superior numbers, contrary not only to the plainest rules of the military art, but of common sense on the subject.'—p. 988.

'It results from these considerations that in the outset Wellington and Blücher were out-manceuvred by Napoleon. . . . Napoleon so managed matters that he was superior to either at the points of attack at Ligny and Quatre Bras. This is the most decisive test of superior generalship. . . . The allied Generals were clearly out-generalled,' &c. &c.—*Ibid.*

When the Duke of Wellington was summoned from Vienna to take the command in the Netherlands, the armies of our continental allies were distributed in different parts of Europe, while the greater part of that of England had been detached to North America; and though peace had been concluded with the United States, were not yet returned. On his arrival from Elba, Buonaparte had found a French army in France completely organized, consisting of 250,000 men, with cannon and all requisites, and capable of increase from a number of old soldiers and returned prisoners, dispersed through the country. It is obvious that, under such circumstances, the first measures which the Generals of the allied armies could take must be defensive. The armies in the Belgian provinces and on the left bank of the Rhine must have been strictly directed on this principle. They were at the outposts; it was their office to protect the march of the other armies of the allies to the intended basis of combined operations. Each of these armies, indeed, had particular interests to attend to besides those which were common to all; but the peculiar objects intrusted to ours were of supreme and paramount importance. The force under the Duke's command, consisting of British, Dutch, and Hanoverians, had to preserve its communications with England, Holland, and Germany; to maintain its connection with the Prussian army; and to protect Brussels, the seat of government of the Netherlands.

Napoleon had great advantages, whether for offensive or defensive operations, in the number, position, and strength of the fortresses on the NE. frontier of France. These enabled him to organize his forces and arrange their movements beyond the power of detection on the part of the allies, even to the last moment. They put it out of the power of the allies to undertake any offensive operation which should not include the means of carrying on one or more sieges, possibly at the same time. The country occupied by the Duke and his immediate allies was comparatively open, for

the ancient strongholds of Flanders had been found in very bad condition, and though his measures were as active as judicious to put them in a state of defence, no activity could repair their deficiencies in a very brief space of time. No general ever occupied a defensive position of greater difficulty and inconvenience, and the uncertainty of the length of time during which it was to be so occupied was an aggravation of that difficulty. It is clear, from numerous passages in Colonel Gurwood's 12th volume, that the Duke could do nothing to terminate that period till the other armies of the allied powers should have entered on the basis of combined operations. The Duke could only occupy himself, as he did, in strengthening his position by pushing on the works of Charleroi, Namur, Mons, Ath, Tournay, Ypres, Oudenarde, Courtray, Menin, Ostend, Nieuport, and Antwerp. Reports of an intended attack by Napoleon had been frequent before June: and previous to the 15th of that month it was known at Brussels that Buonaparte had left Paris to take the command on the Northern frontier. This certainty, however, could make no immediate change in the position of the allied armies; it could not invest them with the power of taking the initiative. All the usual precautions for the forwarding of orders to the troops in their respective cantonments had been already adopted, but any decisive drawing together of the forces, founded on any hypothesis which could as yet be formed, might have been destructive to some one or other of the interests which it was the business of the Duke to preserve inviolate.

Mr. Alison, however, decides that the Duke was surprised because he did not know that Buonaparte would attack by the valley of the Sambre, and did not collect his troops to meet the enemy in that direction. 'It is vain,' says Mr. Alison, 'to say that it was necessary to watch every bye-road to Brussels.' Does Mr. Alison know that among the said *bye-roads* there happened to be four *great roads* leading on Brussels from the departments of the North and the fortresses on the French frontier—one from Lisle, by Menin, and Courtray, and Ghent; one from Lisle on Tournay, Oudenarde, and Ghent; one from Condé on Tournay; one from Condé by Valenciennes, on Mons? Each of these were great paved roads, presenting no other obstacle than the unfinished works to which we have before adverted, On any or all of them Buonaparte might have moved his columns with the same secrecy with which he poured them on the Prussian right; and with greater ease and

rapidity—for the fact is remarkable, though little noticed, that Napoleon had, at an earlier period, broken up the roads by which he ultimately advanced on Charleroi, and which he was in consequence obliged partially to repair for that advance. It was highly probable up to the last moment that Napoleon would make his main attack by one or more of these *bye-roads*; and it is now the opinion, not perhaps of Mr. Alison, but of somewhat higher strategical authorities, that if the Duke of Wellington had concentrated his troops prematurely to the left, Buonaparte would have so acted. Would it have been no advantage to him to have opened the campaign by throwing himself on the line of English communications with Ostend, driving the Court of Louis XVIII. from Ghent, and probably occupying Brussels? We may, with General Clausewitz, think it probable that even such a start of success would have failed to avert Napoleon's ultimate ruin;—but the Duke had a complicated task to perform—it was his business to throw away no chances: he had to watch over the inclinations as well as the real interests of different populations: he had to watch over the great danger of any sudden revival of the Buonaparteian *prestige*—he had sacrifices to avoid as well as objects to compass. Let us consider what would have been his position at the best, had any one of the interests intrusted to his care been sacrificed. He might have effected his junction with Blücher, and have answered a French proclamation from the palace of Lacken by the Gazette of a victory on some other field than that of Waterloo; but how many Alisons would have arisen to tell us how in the first instance he had allowed his right flank to be turned! The victory must, indeed, have been rapid and decisive, which would have silenced the opposition orators of England, and repaired the shattered *morale* of Belgium—with a French army between the Duke and the coast, and Brussels the head quarters of Napoleon.

We may further suggest to Mr. Alison that though troops do not eat more when together than when separate, it is rather more difficult for the commissary to bring their necessary supplies to one point than to many, especially as respects cavalry. Mr. Alison must be aware that these troops, quartered, and as it was, crowded, on the territories of an ally, were not fed by the Napoleonic process of compulsory requisition. Those who were responsible for their discipline, physical condition and efficiency, had good reasons for not collecting them an hour sooner than was necessary. A

nervous and incompetent commander having the fear of such critics as Mr. Alison before his eyes, would probably have been distracting his subordinates and harassing his troops by marches and counter-marches as profitable as those of Major Sturgeon in Foote's farce, while the Duke was keeping his men in hand and his councils to himself. Such a general would assuredly not have gone to the Duchess of Richmond's ball.

We should like to know Mr. Alison's definition of a surprise. We do not ourselves profess to furnish any compendious formula including all the conditions which collectively or separately may justify the use of a term so derogatory to the reputation of any commander. We apprehend, however, that these conditions are most completely fulfilled when the party assailed is not expecting to be attacked at all. Lord Hill's attack of the French at Arroyo Molinos is an instance of this rare class of exploits. Another fair condition of a surprise is when the party attacked is prepared for defence, but when the line of the hostile approach or the point of the attack is one which he has overlooked or neglected: in this way Soult was surprised at Oporto, Jourdain at Vitoria. The affair of Culm affords an instance in which two hostile bodies surprised one another, for the Prussians no more expected to find Vandamme in their front than he did to find them on his rear. We presume Mr. Alison hardly means to bring the Duke of Wellington under the first of these categories. As to the latter, we contend that Napoleon's line of attack was one embraced and provided for in the Duke's calculations, but which the circumstances of his position made it impossible for him, up to the last moment, to anticipate with precision.

It is probable that even Phormio, who lectured Hannibal at Ephesus,* was aware that the *initiative* of operations between two armies *en présence* is a great advantage, of which either leader would be too happy to avail himself. The allies in the Netherlands and on the Meuse in 1815 were, as we have shown, necessarily on the defensive. They were waiting for the junction and co-operation of other large armies, destined for the attainment of a common ultimate object. This defensive position did not necessarily preclude all idea or plan of attack upon the enemy. The enemy might have so placed himself as to have rendered the attacking his army advisable, even necessary. In that case the English and Prussians should and

* See Cicero *de Oratore*, lib. ii., cap. 18.

would have taken the initiative; but the enemy did not assume any such position. On the contrary, he took one in which his numbers, his movements, his designs could be concealed, protected and supported, down to the very moment of execution. The allies, therefore, *could not* have the initiative in the way of attack. But they might have, and they had it, in the way of defensive movement; and, with submission, we maintain that they availed themselves of that opportunity the instant that it was within their power. Their original position having been calculated for the defence and protection of certain objects confided to their care, any alteration in that position previous to the first movement of the enemy, and the certainty that that was a *real movement*, must have exposed some important interest to danger; and therefore no movement was made until the initiative had been taken by Buonaparte, and the precise design of his movement was obvious. Any movement on the part of the allies, previous to his ascertained march and purpose, would have been what is commonly called a '*false movement*,' and we believe the Duke of Wellington has never hesitated to avow his opinion, that, of all the chiefs of armies in the world, *the one* in whose presence it was most hazardous to make a false movement was Napoleon Buonaparte.

We have not the Duke's *detailed and complete orders* for the movements of his troops on the receipt by him of authentic intelligence of Napoleon's decisive movement on the Sambre. We believe that, if we had it in our power to place those orders in full before our military readers, it would be apparent that but for the occurrence of certain accidents, which we shall not characterize further than by saying that he never could have expected or reckoned on them, the left wing of his army—infantry, artillery, and particularly cavalry—must have been in position at Quatre Bras by two o'clock P. M. on the 16th of June. It was only, as has already been shown, in consequence of an accident that Bulow's corps did not join Blücher in time to take part in the affair of Ligny on that day; but since Blücher was not to be able to repel the French on the 16th, the English army, however strong it might have been, must, in consequence of what was settled between the Duke and Blücher on the morning of the 16th, have retreated from Quatre Bras on the 17th. But take things as they were:—the forces that reached Quatre Bras, and concentrated upon the position of Ligny, were sufficient to maintain the one post, and to retire from the

other in good order, and fully prepared for immediate co-operation in the further carrying out of a plan deliberately framed beforehand. And this was the plan of the Duke of Wellington, who, with a very remarkable accuracy of prescience, had, as we have seen, predicted, as early as the 2d of June, that his first active movement would be on the 16th of June, and who, from the time of his arrival in the Netherlands, had considered Waterloo as the ground on which, if Buonaparte should make Brussels his aim, it would be best for the allies to fight their battle in defence of that capital. And now, wise not only after, but in spite of, the event, Mr. Alison tells the general whose business was defence, and whose defence was completely and triumphantly successful—whose defence included the entire protection of every object and interest committed to his care—the avoidance of every sacrifice and risk to which he was exposed, and the gaining of the greatest battle recorded in modern history—Mr. Alison tells the Duke of Wellington that he was '*surprised*,' '*out-manœuvred*,' and '*out-generated*' by the leader whose every aim and purpose he, in a campaign of three days, utterly baffled and for ever overwhelmed.

Mr. Alison, however, does not merely infer the fact of the Duke's '*surprise*' in June, 1815, from the outward aspects and results of those military operations which our historian considers himself so well entitled to criticise. He has, being a skilful lawyer, reserved the strongest part of his case for its close. He has direct and positive evidence to produce—he can show not only that the Duke was surprised, but the exact circumstances in, and by consequence of which, he was surprised. He thus puts his irrefragable witness in the box:—

'Wellington and Blücher, at this critical period, were relying almost entirely upon secret intelligence, which was to be forwarded to them by Fouché. . . . This extraordinary delay in collecting the troops when the enemy, under so daring a leader, was close at hand, cannot be altogether vindicated, and it was wellnigh attended with fatal consequences; but the secret cause which led to it is explained in Fouché's Memoirs.'

Inactivity of Wellington and Blücher.

Curw. xii., 446, 457.

'That unparalleled intriguer, who had been in communication with Wellington and Metternich all the time he was chief minister under Napoleon, had promised to furnish the English general not only with the exact moment of attack, but with the plan of the campaign. Wellington was hourly in ex-

Fouché's unparalleled duplicity.

peetation of this intelligence, which would have enabled him to know in what direction he should concentrate his forces; and thence it was that he lay motionless in his cantonments. How he did not receive it must be given in Fouché's own words:—"My agents with Metternich and Lord Wellington had promised marvels and mountains; the English generalissimo expected that I should at the very least give him the plan of the campaign. I knew for certain that the unforeseen attack would take place on the 16th or 18th at latest. Napoleon intended to give battle on the 17th to the English army, after having marched right over the Prussians on the preceding day. He had the more reason to trust to the success of that plan, that Wellington, deceived by false reports, believed the opening of the campaign might be deferred till the beginning of July. The success of Napoleon, therefore, depended on a surprise; and I arranged my plans in conformity. On the very day of the departure of Napoleon I despatched Madame D——, furnished with notes written in cipher, containing the whole plan of the campaign. But at the same time I privately despatched orders for such obstacles at the frontier,

Fouché,
Mem. II,
240, 242.

where she was to pass, that she could not arrive at the head-quarters of Wellington till after the event.

This was the real explanation of the inconceivable security of the generalissimo, which at the time excited such universal astonishment."—vol. x., p. 921.

We are ready to make every possible admission to Mr. Alison and his respectable authority. When the Bavarian Wrede arrived late on the ground of Wagram, as we have heard, he apologised to Napoleon for his delay, saying, 'I fear I have deranged your Majesty's plans;' to which Napoleon replied, 'I have no plan, but as you are come we will attack.' Let us, suppose, however, that on this occasion Buonaparte had a plan, and that Fouché knew it in all its details. Let us take for granted still further the authenticity of the memoirs attributed to Fouché—that he not only penned the passage in question, but that the infamy of its truth, as far as his own conduct is concerned, attaches to him—and that he was the complex traitor he describes himself. Would it follow that the Duke of Wellington could or would depend on M. Fouché's accurately knowing and truly reporting whether Buonaparte had made up his mind to move on Charleroi or on Mons?

Being professionally a weigher of evidence, Mr. Alison, we conceive, ought hardly to have relied, in any case, on the statements of a work attributed to such an apostle of truth, as Fouché; yet he does so without even making the inquiry whether the work is really his in all or in part, or whether it is to be classed with the biographies of those two admirable females

Madame du Barri and the Marquise de Crequi. We have it in our power, however, to give a short and direct answer to Mr. Alison's solution of the mystery he has conjured up—it is totally unfounded. No decision of the Duke, whether to set his troops in motion, to keep them quiet, or to govern their direction, was in the slightest degree influenced by the promise, the expectation, the arrival, or non-arrival of any intelligence from Fouché.

The Duke of Wellington, for the reasons we have detailed, having a knowledge that his adversary was on the frontier, and expecting an attack, did wait for intelligence on which he could rely of the precise direction of that attack. He waited, however, not for a French petticoat padded with Fouché's autograph ciphers, but for reports from the British or Prussian officers at the outposts.

It is proper to observe that Mr. Alison's marginal references to Colonel Gurwood's twelfth volume, pp. 449, 457, are so placed as if the Duke's papers would afford some indication at least of his reliance on Fouché. We are very sure this was a mere lapse of the pen on the part of our historian. But we cannot acquit Mr. Alison of very culpable negligence in having written a 'History of Europe' without reading the Duke of Wellington's despatches; and if he had read this twelfth volume, he would have found at its 649th page the following sentence, being part of a letter to General Dumouriez, dated Paris, September 26, 1815:—

'Avant mon arrivé à Paris au mois de Juillet, je n'avais jamais vu Fouché, ni eu avec lui communication quelconque, ni avec aucun de ceux qui sont liés avec lui.'

There was no dependence on the espionage of traitors, and there was no surprise. Buonaparte, from circumstances, enjoyed the full advantage of the initiative. His skill in using that advantage, with the courage and devotion of an excellent army, gained him a partial and temporary success over Blücher, which, if Blücher had been a Mack or Hohenlohe, might have been more serious, and which, if Bulow's orders had reached him in due time, would, most probably, have been no success at all. The Duke of Wellington, meanwhile, though unable to extend so far to his left as to join in the battle against Buonaparte in person, occupied during the 16th, and repulsed before night, a large portion of his army under one of his best generals, and effectually prevented him from pur-

suing the incomplete advantage he had obtained over Blücher. Buonaparte could not follow the Prussians, leaving the Duke with his army collected and untouched in possession of all the passages of the Dyle, and of his communications with France by the valleys of the Meuse and Sambre. Excepting, therefore, the momentary glimpse of success at Ligny, all Buonaparte's movements in this grand system of attack were effectually checked and discomfited. The great advantage he started with availed him nothing. He had found antagonists whom neither his rapidity could surprise, nor his dexterity perplex; and he fell to rise no more.

If Mr. Alison's pages bore somewhat less the impress of entire self-satisfaction with his own conclusions as to the conduct of this momentous campaign, we should be tempted to refer him to the posthumous work of General Clausewitz, who having served, as we have stated, as chief of the staff to the third corps of the Prussian army, and having long applied himself to the scientific branches of his profession, has at least a better claim than Mr. Alison to deal in sweeping and authoritative censures on subjects of this nature. Mr. Alison will find in that work, and we give him the full benefit of it for his argument, a disposition, very natural in a Prussian, to find fault after the event with the Duke's caution in the protection of his right. He will find him favourable to a system of closer junction between the two allies at the manifest and admitted risk of those sacrifices which the Duke undoubtedly declined to incur. He will find the Prussian most impartially severe on his own commander, especially on ground with which he is acquainted, the field of Ligny; but he will find him, when he comes to detailed criticism on the Duke of Wellington, writing with the caution which becomes a soldier cognizant of the difficulties of the Duke's position, but confessedly ignorant of his plans, intentions, and the details of his orders for the distribution and collection of his forces. General Clausewitz died in 1831; had he lived to read even Colonel Gurwood's twelfth volume, we think it probable he would have modified some of his conclusions. Had he retained them we might still differ from such a critic, but we could only do so with the respect due to extensive service, the modesty which usually accompanies experience, and, we must add, the impartial honesty of a German gentleman. With regard to Mr. Alison himself, we desire also to speak with general respect, indeed, but we cannot acquit him of serious blame upon

this occasion. When an Englishman darts his sting from the tail of ten elaborate volumes, at what he thinks the vulnerable part of the highest military reputation of his country, and the purest of any age, we cannot but remember that, though he may have done little, he has done his best to impair that reputation. His success, so far as he obtains it, will make him in exact proportion an useful tool in the hands of men of a different stamp, the professed detractors here and elsewhere of the greatest subject of these realms who has ever devoted himself to their service. But it is time to return to Marshal Forwards.

Many swords were reluctantly sheathed on the convention of St. Cloud, but none more reluctantly than his who for a second time entered the gates of Paris as a conqueror, which he would rather have forced as a destroyer. Restrained as he was by the cooler heads and less vindictive spirit of the sovereigns whom he served, and the greater man with whom he had co-operated in the field, he was with difficulty prevented from blowing up the beautiful bridge of Jena.* His wrath exhaled as usual in bit-

* We are tempted to place here *part* of the last of the Duke of Wellington's long series of letters to Blücher on the subject of this bridge, and the whole of the intermediately subsequent communication:—

'Mien lieber First,

'Paris, 9th July, 1815.

'The subjects on which Lord Castlereagh and I conversed with your Highness and General Comte Gneisenau this morning, viz. the destruction of the bridge of Jena, and the levy of the contribution of one hundred millions of francs upon the city of Paris, appear to me to be so important to the Allies in general, that I cannot allow myself to omit to draw your Highness's attention to them again in this shape.

'The destruction of the bridge of Jena is highly disagreeable to the King and to the people, and may occasion disturbance in the city. It is not merely a military measure, but is one likely to attach to the character of our operations, and is of political importance. It is adopted solely because the bridge is considered a monument of the battle of Jena, notwithstanding that the Government are willing to change the name of the bridge.

'Considering the bridge as a monument, I beg leave to observe that its immediate destruction is inconsistent with the promise made to the Commissioners on the part of the French army, during the negotiation of the convention, viz. that the monuments, museums, &c., should be reserved for the decision of the Allied Sovereigns.

'All that I ask is, that the execution of the orders given for the destruction of the bridge may be suspended till the Sovereigns shall arrive here, when, if it should be agreed by common accord that the bridge ought to be destroyed, I shall have no objection, &c., &c.—*Gurwood*, vol. xii., p. 552.

'A Paris, ce 10 Juillet, 1815.

'Mien lieber First,

'à 9 heures du matin.

'Le dîner est chez Vergy aujourd'hui à 6 heures, et j'espère que nous passerons une journée agréable.

'Je viens de recevoir la nouvelle que les Souverains arrivent aujourd'hui à Bondy, et des ordres

ter sarcasms against the whole tribe of pen-and-ink men and politicians. He found also some distraction in the vice of gambling, for which, under Buonaparte, and indeed down to the reign of Louis Philippe, every public facility was afforded to all classes in the French capital. Such distractions could only have assisted the process of mental and bodily decay, which was further promoted by an accident. An English garrison without a horse-race is scarcely a thing in *rerum naturâ*. Blücher, attending one of these festivities at St. Cloud, fell heavily horse and man over a rope which he was too blind to perceive in his path, and it is said that the effects of this fall were perceptible in some very curious forms of hallucination, such as extort a smile even from those who are contemplating the melancholy spectacle of the ruin of a noble mind.

The attractions of Paris were insufficient to overcome his aversion for its inhabitants. His head-quarters were for the most part established at St. Cloud, and occasionally transferred to Rambouillet and Chartres. The arrangement of the conditions of the peace of Paris afforded him the opportunity, of which he gladly availed himself, even before its final signature, to depart for Prussia. His farewell address to the army bore date the 31st of October, 1815. The retiring forces began their march, but before Blücher himself crossed the frontier, hearing of some further diplomatic difficulties, he took upon himself to halt them as suddenly and peremptorily as if they had been a regiment on parade. The confusion produced by this parting act of authority was excessive, and was only put an end to by positive orders from Paris. Blücher reached Aix-la-Chapelle in a broken state of health on November 20, the day on which the peace was signed. Hence, with frequent delays, and harassed by the noisy demonstrations of respect with which he was everywhere received, he slowly made his way to Berlin.

The light seemed burning to the socket, but it was destined still to shine, though with enfeebled and tremulous lustre, some four years longer. He resided chiefly at Kriblowitz, in Silesia, on an estate with which, in 1814, he had been rewarded by the King, but paid occasional visits to Breslau and Berlin. A journey, dictated by

medical advice, to the sea-baths of Debbesran, afforded him an occasion to visit the place of his birth, Rostock, where he recognized and received with touching amiability some surviving acquaintances of his earliest youth. Hamburg and Altona were also gratified by glimpses of the veteran. He passed on his route the churchyard of Ottensen, in which repose the ashes of Klopstock. He had been personally acquainted with the poet, and as he passed he uncovered his grey head, a soldier's tribute of respect to the German muse, which his early patron Frederick the Great would have sneered at. He also visited Klopstock's widow, who opened on the occasion a bottle of tokay, which her husband thirty years before had charged her to reserve for some occasion of singular joy and festivity. These little incidents have their value. Napoleon's esteem for Ossian, and Blücher's for the poem of the 'Messiah,' remind us of the veneration for female chastity which has been attributed to the King of Beasts. Of the honours showered upon him from all quarters, sovereigns, burgomasters, and municipalities, it is unnecessary to speak.

We have elsewhere mentioned that Blücher was a nervous and fluent writer; his intimates also asserted that he was born an orator. At the festive meetings of the table, in which, when his health allowed him, he delighted to the last, he was Nestorian in his harangues and narrations, but failure of memory as to the order of dates made the latter very confused. He never failed to do justice to the participation of Gneisenau in all his greater military exploits. On one occasion he puzzled the society by gravely announcing his intention of kissing his own head; he solved the riddle by rising and embracing that of Gneisenau. This was an exploit which his English comrade in arms could not imitate. His last illness came upon him in September, 1819, at Kriblowitz. His death-bed was attended by the King, and he died calm and resigned in the arms of his faithful aide-de-camp Nostitz.

d'y envoyer des gardes, &c., ce que je fais. Je crois qu'ils ne s'arêteront que quelques heures à Bondy, et qu'ils arriver ce soir.

'Agréz, &c.

'WELLINGTON.'

'Le Maréchal Prince Blücher.'

ART. VII.—1. *Financial Statement of Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons, Friday, March 11, 1842. London. pp. 36.*

2. *A Letter from Sir Richard Vyvyan, Bart., M. P., to his Constituents, upon the Commercial and Financial Policy of Sir*

Robert Peel's Administration. London, 1842.

3. *Guilty or Not Guilty? being an Inquest on the Conservative Parliament and Ministry.* pp. 14. London and Plymouth, pp. 36.

It is a common saying that 'desperate diseases require desperate remedies;' and the deplorable state of commercial distress and financial embarrassment, under which the Conservative ministers were called to office, would, we are satisfied, have reconciled the country to even stronger measures than they have found it necessary to adopt. But we do not rest our humble approbation of Sir Robert Peel's policy on any such extreme grounds. The administrative affairs of a great country—except under the immediate *avalanche* of a revolution—can seldom be called *desperate*; and even when, as towards the close of the Melbourne administration, they most nearly approach that hopeless state, they require not a wild *kill-or-cure* treatment, but, on the contrary, increased caution, a cooler circumspection, and an adherence to principle the more rigid as the temptation to depart from it becomes stronger. It was, we presume, with these views that Sir Robert Peel contemplated the difficulties of his situation, and by them he seems to have been guided in the choice of his remedies—bold but not adventurous—extensive without being extravagant—developing rather than altering the existing system, and endeavouring to direct, by the lights of experience, the new tendencies and impulses of these active and *go-a-head* times. The details of these measures we shall consider hereafter, but we must, at the outset, bear our testimony to the great, statesmanlike, and, in its main features, *novel* principle, on which the system has been framed. We do not say that the details are novelties—the elements of any human work, material or moral, must be common to all men—the architect of St. Paul's and the mason of the Mansion-house employed similar stones and tools: the difference between one artist or one statesman and another, is in the skill and genius which direct the combination; and in this view we venture to pronounce Sir Robert Peel's budget to be as striking for the novelty of its structure, and, as we believe, for the ultimate convenience and efficiency of its practical working.

In order to put this in its full light we must give a short summary of the case which Sir Robert Peel had to deal with.

The Duke of Wellington's administration,

on its retirement towards the close of 1830—after not quite three years' tenure of office—having during that time repealed nearly 4,000,000*l.* of taxes, in addition to more than 30,000,000*l.* which had been repealed since the war—having reduced the capital of the national debt by 20,000,000*l.* and the annual charge by 1,000,000*l.*—left to their successors a *surplus* revenue of near *three millions* (2,913,673*l.*). This *surplus* Lord Melbourne's ministry gradually changed to a *deficit* by the double operation of increasing expenditure and diminishing revenue, and in the last year of their sway the addition made to the public debt by the accumulation of successive annual deficits amounted to the enormous sum of 7,500,000*l.*, with an ascertained further deficiency for the then current year ending April, 1842, of 2,350,000*l.*, and for the year ending April, 1843, of 2,470,000*l.* exclusive of the expenses of the wars in the East, estimated at sums that would increase the annual deficiency to near *four millions*. The deficiency of the current year could only be met by funding it; but how was an annual deficiency of near *four millions* to be supplied? The Whigs had paralysed or drained up all the ordinary sources of taxation—first they had made impolitic reductions, and then they had imposed inefficient substitutes—they had for instance, *destroyed*, instead of *modifying* (as they might advantageously to all interests have done) the postage revenue, and threw away, as a mere *sop* to a small but urgent *clique* of their Radical partisans, a *million and a half* of the fairest, most equal, and least onerous of all taxation. Then, on the other hand, they imposed 5 per cent. on the Customs and Excise, which was a notable failure, producing, instead of 1,895,000*l.*, as estimated, only 206,000*l.*—about $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. instead of 5 per cent.; and at the very time when they made this unhappy attempt to increase the revenue by *raising* the duty on every article of the *tariff* 5 per cent., they and their partisans were preaching two contrary doctrines—one, that the best mode of raising an *immediate* revenue was by *lowering* the *tariff*!—and the other, that the state of the country required a great remission of the revenue derived from import duties. And these jumbled doctrines they next year affected to make the foundation of what they called a *budget*—but which was in truth the most ridiculous and the most disgraceful abortion that was ever generated between party spite and ministerial incapacity—ridiculous, because no man believed that it could, or was even meant to, meet the pressing difficulty

—and disgraceful, because it was a fraudulent device to embarrass the future administration, at the risk—nay, at the positive *sacrifice*—of great national interests, to the maintenance of which these very men were, by the strongest declarations, *individually pledged*. But what cared they?—they knew their ministerial days were numbered—that, for causes entirely distinct from their financial difficulties, they must soon give way to the Conservatives; and the whole policy of their two last years was narrowed to the miserable hope of embarrassing their successors, and of creating a feeling in the country against any of the modes by which it seemed possible to retrieve our finances. With a system thus partly repudiated—partly paralysed—partly exhausted—and wholly disorganised—‘how,’ they fondly asked themselves, ‘how, in the face of doctrines so popular as those we have been inculcating on the public mind, is a new ministry to raise *four millions of new taxes*?’

Sir Robert Peel asked himself the same question, and found in his own good sense and courage, and in the concurrence and confidence of his Cabinet, the Parliament, and the Country, an answer which the Whigs had not contemplated. He prudently began, as he stated in his speech of the 11th March, by examining the more obvious resources; and he boldly and honestly exposed all the difficulties which that examination revealed.

‘Shall we pursue the system on which we have been acting of late years? Shall we, in a time of peace, have resort to the miserable expedient of loans? Shall we try a re-issue of exchequer bills? Shall we resort to the savings-banks? Shall we have recourse to any of these plans, which are neither more nor less than permanent additions to our debt?’

‘We have to supply a deficiency of upwards of 5,000,000*l.* upon two years. Is there a prospect, by ordinary means, of retrieving the loss? . . . Can you calculate, do you anticipate, a possibility of reducing the amount of our next year’s expenditure? I do not anticipate that such can be the case. Is this an occasional or a casual deficiency, and for which you can easily provide? Is it a deficiency for the present year only? It is not. This deficiency has existed for the last seven or eight years. It is not an occasional deficiency. In 1838 the deficiency was 1,428,000*l.*; in 1839 it was 430,000*l.*; in 1840 it was 1,457,000*l.*; in 1841 it amounted to 1,851,000*l.*; in 1842 it amounted to 2,334,000*l.*: the amount of the deficiency in the five years was 7,500,000*l.* To that I add the estimated deficiency for 1843—2,570,000*l.*; making in all, for the six years, a deficiency of 10,070,000*l.*

‘After the proof I have given that our financial embarrassments are not mere occasional dif-

iculties, will you have recourse to the miserable expedient of loans? I cannot propose such a measure. . . . I trust that I may, with almost universal consent, abandon the idea of supplying the deficiency by the scheme of contracting fresh loans.

‘If, then, it is necessary for me to have fresh taxation, shall I lay it upon articles of subsistence—upon those articles which may appear to some superfluities, but which are now become almost the necessities of life? I cannot consent to increase the taxation upon articles of subsistence consumed by the great body of the labouring portion of the community. I do think that you have had conclusive proof [in the failure of the 5 per cent. on the Excise and Customs] that you have arrived at the limits of profitable taxation on articles of subsistence.

‘Is it possible, then, to resort to other means? Shall I revive old taxes now abolished? Shall I take the duties of the post-office, for instance? I will not say—speaking with that caution with which I am sometimes taunted, but which, nevertheless, I find very useful—I will not say that the post-office ought not to be a source of revenue. I will not say that it may not fairly become a means of taxation: but I say this, I do believe the late measure has not yet had its full trial; and that I am so sensible of the many advantages that result from it, that I do not think that in the present year it is advisable that we should change it. . . . Shall I revive taxes which were levied on great articles of consumption, and which were very productive?—shall I revive the taxes on salt, on leather, on wool? I do not know but, in respect to leather, that the reduction of that tax took place without public benefit; I fear that the full amount of the advantage did not go to the consumer. . . . I fear that, in this instance, you reduced a duty which benefited monopolists. But the question is not now whether we shall reduce an existing tax; it is whether we shall revive duties which have been done away with, and in the abolition of which various compacts and commercial arrangements have taken place.’

After showing by some details the impolicy and bad faith—he might, we think, have said the *impossibility*—of reviving taxes lately repealed, he proceeded to notice the various objects of new taxation which had been suggested—some impolitic, as weighing upon new industry, such as on railroads and gas-lights—others simply ridiculous, as on forte-pianos and umbrellas. He then exposed the Whig nostrum of *lowering the tariff* as a source of *immediate revenue*—and he showed (as the Quarterly Review, No. cxxxv, had done, and as everybody who ever thought on the subject must know) that the improvement of the revenue by a reduction of duty must be in most cases a doubtful, and in all a slow process, and wholly inadequate to meet the present emergency; and this obvious truth he illustrated by some remarkable examples drawn, partly from the great experi-

ment of reduction made by Lord Liverpool's government in 1825, partly from some more recent alterations. On wine, for instance, the duty was lowered from 9s 1½d. to 4s. 2½d. the gallon—the revenue fell immediately 800,000l. a-year, and has never yet recovered itself; and wine we should have, *a priori*, thought to be the very most promising article for such an experiment. So of tobacco; so of sugar; so of hemp; so even of newspapers, on which the reduction was so great, that, coupled with the growing taste for newspaper reading, a different result might have been anticipated. Coffee indeed was in some degree an exception to the general failure—yet it was *three years* before the duty even on coffee recovered its former amount; and we need hardly observe that an article which, like coffee, is introduced into habitual consumption as a substitute for *other food* is an exceptional case, and would be an unsafe guide for a general system.

While the prospect of any adequate relief by the ordinary processes of taxation was thus hopeless, the general emergency had become more pressing: increased expenses—growing commercial embarrassment—aggravated distress of the labouring classes—want of work, and consequently want of food—discontent—sedition, almost insurrection! It is indeed a master-mind that could see its way through such difficulties, and a master-hand that could control them—nay, that could make the very difficulties themselves equipoise, as it were, and correct one another—and could by a skilful adaptation bring them to contribute, each its quota, to an enlarged and general system for the security of public credit and the development of national resources.

The first object, the basis of the whole operation, was to find means of equalizing the Revenue with the Expenditure. This an *Income Tax* was certain to do, and it was nearly as certain that nothing else would: remission of taxes had failed—increase of taxes had failed—per centage on taxes had failed;* and not only failed, but had failed under circumstances that forbade a repetition of such experiments. In this position Sir Robert Peel did not shrink from the deep responsibility and supposed unpopularity of an *Income Tax*; he formed a juster estimate of the honesty as well as the ability of the country—he knew that it could, and he believed that it would, make any exertion necessary for the maintenance of public credit, and he was, every way,

right. We have been told by some who affect an air of authority that an income tax is essentially and exclusively a *war tax*. We beg leave to ask *why* it should be so! and in what code that dogma is written! Lord Brougham, the powerful and victorious adversary of the attempt to continue the former Income Tax after the war, holds no such doctrine; but, on the contrary, in a series of very able and argumentative *Resolutions* which he offered to the House of Lords on the 17th of March last, he places the proposition of the tax and his own acquiescence in it on their true grounds:—

'That a direct tax on income ought never to be resorted to, unless in some great emergency of public affairs, when an extraordinary expenditure may become unavoidable for a time, or in some pressure upon the finances of the country which can be sustained by no other means.'

The *principle* of an Income Tax is this—that in great emergencies, which in an especial degree endanger *property*, it is just and natural to ask *property* to make *special* exertions to protect itself. Hitherto such emergencies had arisen only in *war*—but ten years of Whig misrule, during what Lord Palmerston called Peace, had brought the public revenue and public credit into a more serious and pressing jeopardy than our most gigantic War had done. We had had for six or seven years a growing and accumulating *deficit*—a word which was unknown to our language, as the thing was to our finances, till Lord Melbourne's ministry—a *deficit* larger than that which had occasioned the first Revolution in France—a *deficit* which those who caused it had abandoned all hope of reducing—a *deficit*, in short, which *if not extirpated* would, like a cancer, have eaten into the vitals of every species of property. Every species of property was therefore interested in the danger and in the cure. We were engaged—to say nothing of Afghanistan and China—in a *war against national bankruptcy*, and therefore Sir Robert Peel was, even in the narrowest view of the case, sufficiently justified in calling up the only effectual aid which circumstances had left the country.

But he had higher views in proposing his Income Tax than those which would have sufficed for mere *justification*. Public credit was indeed his first and most pressing object—but he saw there were other great interests whose claims on his attention and sympathy were very urgent, and to which, if possible, some relief should be immediately afforded. We shall not here pause to inquire whether the prodigious extension of our *Manufactures* ought

* The per centage on the *Assessed Taxes* laid on by Mr. Baring, in 1840, had not failed, as we shall more particularly notice; but everything else had.

to be, on abstract consideration, matter of regret or satisfaction—whether, if we were founding a *Utopia*, we should have wished so large a proportion of our national strength and our social existence to be implicated in enterprises so essentially fluctuating and precarious—whether the vast and rapid accession of wealth which these enterprises produce be not counterbalanced by the sudden and extensive distress which every fluctuation of seasons, markets, and even fashion, is certain to inflict on a population factitiously created by these manufactures, and which cannot exist without them.* These may be interesting questions for the speculative philosopher, but the practical statesman must deal with the existing facts. We might on moral and social grounds prefer, and feel it our duty to encourage, an agricultural rather than a manufacturing population—but our present lot is cast—we must take it as it is, and abide the consequences of a system which, wisely or unwisely, we have created, and gradually swelled to its present gigantic proportions.

See, then, besides the mere financial embarrassment—what a variety and magnitude of other difficulties were afloat. Trade, and particularly manufacturing trade, was low and languishing—the declared value of the exports of cotton manufactures had fallen off one million in the last year. In 1840 they were 17,000,000*l.*, in 1841 only 16,000,000*l.* The financial, and consequently the commercial, affairs of our *great partner in trade*, the United States, were deeply disordered, and re-acted powerfully on our markets. France, Belgium, and Germany, were closing their doors against our industry—thus enhancing, though to their own ultimate cost, the immediate distress of our manufacturing masses. The Poor-Rates had been for the last four years rapidly increasing, and threatened, after overwhelming the town districts, to invade—by *rates in aid*—the rural ones. For much—for the greater part—of such evils no Government can be responsible—it can neither wholly prevent nor effectually cure them, and the

occasions are rare in which they can be, by any administrative measures, even imperfectly relieved; and we do not remember any instance in which such a relief was generally and systematically attempted. It remained for Sir Robert Peel to take advantage of a circumstance, to the common eye, so inauspicious as a great financial difficulty, to endeavour to afford some relief to those social and commercial embarrassments: any minister might have thought of meeting the *deficit* by an Income Tax, though few would have had the courage to have attempted it; but to propose and apply it as Sir Robert Peel has done—to pay our debts, and at the same time increase our capital—to escape from imminent bankruptcy and to create by the same effort a surplus for the alleviation of distress, for the encouragement of industry, and for sowing with a liberal hand the seeds of reviving prosperity and of future wealth—this is what we pronounce to be a happy novelty in the annals of finance. May the ultimate success be answerable to so original and so noble a conception!

The public approbation and parliamentary support which enabled Sir Robert Peel to carry this great measure do honour to the national character; for, contrary to the usual course of things, the burden was most cheerfully accepted by those on whom it was expected to fall with the greatest severity. The leaders of the Opposition had at first determined to support the measure, but they soon and suddenly changed their course, and every possible impediment to its progress was conjured up—in Parliament, the warfare of vexation and delay, adjourned debates, discussions on petitions, and bye-battles on every pretence—out of Parliament, harangues, processions, placards, and every other device of agitation. No effort was omitted to excite the *middle orders* against a tax which was, they were told, a peculiar hardship on them. But in vain; the honesty and good sense of the people rendered abortive the incendiary efforts of their would-be leaders; and the sound and practical view of the case taken in Lord Brougham's *Resolutions* had undoubtedly a considerable effect upon reasonable men of all sides. But peculiar credit is due to the majorities of the House of Lords and Commons, and to the great Conservative party throughout the country; for it cannot be denied that it appeared, *at first sight*, that, in the new adjustment of the general burden, the *property* of the country, and particularly the *landed property*, which constitutes the most prominent strength of the Conservative

* Dr. Holland, of Sheffield, has, in a series of letters, under the title of '*The Millocrat*,' exhibited in a very striking way the *concomitant progress of manufacturing wealth and popular distress*. The great mill-owners are so unscrupulous as to charge this distress to the account of the *Aristocracy*, the *Government*, the state of the *Law*, and especially the *Corn-law*. Dr. Holland, on the contrary, proves that it is produced by the *millocracy*—that is, by the overgrowth of the manufacturing system; and that it is one of the inevitable accompaniments, if indeed it be not the main source, of the prosperity of the *millocrats* themselves.

party, was called upon to take the heaviest share of the sacrifice. We shall see by and bye, when we come to examine the details—that this apprehension was to a considerable degree unfounded—that the sacrifice is by no means so great as it appears—that it probably may be no sacrifice at all—and that even the Income Tax itself may be looked upon as somewhat of the nature of a *temporary advance* made by wealthy capitalists to relieve and facilitate certain branches of industry which—though now suffering—will, by this timely assistance, be enabled to recover themselves, and to repay at no long interval their debt to the general fund.

It has been said that the series of measures were carried by fighting one interest against another, and thus overcoming, in detail, an opposition which, if united, must have been fatal to the project. But this is a very unfair view of the case, and a very unjust imputation, both on the merits of the arrangements and motives of its supporters. No doubt there was, and still remains, much difference of opinion on details so various, and affecting so many conflicting interests; but these were merged—not in a juggle or compromise of individual objects, but—in a conviction of the extensive advantages of the proposition *taken as a whole*. It was as a *whole* that this proposition was offered to the consideration of Parliament—it was as a *whole* that Lord Brougham's *Resolutions* vindicated it—and it was only as a *whole* that it could have been carried! The great experiment on the Tariff could not, we are satisfied, have been attempted if the Income Tax had not prepared a foundation for it; nor, probably, could the Income Tax have been carried if the Property and Intelligence of the country had not been persuaded that, considering the circumstances of our manufacturing population, a large modification of the Tariff on raw materials and articles of subsistence had become of urgent necessity. These are what we conceive to be the prominent merits of Sir Robert Peel's policy, and the true causes of the general approbation and concurrence which it has eventually received.

But we do not conceal from ourselves that the concurrence, though general, is not universal; the plan is too sober, too rational, too practical, to please the *extremes* of the two sects which divide public opinion on subjects of political and financial economy. The *free-trade-and-fixed-duty* men (strange inconsistency that enlists two such contradictory principles under the same banner!) are ready to raise an insur-

rection because Sir Robert Peel's reductions have not gone far enough. Those, on the other hand, who think that neither trade nor agriculture, however established, or matured, or flourishing, can support themselves without the *go-cart* of protecting duties—whose sleep is disturbed by visions of German pigs, Swiss bulls, and runts from Brittany*—and who never ask themselves how our manufacturers can consume even English meat or English corn, if they cannot earn wages to buy them—are alarmed lest Sir Robert Peel may have gone too far. The former class will never be satisfied: their object is *Revolution*, and the wholesome and at once liberal and Conservative policy of the present ministry is odious to them, as being *pro tanto* a safety-valve against the fatal explosions which they are trying to provoke. But the other class—those who are inclined from ancient and respectable prejudices to hold out to the last possible moment against *any* relaxation of protecting duties on home produce—are much more accessible to reason; they are already beginning to see and, what is better, to *feel* that they are themselves *consumers* as well as *producers*, and that, if as producers they are in some degree benefited by high protecting duties on a few articles, they are as consumers mulcted to probably a greater amount by prohibitory duties on a vast majority of others.

At the first aspect of the ministerial plan there was, no doubt, a strong feeling of surprise, and perhaps of disappointment, in many respectable quarters, at the principles which it was supposed to announce. It was stated both by artful enemies and hollow friends that the Conservative ministry, having attained office by their opposition to the *free-trade* speculations of the Whigs, had deserted their own principles and adopted those of their defeated adversaries. This impression was not merely erroneous, but indeed the reverse of the fact, and was speedily removed from every mind that looked at Sir Robert Peel's measures as—what they are—a *system*. The *elements*, as we have before said, of all financial operations must be the same, the difference can only be in their application. Now the Whigs proposed to deal with the Corn-Laws—so did Sir Robert Peel; but

* We notice as a curious instance of popular credulity, that there was, on the announcement of the new Tariff, a panic actually excited in some parts of the country, under which farmers sold their cattle at ruinously low prices from the dread that meat was to be imported—from Hamburgh for instance—and sold in London at 3d. a lb.; such meat having in fact never been sold in Hamburgh itself under 4d. or 5d. the lb.

the Whig object, was to *abrogate*, Sir Robert's to *maintain* and *confirm* them. The Whigs *talked* of dealing with the Tariff, but ventured to approach but 3 *articles* out of 1150, and those only under the false pretence of *increasing* the revenue—Sir Robert did deal with the *whole* 1150 *articles* of the Tariff, but with the avowed purpose of *diminishing* the revenue, at least for a time. The Whig measures (though ridiculously inadequate to their object) professed to be *wholly fiscal*—Sir Robert Peel's were the very reverse; he disclaimed *all fiscal objects*, (which he effectually secured by a bolder stroke—the Income Tax.) and directed every change he proposed to the relief of distress and the increase of comfort throughout the masses of the people. Dealing, therefore, with the same materials, it was hardly possible that two systems could be more different in their objects and operations. They were, indeed, navigating the same sea, but it was on opposite tacks; they were travelling the same high road, but it was in contrary directions.

Just as this, the true state of the case, had been, as we thought, universally acknowledged, and when all minor differences of opinion in the Conservative party seemed to be arranged in a general acquiescence, the public were surprised by the appearance of the letter of Sir Richard Vyvyan to his constituents, the electors of the borough of Helstone, in which that gentleman—long known, and on several occasions honourably distinguished, as a Conservative—revived, and embodied in a hostile and bitter manifesto, the most offensive, and, we think we shall show, the most unfounded imputations against the whole Conservative party, and more pointedly against the chief Conservative leaders. If we weighed only the intrinsic merit of this production or the effect it produced on the public mind, we should not have thought it worth the attention of our readers; but there are some collateral circumstances connected with it which appear to require special consideration. In the first place, it records the most systematic disapprobation of Sir Robert Peel's measures, both in principle and detail, that we have seen; and we find that it has been the parent of some other pamphlets *ejusdem farinae*, the title, of one of which—'*Guilty or Not Guilty?*'—we have prefixed to this article merely for the occasion of saying that it is more absurd and violent than Sir Richard's own letter, to which, indeed, it has a strong *family likeness*. Now, convinced, as we sincerely are, that those measures are of

vast present value, and pregnant with still greater results—we feel it to be our duty to refute imputations on their origin, and misstatements as to their operation, which, to whatever extent they might be credited, must be injurious to the practical effect of the great experiment itself—to the characters of those who proposed it, and to the force and permanence of that public opinion on which it mainly relies for its present and future success. Besides, Sir Richard Vyvyan is no ordinary pamphleteer; his character and station, his talents and accomplishments, and the principles he has heretofore professed, invest him with a share of individual authority, which we regret to find misdirected, and which we should be happy to see restored to its original course. And, finally, there are in the *publication* itself circumstances so peculiar as to challenge particular notice, not to say animadversion; and to these we shall begin by calling our readers' attention.

The first and most obvious question is, why the *Member for Helstone* chose to express his sentiments in this form. Sir Richard is not merely a member of parliament; he is a gentleman of studious habits, who professes to have devoted much attention to the science, as it is now called, of political economy; and he is the representative of a special class of industry, which, 'as well as all the other great interests of the country,' are, he contends, seriously damaged, and still more seriously endangered, by the ministerial measures. Why, then, did he sit by, a silent, and, as far as the public knew, assenting spectator of measures which he so strongly condemned? Why did he not avow his opinions, make his objections, plead the cause of his own constituents and of the country in general, *at the proper time*, and in the *place* to which his constituents had, for that very purpose, delegated him? Why, above all, having such serious objections, or rather *charges*, to make, had he not the candour to do so in the presence of those whom he meant to arraign, and who might, and we have no doubt would, have given him an immediate and probably a satisfactory answer? Why did he bottle them up at Westminster to explode, two months later, the sour and frothy fermentation at Helstone? Half the pamphlet is employed in giving vague and obscure excuses for this strange conduct, which, as far as we understand them, the other half contradicts. For instance:

'In this letter I have already stated my objections to the income-tax, and my vote is recorded against it; but had I endeavoured to

deliver the *same opinions in the House, by speaking upon the subject, such a speech would have been treated by the main body of the Conservatives as an attempt to excite mutiny in their camp, and my motives would have been honestly misinterpreted by some, and unfairly misrepresented by others.*—*Letter*, pp. 35, 36.

It is new to us to hear that the 'main body of the Conservatives' are drilled into such Turkish discipline that a calm and candid statement of a member's opinion would be considered as '*mutiny*;' and we wonder that Sir Richard Vyvyan should have, even for a moment, submitted to such degrading thralldom. We wonder, too, that the example of so many other gentlemen—as good and as *steady* Conservatives as himself—who took active parts in the several discussions, did not encourage him to venture on some, however gentle, expression of his opinion: and, after all, we find it hard to reconcile Sir Richard's aversion from anything that could look like '*mutiny*' with the publication of this very bitter and offensive manifesto against his leader and his party.

But, strange as is the general aspect of this conduct, it seems, in its details, still more inconsistent. Amongst the propositions of the new Tariff was a lowering of the duties on foreign metallic ores—metallic ores being, as our readers well know, the staple of Cornwall, and creating the special interest which Sir Richard Vyvyan represents. A Deputation from Cornwall was instructed to wait upon the minister to propose an increase of protection for copper ore (viz. 10*l.*, or at least 7*l.* 10*s.*, per ton, instead of 5*l.*, as proposed by the Government*). Sir Richard thought, it seems, that the Cornish deputation did not understand their own business, and that the proposed protection was insufficient, (though he does not say what rate *he* would have recommended):—

'Under this impression I declined accompanying them when they conferred with the prime minister in *Downing street*, because my presence on that occasion would either have implied a tacit acquiescence in their opinions, had I been silent, or it would have promoted an inconvenient and worse than useless discussion in his hearing, if I had declared my disagreement and

protested against their course of proceeding.'—*Ibid.*, pp. 6, 7.

Sir Richard, who does not hesitate to publish to all the world, and in very unmeasured terms, his differences with the deputation, the ministry, his friends, and his party, shrunk sensitively from even a conversation in Sir Robert Peel's private room, lest it should have exhibited the appearance of a difference of opinion between him and the deputation! which, as it appears to us, was, and could be, no difference at all:—for the deputation only agreed to the lower sum because they could no longer hope for better terms, and would assuredly not have quarrelled with Sir Richard for endeavouring to convince the minister that a higher protection was necessary. What followed is still more surprising. We have the evidence of the successive alterations in the printed copies of the Tariff that there was no item of the whole catalogue more modified—we presume on discussions with these deputations—than this very article of copper-ore, and none therefore on which the personal intervention of the member for Helstone could have been more desirable for the interests of all parties. If Sir Richard had any *personal* reasons for not attending a meeting at the prime minister's office—if, peradventure, he may have thought that his proper place in *Downing street* would have been to *receive*, instead of attending, deputations—no such reasons could exist for his not attending the discussion in the House of Commons:—there, of course, he would take his natural part; he would explain the importance of the interests confided to his guardianship; he would urge the inadequacy of the proposed protection; he would state the amount which he thought necessary—the arguments against the lower rate; but if he could not persuade the House to adopt his *own rate* (the amount of which he never states), he would have fallen back upon those who advocated a £10 duty; and if that should also fail, he would concur with the other Cornish representatives in trying to obtain their proposition of £7 10*s.* This, surely, was the natural and proper course; but what did Sir Richard?—

* We state the matter in generals, for the details were very complicated and took several shapes—from the first proposition of 5*l.* per cent. on the value, to a scale reaching from 1*l.* 10*s.* to 7*l.* 10*s.* on the ton of metal: 6*l.* per ton of metal on the richer ores was finally adopted, with, we believe, a pretty general concurrence; but there are such various interests concerned—the miner, the smelter, the importer, the manufacturer, the consumer—that an adjustment which shall satisfy everybody is no easy matter.

'In the unsatisfactory debate which took place in the House of Commons, all the other members representing the British mining interests contended for no greater protection than the £7 10*s.* It is my belief that most of our deep copper-mines will be seriously injured, if not altogether abandoned, unless the importers of foreign copper be compelled to pay a much

higher duty; and this conviction is based upon statistical documents, the accuracy of which has never been questioned. But to have insisted upon it in debate, in opposition to the language of other Cornish representatives, would have exposed me to the *imputation of being an alarmist*, and of affecting to know more and to see farther than those who opposed the ministerial propositions; for such is the certain result of every man's endeavour to urge his own individual opinion in a popular assembly like the House of Commons when he is unsupported by the concurrence of members who are at least as much interested as he is in the matter under discussion.

'The only justifiable motive for speaking on such a question was the hope that other gentlemen might have been thereby induced to vote in favour of a higher rate of duty,—a hope which, under the circumstances of the case, it would have been absurd to entertain. By giving utterance to opinions which would have placed me in *direct opposition* to the members who had conferred with the minister, I might indeed have convinced you that I am not unmindful of your interests, and of those of my native country; this object, however, can be attained by addressing you in writing, and by offering my deliberate advice to the miners in general upon the conduct which seems the best suited to their *present perilous position*.

'Such a course enables me to make an *unreserved declaration upon the alarming prospects of calamity to which not only the miners of Cornwall but almost every productive class in the nation are exposed by the policy of the present government*. In thus stating my views without disguise or hesitation, it is necessary to commence by directing your attention to the circumstances under which they obtained office: unless you calmly reconsider the events of the past year you will be unable to form an unprejudiced estimate of the *approaching danger*.'—*Ibid.*, pp. 7, 8.

Was there ever such a tissue of inconsistencies? He abandons his own proper duties, in his own proper place, lest he should be called an *alarmist*, and then volunteers—without mission and without excuse, and when it was too late to do any good, though it might do much mischief—he volunteers, we say, to sound a general alarm on every possible topic, and to endeavour to create a panic in every possible quarter. He suppressed, he says, his opinions, because they were 'in *direct opposition*' to those of his colleagues. The government proposal was £5; the Cornish members were stickling for at least £7 10s.; and for £10, if they could obtain it. Sir Richard was for some higher rate, which he envelopes in mysterious silence, but say £12. Can going the whole length of one's friends, and even a good deal farther, be called '*direct opposition*'? If he had said to his colleagues, 'I prefer £12; but if I

cannot carry that, I shall unite with you in trying to obtain £10, or even £7 10s., in preference to £5,' would that have been '*direct opposition*' to those colleagues? Then he offers to the Cornish miners and to the nation at large his '*deliberate advice*' on their '*perilous position*,'—*deliberate advice* meaning, it seems, advice that comes too late; but he would not give them his assistance in the discussions in Downing street—nor a speech, nor even a vote, in the House of Commons, while there was yet time to have *diminished* at least the '*peril of the position*.' During the whole of this transaction, Sir Richard was—for such reasons as he gives—absent from the deputation; silent in the house; reserved with his colleagues; mysterious as to his own views; and, above all, adverse from being an *alarmist*; and then he turns right round, and publishes this letter, because *such a course enables him to make an unreserved declaration upon the alarming prospects of calamity to every productive class of the nation*, and of '*stating these views without disguise or hesitation*.' In the midst of all these contradictions it has escaped Sir Richard Vyvyan that this last assertion seems to *admit* that, however '*unreserved*' the character of his letter may be, his previous conduct in the whole affair was not unlikely to be charged with '*hesitation and disguise*.'

The freedom with which Sir Richard treats the motives and the actions of other gentlemen not only justifies, but requires, our directing these observations *ad hominem*, and the more so, because we find that the chief practical object of his letter is a suggestion that the country in general, and Cornwall especially, should petition her Majesty to dismiss from political life both her present and her late ministers—'the two rival sections [factions?] wrangling for office'—and to call to her councils some third party, as yet unborn, whom Sir Richard does not directly describe, but by many mysterious hints indicates, we think, as being centered in, if not confined to, the individual person of Sir Richard Vyvyan himself. The process by which all the rubbish of Tories and Whigs—the Peels and Stanleys, the John Russells and Palmerstons—are to be thrown aside, and the Vyvyan administration suddenly erected on their ruins, is ingenious and easy:—

'The nation itself has a duty to perform in the present emergency. It must inform the sovereign of the danger to which almost every interest is exposed. Unless our Cornish miners approach the throne with statements of the

grievances about to be inflicted upon them by her ministers, the Queen cannot be aware of their condition.'—p. 44.

And the Cornish miners, it seems, are peculiarly fitted for taking the lead in this great political regeneration, because

'In the first naval action of the last war, a British frigate, commanded by Lord Exmouth, captured a vessel in every respect its superior, although a great portion of its crew were Cornish miners who had never before been at sea, and were brought into action in a few hours after their embarkation.'—p. 45.

Some readers may not see the force of this argument—but we read it thus—that, as Cornish miners became, within a few hours, able and victorious seamen, so a Cornish member would become by as short a process an able and triumphant minister. One difficulty only presents itself—the petition if it reached the Queen must be infallible—but the ministerial despotism would endeavour to intercept it. Against that obvious danger Sir Richard has provided a remedy remarkable for its novelty and ingenuity:—

'There are constitutional methods of submitting their grievous complaints to the Queen, without consigning it to the care of a minister. *Every peer of the realm is privileged to ask for an audience.* With proper precautions, the working miners of Cornwall may rest satisfied that their petition will be placed in her Majesty's hands, however their enemies may endeavour to keep the Queen in ignorance of their deplorable prospects.'—p. 46.

We are not aware that any other '*precautions*' were necessary for such a purpose than that Sir Richard himself should have put on a dress coat and gone to one of the Queen's levees, where he might have 'placed the petition in her Majesty's hands,' without incurring much danger from the machinations of ministers. The passage, however, is valuable on another account, as conveying an important intimation that the new party which is to be charged with the future administration of affairs does not consist—as from the rest of the pamphlet might be supposed—in Sir Richard Vyvyan alone, but that he has a *peer* ready to work the omnipotent petition into the Queen's presence. We are thus assured that the new administration would have at least one voice in each house of parliament; but, Sir Richard having some modest misgivings that he and Lord *Blank* alone could hardly make head against the united force of Whigs and Tories, suggests to those who

might not be disposed to support his administration, a patriotic sacrifice which would effectually relieve him from all rivalry or opposition:—

'I believe that many representatives of their fellow-subjects would *gladly retire into private life, and vote for the election of their successors*, if such a sacrifice on their part would enable the Queen to look for ministers beyond the narrow circle to which her Majesty is confined by the present system.'—p. 43.

This really exceeds all the rest! Gentlemen who will not now so much as listen to Sir Richard Vyvyan's advice about a duty on ores, would nevertheless, '*gladly*' commit political suicide in favour of this modern *Salmon*, who hopes to make his way to the government of the empire by a bridge of *copper*!

But, closing here, as we are glad to do, those personal observations which the tone and temper of Sir Richard's letter irresistibly invited, we shall now proceed to examine what is more important—the facts which he has alleged as the excuse of his '*mutiny*,' or, as it may, we fear, be more properly called, his *revolt*.

His first and main charge against the ministry and the whole Conservative party in parliament is a very serious one indeed, affecting not only their policy, but their honesty and their honour. The country, he says, is

'exposed to poverty and ruin, by an administration calling themselves *Conservatives*, but differing only in degree from their predecessors, against whose policy they invoked the aid of the too confiding electors of the United Kingdom, within the last twelve months.'—pp. 5, 6.

Again:

'The leader of the opposition [Sir R. Peel], who had originated the vote of distrust before the dissolution, was commissioned by the Queen to form a new government, and the *constituencies looked forward with confidence to an immediate cessation of ministerial endeavours to unsettle existing regulations affecting agriculture and trade*, while they hoped that some of the obnoxious changes effected by the Whigs, more especially as regarded the *Poor Law Commission*, might be reconsidered. *They were fully justified in entertaining these expectations*: appeals had been made to them upon such questions, against the Whigs; and they had laboured with zeal to promote the election of members, in whose assurances of opposition to the measures of the late government they had full reliance. Under such auspices, Sir Robert Peel became her Majesty's prime minister.'—pp. 11, 12.

Again :

'Last year the productive classes believed their interests were in jeopardy when parliament was dissolved, and they were wearied by the constant attempts of the Whig administration to disturb the existing laws. At the present moment they are equally alarmed; but they are more disgusted with the conduct of public men, because the leaders of the Tory party, if not chargeable with deceptive promises before they became ministers, *allowed the constituencies who returned the majority of the House of Commons to deceive themselves.* Mr. Palmer, one of the members for Essex, has lately declared in parliament, that had his constituents been certain that the present administration would act as they have done, and had he declared his intention to support such measures previously to his election, he could not have obtained the votes of fifty Conservative electors in his county: *and no minister who heard this declaration ventured to contradict it.*'—pp. 39, 40.

The object and result of all this—and of sundry incidental epithets and expressions scattered through Sir Richard's letter, as well as through the pamphlet of his disciple, the self-elected coroner, who has held, it seems, an '*Inquest*' on the Conservative party, and finds it '*Felo-de-se in a fit of duplicity*'—the sum and substance, we say, of all this is to charge the ministry with having obtained their position and their majority by professions and pretences which they have since shamefully abandoned, and by a general delusion of the constituencies—particularly on the three great measures of the *Corn Laws*, the *Tariff*, and the *Poor Law Commission*. The proceedings, says Sir Richard Vyvyan, of the Whigs on these subjects had alarmed the constituencies, and the Conservative candidates were enabled to eject their rivals by pledging themselves on the hustings, 'some in one place, some in another,' against *any* alteration in the two former of these points, and for the repeal, or, at least, the reconsideration, of the latter. Now we think we may venture to assert that this imputation is not more strange in the mouth—we beg pardon—from the pen—of Sir Richard Vyvyan, than it is unfounded in the facts and substance of the case. We certainly cannot presume to answer for all the opinions which every individual candidate may have expressed or been supposed to express, in the excitement and confusion of a general election, 'some in one place, some in another,'—a vague phraseology, by the bye, which contradicts the imputation, which it was meant to convey, of a general and systematic attempt to delude the constituencies—and amounts to no more than

this very obvious truism—that different candidates in different places urged different arguments on different constituencies. But, moreover, hustings speeches seldom enter into details, and are generally imperfectly heard and loosely reported. Hustings audiences, too, are apt to generalize, and it is therefore very probable that some candidates, adverse to the *particular* alterations proposed by the Whigs, may have appeared to deprecate *any* alteration whatsoever; and there can be no doubt at all that there were, amongst four or five hundred Conservative candidates, many various and some even opposite shades of opinion on the specified questions; but that either the Conservatives, as a *Party*, *could*, or that any eminent Conservative leader *did*, pledge themselves that there should be no alteration in the *rates* of *Corn* or *Custom* duties, or that the *Poor Law Commission* should be abolished, we absolutely deny—and are, we think, peculiarly bound and authorised to deny it.

We trust that it will not be thought presumptuous in us to say that *we too are Conservatives*; and we have been led, by the testimony of both friends and adversaries, to hope that—within the humble limits of literary co-operation—we have been honoured with some share of the confidence of the Conservative party, though we have never affected to be the *organ* of that party. We know not indeed who could confer, but we know that we do not pretend to, any such mission—our opinions are our own, and it is only by *coincidence*, and not from *authority*, that we can be supposed to speak the sentiments of the Conservative leaders. But the fact of such a general coincidence of opinion is enough for our present purpose, and will, we flatter ourselves, establish by testimony—humble because it is our own—but indisputable in point of fact—that the propositions of Sir Robert Peel's Government—for a modification of the rates of duty on Corn—for a revision and reduction of the Tariff of Customs—and for the continuance of the Poor Law Commission—are no new projects—neither an imitation of the Whigs nor a deception on the Tories—but the natural result of principles distinctly avowed and clearly explained on the part of the Conservatives *prior* to the change of Government, and more especially—*before* the last general election—during its progress—and at its close!

In June, 1841, while Lord Melbourne's ministry were still in office, and at the moment when they were about by a dissolution to appeal to the people on the relative

merits of their policy and that of the Conservatives, we published an article '*on the Budget and Dissolution*,' which was considered at the time as a kind of Conservative *manifesto*—which was extensively adopted as such by the periodical press—and which was, we believe, frequently referred to (as we in truth hoped it might be) by Conservative candidates on the hustings. Now in that article, while showing that the Whig budget was a gross deception, we carefully distinguished between the sound principle which it abused, and the fraudulent pretence which it advanced. We admitted that the scale of corn duties might be advantageously modified, though we deprecated the ministerial juggle of what they called a *fixed duty*, by which they meant *no duty* at all; we expressed also our approbation of a general revision of the Customs Tariff, with a view to the reduction of the rates, though we scouted partial experiments on two or three articles, under the ridiculous pretence of raising by any such process an *immediate* revenue sufficient to relieve the pressing financial emergency. Let us be permitted to repeat what we said on that occasion—and first, as to the duties on the importation of Foreign Corn: did we say that they should never and in no circumstances be lowered?—no, on the contrary, while we insisted on the principle of a graduated scale, we contemplated the probable expediency of some lowering of the rates:—

'The existing law acts on the principle of a graduated duty varying according to the variations of the home supply—the duty rises as the price falls, and falls as the price rises—so that importation is discouraged as it becomes superfluous, and encouraged as it becomes desirable.

... We omit for the moment the consideration of the *RATES of duty now established*; we at present confine ourselves to the *principle*—it is the *principle* only that the ministerial plan affects to supersede, and it is of that *principle* that we are desirous to record our entire approbation.'—*Quarterly Review*, No. cxxxv.

We then took the liberty of suggesting to 'CANDIDATES who might be reproached on the hustings for opposing the Ministerial plan for cheap bread' (*ib.*) certain reasons in favour of a graduated in preference to a fixed duty, and certain answers to the objections usually made against the sliding scale—and we added

'But, moreover, if experience has shown that the *present* scale of duties affords opportunities for such practices, it would be easy to regulate them so as to render such operations very difficult and very rare; as, for instance, by taking

the averages in longer periods, and making the *scale of duty* LESS RAPID, and perhaps somewhat LOWER.'—*Ibid.*

Here then, in a paper written *before the elections*, and for the avowed purpose of being referred to *on the hustings*, we suggested the very measures which are now characterised as an afterthought—a *surprise*—a *deception* on the Constituencies: and in our article of September, 1841, on the 'Prospects of the New Ministry,' we said,—

'We believe that the Corn-Law agitation has so signally failed, and that *most* men are so satisfied of the necessity of *some* protection, while *all* are so entirely convinced of the *impossibility*—that is the plain truth—of any *fixed* duty, that this question will not constitute any serious difficulty to the new Government, *whether* it adheres to the present scale, or contemplates—as we, and many other friends to the principle, suggested long before the change of Ministry—some MODIFICATION OF THE RATES, or any alteration in the mode of taking the averages.'—*Quarterly Review*, No. cxxxvi.

Here again, even before the new ministry was fully installed, we repeated the suggestion, '*long before made by ourselves and others*,' of an alteration in the manner of taking the averages, and of a *modification of the rates*; and we did so, because we saw that some alterations had become expedient, and we felt it to be our duty not to lead the public to suppose that, while advocating the *principle* of the existing scale, we were pledging our opinion to the immutability of all its *details*.

The Tariff case is, if possible, still stronger.

The Tariff question was opened on the part of the late Ministry by an able article in the *Edinburgh Review*, for January, 1841, by which we were led to expect that Lord Melbourne's government had resolved to go into the *whole* of that important question; and we believe they had at one time come to that resolution, but, with their usual cowardice and bad faith, they abandoned the general measure, and shabbily, and for mere party purposes, restricted themselves to three articles, sugar, timber, and corn, to which—as we showed in our Number for June, 1841—the principle happened to be, from local, temporary, and other peculiar circumstances, singularly inappropriate. But did we in that article censure the ministry for having thought of modifying the Tariff? No, quite the reverse; we censured them for *not* having persisted in their intentions, and for having—instead of doing a public good, which we

considered a revision of the Tariff would be—thought only of gratifying a party spite and creating embarrassment to a future Ministry. On this subject we said in that article—

‘We do not deny—on the contrary, we are well aware—that the principle of a further modification of the Tariff of import duties had been under consideration—not of this ministry alone, but of every ministry since 1825, and not of ministries only, but of many individual writers, and of the public at large.’—*Quarterly Review*, No. cxxxv.

We added—

‘The Essay in the Edinburgh Review points rather to a general inquiry into the subject of Tariffs, than to the possibility of any immediate or sudden experiment on any two or three articles. *In much of what is said in that essay we concur*—on some points we doubt—on others we should be decidedly adverse; but *all*, we admit, were *deserving of calm and deliberate consideration*.’—*Ibid*.

We further stated that

‘we were far from deprecating a bonâ fide plan of revising and modifying the Tariffs.’—(ib.)

We confined our objection to the partial and deceptive attempts of the Ministry, who, if they had been sincere, ought, we said, to have

‘recommended from the Throne the consideration of the general system of import duties.’—(ib.)

And we added very distinctly our opinion on the general principles by which *Protecting Duties* should be treated:—

‘Protecting duties are in their nature and by the very principles on which they were originally founded, liable to revision, alteration, and even extinction. Our predecessors, when induced by motives of commercial or national policy to protect any individual branch of trade, never intended that the protection should last beyond the occasion. The go-cart would naturally be laid aside as soon as the child was strong enough to walk alone. We are aware that in some instances this wholesome rule was forgotten or neglected: in others, powerful influences may have prolonged protection beyond its proper bounds: in all cases it is hard to hit the exact moment of transition, and still harder to accommodate existing interests and old habits to a change of system. But though protection has thus a natural tendency to last too long, that is no valid argument against its existence within proper limits, and certainly is rather an additional reason why any alteration rendered necessary by the alteration of times and circumstances should be made gradually, cautiously, and with nice discrimination.’

Can it be said with any colour of truth

that those who, on the eve of a general election, published or countenanced such declarations as the foregoing, *deceived* the constituencies into a belief that they were pledged against any modification of the Tariff or any interference with protecting duties?

As to the Poor Laws, Sir Richard’s chief objection, indeed the only one specified, is to the *central Commission* in London. Now it is remarkable enough that in our article of September, 1841, after suggesting some amendments in the practical details, we insisted on the advantage, indeed the necessity, of the *central Commission*; and as the subject is still of undiminished importance and interest, we are not sorry for an occasion to repeat our strong opinions on that point:—

‘Our readers know that we supported some of the leading principles of that measure on its first introduction; and that, though pained and grieved by many details of its operation during subsequent years, we have never joined in the violent reprobation of it which has been turned very generally against its authors. We knew that some change in the old practice was necessary—and believed that the Whigs had acted with courage and sincerity in applying what they thought the most efficacious remedy—and were willing to hope that they themselves would alter details wherever these were condemned by experience. But, moreover, *who in his senses would think of suddenly pulling down a mansion built only ten years ago*, because some of the details were unsightly or inconvenient—even if there were no *grave differences* of opinion, as there notoriously are in the poor-law case, as to the extent of the inconvenience or deformity?

‘We cordially agree (with the friends of the bill) on the question of what is called *centralisation*—that is, the existence of a central authority in the metropolis, to ensure a unity, or, at least, similarity, of principle and practice throughout the whole country. That the large class of individual and local cases ought to be and must be individually and locally determined, is unquestionable; and that the existing rules as to cases of extreme and sudden urgency are far too narrow, we are strongly inclined to believe; but who can be so unreasonable as to deny that some broad and general principles, founded on broad and general consideration and experience, ought to pervade the whole? Why should one county or one parish have one principle, and another another? Why should not that which is best and fittest and most beneficial be extended to all? We really cannot believe that any serious difference of opinion does or can exist on so self-evident a proposition; and accordingly we find that the strongest adversaries of the central Board would only replace it by an equally central authority under another name.’—*Quarterly Review*, No. cxxvii.

We trust we shall be pardoned for the

apparent egotism of thus reproducing our own opinions, as we really do not know where else we could find so short and yet so full a refutation of Sir Richard Vyvyan's charges—such direct and tangible proof that *before the formation of the present ministry*—nay, *before the dissolution* that produced it, and *during the elections*—the very measures which are now characterized as *surprise, deception, and duplicity*, were, by a portion at least of the Conservative party, contemplated as probable, and publicly recommended as expedient.

But though these imputations are made against the Conservative party generally, they are pointed with peculiar zealousness, and with many personal insinuations, against Sir Robert Peel. If the member for Helstone had ventured to make his charges in the proper place and the proper presence, Sir Robert Peel would assuredly have saved us the trouble of taking any notice of them. Whether he had treated them with the indignation which their injustice, or the ridicule which their absurdity deserved, he would have left us nothing to say. As it is, we need do no more than repeat the clear and explicit declarations which Sir Robert Peel himself has over and over again made in the face of the country. Indeed, after every possible allowance for what we may call the *involuntary* errors of temper, prejudice, and, perhaps, *pique*—we are still at a loss to understand how a writer of Sir Richard Vyvyan's position and information could be led to make assertions which we should have supposed every man who hears, and every man who reads, the proceedings of parliament, must know to be unfounded. Is it not notorious that Sir Robert Peel has, ever since he became the acknowledged leader of the Conservative party, stated, with perhaps more than necessary frankness, the system on which *alone* he would ever consent to conduct a government? and is not that system—from the highest *principle* down to the minutest *detail*—the *same* that he has promised and accomplished in all his recent measures?

Read his address to the electors of Tamworth in 1834-5 :—

'Now, I say at once that I will not accept power on the condition of declaring myself an apostate from the principles on which I have heretofore acted; at the same time, I never will admit that I have been, either before or after the Reform Bill, the defender of abuses, or the enemy of judicious reforms. I appeal with confidence in denial of the charge to the active part I took in the great question of the currency—in the consolidation and amendment of the criminal law—in the revisal of the whole system of trial

by jury—to the opinions I have professed and uniformly acted on with regard to other branches of the jurisprudence of the country—I appeal to this as a proof that I have not been disposed to acquiesce in acknowledged evils, either from the mere superstitious reverence for ancient usages, or from the dread of labour or responsibility in the application of a remedy.'

His speech on Sir J. Yarde Buller's motion on a want of confidence in the then government, May, 1840, is an answer, by anticipation, to some of the chief allegations of Sir Richard Vyvyan's letter, which has, indeed, the singular ill luck of containing nothing, absolutely nothing, that had not been refuted before it was written. One of the points on which, he says, that constituencies were '*fully justified*' in expecting redress from Sir Robert Peel, was the '*new poor-law*.' Now, we ask, whence could any such expectation have arisen, and how could it be '*fully justified*?' The same charge had been made several years ago; and was thus indignantly refuted by Sir Robert in May, 1840 :—

'I have been distinctly accused of having maintained silence on the subject of the poor-law, for the express purpose of gaining support at the late general election, on account of the unpopularity of the law, and the clamour directed against it. I have disdained to notice these and all similar accusations of the public press, false and malignant as they may be, in any other place than the House of Commons. I supported the poor-law in parliament, when brought forward by a government which I opposed. . . . I shall continue to support the law; and in saying this, am I making a tardy declaration in its favour? Am I justly chargeable with having declined my share of the responsibility attaching to it, or with having sought to profit, for party purposes, by the tacit encouragement of a cry against it? My own election was among the earliest at the general elections of 1837. I had to address my constituents in the open air upon the hustings. Then was the time for reserve about the poor-law, if I had wished to set the example of encouraging agitation for election purposes. Here is the speech which I delivered on that occasion. In the course of it I was interrupted by a cry, "Did you not support the poor-law?" This was my answer. "There is no question of public concern from which I wish to shrink; and I tell you frankly that I did support the poor-law; and further than that, I admit that *my opinion of its leading enactments and provisions is not changed.*"'—Speech, pp. 40, 41.

Still more distinct, if that be possible, is Sir Robert Peel's prophetic vindication of his alteration of the scale of corn-duties. In the same speech of May, 1840, he says—

'On the great question of the corn-laws my

opinions remain unchanged. I adhere to those which I expressed in the discussion of last year. *I did not then profess, nor do I now profess, an unchangeable adherence to the details of the existing law*,—a positive refusal, under any circumstance, to alter any figure of the scale which regulates the duty on foreign corn.—pp. 47, 48.

These opinions he repeated early in the session of 1841, and again more fully in the debate on the Address (28th August, 1841),—a solemn occasion, which decided the fate of the Whig ministry, and the accession of Sir Robert himself to office. He then repeated his opinion on the corn-law question, and stated the grounds on which only he could accept the confidence of parliament, in these words:—

'Previous to the late dissolution of parliament I said, and I now repeat it, that I think the sliding scale a preferable method of settling the duty. I then said, I would not pledge myself to the details of the existing law, but that I would reserve to myself the unfettered power of considering and amending those details. I hold that same language now. I still prefer the principle of a graduated duty, but if you ask me whether I bind myself to the maintenance of the existing law in all its details, and whether that is the condition on which the landed interest gives me their support, I say that, ON THAT CONDITION I CANNOT ACCEPT THEIR SUPPORT.'—Speech, 27th August, 1841.

And this remarkable declaration, strongly enforced by many illustrative details, was followed by that celebrated division in which 362 Conservative Representatives—including Sir Richard Vyvyan himself—accepted Sir Robert Peel's conditions, and called him by the unexpected majority of 91 to execute as minister, *inter alia*, the amendment of the Corn-Laws, to which he had so emphatically alluded.

Need we, or indeed could we, add any argument to give strength to this statement and this fact? Sir Robert Peel declared boldly, almost arrogantly, the conditions on which alone he would accept the support of his party—those conditions were accepted—that support was given with unexpected enthusiasm—and now Sir Richard Vyvyan—himself a party to the vote—turns round upon us and upon himself, and with the most perfect coolness seems to forget that this remarkable scene—the most remarkable of our times—had ever happened! If there has been duplicity and deception, it is Sir Richard himself who must answer for it. Ought he, not—with such opinions as he now professes—to have said in his place, 'I cannot vote with Sir Robert Peel upon his conditions?' Was

he justified, in common fairness, in allowing Sir Robert Peel to suppose that he had his concurrence in the great task he was about, on the strength of that night's majority, to undertake? Suppose any considerable number of gentlemen had acted as Sir Richard Vyvyan has done—look to the consequences:—Sir Robert Peel would then have been betrayed into accepting office from which he must have been speedily expelled, by his own supporters, and on a point which he had openly and explicitly, and in the presence and amidst the acclamations of all those supporters, made the *sine quâ non* of his acceptance.

These are not merely personal questions—they involve the characters of public men and the strength and stability of the government to a degree that justifies, we think, the notice we have taken of them; but we admit that a more substantial and important question still remains for discussion—not whether Sir Robert Peel's measures have displeased this member or disappointed that constituency (of real displeasure or disappointment we have seen very slight symptoms), but whether, on a large and general consideration of the state of the country, they were wise in their principle, just in their application, and likely to be successful in their result.

We shall begin by the simplest part of the question, the direct taxation. Sir Richard Vyvyan denounces the Income Tax as a '*most obnoxious tax*,' '*a war-tax levied during peace*,' '*an inquisitorial impost*,' '*an intolerable burthen*;' but we must here again ask Sir Richard why he did not state these objections *vivâ voce* in parliament? His excuse in the case of the *ores* does not apply here—namely, that he wished to avoid the appearance of dissension—for he exhibited his dissent by one or two votes. But even now, why does he not indicate what other line of policy, what other form of taxation, he would have recommended? On ordinary occasions it might be unreasonable to ask an individual member who opposes a ministerial measure to propose a substitute; but when a gentleman thinks himself entitled to advise the Crown and the country on their most vital interests, and to propose a new administration on principles entirely different from those which have hitherto directed our public councils, we think that we have some reason to complain that he has not given us even a hint of what those new principles may be; and particularly, that, censuring so harshly what the actual minister has done, the minister *in pectore* does not vouchsafe us a glimpse of any other possible ex-

trication from the difficulties which he admits and even exaggerates. The only hint that tends that way is his statement that the deficit was '*altogether occasioned by the voluntary reduction of productive taxes*' (p. 16). Does this imply that the best mode of reducing the deficiency would be the re-imposition of the repealed taxes?—a proposition which, extravagant as it appears, Sir Robert Peel had, as we have seen, patiently examined, and proved both by reasoning and experience to be inadequate and impracticable.

But Sir Richard Vyvyan is here again lamentably misinformed on the fundamental facts of his case—the deficit was *not* '*altogether occasioned by the voluntary reduction of productive taxes*.' It is true that there had been a successive and, as we have always thought, an improvident reduction of taxation, but we can hardly call it '*voluntary*' on the part of the late ministers, for they were, in fact, bullied into it by a coercion which they had not the honest courage to resist. Nor was that reduction, even if it could be called *voluntary*, '*altogether*' the cause of the deficiency—the reductions would not of *themselves* have had such fatal results, but they were unhappily concomitant with sudden and rapidly increasing expenditure abroad and at home. The neglect of the Whig ministry to equalise the revenue and expenditure was indefensible; but it does not justify Sir Richard's misstatement of the fact, nor his forgetting that Mr. Baring did, in 1840, make an effort to meet the deficiency by the additional per centage on the excise, customs, and assessed taxes, and other sources, to the total amount of 2,200,000*l.*, which, though inadequate to the object, exceeded the *recent* reductions, to which alone Sir Richard is pleased to attribute the deficiency. We the rather insist on this mis-statement because it is connected with that other very important mistake—that the Income Tax is '*a WAR-TAX, which it is the determined will of the nation at large should not be levied during peace*.' We know not where Sir Richard has found the record of this *determination of the nation at large* that the Income Tax should not be levied during peace; not certainly in any expression of popular feeling during the progress of the measure through parliament. We admit, however, that, with Lord Brougham, we strongly incline to that opinion; but Lord Brougham did not forget, as Sir Richard Vyvyan has done all along, that we have been waging four distant and very expensive wars. War in Canada and war in Syria we have had—war in India and war in

China we still have;—and we think we may venture to say that the sum proposed to be levied by the Income Tax will not much, if at all, exceed the expenses, past, present, and future, of these wars, every one of which has been inflicted on us as well as on the objects of our hostility, by the impolicy, the injustice, and the incapacity of the late ministry.

But we do not, as we have already said, rest the defence of the Income Tax on any such narrow and, as it were, technical excuse. The country accepted it as Sir Robert Peel offered it, as a great resource in a great emergency, as effecting, and *as being the only measure capable of effecting*, the combined purpose of liquidating our financial difficulties and contributing to commercial relief. The re-enactment of repealed taxation was out of the question—the utter failure of the per centage on the customs and the excise proved that those duties on articles of consumption had reached their limit, and that any further pressure could only produce further retrogradation; but, on the other hand, Mr. Baring's per centage on the *assessed taxes* had exhibited the phenomenon not merely of realising the estimated amount, but of a substantial increase of the revenue itself. Now the assessed taxes are very analogous to an income tax—they are in fact the representative—though in some respects an inadequate and partial one—of income. Sir Robert Peel therefore concluded, most judiciously we think, that he had in the advance of the assessed taxes a practical argument in favour of a tax upon income;—and by exempting incomes under 150*l.* per annum from the operation of the tax, he spared the classes which are, at the moment, most in need of relief, and affected the easier and richer orders in the direct proportion of their means.

Even the objectionable character of the tax affords on this occasion some recommendation to its adoption. We are called upon to meet a difficulty which, though sharp, may, we trust, be short. The imposition of taxes on general objects, whether of production or consumption, cannot fail to disturb in some degree commercial interests—and after they have been, as it were, amalgamated with the system, the remission of them has a similar effect; it is, therefore, highly impolitic to lay on permanent taxes for a temporary emergency—but *an Income Tax stands alone*—its influence on trade and the markets is so circuitous and so slight as to be almost imperceptible, particularly at so small a per centage as 7*d.* in the pound. It, therefore, can be

imposed in 1842, and may be remitted either at the end of three or five years, when its special purpose shall have been fulfilled, without any derangement of other interests—without affecting stock in hand—orders—bargains—buildings—speculations—or any of the variety of circumstances with which taxes on *commodities* are necessarily blended. The unpopular nature of the tax, also, suits it peculiarly for a temporary purpose, for the country, patient as it has been of its imposition as an urgency, will be very watchful to see that—agreeably to Lord Brougham's *Resolutions* and the Duke of Wellington's declaration—it be not continued one hour longer than shall be absolutely necessary.

We have already ventured to express our humble admiration of the disinterested patriotism of the members of both Houses of Parliament, who have accepted cheerfully and almost unanimously a burden which presses in a peculiar degree on themselves and the classes to which they belong, but from which the lower orders are proportionably relieved. But even upon the wealthier classes the sacrifice will not, we are satisfied, be in fact so great as the nominal amount of the tax they may pay. Sir Robert Peel stated, in the outset, his hope—and he repeated, in his brilliant recapitulation at the close of the session, that his hope was increased to confidence—that to persons of moderate fortunes, who spend a large proportion of their incomes in the necessities of life, the Income Tax, 3*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.* on every 100*l.*, would be fully compensated by the decreased price of commodities influenced by the improvement of the tariff—we say *influenced* rather than *produced*, because we believe that the indirect effect of the tariff will be still more beneficial than any direct lowering of prices. There is another circumstance which deserves a passing word. We stated in our article of October, 1839, on the Penny Post, that the postage duties were substantially an Income Tax—and so in the vast majority of cases they were: 1,600,000*l.* of that revenue has been abandoned; and, much as we disapproved that *excessive* reduction, and fully as all our prophecies and anticipations about it have been realised, we concur with Sir Robert Peel that the system should not be at present altered—but as this was 1,600,000*l.* remitted to the *income* of the country, it may be considered as a set-off *pro tanto* against the new Income Tax. And, finally, the Income Tax has the great and peculiar merit of being collected at a moderate expense, and requiring no permanent creation

of machinery for a temporary purpose. On the whole, therefore, we are not surprised at, and do most cordially join in, the general concurrence—we had almost said satisfaction—with which the Income Tax has been received.

With regard to the modifications of the Tariff there is little to be added to Sir Robert Peel's masterly exposition in the House of Commons of both its principles and details, which all who will read anything on the subject must have already read. A short summary, however, of the general object, and a few words on some articles that have been prominently criticised, will not, we trust, be considered superfluous. The first and natural object of a tariff is to raise a custom revenue; but there has been engrafted on it, in England as in most other countries, the different and almost opposite design of encouraging particular articles—either of home manufacture or the produce of some favoured country—by laying—even at the *sacrifice of revenue*—prohibitory rates of duty on similar articles imported from other quarters. The extent to which the English Tariff has been applied to the object of *protection*, independently of *revenue*, is curiously shown in the report of the Import Duties Committee, 1840. It there appears that, of the total Customs revenue of 22,962,610*l.*, *seven* articles alone, out of 1150 articles comprised in the Tariff, produce no less a sum than 19,148,629*l.*, viz. :—

Sugar	£4,827,018	
Tea	3,658,800	
Tobacco	3,495,696	
Rum, &c.	2,615,443	
Wine	1,849,709	
Timber	1,603,194	
Corn	1,098,779	
	<hr/>	£19,148,629
And that <i>ten</i> others produce	2,552,301 <i>l.</i> viz. :—	
Coffee	£779,114	
Cotton Wool	416,257	
Silk	247,362	
Butter	213,077	
Currants	189,291	
Tallow	182,000	
Seeds	145,323	
Sheep's Wool	139,770	
Raisins	134,589	
Cheese	105,518	
	<hr/>	£2,552,301
		£21,700,930

So that *seventeen* articles out of 1150 produced the enormous proportion of 21,700-

930*l.* out of a total of 22,962,610*l.*; and of the remaining 1133 articles, we believe we may safely say that above 1000 would not repay the expenses of collection. The adjustment of these duties, and particularly of the large *protective* class of them, has always been a very complicated and difficult affair; every foreign power and every domestic interest availing itself of every natural, accidental, or even occasional influence, to obtain an advantage over their competitors. It is, therefore, not surprising that tariffs so frequently altered and modified, *pro re natâ*, and to satisfy this or that importunity, should be frequently erroneous in policy and principle, and inconsistent and anomalous in their operation.

It is a remarkable coincidence that just 130 years ago, after the treaty of Utrecht, the Tory ministry proposed a tariff for the reduction of duties, which was opposed and ultimately defeated by the Whigs upon exactly the same kind of objections which have been—fortunately so ineffectually—made against the present arrangement. It was on that occasion that Addison wrote—with less, we think, than his usual good sense and pleasantry, but with considerable party success—his '*Trial of Count Tariff*.' It is, also, curious that the main object of that tariff—the balancing our commercial favours between France and Portugal—should be at this hour, as it was then, the subject of separate and conflicting negotiations with these countries.

These negotiations and the prohibitory duties recently imposed by France on a great and growing branch of our manufactures have necessarily prevented any reconstruction of the scale of wine duties; and considerations connected with the slave-trade have had the same effect on the sugar duties;—to both of which important subjects Sir Robert Peel has stated that he directs an anxious attention;—but he did not therefore postpone those measures of relief which were within his power. The first duty of a statesman is, to provide, as far as human means allow, for the cheap and regular subsistence of the people. Providence has indeed reserved to its own mysterious councils the chief share in the solution of this problem. The main elements of the demand and the supply of food man cannot command—nor on any very large scale regulate—the growth of population and the produce of harvests, though the result of human means, are practically beyond human control. Governments can do but little towards increasing the one or checking the other; but Governments may estimate the probable occurrence and extent

of local or temporary pressure, and may, by precautionary measures, divert or alleviate its effect; but, above all, they may and are therefore bound to take care that no measures of theirs shall increase the natural difficulties, and add to providential vicissitudes the irregularities and partialities of human legislation.

These are the principles on which we rest our humble support of Sir Robert Peel's measures—his maintenance of such a protection to the cultivation of corn as may ensure, as far as human means can, a certain and regular supply—and the diminishing, as far as circumstances permit, of duties on all articles of food or comfort not requiring so high a degree of protection—and on raw materials, the plenty and cheapness of which may develop additional industry, and thereby enlarge the means of subsistence for the great masses of the people.

The new Tariff, in pursuance of these principles—which were powerfully expressed and elucidated by Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons—attempts for the first time, we believe, a classification of the several articles it includes, and a *systematic* apportionment and application of the various duties which it imposes.

Having stated that the protecting duties in favour of various branches of home produce were laid on from time to time, and under temporary and local influences, we need hardly say that the old tariff had little regard to consistency or system, and individual interests had obtained individual protection, often delusive to themselves, and always in some degree injurious to their fellow-subjects: let us take, for instance, the question of the metallic *ores*, of which Sir Richard Vyvyan has made his stalking-horse. Copper-ore is what we may call a *natural monopoly* of the Cornish peninsula—the only other considerable supply being, we believe, from the distant mines of Cuba, or those, still more distant, of Chili. Would not one suppose that the mere *freight* round half the globe of an article of which the available part is not, on an average, one-fifth of its weight or bulk, would be a sufficient protection to the Cornish miner, who has his smelting-house at the pit's mouth? The mining interests of Cornwall, however, did not think so; and in the days in which it—with the private interests of the Crown representing the Duke of Cornwall at its head—was one of the most powerful interests in Parliament—a prohibitory duty was laid on copper-ore. This did not at first sight seem very important as a domestic

question, because Cornwall already supplied more than enough for home use, and we did not seem to need importation from Cuba or Chili. But see how it worked. To the natural monopoly, this fiscal monopoly being superadded, the mine proprietors were enabled to put their own prices on the article, and to enter (as it is said to happen sometimes among the *Coal* proprietors) into a combination not to sell for home consumption under a certain price—though obliged of course to send their surplus abroad for what it would fetch, where it had to meet the competition of foreign ores *smelted in England*; for ores were allowed to be imported and smelted *under bond* and then exported. By these means the foreigner obtained the article cheaper than ourselves—for instance, we are informed that a short time ago the *French* Government bought copper-sheathing for its navy at 12*l.* the ton cheaper than the *British* Government was obliged to pay at the same moment for the same article, drawn from our own mines, and smelted in our own furnaces. Could it be a wholesome or rational system which made an article manufactured in Cornwall dearer at Plymouth than at Toulon? But this is not all. The prohibitory duties cut off the shipping interest from an obvious source of profit, while they increased the expenses of naval outfit, and they also deprived *all* the manufactures of the country of the additional outlet which the unrestricted exchange of their copper-ores might have created in Cuba and Chili.

England possesses facilities for the smelting of ores beyond any other country in the world—the prohibition of import deprived *pro tanto* our home consumption of this natural advantage. Consider also how much this prohibition must cramp that great portion of our internal industry that makes any use of copper—how much more, of all that are employed in it as a distinct manufacture; and how it must check the application of copper to new and experimental purposes. Iron has been made, chiefly from its cheapness, to supply the place of *wood and stone*—in fences, in houses, in ornamental architecture, in furniture, in roads, in carriages, and in *ships*—nay, we have *iron* substitutes for *wool* and *horse-hair* in cushions and mattresses! We believe copper to be capable of a—less general indeed, but still—very extensive application to purposes for which it is at present rarely or sparingly applied; and we doubt whether the Cornish proprietors themselves will not find, on the long run, their own profits increased by the extended use of the article both at home and abroad which greater

cheapness may create. Sure we are that, for one individual whose immediate income it may curtail, it will open or enlarge the sources of profitable industry to a hundred of his neighbours. We therefore should hardly on principle have complained if the protecting duty had been wholly repealed—but, as we have formerly and recently said, a violent recurrence to principles is almost as impolitic, and in general more immediately injurious, than the departure from them. The long and complicated discussions—in which Sir Richard Vyvyan declined to take any part—were employed, as we before stated, in adjusting between four or five important classes some common and equitable measure of protection, the Government being in fact little more than an umpire between them. Sir Robert Peel seems to us, in this case of the *ores*, as throughout the whole tariff, to have taken a most judicious practical course—he has not abrogated existing protection, but moderated it to the degree that promises a considerable alleviation to the consumer, without materially disturbing the condition of the producer.

Much alarm was felt, or at least expressed on the part of the agricultural interest, on the diminution of the duties on the importation of cattle and other articles of animal food. We have already alluded to that absurd panic—but we wish to say a few words on the subject to show that even in this case the principle of reduction is as just, as the application of it promises to be *universally* beneficial. Our first observation is, that while the duties on salt meats were protective, those on cattle and fresh meat, which would most affect our own people, were absolutely prohibitory, and they were imposed in former times when our population was, as compared with the present day, scanty and well fed. Surely the mere growth of our population would of itself have justified the repeal of a *prohibitory* duty on meat. And here, in reference to this point, as well as to the Corn Laws, it cannot be unimportant to exhibit the growth of our population in the five decennial periods of which we have any exact enumeration. The population of Great Britain was in

1801, 10,472,048 Decennial Increase.	
1811,	11,969,364 . . . 1,497,316
1821,	14,073,331 . . . 2,103,976
1831,	16,260,381 . . . 2,187,050
1841,	18,658,414 . . . 2,396,033

We are under no apprehension—quite the contrary—that meat will become too cheap; and we are satisfied that meat and

many other articles of agricultural origin might become much cheaper than we fear the tariff will render them, without doing any real injury to the agricultural interests. It has been tauntingly asked—how it is possible that the general consumer can be benefited without injuring the individual producer? In the article of meat, as well as of some others of analogous character, there is one preliminary answer—prices had risen, and were *still rising* so high that, if the tariff should only have the effect of keeping them where they are, or even of lowering them in some reasonable degree, the consumer will be benefited without any sensible change in the actual condition of the producer. But there is that still more important reason to which we before alluded, and which is of general application, affecting the income tax, corn duties, and the whole tariff—namely, that the PRODUCERS—of the neglect of whose special interests we hear so much—form also the main body of the CONSUMERS, to whom Sir Robert Peel is reproached with being too partial.

Take, for instance, the case of the landowner—whether he farms himself or by the hands of a farmer, the result will be nearly the same—he is a *seller* of *corn*, of *cattle*, of *wool*, but he is a *buyer* (generally speaking) of *bread*, of *meat*, and of *clothes*. If he loses something by *selling* cheaper, does he not gain *something*, at least, by *buying* cheaper in their manufactured shape these articles of his own growth? To the class of farmers who are wholly agricultural, and deal little in *cattle* or *wool*, the cheapness of meat and clothes will be an unmixed advantage. So he, who does not rear but fattens cattle, will be proportionably benefited the cheaper he can buy the lean beast. All this, however, might, we admit, be an inadequate compensation; but if, in addition, spirits, coffee (by and bye, we hope, wine and sugar), furniture, and the whole apparel of himself, his family, and servants, are all reduced in cost, is there not reason to infer that he must receive a very considerable compensation, a compensation which in many, probably in most cases, will exceed the nominal loss of income, while there will be a real increase of comfort and enjoyment? And let us go a step further; a farm cannot be tilled for nothing:—labour, buildings, repairs, implements, seeds, must all be paid for. If the diminished prices of provisions keep labour cheap—if the diminution of duties on timber, iron, copper, leather, seeds, make buildings, repairs, implements, and general culture cheaper—will there not be a further and very considerable benefit?

In short, we are of opinion that the measures have been so cautiously selected, so carefully balanced, so judiciously combined, that no sudden shock or injury will be felt by any one of the various interests concerned. Those who hope as well as those who fear some very immediate and remarkable consequences, will be, we think, equally disappointed. The improvement will be general, but it will be gradual and progressive; the pressure on a few individual interests will be found to be slight in itself, and so distributed and compensated as to be, we trust, hardly perceptible. The most early and probable result that we look to is, that, by the gradual operation of the Tariff and the blessing of God in a promising harvest, the prices of provisions may be reasonably lowered, and a feeling of comfort and a spirit of enterprise and industry revived throughout our manufacturing population, without any sensible injury to the agricultural interests. A bad harvest would, of course, have raised agricultural prices; yet no farmer wishes for a bad harvest; and though plenty may lower his prices, it must increase his profits; and fortunate it is, that, at the moment when some reduction in the value of farming produce may be expected from the *season*, the operation of the Tariff will effect a concomitant diminution in other articles of consumption, by which the farmer in common with every other class must be benefited.

This leads us to offer a few words on the new scale of corn-duties. We beg our readers to recollect that the strongest advocates of the agricultural interests do not dream, at this day, of a *fixed protection*. It is notorious and avowed, that the enemies of all protection propose a fixed duty only because it would be wholly illusory, and would lead directly to the removal of all protection. Hence the opposition of the Anti-Corn-Law League to the sliding-scale—the best, nay, we will add, the only practicable safeguard that agriculture can rely on; hence also the arts by which it was endeavoured to raise popular prejudice against the principle of a sliding-scale, by exaggerating some inconveniences and anomalies with which the details of the old scale were chargeable, such as the mode of taking the averages, and some sudden and arbitrary transitions in the rates of duty. These objections, though not of the importance attached to them for party purposes, were not unfounded; and it therefore was not only justice but good policy in the friends of agricultural protection to amend those details, and thus take away from their adversaries one class of their pretences. But the main question was, what should be

the amount of the protection ; and here the struggle lay between a formidable association, acting on and by the strength of popular prejudices and passions, and clamouring for the abolition of all duty—and that great and respectable body, including most of the property and intelligence of the country, who—adhering to protecting duties as the best, and, indeed, only mode of insuring a constant and regular supply—are well aware that the rates ought to go no higher than will suffice for that object. We therefore believe that there are very few of even the most exclusive agriculturists who would contend that the rate of duties established in 1828 was not now fairly susceptible of some diminution, and that it would have been politic, or even *possible*, to have maintained them at so high a scale.

The following tables, compiled from several parliamentary returns and public documents, will not only elucidate the present discussion, but afford some statistical *data* which are worth preserving, as well for the facts they establish as for the doubts* they here and there excite.

We shall begin by exhibiting at one view the Old and New Scales of duty on *wheat*, to which all other grain is generally proportionate. Our readers will observe that 8*d.* appears in each rate of the old scale; this was not so at first;—but 8*d.* was added to the scale in consequence of the change from the Winchester to the imperial measure, made subsequent to the original act.

OLD SCALE.						NEW SCALE.					
WHEAT.						WHEAT.					
Average Price per Quarter.			Duty per Quarter.			Average Price per Quarter.			Duty per Quarter.		
s.		s.	£.	s.	d.				£.	s.	d.
At 36	under	37	.	2	10	8					
37	"	38	.	2	9	8					
38	"	39	.	2	8	8					
39	"	40	.	2	7	8					
40	"	41	.	2	6	8					
41	"	42	.	2	5	8					
42	"	43	.	2	4	8					
43	"	44	.	2	3	8					
44	"	45	.	2	2	8					
45	"	46	.	2	1	8					
46	"	47	.	2	0	8					
47	"	48	.	1	19	8					
48	"	49	.	1	18	8					
49	"	50	.	1	17	8					
50	"	51	.	1	16	8					
51	"	52	.	1	15	8					
52	"	53	.	1	14	8					
53	"	54	.	1	13	8					
54	"	55	.	1	12	8					
55	"	56	.	1	11	8					
56	"	57	.	1	10	8					
57	"	58	.	1	9	8					
58	"	59	.	1	8	8					
59	"	60	.	1	7	8					
60	"	61	.	1	6	8					
61	"	62	.	1	5	8					
62	"	63	.	1	4	8					
63	"	64	.	1	3	8					
64	"	65	.	1	2	8					
65	"	66	.	1	1	8					
66	"	67	.	1	0	8					
67	"	68	.	0	18	8					
68	"	69	.	0	16	8					
69	"	70	.	0	13	8					
70	"	71	.	0	10	8					
71	"	72	.	0	6	8					
72	"	73	.	0	2	8					
73 and upwards			.	0	1	0					

At 50s.,					
and at					
all					
prices			1	0	0
under					
50s.					

At 51	under	52	.	0	19	0
52	"	55	.	0	18	0
	
	
55	"	56	.	0	17	0
56	"	57	.	0	16	0
57	"	58	.	0	15	0
58	"	59	.	0	14	0
59	"	60	.	0	13	0
60	"	61	.	0	12	0
61	"	62	.	0	11	0
62	"	63	.	0	10	0
63	"	64	.	0	9	0
64	"	65	.	0	8	0
65	"	66	.	0	7	0
66	"	67	.	0	6	0
	
	
69	"	70	.	0	5	0
70	"	71	.	0	4	0
71	"	72	.	0	3	0
72	"	73	.	0	2	0
73 and upwards			.	0	1	0

We have begun the foregoing view of the old scale at 36*s.* price and 2*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.* duty, because they were the extreme points *practically* attained during the operation of that scale, but by law there was an increase of 1*s.* duty for every fall of 1*s.* in the price, so that, if we could suppose the price to have fallen to 10*s.* a quarter, the duty would have risen to 3*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*

Sir Robert Peel intended by his new scale to make a considerable diminution of the duty, and has done so; but the difference between the two scales is much greater in appearance than in reality—the *higher protections* of the old scale being in fact nominal, and, we may almost say, delusive.

A vast proportion of the duties received under it was at the rates which are not altered—viz. 1*s.* and 2*s.* duty on 73*s.* price; and the proportion received *beyond* the point where the new scale terminates—viz. 20*s.* duty on 50*s.* price—was, compared with the total amounts, inconsiderable. On the other hand, the protection afforded by the new scale, though lower and more limited, will be found more steady, and, we believe, more effective—as it will greatly diminish, if it does not wholly prevent, those frauds which were equally injurious to the producer and the consumer.

We next give a return of the

Average Prices and Total Quantities of Foreign Wheat and Wheat Flour entered for Home Consumption, with the Average Rate and Total Amount of Duties paid thereon, with the Average Prices of Flour for each year during the operation of the Act 9 Geo. IV., c. 60, from the 15th July, 1828, to the 29th April, 1842.

Years.	Average price per qr.		Quarters entered.	Net amount of duties paid.	Average rate of duty on foreign wheat.		Average price of flour per sack paid by Greenwich Hospital.	
	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>		£	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Half of 1828	60	5	807,031	68,825	1	9	46	6
1829	66	3	1,374,963	624,258	9	3	55	10
1830	64	3	1,672,200	535,077	6	7	54	11
1831	66	4	1,408,999	325,113	4	8	60	1
1832	58	8	184,081	215,040	23	3	54	7
1833	52	11	1,368	963	11	1	43	4
1834	46	2	294	322	19	10	39	5
1835	39	4	141	170	20	10	31	0
1836	48	6	1,054	852	14	6	32	4
1837	55	10	210,859	295,889	28	1	39	10
1838	64	7	1,822,991	141,895	1	7	43	6
1839	70	8	2,702,848	670,054	4	11	52	2
1840	66	4	2,329,991	883,346	7	2	52	8
1841	64	4	2,392,061	399,611	3	5	52	5
1842 } to 29th April	60	2	4,616	3,385	14	8		
14 years.	59	0	14,914,547	4,164,800	5	7		

This table shows that averages, spread over wide periods of time, may be very fallacious in several ways. The total import in fourteen years being about 15,000,000, writers have stated that we import *annually* somewhat more than a million of quarters of corn, and as our total annual consumption (for seed and food) is calculated at about 24,000,000, the import has been stated at a *fortnight's* consumption. Now this, if true, would imply both a regular import and a regular supply at home, and in that case something might be said for a fixed duty; but, in fact, we see that, in the first four years, the average importation was about 1,200,000 quarters; the next four,

only 700 quarters; and the last four, as much as 2,300,000 quarters. It is quite clear that, for a country that sometimes requires to import a *tenth* part of its annual consumption, and at other times needs little or no importation at all, a fixed duty would be an untenable absurdity, which would alternately ruin the producer and starve the consumer. The reader will also observe that the general average given by the sliding scale is 2*s.* 5*d.* less than the 8*s.* fixed duty proposed by the Whigs; so that this scheme for *cheap bread* would have *raised* the price of the loaf in the proportion of about *one-third* for the last fourteen years. We confess, however, that we do not much

rely on these yearly averages of duty; they are liable to individual disturbances, which render them unsafe guides when there have been great fluctuations. Let us take, for example, a case which happened in 1839, and which happens in a greater or less degree every year—14,000 (in round numbers) quarters of wheat were imported early in the year at 1s. duty; 700 quarters were also imported late in the same year at 20s.—the duty on the whole would be 1400l., and the average of the whole would be stated at 1s. 10½d. Yet who can doubt that the 1s. paid on 14,000 quarters would be, for all practical purposes, a fairer measure of the effect of the duty on the general market than 1s. 10½d.? Again; we have now before us an official document which states the average duty for Michaelmas quarter, 1841, at 16s. 8d., to which is appended a note to say that the real average was only at 1s. 1d. This enigma we suppose means that there was during all the earlier part of the quarter a very high duty, at which little was entered, which in the very last days fell to 1s.—when a large importation was effected: and we shall see more fully by and bye that the stated average of 5s. 7d. on the whole period is very much higher than the real and *effective* rates of duty. We must also notice in this table that the price of wheat and flour in the

great markets does not influence, as directly as might be expected, the price of flour in detail. In 1828, when wheat and flour were at 60s. 5d., Greenwich Hospital paid for the sack of flour 46s. 6d.; when in 1832, wheat had *fallen* 1s. 9d. the quarter, the sack of flour *rose* 8s. 1d.; and in 1839, when wheat had risen to 70s. 8d., flour fell to 52s. 2d. In the deluge of papers which have been called for in this corn-controversy, we are surprised not to find any return of the successive prices of *bread*—which, being really what the lawyers call the *gist* of the whole case, we should have expected to find a prominent object of inquiry; but it has not been so, and the imperfect information we have privately gathered, coupled with the strange discrepancy between the prices of wheat in the official averages and of flour in the Greenwich books, induces us to suspect that the actual prices of bread might offer very different results from the official prices of corn.*

The following account, which ranges the whole of the quantities of wheat imported under the respective rates of duty actually paid, is more valuable—it rests neither on averages nor on any other conjectural *data*, but is the exact statement of the real operation.

* The price of *bread* has *recently*—while this article was printing—attracted considerable notice, and a kind of controversy has arisen as to the fairness of our bakers' prices. We extract from the *Times* of the 8th of September, the following interesting statement of the relative prices in London and Paris:—

'The fairest mode of investigating this matter appears to be, to take a large city, such as Paris, where an assize or legal price of bread exists, and which has continued for many years to work well in detail; and to compare the prices now prevailing there and here, both of the manufactured article and the raw material, and then see where the difference arises.

'The highest price of white wheat of the first quality in Paris is 38 francs per 1½ hectolitre, which is equal to a price of 58s. per quarter *English*; and the highest price of white wheat in London being 60s. per quarter, it follows that wheat is 3 per cent. higher in London than in Paris.

'The highest price of the finest wheaten flour in Paris is 70 francs per 159 kilogrammes, which is equal to a price of 44s. per sack of 280 lbs. *English*; and the highest price of flour in London being 47s. per sack, it follows that flour is nearly 7 per cent. dearer in London than in Paris.

'The price of wheaten bread of the first quality in Paris is 38 cents. per kilogramme, which is equal to a price of 6½d. per 4 lb. loaf *English* weight: and the price of bread at most of the full-priced bakers

in London being 8½d. per 4 lb. loaf, it follows that the price of bread is 30½ per cent. higher in London than in Paris. If the price here is taken at 8d., as stated by some bakers, the price in London will still be rather more than 23 per cent. higher than in Paris.

'The price of bread of the second quality in Paris is 30 cents. per kilogramme, which is equal to about 5d. per 4 lb. *English* weight; and the price at which bread is sold in London by some of the low-priced bakers being 6d. per 4 lb., it follows that bread of this description is 20 per cent. higher in London than in Paris.

These are very remarkable facts—and particularly the statement that in France, a country generally so cheap as compared to England, and *where there are no corn-laws*, wheat is at a price equivalent to 58s. per quarter *English*. We very much doubt whether the current-price here was higher on the same day, we know that in some markets it has been lower.

As to the variations in the price of bread, it is clear that they cannot, fortunately, be so rapid as those in the price of corn, and that, for many reasons, bread must be somewhat dearer than even the average price of wheat might seem strictly to warrant: every step in the process from the wheat-field to the baker's counter—operates as a *rest* which tends to *level* and to *steady*, though at the same time to *raise* the retail prices.

The total quantity of foreign wheat and flour imported between 1828 and 1841 was 15,034,794 qrs.,* of which there came in

At 1s. duty,	6,392,258 qrs.
2s. 8d.	3,177,016
6s. 8d.	2,175,666
10s. 8d.	903,915
13s. 8d.	710,084
16s. 8d.	376,131
18s. 8d.	92,542
20s. 8d.	412,425
At all rates of duty from 20s. 8d. to 25s. 8d.	572,201
" " 25s. 8d. to 30s. 8d.	217,827
" " 30s. 8d. to 40s. 8d.	4,668
" " 40s. 8d. to 50s. 8d.	221
" " above 2l. 10s.	none,

We think this account shows that, for all practical purposes, the *New scale*, varying from 1s. to 1l., has a sufficient range, and there is reason to believe that it will afford a sufficient protection. We see that 9,569,274 qrs., considerably above *three-fifths* of the whole importation, came in at the prices of 72s. and 73s., and at the two lower rates of duty, *which are not altered*; and that considerably above *four-fifths* (12,648,855 qrs.) came in at the four lowest rates of duty, which are the least altered, and which are altered merely by following out the general principle of advancing one shilling each step, and thus removing the chasms and *jumps* which did so much mischief and afforded the most plausible objections to the system. As to the entries at the highest rates, they were obviously accidental and of no importance either as affecting prices or protection. In short, it is clear that the chief business—that which alone can, in ordinary times, operate in a large way—must lie among the lower rates, and *there was certainly the defect of the former scale, which jumped 4s. on each of its second and third steps—from 2s. 8d. to 6s. 8d., and from 6s. 8d. to 10s. 8d., and then at 2s. each step up to 20s., after which it went on at the regular increase of 1s. We need not now examine why Mr. Huskisson permitted these jumps in the earlier and more important stages; suffice it to say that experience has shown, and all parties are agreed, that they have had an injurious effect. The possibility of making a profit of 4s. and 6s. in the duty, on the rise of 1s. and 2s. in the price, was a strong incentive to fraud of various kinds—frauds which we admit appeared to be generally in favour of the consumer by tending to the introduction of corn at a lower duty, but which were in truth injurious to everybody, by artificially*

*deranging the trade, discouraging the fair trader, frequently ruining the speculator himself, and defeating the main object—a constant and steady supply. It became, therefore, absolutely necessary that these jumps should be removed, and that the slight and equable advance of each step of the scale should be introduced to diminish, if not wholly prevent, all fraudulent disturbance of the market; and when that was to be done, it would have been, as we have already said, impolitic—even if it had been possible—to evade a general revision of the scale so as to fit it to the prices at which experience had shown us that it was likely to be called into operation. We believe that considerable improvements—although no great extension of *arability*—have been made and are in progress in practical agriculture; and we venture to anticipate much benefit from the influence of the recently formed Agricultural Association, which, we trust, will direct the application of science to the first and most important of the Arts; but, looking at what has been practically done, we do not think that any one is sanguine enough to suppose that the increased supply from the British soil has as yet been at all proportionable to the increasing demand. Whence are the *four or five millions* of additional mouths that have grown upon us since 1821 to be fed? 'Art,' says the sage, 'is long—life is short!' Can we wait for the slow experiments of the Davys and Liebig's? Here are the people *swarming* upon us! And will any rational man—be he farmer or be he landlord—say that we should not endeavour to create increased facilities for meeting an increasing deficiency? The strongest advocates of the agricultural interest admit, we believe, that in the most favourable season Great Britain can do little more*

* The difference between this sum and the total of the foregoing table is one of those discrepancies to which we have alluded: it arises from this account including some amounts damaged or ex-

ported which were excluded from the former account of the *net duties* received—but the variance is of no importance.

than feed herself; and we most readily admit, nay, insist, that for all that she *can* raise she ought to be secured, as far as human means can do so, a remunerating, and, we will even add, an *encouraging* market; for, as the home supply is the only safe and certain supply, it should be, we say—more for the interests even of the consumer than of the producer—not merely remunerated but *encouraged*. The question then is as to the degree of encouragement necessary to maintain—and to *stimulate*—the exertions of the home producer.

The solution of that question must be always in a great degree conjectural and experimental. A Cabinet of able men, long

practised in public affairs, some of them parties to the former arrangement, and essentially and almost exclusively *belonging to the landed interest*, have recommended a scale which the representatives of the landed and all other interests throughout the country have passed with little objection, and we therefore indulge a very confident hope that it will be found sufficient to fulfil its object.

Our experience is as yet too short to enable us to speak decidedly of its effect, but *as far as it has gone* it has produced some singularly satisfactory results, as the following table of the weekly operation of the new Act will show:—

Account of Wheat and Wheat Flour entered for Home Consumption at *ten of the principal ports* of Great Britain in each week since the passing of the new Corn Law, with the Average Price and Rates of Duty.

Week following	Quarters entered.	Average Price.		Rate of Duty.		Amount of Duty.
		s.	d.	s.	d.	£
April 28	30,159	59	1	13	0	4,683
May 5	31,072	59	3	13	0	10,131
“ 12	7,033	59	8	13	0	3,952
“ 19	30,600	60	0	12	0	17,064
“ 26	19,591	60	5	12	0	10,178
June 2	7,511	60	9	12	0	3,882
“ 9	19,121	61	3	11	0	10,056
“ 16	8,424	61	9	11	0	4,112
“ 23	32,411	62	3	10	0	13,257
“ 30	53,978	63	0	9	0	21,973
July 7	17,204	63	7	9	0	7,084
“ 14	95,610	64	1	8	0	34,816
“ 21	62,209	64	5	8	0	21,800
“ 28	71,644	64	7	8	0	25,382
Aug. 4	364,073	64	7	8	0	137,914
“ 11	1,354,797	64	2	8	0	535,012
“ 18	155,761	63	0	9	0	66,347
“ 25	96,733	61	10	11	0	45,788
18 weeks	2,457,931	62	1	8	4	£974,024

Thus we see that from the 28th of April to the 3d of September, the latest possible date, the importation of foreign wheat and flour at ten principal ports has been no less than 2,457,931 qrs., being considerably more than was imported in *all* Great Britain in any *whole* year (except 1839) of the existence of the late law; and, be it observed that this importation has been made in the face of a most promising harvest, and with less irregularity than any corresponding period. Well, then, here is at least a very unusual supply of food for the people—but does it ruin the farmer? We see by this return that, during the progress of this extraordinary importation, the price has been in the home market comparatively steady—affording, however, a considerable advance from the starting-point—the price

for the first week, ending 5th of May, having been 59s. 1d., and the average of the seventeen succeeding weeks has been 62s. 1d.—the average of fourteen preceding years having been only 59s. The farmer, therefore, has, as yet, lost no protection to the *price* from the new scale*—nor, on the other hand, has the Revenue suffered, for the average duty paid during the existence of the late scale was only 5s. 7d. per qr., while the average of the late importation has been 8s. 4d.; but, without reckoning by

* There can be little doubt that, if the harvest fulfils its promise, prices must fall; and the dealers evidently expect this, as they have made such large entries at 8s. and 9s. duty; but we still hope and believe that the farmers will find a remunerating market, and we are quite sure that their position is, on the whole, *safer* than it would have been under the former scale.

the fallacious test of averages, the duties actually received in these *eighteen weeks* are nearly a *fourth* part of the duties received in the whole of the last *fourteen years*. So that we are, for the present at least, enjoying the three greatest advantages that any state of the corn-market can produce,—advantages hitherto supposed to be incompatible, namely,—

1. A great supply of food for the people, without

2.—any serious injury to the farmer ; and

3.—with a vast addition to the revenue.

Those results are for so short a period and so unexpectedly favourable to our view, that we do not venture to rely upon their continuance in the same satisfactory *degree*, but they are very encouraging, and they at least negative some of the sinister anticipations which the enemies of the new corn-law foreboded.

We do not pretend to say that times and circumstances may not hereafter affect it, as they have done its predecessors ; but we do say that it seems to offer the best combination and adjustment of all interests that our position admits, and the fairest promise of permanent protection to the farmer, and permanent plenty to the people :—we insist on the expression *permanent* in both cases—for we are convinced that exorbitant protection would soon be swept away, leaving the farmer to hopeless ruin, while the abolition of all protection would give the people a temporary glut, to be grievously expiated by early and frequent vicissitudes of scarcity and starvation.

Concurring, as we did, from their first announcement, in the general and, we might say, abstract policy of Sir Robert Peel's measures, we confess that recent events have stamped them with a character of more immediate and practical utility than we had anticipated. The extensive insurrections which have recently taken place in the manufacturing districts, so alarming in their aspect, but hitherto so easily repressed—can any one venture to say to what more lamentable extent and excesses they might have suddenly proceeded if the sympathising and paternal feelings of the Government towards the manufacturing classes had not been expressed so early in the session in those powerful addresses of Sir Robert Peel—not more powerful—not perhaps so powerful—in influencing the legislature, as in conciliating the feelings, encouraging the hopes, and fortifying the patience of a deeply distressed working population ? Was there ever before a popular commotion in England, of which the chief violence

and virulence was not directed against the Government—its neglect of, and even its contempt for, the comforts and happiness of the people ? In the recent disturbances we have hardly traced a word or a thought of this tendency. In vain did the real instigators of the mischief endeavour to give it a political and seditious character—in vain did the Chartists brawl for the *rights of man*, and the Anti-Corn-Law League preach a *cheap-bread* crusade against property : the masses, retaining, even in their excitement, a degree of sagacity and good sense that is really very surprising, rejected all such provocations, and confined their irregularities to the single point on which they had originally turned out—the amount of wages. We deeply regret that these poor people should have been driven or deluded into those violent and criminal excesses, of which the most serious portion of the injury must fall upon themselves ; but we must repeat our satisfaction at such unexampled forbearance from political offences, which we can attribute to nothing but the force of public opinion created by the previously announced measures of the Government—measures that, by a combination of foresight and good fortune, were—may we venture to say ?—*providentially* calculated to meet the emergency. Sir Robert Peel had stated in a few plain but potent words the principle of his policy :—‘ I will tax the rich, and spare the poor—I will endeavour to cheapen the price of food to the whole population, and to assist especially the working classes by placing more plentifully within their reach the materials of industry, and, of course, the sources of comfort and content.’ We are as thoroughly convinced as we can be of any moral problem that these disturbances were created by those on whose own heads the explosion will ultimately recoil—the anti-corn-law leaguers ; and that the deep-laid schemes of these greedy incendiaries have been hitherto defeated solely by the common sense of the people themselves, awakened by their knowledge of and their confidence in the wise and benevolent policy of their Government.

We know not how long these salutary impressions may last. We are well aware that such scenes as have afflicted the North must entail on the working classes additional misery and consequent liability to further disturbance. The sacrifices that these misguided people have been compelled to make, the dissipation of their little funds from the Savings Banks, and the permanent ill feeling and struggle now

established between them and their employers, will all tend to keep alive social discontent and to create political disaffection; and we confess we look forward with no inconsiderable alarm to the further consequences of these anti-corn intrigues. We have, we fear, only *scotched the snake, not killed it*: we expect that great uneasiness will survive, and cannot but fear the possibility of a long and gloomy crisis of distress and disquiet; but, for the present, we have only to repeat our belief that the measures of the Government have mainly conduced to diminish, though they could not wholly avert, a serious and imminent danger.

We cannot doubt that the great Conservative party will see in this remarkable circumstance additional grounds of confidence in their leaders, and of self-gratulation on the prudence and the patriotism with which they resisted every effort, insidious or avowed, to disunite them. There were many matters on which an honest difference of opinion must have existed, and may even still survive; but we think we may assert that experience, short as it has been, has gone far towards removing the most serious doubts that were originally entertained of the policy of the ministerial measures, and that some gentlemen, who may have given a hesitating assent to this or that individual detail, are now satisfied that their confidence was not misplaced, and that the well-regulated vigour and conciliatory energy of the Government have probably saved us from an awful convulsion. It cannot, at least, be doubted that they have already alleviated the pressure of distress, and have opened a prospect of peace abroad and prosperity at home, in which at the beginning of the late session the most sanguine amongst us hardly ventured to indulge.

We had intended to have added to this review of Sir Robert Peel's *financial and economical* policy an exposition of various *administrative and legal* improvements introduced by the members or friends of his administration, and which, though some have been postponed, and some rendered less perfect, have exhibited a striking contrast to the *poco curante* and *far niente* apathy of his predecessors. We should have particularly wished to notice some measures of legal reform—the best and most necessary of all reform—introduced by Lord Lyndhurst, for expediting and cheapening proceedings in Lunacy, in Bankruptcy, and in the general practice of the

Court of Chancery. These bills were all passed, not without some, though *noiseless*, difficulty from individual interests; and we believe they will be found very valuable. The County Courts Bill was reluctantly postponed to another session. We do not greatly regret it. The bill is certainly of great importance, and something of the kind is much needed; but much difference as to its details existed even amongst the friends of the measure, and we believe that the delay may be turned to good account. But the most important legal measure of the session was undoubtedly the *Cessio Bonorum* bill introduced by Lord Brougham, and passed, with the assistance of the Chancellor and the Duke of Wellington in the Lords, and the support of the Solicitor-General and the Ministry in the House of Commons. This bill abolishes virtually the practice of *imprisonment for debt*,—a serious experiment, we admit, but one which in the present state both of the law and of public opinion we think it is both safe and expedient to try.

We should also have wished to have noticed Lord Palmerston's clever—but rather unlucky—speech at the close of the session, and Sir Robert Peel's still more clever and overwhelming reply; and we should have been particularly glad to have made some observations on the improved aspect of our foreign relations. But this is beyond our present scope. Upon the whole—whether we look abroad or at home—to diplomatic or financial affairs—to public credit or public opinion—to social ameliorations or legal reforms—it cannot be denied that the present Cabinet has, under all its disadvantages, done more of real and useful business in one session than its bewildered predecessors had even attempted in the six or seven years of their paralysed existence which they drawled and dragged out—

‘Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*—
Like the poor cat in the adage!’

The country was wearied and ashamed of such a contemptible phantom of a ministry—and, whatever question there may be as to this or that measure of the present Cabinet, there is a universal satisfaction throughout the country—and we believe throughout the friendly nations of Europe—that England, after a long and disgraceful interregnum, has at last an administration that can do its business, and a Government that ventures to govern.

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